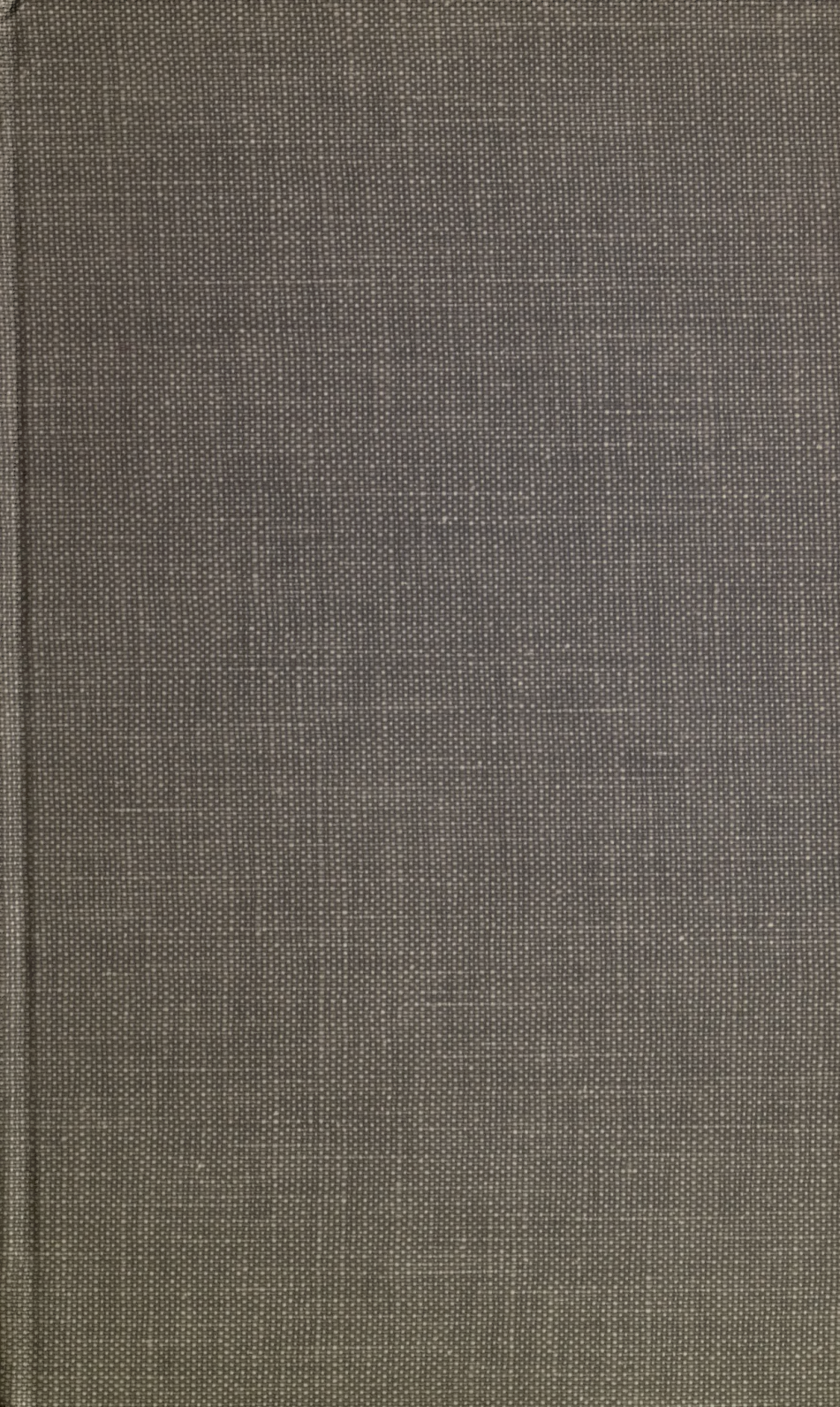






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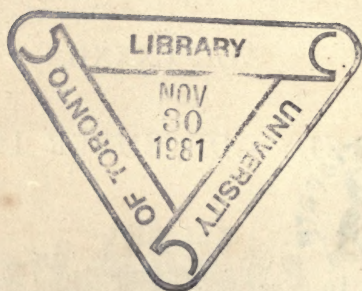
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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCL.

JULY 1882.

VOL. CXXXII.

THE GREAT AFRICAN MYSTERY.

WHEN I say that I am a newspaper correspondent, the public has all the guarantee which it could reasonably require of the accuracy of the information which I am about to impart to it in regard to the great African mystery. When I add that the editor of the great journal to which I was attached—or rather with which I was connected, for I always secretly despised it—has dispensed with my services on the ground that he could neither make head nor tail of the remarkably clear narrative with which I furnished him, I do not shrink on that account from forwarding it to ‘Maga’ for publication, as I have every confidence in the superior intelligence of its readers. At the same time I must remind them that if they now and then lose the thread of the story, it is the story’s fault, not mine. It is an eastern story—a story of wild intrigue and harem conspiracy; of oriental ingenuity and occidental blundering; of vaulting ambition and international jealousy; of mines and countermines; of odalisques and

diplomats; of despatches and red-tape; of naval heroism and cipher telegrams; of fraud and folly, of sagacity and simplicity; of meddling interference and of lofty reserve; of dethroned monarchs and military adventurers; of black slaves and exalted potentates,—in fact, it is no end of a story, or rather a story of which it is difficult to foresee the end, or to understand the beginning, without having first thoroughly grasped it by the middle. It is because her Majesty’s Government have failed in accomplishing this feat, that they find themselves plunged in all the perplexities of the Ethiopian question. I have every confidence in being able so to present the middle to my readers that they will feel no perplexity about either end; and I would therefore earnestly suggest its careful perusal to every member of the present Cabinet.

I will commence, in order to give my readers a clear idea of the various “factors” with which I shall have to deal, to present them with a list of *dramatis personæ*,

after the manner of a play, because, each other, it is very important as they will almost immediately become inextricably mixed up with that a clear idea of them should be presented to start with.

ETHIOP,		<i>A Military Adventurer.</i>
THE MOGUL OF SELJUKIA,		<i>Suzerain of Ethiopia.</i>
TOOTHPIK,		<i>Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
SCHAMYL,		<i>Ex-Prince of Ethiopia.</i>
KIATIB,		<i>An Agent of Schamyl.</i>
HOWLIM,		<i>Aspirant to the throne of Ethiopia.</i>
MR SADSTONE,		<i>Prime Minister of Albinia.</i>
M. D'EFFRAYCINAY,		<i>President of the Council in Gallinia.</i>
PRINCE QUIZMARCK,		<i>Chancellor of Teutonia.</i>
FATIMA,		<i>A Seljukian Lady.</i>
SELIMA,		<i>A Circassian Odalisque.</i>
SIR EDGAR HAMMERET,		<i>Albinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MR SINKHISWITS,		<i>Gallinian Diplomatic Agent in Ethiopia.</i>
MAHMOUD,		<i>A chief Eunuch.</i>
SHEIK ABBASSAAD,		<i>The Veiled Prophet of Arabistan.</i>
M. DE GALEOWITS,		<i>An eminent Correspondent.</i>
SIR BECHEM SEMUR,		<i>The Albinian Admiral.</i>
WILFUL GRUNT,		<i>An Albinian Gentleman with Pan-Ethiopian sympathies.</i>
OMER STIFFKI,		<i>A Seljukian General.</i>
SOLDAN PASHA,		<i>President of the Chamber of Notables.</i>

The Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control.

Circassian Conspirators—Ethiopian Princesses—Newspaper Correspondents—Ambassadors—Eunuchs—Cabinet Ministers—Slaves—Ulemas—Dragomans, &c.

If I am able to take my readers behind the scenes and initiate them into the mysteries of those intrigues which the combined diplomatic talent of all the great Powers of Europe is now endeavouring to unravel, it is due to the latest mechanical contrivance of the age. I need scarcely say that I allude to the "Journalists' Telephone," or "patent American eavesdropper,"—that wonderful instrument which has been recently invented by a celebrated electrician of the United States of Columbia, by means of which the enterprising correspondent is enabled to overhear the most private and confidential conversations, irrespective of distance, and which, by a curious polyglot contrivance, interprets any unknown tongue into his own. If I have headed my list of *dramatis personæ* with Ethiop, it is because he first set the ball rolling, and, like an acrobat, seems inclined to balance himself on the top of it. The first

public performance of this remarkable individual was suggested to him by personal and professional pique, into the particulars of which it is not necessary now to enter, but the result was a successful military demonstration which took place about eighteen months ago: until then he was an unknown and obscure colonel in the army. The ostensible object of this *pronunciamiento* was to secure for native Ethiopian officers the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by Seljuks and Circassians in the service of the Prince of Ethiopia. He was especially careful to assure the Prince on this occasion that the movement was in no way directed against the foreign or Albinio-Gallinian predominance in the administration of Ethiopian affairs—a fact which instantly aroused my suspicions. "If," thought I, with the ordinary acumen of a newspaper correspondent, "he says this, it is because he means

exactly the opposite. I will keep my eye, or rather my ear, upon him." Curiously enough, I afterwards found out that exactly the same idea had occurred to the Mogul at precisely the same moment, only, unfortunately for his Majesty, he was not provided with a patent eavesdropper. Being an acute man, with a mind largely gifted with the oriental faculty for intrigue, Ethiop was at the same time in the advantageous position of having everything to gain and very little to lose by a display of audacity—so he bethought him of whom to consult in this emergency, and he went to his friend Wilful Grunt, and he said, "To you, my friend, though a Feringhee, I can unburden myself in this great crisis, for have you not the blood of the Ethiopian in your veins, or, at all events, have you not consummated the holy ceremony of blood relationship with innumerable sheiks in the desert, by which you signified that you regretted that you had not their blood in your veins, and would willingly transfuse yourself if you could? Therefore to you I can open my heart freely in this matter. For you will see that the political interests of Albinia and of a free and republican Ethiopia are identical—are not the aspirations of the young and rising Pan-Ethiopian party to abolish slavery, to purify our religion from the abuses which have crept into it, to overthrow the Mogul who unjustly tyrannises not merely over Ethiopia, but endeavours to do so over the free, high-spirited tribes of the deserts in which you love to wander. Explain, dear friend, to Mr Sadstone, that we desire to form a new nationality, to throw off the oppressor's yoke, to emancipate ourselves from religious superstition, to abolish slavery, to advance rapidly on the road to political

liberty. Tell him secretly, but be very discreet, oh my friend, that I am even prepared to confiscate the vast property of Soldan Pasha, and all the lands belonging to rich proprietors in Ethiopia, and partition them among the Fellahin. In fact, tell him anything you think will win his sympathies, and is calculated to captivate that grand soul, and induce him to regard favourably my projects for independence. Let him co-operate with me in getting rid of this Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control. Tell him that if he will consent to this, as soon as both the comptrollers have been kicked out, I will make arrangements for the English one to come back by himself. We will exchange the suzerainty of the Mogul for that of the Empress of Albinia and Hind; and henceforth the way to Hind will be secured to Albinia for ever. Sadstone and Ethiop may then defy the world."

Then Wilful Grunt shook his head mournfully. "Ah, my friend," he said, "little do you know the complex motives which inspire the policy of that incomprehensible individual. If you were Christians of the pure and ancient Greek Church desiring to attain freedom and independence under the benign auspices of Moscovia, or indeed a Copht, leading a Pan-Cophtic crusade, the case would be different. But what are you? you are Moslems whose existence as an independent nation under the Protectorate of Albinia (which you say would be thankfully accepted) would be invaluable to us as guaranteeing to us our Eastern possessions, and you expect him, against his most cherished religious convictions, to be influenced by so trifling a consideration. You expect him for this to endanger an alliance which has been so carefully connected by Sir Charles

Bilk between Albinia and Gallinia, in order to enable the latter Power to carry out the more securely her great African policy. Moscovia and Gallinia are the only two Continental Powers possessing oriental interests which conflict with those of Albinia, and you expect him to sacrifice the great altruistic idea which prompts him to advance those interests at the expense of those of Albinia, by promising to abolish slavery, to establish a republic, or even to confiscate the property of the landed aristocracy of the country. Ah, friend Ethiop, how little do you understand that grand old man; but go and consult your friend the ex-Governor of Taprobane, who knows him better than I do, and who may perhaps help you in the matter. Meantime I will agitate the public mind in Albinia on the subject by a series of letters in the newspapers, and call upon my friend Edgar Hammeret."

So Wilful Grunt went to the diplomatic representative of Albinia in Ethiopia, and explained to him Ethiop's programme, and told him how he would abolish slavery and introduce purity everywhere; and Sir Edgar shook his head with diplomatic reserve and remarked—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" and he added, "Whatever may be my own opinion upon the subject, I am bound to carry out the instructions of my Government; and I must venture to say that I think that when an irresponsible individual like yourself interferes in a manner to cause serious embarrassment to the foreign policy of his Government, even though he may not approve of it, he is not acting in a patriotic spirit."

To which Wilful replied, that in taking this course he was only following the example of Mr Sadstone

himself, who, when he was out of office, considered it to be his duty to thwart in his public utterances, and the assurances of his sympathies with rival nations, the foreign policy of the Government, in the hope that by so doing he might himself attain to power—a hope which had been fully justified by events. "Therefore," said Wilful Grunt, "although I have no such lofty object of personal ambition involved, I shall not shrink from following that conspicuous example, and pursuing any course which may be in my private opinion the most moral; upon the purely abstract grounds which animated Mr Sadstone, irrespective of the interests of his own country—of Pan-nationalism."

While this conversation was taking place, Ethiop had betaken himself to his old friend Soldan Pasha, and found that fine old type of the Ethiopian grandee smoking his nargilleh in his stately palace.

"My much venerated friend, whom I have known as a second parent from my boyhood," he began, "I come to you at a moment pregnant with great consequences to both of us. Bear with me patiently while I explain to you the present situation as it presents itself to my understanding. Allah has placed in my hand—not to speak irreverently—a great political card, and this card is the creation of a national party. Before the world my cry will be, 'Ethiopia for the Ethiopians!' This is a grand popular principle recognised by all the civilised world, strongly insisted upon in principle in the case of other nationalities by Mr Sadstone, warmly advocated by my chum, Wilful Grunt, who represents the more intelligent section of the Albinian nation, and eminently popular, not only with the soldiery, whose suffrages I control, but with

the native inhabitants of my own country, of whom you, my excellent old friend, are the most influential and powerful representative. I am, moreover, providentially assisted by the extraordinary diversity of personal interests and international jealousies of which our country is the focus, and some of which, by dexterous manipulation, I shall always be able to enlist in my favour. First, there are Gallinia and Albinia, who are jealous of each other's interests in this country, and between whom, sooner or later, I may contrive to throw an apple of discord. Secondly, there is my Imperial suzerain, the Mogul of Seljukia, who is indignant with both, and who certainly will take advantage of a national movement to intrigue against them. Thirdly, there is Prince Quizmarck, who, if I can lay a trap for Gallinia, will not fail to push her into it; and so much the worse for Albinia if she falls into it with her. Fourthly, there are the other great Continental Powers, who are all jealous of the Western Powers, and will surely interfere if the latter are so unwise as to endeavour to coerce me by an armed intervention. Fifthly, there is the ex-Prince Schamyl, whose extraordinary powers of intrigue and great wealth I may rely upon if I find the Mogul getting too much for me. Sixthly, there is Howlim, the rightful heir to the throne, whom I may play off against Schamyl when the time comes to betray the latter. Lastly, there is the boy Toothpik, whom I may demoralise and intimidate to such an extent that he may ultimately see it is his interest to abandon his European backers, and place himself in my hands. Tell me, good old friend—excuse my using the Ethiopian vernacular—what you think of my little game?"

Then Soldan replied: "Friend Ethiop, I am old in years and experience. No man has passed through greater perils, or more trying political vicissitudes, than I have; and for the first time I see day breaking. My son, your conception is a grand one: go on and prosper, and keep me in the background until the right time comes. Be not too impetuous, and come to me for assistance when the skein gets too entangled for you to unravel. You will have need of all your wits. Now go, and may Allah protect you."

So Ethiop went his way, cheered and comforted; and he sent a secret emissary to the city of the Golden Crescent, where the Mogul holds his Court. And his message to the Mogul was as follows. After compliments—"It may have appeared to you, Father of the Faithful, that recent events in Ethiopia have been directed against the authority of your Majesty,—whom God preserve!—and that in the endeavour to assert Ethiopian nationality I have seemed to attack the principle of Seljukian authority in the Principality, and unduly to urge the claims of the Ethiopian soldiery against those of Seljukian origin; but this was a mere blind to avert suspicion from my real object, which is to free the country from Ghiaours, and the accursed interference in our internal affairs of the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control,—which may Allah confound! There is no subject more submissive to your Majesty than is your slave, as I shall speedily prove, if your Majesty will exert your potent influence in my favour with Prince Quizmarck and the other Powers of Europe, and cause them to understand the insult which is being offered to your Majesty by the interference of the foreigner in one of the possessions

of your Majesty. Let not the cry of 'Ethiopia for the Ethiopians' disturb your Majesty; it is a mere catchword to rally the people against the foreigner, and has no significance as against the Seljuk. I have explained this to that distinguished Seljukian general Omer Stiffki, but his mind is poisoned with suspicions against your unworthy slave; therefore I have taken the liberty of addressing your Majesty directly, by means of a trusty emissary, and place my life in the hands of your Majesty."

When the Mogul received this, he called to his side the trusty Mahmoud, who presides over the lives and destinies of countless houis, and he said to him, "Read this, O Mahmoud, and tell me what the dog of an Ethiopian is really up to."

And Mahmoud, after respectfully alluding to the shadow of his imperial master, and so forth, replied, "The cur—may Allah give his carcase to the vultures!—is up to no good. But in the meantime, and until that desirable event occurs, it appears to your slave that your Majesty may make use of him, as he suggests, against the foreigner; and then, before he becomes dangerous, there are many ways of disposing of him,"—and Mahmoud gave a suggestive leer. "So long as the faithful Omer Stiffki is there, he cannot do much harm without our knowing it."

Meantime Ethiop had scarcely despatched his emissary to the City of the Golden Crescent, when he went off to Toothpik, who was always horribly nervous during his visits, and he explained to Toothpik why certain changes in the government should be made, and warned him against ignoring the popular sentiment in favour of Ethiopian nationality, and told

him, in oriental phraseology, that both Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, the Albinian and Gallinian diplomatic agents, would prove broken reeds to trust to when it came to a pinch; and that the national party, as represented by himself and Soldan Pasha, were his real friends. Hardly had he left, when Soldan himself came and told poor Toothpik to be cautious, and not to believe everything that Ethiop said, as he was apt to take a sanguine view of things; but that it would be best to coquette a little, as he was doing himself, with both parties; and that though, of course, it was not pleasant to be dictated to by foreigners, it was sometimes better to bear the ills one had, than fly to others that one knows not of. At the same time he reminded Toothpik that Ethiop was becoming a power in the country, and must be conciliated, with a good deal to the same effect, which left poor Toothpik in a more utterly perplexed and bewildered condition than ever.

While this was going on, Ethiop had private audiences with Hammeret and Sinkhiswits. He told them both that the national movement was directed solely against military interference on the part of Seljukia, and that he had the warmest regard for both Albinia and Gallinia, and considered the Board of Control the financial salvation of the country, though he admitted that some of the foreigners were paid salaries out of all proportion to the amount of work they did. It is unnecessary to allude to the confidential insinuations which he made with reference to Gallinia, when discoursing privately with Hammeret, or the covert sneers at the expense of Albinia in which he indulged when discoursing about Albinia to Sinkhiswits, as I should not like to be

the cause of ill-feeling between either the two countries or their representatives.

There was no more seductive beauty under Mahmoud's charge than Fatima, and when the chief eunuch had withdrawn from the imperial presence, it was not unfrequently his habit to seek relaxation in the company of this lovely creature, whose wit and intelligence often inspired those political reflections which found such favour in the eyes of the Mogul. On the occasion to which I have just alluded, when Mahmoud had done discussing concerning Ethiop's letter with his Majesty, he sought as usual the society of that charmer. And she, with the skill and dexterity for which the sex is celebrated, where pumping processes are concerned, speedily extracted from him the details of the conversation which had just passed. And the beautiful Fatima was the better able to do this, because she seemed to be provided with some mysterious source of affluence; and being of a generous nature, she enjoyed many friends.

Meantime, the national party in Ethiopia continued to prosper, and Ethiop rose in rank and power, the boy Toothpik becoming more and more afraid of him, because he had reason to believe that the upstart had influential friends in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Soldan Pasha, seeing that things were going well, became President of the Chamber of Notables, and the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control became much disturbed in its collective mind, because they feared that if events continued to progress in this fashion, they would soon appear in the eyes of the Ethiopians in a position rather more ridiculous than honourable, having the mere shadow of authority without its substance. And the Mogul

himself thought things looking so serious, that he consulted his friend Prince Quizmarck on the matter, for the latter had cemented a cordial alliance with the Mogul, and had sent him financiers and advisers, thinking the day might come when the Mogul might be useful to him; and the Mogul, who had not many friends at the time, had thankfully accepted this offer of service and amity. If each party desired to make use of the other without sacrificing itself, this was only natural, and is the way of most friendships in this world; and hence it happened that sometimes the Mogul would exceedingly desire the assistance and support of Quizmarck, and the latter would take refuge in compliments, and leave him to his own devices.

So the Mogul, not getting the support on this occasion that he desired, and which might encourage him to interfere directly, and with force, in the affairs of Ethiopia, became much perplexed and mortified, and continued to revolve in his mind, and to discuss with his Ministers, plans for bringing this independent and rebellious Ethiop to his senses.

Now just about this time there appeared in the public papers a manifesto, which was of a defiant tone, in so far as the authority of the Mogul was concerned over Ethiopia; and as it emanated from Ethiopia, and had an official character, the Mogul thought that the boy Toothpik had issued it, and that he had gone over to the party of Ethiop, which aggravated him exceedingly. So he bethought him that he would exercise his sovereign right by deposing the youth who ruled in Ethiopia, and appoint a new prince in his stead.

Now there dwelt by the shores of the waters of the Golden Crescent

a certain Howlim, who was, indeed, according to the strict laws of succession of the Ethiopian dynasty, the rightful heir to the throne, being the granduncle of the present prince; and he had spent his life in languishing in exile and brooding over his rights, and occasionally fishing, for he was a man not without a taste for sport. And when it was confidentially communicated to him one day that he might hope to regain the throne of his father, his heart leapt into his mouth, and he rejoiced greatly, and at once sent privy messengers to the Gallinian Ambassador in the City of the Golden Crescent, because he is a friend of the Gallinians, and would become their willing tool in Ethiopia if he ever succeeded to the Principality, and he had often assured them of this; and he now begged the Ambassador to exercise his influence in his behalf, because, if the Mogul agreed, and M. d'Effraycinay agreed, it was not likely that Mr Sadstone, who never objected to anything that Gallinia proposed, would offer any difficulty, and the thing might be considered settled. But poor Howlim was doomed to disappointment, for the boy Toothpik denied strenuously that he had ever written the obnoxious document, and said that he was not responsible for it. So the Mogul was very glad to take him back into favour, for he never liked Howlim, and Howlim that time lost his chance.

Now, the true history of the document which caused all this commotion was as follows: There arrived one day in Kahira, the chief city of Ethiopia, a Circassian slave, and she was conducted to the residence of Ethiop by her swarthy attendant, unknown even to Wilful Grunt, or the diplomatic agents of the Powers. And she

prostrated herself before Ethiop, and kissed his feet—and she handed to him a paper, and upon the paper was written these words—“From Howlim to Ethiop, Selima, a gift and a token of amity.”

And Ethiop raised Selima to her feet and caressed her, for she was very agreeable to look upon, and he said, “Worthy messenger, what news have you from the rightful heir to the throne of Ethiopia,—whom God preserve?”

And she replied, “My late master bids me to warn you, O light of my eyes, that you are mistrusted by the Mogul, and that he seeks your downfall, and he even contemplates sending hither a Seljukian army. He fears your power, and is even now making communications of a confidential character to the boy Toothpik through Omer Stiffki. See, I have it from the fair Fatima, with whom I have maintained friendly relations, and who dwells in a kiosk by the lovely waters on which stands the city of the Golden Crescent. For it was necessary that my master Howlim should be kept well informed.”

And while Ethiop pondered over this disagreeable intelligence with gloomy brow, she played to him upon a tambourine—an accomplishment with which she was wont to cheer the sad hours of Howlim, while he languished in the palace of his exile.

“By the beard of the Prophet,” shouted Ethiop at last, in tones so loud that they drowned even the notes of the musical instrument, “if he dares to attempt such a thing I will oppose his beggarly Seljukians with my whole army.”

Then Selima whispered in soft tones, “My master bids you remember that you have allies over whom he has influence among the sons of the desert of Ethiopia, and

that a word from him will be more powerful than one even from Wilful Grunt;" and she laughed with a low silvery laugh, which sounded so pleasant, as I heard it through the telephone, that from that moment I have conceived an antipathy for Ethiop.

Then that worthy girded on his sword, and strode angrily to the Palace of Soldan, and communicated to him the intelligence we had just heard, and they decided that the moment was too critical to dispense with support, from whatever quarter it might come; and as Howlim had certain adherents in Kahira, they assembled them together secretly, and consulted with them, and it was decided that the boy Toothpik must be deposed, and Howlim placed upon the throne in his stead; and that a manifesto of a defiant character should be written, which should appear to come from Toothpik, and so enrage the Mogul against him, and also force his Majesty to show how far he was really supported by Quizmarck: for the wily Ethiop had also maintained secret relations with the great Chancellor, through the Teutonic diplomatic agent at Kahira, and he knew full well that the Mogul was reckoning upon a support that he would not receive. But Ethiop's real idea has only been to scramble upon the throne of Ethiopia himself; and what between Toothpik's being weak and shaky, and Schamyl being really impossible, and Howlim being much disliked by the Mogul, I am not sure that he has not just as good a chance as anybody else.

And here it should be remarked that I have so many conversations to report, and so many different threads to weave into one narrative, that I am often puzzled which one to take up next. I have heard, for instance, many curious dialogues

between Ethiop and Baron Schutz, the sporting representative of Teutonia, and Codger, the agent of Oster-Magyaria, from which I gathered that it was not displeasing to them to see Ethiop exciting discontent against the Albinio-Gallinian assumptions of "preponderating influence;" and in this policy they were ably seconded by their Latinian colleague. In fact, it seemed to me that the object of all these gentlemen was to stir up all the trouble possible in Ethiopia, without in any way compromising themselves or their Governments; but I feel that this is a very delicate matter to which to allude, and even with a "patent eavesdropper," I must draw the line somewhere.

Certain it is that Ethiop would never have displayed the audacity he has, had he not been secretly stimulated and encouraged in certain quarters. And I think it not impossible that, as the great African mystery unfolds, it will be found that it will chiefly develop to the advantage of those Powers about whose participation in this remarkable concatenation of events the least has been heard. Indeed the minds of onlookers not so well informed as I was at this time were much puzzled as to the influences under which Ethiop was acting. Whether he was working in the interests of Howlim, or whether he was secretly inspired by the Mogul, or whether, after all, he might not have a private understanding with Toothpik, who occasionally showed symptoms of wavering, or whether Schamyl and he had not as yet some undiscovered relations, or whether he was relying upon encouragement insidiously imparted to him by the agents of Teutonia, Oster-Magyaria, and Latinia, or whether he was only trying to perplex people by mysterious allusions to support derived

from all these various directions, and was trusting solely in Soldan, or whether in fact Soldan was to be trusted, and had not a thorough understanding with the diplomatic agents of Albinia and Gallinia, as was to be suspected from an apparent coolness which was springing up between the military national party headed by Ethiop, and the civil national party represented by Soldan.

All these hypotheses, I say, furnished much matter for curious speculation to the world, and combined to render the great African mystery more mysterious than ever. Indeed I often wondered whether some of the actors in this great drama did not sometimes themselves get confused as to the part they were playing. Even I myself, though, as one may say, more behind the scenes than any one else, was becoming puzzled when a certain Kiatib appeared upon the scene. To him I instantly applied my telephone, for I knew he was a devoted adherent and confidential friend of Schamyl, and that being in Kahira at such a crisis he must be up to some mischief, and I found he had many powerful friends in Kahira, who mourned over the days when Schamyl had ruled the country, when money flowed like water, and they never lacked opportunities for lining their pockets; and I discovered that they were secretly plotting together, and that one of them was in Ethiop's confidence, and another, an Ethiopian princess, who pushed her fortunes there as women can, who have influence with other women. And when all was prepared Kiatib presented himself to Ethiop, and Ethiop said, "Peace be with you! what news have you of that great man whose absence Ethiop has never ceased to deplore?"

And Kiatib replied, "My master is indeed a man of greater intelligence and loftier views than any prince in Islam, and from his palace near the Latinian city by the sea, where he dwells 'neath the smoke of the burning mountains, he watches events with a keen eye, and is never idle; indeed his operations are secret and far-reaching, and the centre of them is the sacred City of the Prophet in the midst of the desert. For his ambitions have only been stimulated by his downfall, and he now aspires to nothing less than the Imaumat; and his pretensions are recognised by many, and his influence is growing, and his wealth, as Ethiopia has good reason to know, is considerable; and, if you will enter into his combinations, he will resist you with the powerful party which still adheres to him in Ethiopia, and if together you succeed against his great enemy the Mogul, he will name you Prince of Ethiopia, and extend his spiritual protection over you when he has attained the exalted summit of his ambitions."

And they had much discussion over this matter, and went thoroughly into Schamyl's plans, which I may not now divulge; but when Ethiop afterwards consulted with Soldan upon the subject, they did not think them feasible. Still Ethiop did not say this to Kiatib, but rather held out encouraging hopes to him; so Kiatib wrote to his master that all was going well for his cause in Kahira, and Schamyl was much rejoiced thereat.

Now just about this time there came to Kahira a man who had lived much in the sacred city in the desert, and was possessed of great influence there, for he had the reputation of being a gifted and a holy man, and his name was Sheik Abbassaad, and he was a servant of the Mogul, and liked by him, and

he had not long since arrived from the sacred city in the desert. And one day, as I was walking in the bazaar, I saw a woman followed by a slave, and I recognised the slave as one of Ethiop's, and I surmised that the woman could be none other than Selima; so I followed her, and she entered by the harem-door into the house of Abbassaad; so my suspicions were aroused, and I applied my telephone, and I overheard a singular conversation; and I found that Abbassaad and Selima had known each other in the City of the Golden Crescent. And Abbassaad said, "Fair Selima, how come you in Kahira, and what news do you bring of my good friend Howlim?" And Selima replied, "My master is well, and he bids me tell you that his star is rising, and, with the help of your gracious influence, it may yet shine brightly in the Eastern firmament; but the horizon is, nevertheless, overcast in certain directions, and I have come to warn you of a peril which threatens not merely my Lord Howlim, but our Imperial master himself, for there is a dangerous man in Kahira."

Then Abbassaad pricked up his ears, and Selima confided to him all she had discovered in regard to Kiatib. And Abbassaad was much troubled, for he hated Schamyl with a hatred which was only equalled by that of his Imperial master; and he said to Selima, "Do you think that Ethiop really believes in Kiatib's stories of the great influence and vast designs of Schamyl, or that he is only playing with him?" And she replied, "My Lord, for the present he is playing with him, but any day that he thought it for his advantage he would use him." Then Abbassaad said, "Come back to me in three days." And he dismissed her. So she came back to

him in three days, and he said, "I have found out that Kiatib is plotting against the life of Ethiop; tell him that I have told you this. Let him arrest Kiatib, and he will save his own life, and gain great favour from the Mogul, whom God preserve."

So Selim told Ethiop this, and Ethiop set spies upon Kiatib, and behold it was discovered that Kiatib, who was a man of desperate character, had determined, in the event of Ethiop not consenting to be his tool, to take his life secretly, and raise up another popular Ethiopian officer to be the head of the national military party; and he had also made friends with Circassian officers, who hated Ethiop because he had reduced their pay, and promoted Ethiopians over their heads; and the whole plan was arranged, but it was not to be put into operation unless Ethiop refused to do what Kiatib told him.

So when Ethiop discovered the treachery of Kiatib, he made arrangements for arresting him and all his accomplices. But Kiatib, who was as clever as he was daring, escaped in time to the Latinian city, where Schamyl dwells; but the other conspirators were arrested, and among them no less a personage than Omer Stiffki, whom Ethiop had long wanted to get rid of, because he was the head of the Seljukian military party in Ethiopia. The result was that, instead of pleasing the Mogul by the arrest of Kiatib, he incensed him mightily by the arrest of Omer. So the Mogul commanded the boy Toothpik to annul the sentence.

How Ethiop resisted this order, and how Hammeret and Sinkhiswits were constantly at Toothpik's Palace keeping his courage up, and how they kept it up, and how he insisted upon the Ministry resigning, and how they wouldn't resign,

and how eventually they did resign, and how Ethiop first did and then didn't resign, and how Lord Grannyville and M. d'Effraycinay began writing despatches to each other in the most frantic way, and how they could not agree at first how Ethiop was to be dealt with and order be restored, and how the Ulemas and Notables came and said if he was not dealt with somehow, and order restored, there would be murder and bloodshed in Kahira, and how Ethiop convoked the Chamber of Notables, and how the Chamber of Notables wouldn't be convoked, and how a split thereupon occurred between the Civil National party and the Military National party, and how Wilful Grunt telegraphed to Soldan Pasha to hold on to the Military party, or Mr Sadstone would annex Egypt, and how Mr Sadstone had not the remotest intention of annexing Egypt, — all these are matters of history.

I only wish I had time and space to narrate all the conversations between them. There was one, for instance, between Mr Sadstone and Mr Clamberalong, as to the probable *moral* effect upon Ethiop's mind of six Albinio-Gallinian ironclads demonstrating in the bay of the great Ethiopian city of commerce, which made old Soldan Pasha, with whom I was sitting at the time, and who overheard it through my telephone, split his sides with laughter, because, as he said ironically, "it showed such a knowledge of the Eastern character."

The discussion which took place in the Albinian Cabinet the same day was also most amusing. I invited three or four friends in Kahira to come and listen to it; and I must do Sir Historicus the justice to say that he made a most gallant stand in favour of treaties, and the necessity of complying with international law in a matter where the rights of

the suzerain power were concerned; for said he, "Look at the fearful precedent we should create in case the Mogul decided to send ships to the Cape of Bad Hope for the purpose of reducing the Cisvaal to order, having previously notified us through his ambassador that we should not be allowed to send any, in defiance of all international obligations and rights of suzerainty." And Clamberalong replied, "Rights of suzerainty be blowed! We shouldn't mind it at all—in fact, we should rather like it; but they couldn't get there, because there is no port in the Cisvaal." Sir Historicus maintained that didn't matter where naval demonstrations were involved; but he said, waiving that point, "Supposing Ethiop does not care for the naval demonstration, then what would you do?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Something else;" and Sir Historicus asked "What else?" and Lord Grannyville said, "Oh, anything else, — call a conference of the Powers, for instance." "But," said Sir Historicus, "suppose Ethiop does not mind the conference, and the Mogul declines?" "I opine," said Mr Sadstone, in tones which came vibrating through the telephone, "that would not concern us, but would be the affair of the Powers."

Next day I happened to apply my instrument to the Cabinet of M. d'Effraycinay, in the City of Pleasure, just at the moment when M. de Galeowits, on the part of the Albinian leading organ, suggested to him the employment of Seljukian gendarmes in Ethiopia. But M. d'Effraycinay only seemed disposed to entertain this idea in order not to hurt M. de Galeowits's feelings, and said that he thought the despatch of ironclads would do for the present, and that his place was to let the morrow take care of it-

self, which had been the method so successfully tried in Carthagia.

A few days afterwards the iron-clads arrived off the coast of Ethiopia, and Sir Bechem Semur went to call on the Gallinian admiral. "*Ah, mon cher collègue,*" he remarked, striking an attitude, "as the clown says in the pantomime, '*ici nous sommes encore*'—here we are again! '*Quod erat demonstrandum,*' as we used to say at Dulcigno." Sir Bechem dearly loves his little joke.

"I think we are very much like clowns in a pantomime," responded the Gallinian admiral, "and I don't know anybody that plays the part better than you do."

"Let us give Ethiop a few threatening evolutions," said Sir Bechem, who did not quite seem to like this last remark. "Suppose we man yards; I have got a man on board who can stand on one leg on the truck of the main royal,—*that* ought to frighten him."

"As there is not water enough for us to go and demonstrate inside the bay, you can't do it here," said the French admiral. "No man could stand on the truck on one leg in such a swell of the ocean as this" (this was a playful allusion). "We must get into harbour somewhere — we're looking more foolish than usual out here."

"Suppose we run on to Aboukir," said Sir Bechem; and he began singing in a fine mellow voice, "'Twas in Aboukir Bay," and then stopped suddenly, finding he could not go very far without wounding the French admiral's susceptibilities, and became pensive as he thought what a very different kind of demonstration the Albinian and Gallinian fleets were making the last time they were there together, and wondered how the great Albinian admiral who commanded on

that occasion would like the kind of work Albinian admirals were called upon to do nowadays. So they took the ironclads to the bay of the great battle. Whether it was owing to the yards being manned, or what, I don't know, but sure enough next day Ethiop resigned, and Soldan and the national party seemed thoroughly demoralised; but, most singular to relate, the day afterwards Sheik Abbassaad, who had gone to the city of the Golden Crescent to report to the Mogul how matters had been progressing in Ethiopia, immediately after he had discovered Kiatib's conspiracy, returned to Kahira, and he went straight to the house of Ethiop, whom he found in a very disturbed state of mind, and he said to him, "I come to you from my master the Mogul, who bids you cheer up and be of good courage, and not be alarmed at the Ghiaour who is standing on one leg on the top of the mast of the ship of that dog of an Albinian admiral, nor can the Gallinian son of a sea-cook do you any hurt. Now that the Ghiaours have combined together to insult the dignity of the head of our Religion, it behoves all followers of the Prophet to forget their little differences or postpone them to a more convenient season. The admirals and diplomatic agents may talk about exiling you, but it is an empty threat, my friend. My Imperial master has become so accustomed to Albinio-Gallinian bluster that he has long since ceased to pay any attention to it, and he recommends you to do the same. So go straight to the youth Tooth-pik, and tell him that you are more determined to govern this country than ever. Tell him that he is a traitor to his suzerain, for he has thrown himself into the arms of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits at the moment when he should have de-

fied them, and depended for support only upon his Imperial master. And he should have refused to take his orders from any Albinio-Gallinian admirals, or from anybody except the Mogul. His Majesty was very angry when he found you had arrested Omer Stiffki, and you would not have been forgiven had not Sadstone and D'Effraycinay—praise be to Allah for their stupidity!—grossly insulted our Lord and Master, and thus restored you to the Imperial favour.”

And Ethiop replied, curtly, “Well, I’ve got rid of him, that’s one good thing. Now what do you, who know the secrets of the mind of our lord, and possess his confidence, advise me to do to prove my devotion and loyalty to his Majesty, whom God protect?”

And the Sheik answered, “Though I am a man more used to the sacred precincts of the holy places than to the tented field, yet as you are a military man, I will address you in the language of strategy, which you understand, and I tell you that the key of the position is Carthagia, of which province our Imperial master has been foully and fraudulently robbed by the Gallinians. Help him to recover that, and he will make you prince of Carthagia, or perhaps even of Ethiopia itself; but for the present you must put forward for this latter position my old friend Howlim. In the meantime, in order to make these Albinians and Gallinians eat dirt, you must insist upon the deposition of the boy Toothpik, who is ready to accept any written instructions which he may receive from the Ghiaours without first asking the pleasure of his Lord and Master; and upon the departure of the fleets, which are a standing insult to the dignity of his Majesty; and upon the recall of Hammeret and Sinkhiswits, because it

is always wise to have something to yield gracefully, upon your own restitution to office. Then if commissioners are sent from the City of the Golden Crescent to arrange the matter, you must entertain them sumptuously, and trifle delicately with them, remembering that they come only to scatter dust in the eyes of the Powers, and gain time; and you must employ yourself in the meantime in working up the religious feelings of the people; and you must compel old Soldan Pasha, who has behaved timidly in this crisis, and has very nearly fallen between two stools, to use his influence to excite fanatical discontent against the Ghiaours. In fact, you must produce such a state of things as to make it necessary for his Majesty to send a Seljukian army. Do not fear that it will overthrow your national aspirations. It will be directed not against you, but against the Gallinians in Carthagia. You will take part, thus, in a great rising against these miserable Ghiaours, and your Ethiopian soldiery will fraternise with the Seljukian soldiery; and with a skilful commander like you—for you will be the leading military spirit in this matter—there is no saying how far along the western deserts, even to the borders of the great sea, this movement may not extend, undermining the power of Gallinia all through the north of the Continent. And your enterprise will be well-pleasing to Teutonia and Oster-Magyaria, who will take this opportunity of falling upon Moscovia; and Albinia will not interfere, partly because she has as much as she can manage with Erinia, and partly because she will secretly rejoice to see the Gallinians driven out of Ethiopia and Carthagia and Barbaria generally; and be sure that Latina will rub her

hands and look on well pleased. The reward of the happy soldier, who has successfully engaged in such operations, will indeed be great; and our Lord and Master will establish his dynasty in these lands, and he will rule over them."

So Sheik Abbassaad skilfully inflamed the imagination of Ethiop with this brilliant prospect; and he plucked up courage, with what results all the world knows. And Abbassaad said: "Now that I have given you the cue, and you thoroughly understand the situation, I will return to the city of the Golden Crescent, and before long you will see me again; perhaps with the Imperial Commissioners—who knows?—for you are somewhat impetuous and indiscreet, like your friend, Wilful Grunt, and require me to be constantly by your side. Forgive my frankness; I will not say peace, but rather war be with you," added the holy man, smiling sweetly, as with a dignified gesture he untucked his legs from under him, and gliding his feet into his slippers, shuffled softly away.

A few days after this interesting conversation, I turned my telephone into the study of the great Chancellor whose will exercises so powerful an influence over the destinies of nations. I did this somewhat nervously, for the poor man had been suffering a good deal of pain of late from rheumatism, and would occasionally send an oath and a roar through the instrument that nearly split my tympanum. Woe to the unlucky secretary who entered at such a moment. To-day, however, he was evidently a good deal easier, and received Count Felthat, who entered just then, with great affability. "See here, my dear Count," he said, pushing him a despatch, "run your eye over that." "Ah!"

said the latter, as he glanced at it rapidly, "a polite invitation to a conference in the city of the Golden Crescent. I suppose your Highness accepts." "Did you ever know me refuse to do the civil thing," replied the Prince, with a smile of some significance. "Gallinia begs Teutonia to advise with Seljukia as to the best means of restoring order in Ethiopia—that's better than a *guerre de revanche*, I think. How furious it will make Trombetta; his only consolation will be that D'Effraycinay has made a mess which he may profit by,—not but what he is much the bigger bungler of the two. How neatly he walked into that trap I laid for him and dear old Bottlemy Hilarius in Carthage."

"And what, if I may venture to ask, does your Highness propose to advise the Mogul to do?" said Felthat.

"I am surprised," responded the Prince, "that a man of your Seljukian experience should put such a question. I will advise him to make himself as thoroughly disagreeable both to Gallinia and Albinia as his natural instincts would suggest, and assure him of my heartiest support should he wish to send an army to Ethiopia."

"In fact," said Felthat, "your Highness intends to keep the Eastern pot still simmering."

"I intend," shouted the Chancellor, "to make it boil over as soon as possible. The way the poor Teutonians are being treated in Moscovia has become unbearable; they could not be more abused if they were Jews."

His voice rose to such a pitch as he made this remark, that I involuntarily withdrew my ear from my telephone, fearing an explosion, and when I ventured to apply it again, I found Count Felthat had gone. I followed him, thinking

I might pick up something more, but he already had taken his coat off and was playing lawn-tennis.

Three or four days later I was lounging with my telephone in the neighbourhood of M. d'Effraycinay, when M. de Galeowits entered his room. "Ah, mon cher," said the Minister, "you are just the man I wanted to see: you who keep your finger always on the pulse of the Albinian nation—do you see any symptoms of backing out?"

"Backing out of what?" asked M. de Galeowits.

"Do you think Mr Sadstone capable of deserting us and leaving us in the lurch in this Ethiopian difficulty, I mean?"

"Mr Sadstone is too great a man not to be capable of anything," replied M. de G.

"But Sir Bilk! surely he would not be guilty of such a base act of treachery towards Gallinia."

"You forget that Sir Charles has disagreeable questions to answer in the House, and the interests of his party to consider. After all, he is mortal—besides, he is not the Cabinet, nor even in it."

"But you, my friend, who exercise such a controlling influence in Albinia, surely you will stand by me in this crisis, and do what you can to direct public opinion, and point out to it the path of honour?"

"I do not wish to depreciate my own influence," responded M. de Galeowits, "but you must remember that the leading organ represents the Albinian nation, and I represent the leading organ—we all three go together. I cannot sever myself from this great combination, even to serve Gallinia. The great advantage of a free country with popular institutions is, that it can never do anything dishonourable,

and you never can tell what it will do next. And that is exactly my own case. Prince Quizmarck found that out long ago,—hence our coolness. But in your case, I trust, whatever happens, we shall always remain friends."

"Friends!" said the President of the Council, bitterly; "where am I to look for them? I live by the antagonism of my political opponents amongst themselves." And he sighed deeply; and M. de Galeowits, who is possessed of much tenderness of feeling, in order not to be too deeply affected by his friend's sorrow, took his leave hurriedly, and wended his way to the Oster-Magyarian Embassy, where he acquired much interesting information.

As Sheik Abbassaad had predicted, in due course of time Seljukian commissioners arrived at Kahira, and he with them; and he went immediately to the house of Ethiop, to have a private interview with him, in order to give him the news from the City of the Golden Crescent, and tell him what the Commissioners were going to say to him, and what he should reply to them, and what was the programme generally. And Ethiop, who had been very particular in carrying out his instructions, and in manifesting great loyalty to his Majesty the Mogul during the previous few weeks, received him with great effusiveness, and, after compliments, asked him how the project of a conference was getting on; and Abbassaad replied—"Well for our Imperial master, who is determined that it shall not take place if it can be avoided; and this, friend Ethiop, largely depends upon you. But the Gallinians are impatient and angry because they are being humiliated in the eyes of Europe, and are afraid of being abandoned by Albinia, and press

hotly for the conference; and Albinia is nervous and uncomfortable because she is tired of being dragged at the heels of Gallinia, and being made ridiculous, and she is seeking an opportunity of getting out of her partnership with Gallinia, and does not much care about the conference, notwithstanding that Sir Bilk talks boldly in the House about having a conference elsewhere if his Majesty refuses to have a conference in the city of the Golden Crescent; and Prince Quizmarck is laughing in his sleeve, and I doubt very much if he would agree to a conference in which Seljukia was not represented, and Gallinia wishes in that case to persuade Albinia to a joint military occupation of Ethiopia, but that Albinia will never agree to with Erinia on her hands, and because she fears it may only lead to further complications with Gallinia, and she has enough of them already; nor will the other Powers. So our Imperial master has all the trump-cards in his hands—if we only play ours here properly, to speak in the language of those gambling Ghiaours, whom Allah confound. And now, my friend, as you are about in a few hours to discuss the matter with the Commissioners, I will explain to you how we propose to restore order to Ethiopia, and at the same time satisfy the pretensions of that troublesome soldier called Ethiop.” And the Sheik laughed slyly—for, being a holy man, he never indulged in uproarious demonstrations of mirth; but when Ethiop heard the plan, he laughed loudly—partly because he had got a little game of his own, unknown to Abbassaad, and partly because it was well con-

ceived, and calculated to produce such a nice kettle of fish.

Of course I heard all that the Sheik said, and I also knew what Ethiop intended to do, and it requires a great effort of self-restraint on my part not to take my readers into my confidence; but I feel it would be an abuse of the privileges conferred by the patent eavesdropper upon its happy possessor, and quite unjustifiable from an international as well as from a private point of view. I only promised my readers the middle of the story, and this is getting too near the end for their good. They now know quite enough to give them matter for serious reflection; were they to know more, they might put embarrassing questions to poor “Sir Bilk” in the House, and he would be obliged to reply in his usual affable manner, “Mr Speaker, I do not think that it would advance the interest of the public service, in the present stage of the negotiations in which her Majesty’s Government are engaged, that I should answer the question of the honourable member;” and considering how little he would know about it in the absence of an eavesdropper, it certainly wouldn’t. So, as I hate placing anybody in a false position, I will reserve my information until events have developed themselves more fully, and then perhaps, when subsequent occurrences justify further disclosures, I will let a little more light into the Great African mystery. Meantime my readers may rest assured that on every important occasion I shall not fail to apply that remarkable mechanical contrivance, to the perfect condition of which they owe so much already.

CARLYLE'S LIFE AND REMINISCENCES.

THE two volumes which Mr Froude has lately given to the world comprise only the first forty years of Carlyle's life, and carry the account of his literary career no further than the publication of 'Sartor Resartus.' The length of biographies has become a social evil of the first magnitude, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Contrast the discursive diffuseness of these two volumes with Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, and we have the measure of the difference between the master and his pupil. Printing a variety of selected materials for a biography, in preference to executing a completed picture of a life, can scarcely be called a work of art. Fairness and fidelity are the only virtues which such a work requires; and these have been fully displayed. Carlyle was as anxious as Cromwell before him to be painted as he was (when the hour and the man came), with all his blotches and scars, or, as Mr Froude calls them in somewhat barbarous English, his angularities and peculiarities. He has left behind him accordingly diaries, correspondence, and reminiscences, which taken together form an autobiography, genuine as far as it goes, if not complete.

Like the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, these autobiographical remains disarm hostility and challenge strict judicial fairness, by the very completeness of their confessions and self-surrender. The same sacrifices to candour which Carlyle has made with regard to all the incidents and shortcomings

of his own life, he has uniformly extended throughout to his contemporaries, and to all who have been from time to time in a long career deserving of his notice. Accordingly a fund of racy personal anecdote has been stored up, the copyright in which must be as profitable as the Greville Memorials to those concerned in one sense, as it is to the British public in another. In a word, whilst the "prickly aspects," as Mr Froude calls them, of Carlyle's own career are set forth, both by himself and his biographer, with exemplary fairness and fidelity, the same spirit of complete candour and fairness is observed with regard to the aspects, more or less prickly, in which Carlyle's contemporaries, friends, and acquaintances appeared to himself.

No one will exclaim with Carlyle, on reading these works, "How delicate, decent, is English biography, bless its mealy mouth!" But at the same time we are not disposed to take up the cudgels in favour of those numerous individuals who have, as the saying is, "received pain" from a disclosure, often in a forcible manner, of what Mr or Mrs Carlyle, as the case may be, may have thought of them or their relatives. Their wounds, however deep, may be left to the slow but certain action of time, and a spirit of doubtless just self-esteem. Even with regard to Professor Wilson and De Quincey, whose reputations are in a special manner connected with this Magazine, we make no exception. Their characters and fame are unaffected by

the observations now, for the first time, printed concerning them. If the posthumous criticisms are, as Mr Froude delicately puts it, more just than flattering, it is no libel on the robust common-sense which doubtless was the sole passport to personal acquaintance with the Carlyles, to hope and believe that those criticisms will one and all confer benefit as well as distinction on their startled victims. We know from Miss Caroline Fox's *Reminiscences* that "My fat-faced friend, thou art a d——d lie," was the cheery sort of message which Carlyle longed to deliver to some of his contemporaries during his life, and if he postponed it to a later period, the disclosure doubtless has been wisely adapted to do them good, while, of course, it betrays that exclusive regard for truth and fact which is the striking feature of Carlyle's character. Mr Froude tells us that he doubted the prudence of printing one of Mrs Carlyle's criticisms, in her forthcoming letters, on an eminent living person. "It will do him no harm," retorted Carlyle, "to know what a sensible woman thought of him."

Undoubtedly the effect of this disinterested appreciation of the rude virtues of perfect frankness and candour, all the way round, is to beget a similar spirit in others. And accordingly an outcry against Carlyle's life and characteristics followed the appearance of his '*Reminiscences*.' But that sort of thing necessarily has its reaction. When all is said and done with, the fact remains that no bones have been broken; and the Sage of Chelsea remains just as he was before, one of the most striking personages of the nineteenth century, unique in his mental and personal characteristics; but, as his editor tells us, one who would not (vol. ii. p. 471) condescend to the

conventional politenesses which remove the friction between man and man. He has laid bare his life and career, from the motive that, as the public would necessarily demand to know them, he desired that they should know the truth without concealment. And the wise decision for those who are interested in the subject to make, is to turn resolutely from the cries of those whose self-love has been, we would fain hope, not irremediably upset, and just endeavour to estimate aright the remarkable man before us—his life, character, and work—with the aid of his own '*Reminiscences*,' and such materials as the diligence and judgment of his editor have yet vouchsafed to us.

Now, approaching the subject in that spirit, the very first question is, What was Carlyle's work? Mr Froude says in his preface that Carlyle was a teacher and a prophet in the Jewish sense of the word; and, like Isaiah and Jeremiah, believed that he had a special message to deliver to the present age. What was that message? Again (vol. ii. p. 470) Mr Froude alludes to "an influence so vast over successive generations of thinkers." What was that influence? What was the state of national thought at the time that Carlyle's influence began to be felt? What was the nature and direction of that influence? How and to what extent did it make itself felt? What has been the result, and how is that result traceable to him? These are questions the answer to which ought, in our humble judgment, to have been more apparent on the face of these volumes than it is; and if Mr Froude will condescend to accept a suggestion, we hope that in some future volume he will discuss, not in vague generalities, but in closely reasoned detail, ques-

tions, upon the answer to which depends whether the fame of his hero is to be lasting or ephemeral. Suppose, for instance, that ubiquitous individual, an intelligent foreigner, unacquainted with recent English history and literature, or an Anglicised Hindu, anxious to display his familiarity with the inner life of English history in a competitive examination, turned to Mr Froude's book, what answer would he find? Suppose further, if it be not profanation, that that fascinating figure of the nineteenth century, a "thoughtful" Liberal, fully equipped in mind and manners, and craving for more light, desired to measure the exact degree in which Carlyle's influence had favoured or thwarted the spread of genuine Liberal principles, what answer would he find in this book of Mr Froude's? He tells us (preface, p. xv.) that an "adequate estimate of Carlyle's work in this world is not at present possible;" but the context shows that what he means is, that the truth of the message and the value of the work must be tested by time. Granted, but the questions remain: True or false, what was the message? Valuable or worthless, what was the work?

The real value of Mr Froude's work in these volumes—most of which, owing to the plan which he has adopted, is scissors and paste, directed by a presumably judicious selection—must be tested, as it seems to us, by the answers which it gives, or attempts to give, to these questions. As regards the message, the reader should turn to the first chapter of the second volume. There he will find that Goethe discerned that Carlyle had an originating principle of conviction—that is, he could develop the force that lay in him unassisted by other men. At the age of thirty-three he became

master of his powers, and by thirty-nine (vol. ii. p. 469) his training was over, and thenceforward his life was in his works. Carlyle was confident all through his life, and this confidence explains his whole career, that he had a special message, or a "poor message," as he sometimes called it, to deliver; and his own appreciation of the truth and value of this message lay in the remarkable declaration that he had not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but only to fulfil them. He was a profound disbeliever in miracles, and therefore none need be looked for as embellishing or authenticating his mission. Yet on p. 470 his editor credits him with one of portentous comprehensiveness—viz., that he had, during the whole thirty-nine years (!) comprised in this book, "been fighting with poverty, with dyspepsia, with intellectual temptations, with obstruction, from his fellow-mortals." If so, he must have begun miraculously early, and an infancy of portentous significance fitly preceded his message. But, strange to say, Mr Froude's case is, that the message never got itself fairly delivered at all. It related to Carlyle's religion; and when the editor comes to explain it, he has to fall back (vol. ii. p. 2) on private conversations with himself and two unfinished and unpublished fragments which Carlyle threw away as inadequately expressing his thoughts, and apparently only saved from destruction because Mr Froude assured him that he (Froude) saw a meaning in them. No doubt, as Goethe says, and as Carlyle was given to repeating, the highest is inexpressible. But it does not follow that the inexpressible is necessarily the highest. Unless the hero or his biographer can present us with some clear and definite idea upon this

subject, we must irreverently con a passage which we find in 'Reminiscences,' vol. ii. p. 204: "And what is it good for? Fools, get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way."

Reading this first chapter of the second volume, which contains the result of the editor's conversation and the unpublished fragments, the gist of Carlyle's religious teaching is as follows. He was a Calvinist without the theology. He had been bred in a Calvinistic home, and was by nature firmly and ardently religious. His conviction was intense as to the broad fact of the divine government of the universe, and as to the divine origin of a moral law—the right reading of which was essential to human welfare, the revelation of which lay through experienced fact,—and generally as to the spiritual truth of religion. He flung away the whole of miracle and the supernatural; it is as certain as mathematics, he said, that no such thing ever has been or can be! The natural was far more truly wonderful than the supernatural, and all historical religions were *bonâ fide* human efforts to explain human duty. On the other hand, he rejected scepticism as to right and wrong, and as to man's responsibility to his Maker. He rejected also the materialistic theory of things—that intellect is a phenomenon of matter, that conscience is the growth of social convenience: he would have nothing to say to utilitarian ethics. It is unnecessary to pursue this into further detail. It is the Christian religion *minus* its theology, miracles, and eschatology. Carlyle said that the fragments contained his real conviction, which lay at the bottom of all his thoughts about man and man's doings in the

world—a truth which he was specially sent to insist upon. Yet, according to the biographer, he could never get his convictions completely expressed. Their governing idea appears to be that like as man's conceptions of the physical universe were shown by Galileo to be illusions, so his spiritual conceptions may be shown to be identical in kind—viz., errors of the inner instead of the outer eyesight. The divine remains unchanged, the human conceptions of it alter as circumstances and knowledge vary. There does not seem to be at the present day any character of deep originality about this. Goethe's religion was very much the same. That Carlyle held his opinions with a fervour which may be described as intense, that he enforced them with the hard striking which was characteristic of his family, that relatively to his surroundings and education and the spirit of his time they were a novelty, may be quite true. He first taught his countrymen to appreciate Goethe, and spread the influence of German literature. Perhaps we are indebted to his influence that the wide chasm which separates freethinkers from orthodox believers on the Continent is not nearly so conspicuous at home. Revelation through experienced fact, and not through miracle; the moral teaching rather than the dogmas of Christianity; the uniform recognition of the Divine in nature, rather than belief founded on the supernatural,—are far healthier characteristics of free thought than the scornful rejection, root and branch, of an ancient religion and its influence, which is so widely recommended abroad, but only occasionally advocated at home. If Carlyle gave the decisive impulse to this development of English thought, the manner in which he did so, and the

proof of it, should be rescued from oblivion by his biographer. Secularism may have temporarily flourished under some of our leading thinkers; it had no quarter from Carlyle, and both his posthumous works and Miss Caroline Fox's Reminiscences show that Mill rejected the dogmatic unbelief of his father, and would gladly have imbibed from Carlyle some definite conviction, but could never get further than acquiescence in the probability of divine law and government.

Even in Mr Froude's "Lights and Shadows," with which he closes his account of Carlyle's training, there is the same indefiniteness as to Carlyle's work and purpose and mission. The statement that "he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning" conveys no more meaning than the editor's assurance that in Carlyle "the sense of having a mission was the growth of the actual presence in him of the necessary powers. Certain associations, certain aspects of human life and duty, had forced themselves upon him as truths of immeasurable consequence which the world was forgetting. He was a *vates*, a seer. He perceived things which others did not see, and which it was his business to force them to see. He regarded himself as being charged actually and really with a message which he was to deliver to mankind, and like other prophets, he was straitened till his work was accomplished," &c., &c., *ad infinitum*. But why in the name of all that is wonderful does not the editor "condescend to particulars," and tell us in few words what it was that Carlyle was seeing all this time, and what are these truths of immeasurable consequence? In the preface (p. xv.) there is a passage as follows: that Carlyle "has told us that our most cherished

ideas of political liberty, with their kindred corollaries, are mere illusions, and that the progress which has seemed to go along with them is a progress towards anarchy and social dissolution." If this was the real purport of the message, the subject ought to receive further and better elucidation at the hands of the biographer than he has yet given to it. If Carlyle's reputation depends upon the truth of this prophecy being tested by time, it must rise on the ruins of his country, and a future generation will be too much absorbed in their own affairs to care much for the fame of the prophet.

But if Mr Froude has not himself given us the means of judging of Carlyle's "work in the world," as he frequently calls it, and has left the reader to judge of it for himself mainly from tradition and the knowledge of his books, he has nevertheless given us the materials for judging Carlyle's character in the process of development, and the effect produced upon his earlier contemporaries by his genius before it was recognised by the public at large. The world in the later years of his life saw and felt his genius, but they were imperfectly acquainted with his character. In the earlier years his friends were witnesses of both, as are the readers of his works and reminiscences. The effect of this biography is very much to restore and justify the earlier opinion of his friends and acquaintances, which, so far as we can collect it, appears to have been more balanced than the extravagant eulogy of his later admirers, or the angry detraction provoked by his 'Reminiscences.' Mr Froude fairly claims for him a character (preface, p. viii.) of "unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye."

But he draws at the same time a picture of failings and infirmities, both of temper and disposition, which though somewhat toned down from the high colouring imparted by remorse and irritability to his 'Reminiscences,' has nevertheless some striking tints. The eye is not fatigued by the contemplation of a dead level of virtue, corresponding to some inspired message. There are some redeeming vices which stand out in bold relief, attract one by their piquancy, and to any reader with a didactic turn of mind, and an eye to a literary career, may give occasion for many salutary warnings. As regards the early development of Carlyle's talents and character, and their effect upon his early contemporaries, the light which this book throws upon these points would appear to be as follows.

There do not seem to have been any precocious displays of genius, nor was any "experiment" made in his education, of the kind from which John Stuart Mill suffered all his life. Notwithstanding the *res angusta domi*, it was decided that Tom should go to Edinburgh University, where, however, he learned little. In Latin and the classical field generally he was, as he says himself, "truly as nothing." Quite late in life he alludes to "omnibi," with nothing in the context to show (as must, however, have been the case) that it was a joke. It was not much better with philosophy; in mathematics he made real progress, but carried off no prizes. He displayed amongst his friends superior judgment, an abhorrence of all affectation, at least in others, a power of effective speech, far too sarcastic for so young a man; and all foretold future greatness to him of one kind or another. The young lady (Margaret Gordon, the original of Blumine in 'Sartor Resartus'),

who rejected his hand, wrote to him at the age of twenty-three, "Genius will render you great. May virtue render you beloved! Remove the awful distance between you and ordinary men by kind and gentle manners." At twenty-six he transacted his conversion (p. 101), as our author puts it; "authentically took the Devil by the nose," as he put it himself; in other words, "began to achieve the conviction, positive and negative, by which the whole of his later life was governed." Speculation was the business in hand, contemplating man's place in the infinities. School-mastering, lecturing, the law, classical literature, were all thrown aside—"light, if light there was, could be looked for only in the writers of his own era" (p. 130). There was, perhaps, no one of his age (twenty-nine) in Scotland who knew so much or had seen so little. He had read enormously—history, poetry, philosophy; the whole range of modern literature—French, German, and English—was more familiar to him, perhaps, than to any man living of his own age (p. 216). His memory was so vigorous and retentive that in his reminiscences forty years after the fact it plays no involuntary freaks. Scenes and persons remain as if photographed, precisely as they are to be found in his contemporaries' letters. "Nothing is changed. The images stand as they were first printed; the judgments are unmodified, and are often repeated in the same words." Goethe early noticed, and applauded his powers. On receipt of his translation of 'Wilhelm Meister,' Goethe expressed his interest in the work and its author, which deepened into regard and admiration when the 'Life of Schiller' reached his hands. His letter in answer to a gift of the latter work delighted Carlyle, as well as an inquiry ad-

dressed to him by Goethe as to the authorship, which Carlyle could claim for himself, of a certain article upon German literature. Further, Goethe used the expression, so much relied on by Mr Froude (p. 431) in vindicating his hero's title to originality, that Carlyle was resting on an original foundation, and was so happily constituted that he could develop out of himself the requirements of what was good and beautiful—out of himself, not out of contact with others.

Carlyle was long before he established any position with his publishers. The 'German Literature,' which attracted the admiration of Goethe, could not find a publisher who would so much as look at it. The 'Teufelsdröckh' was sent back from London, having created nothing but astonished dislike. Great as were his gifts and powers, they were unmarketable. But nevertheless literary men, prophets with messages, must live. He taught with authority, but every element was absent from his works which would command popularity. Desperate as were the straits to which Carlyle's finances were reduced, he found the means of contributing largely to his brother John's education. His devotion to his blood relations was evidently deep and lasting. Jeffrey regarded him as under the influence (p. 126) of a curious but most reprehensible vanity, which would not and could not land him anywhere but in poverty and disappointment, while all the time the world was ready and eager to open its arms and lavish its liberality upon him if he would but consent to walk in its ways and be like other men. He "had a book in him which would cause ears to tingle"—in fact, 'Sartor Resartus' was growing in his mind, based upon the ideas of

Goethe and Kant. The clothes philosophy gave him the form of his new book. His own history, inward and outward, furnished substance. The idea was that certain institutions, religious creeds, were only the *clothes* in which human creatures covered their nakedness, and enabled men to live in harmony and decency; but they changed with the times, grew old, varied with the habits of life, and were the outward indications for the time being of the inward and spiritual nature.

The impulse which eventually sent him out into the world, away from Craigenputtock, is expressed in these scornful sentences (p. 144):—

"What are your Whigs and Lord Advocates and Lord Chancellors, and the whole host of unspeakably gabbling parliamenteers and pulpiteers and pamphleteers, if a man suspect that there is fire enough in his belly to burn up the entire creation of such? These all build on mechanism; one spark of dynamism, of inspiration, were it the poorest soul, is stronger than them all."

Yet the unfortunate 'Sartor Resartus,' with all its dynamism and inspiration, could not find a publisher (p. 347), and was eventually cut to pieces, and produced limb by limb in 'Fraser's Magazine.' No one (p. 363) could tell what to make of it. The writer was considered a literary maniac, and the unlucky editor was dreading the ruin of his magazine—one of his oldest subscribers threatening (p. 430) that if there was any more of that d—d stuff he would, &c. &c. From that time forward (p. 370) all editors gave him the cold shoulder till the appearance of his 'French Revolution.' Mill always boasted that one of the three chief successes of his life had been that he secured a hearing for this work. The world, till that book appeared, settled down into the view taken

of him at Edinburgh, that fine talents were being thrown away—that what he had to say was extravagant nonsense.

Jeffrey did all in his power at one time to aid Carlyle, and finding it impossible to induce him to accept pecuniary assistance, roused his ire by helping his brother. "If only," says either Jeffrey or the biographer (p. 151), "he would not be so unpracticable and so arrogant. If only he could be persuaded that he was not an inspired being, and destined to be the founder of a new religion! But a solitary life and a bad stomach had so spoilt him, all but the heart, that he despaired of being able to mend him." "Macaulay and several others" (p. 153), "who had laughed at his 'Signs of the Times,' had been struck with its force and originality. If he would but give himself fair play, if he could but believe that men might differ from him without being in damnable error, he would make his way to the front without difficulty."

The following is the matured opinion of Mr Froude as to the real excellence of the man in later life, who impressed his earlier contemporaries in the way which we have just described. We extract it as the best descriptive passage in the book before us:—

"His power of speech, unequalled, so far as my experience goes, by that of any other man, had begun to open itself. 'Carlyle first, and all the rest nowhere,' was the description of him by one of the best judges in London, when speaking of the great talkers of the day. His vast reading, his minute observation, his miraculously retentive memory, gave him something to say on every subject which could be raised. What he took into his mind was dissolved and recrystallised into original combinations of his own. His writing, too, was as fluent as his speech. His early letters—even the

most exquisitely finished sentences of them—are in an even and beautiful hand, without erasure or alteration of a phrase. Words flowed from him with a completeness of form which no effort could improve. When he was excited, it was like the eruption of a volcano, thunder and lightning, hot stones and smoke and ashes. He had a natural tendency to exaggeration, and although at such times his extraordinary metaphors and flashes of Titanesque humour made him always worth listening to, he was at his best when talking of history or poetry or biography, or of some contemporary person or incident which had either touched his sympathy or amused his delicate sense of absurdity. His laugh was from his whole nature, voice, eyes, and even his whole body. And there was never any malice in it. His own definition of humour—'a genial sympathy with the under side'—was the definition also of his own feeling about all things and all persons when it was himself that was speaking, and not what he called the devil that was occasionally in possession. In the long years that I was intimate with him, I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being. His language was sometimes like the rolling of a great cathedral organ, sometimes like the softest flute notes, sad or playful as the mood or the subject might be; and you listened—threw in perhaps an occasional word to show that you went along with him, but you were simply charmed and listened on without caring to interrupt. Interruption indeed would answer little purpose, for Carlyle did not bear contradiction any better than Johnson. Contradiction would make him angry and unreasonable. He gave you a full picture of what was in his own mind, and you took it away with you and reflected on it."

Although in these volumes, and in the 'Reminiscences,' there are, as we said before, ample materials for judging of Carlyle's character and the mode in which it was developed, the reader is left very much to his own devices in forming a judgment, as he is with regard to Carlyle's

message and work. At the close of the book the "lights and shadows" are discussed. With regard to the characteristics there set forth, we are wholly dissatisfied, after giving it our best consideration, with Mr Froude's estimate of them and of their consequences. We think he underestimates the gravity of the faults and wholly exaggerates the consequences, at least as regards Mrs Carlyle, which he attributes to them. The subject is worth close consideration or none at all. If Carlyle had this incomprehensible and inexpressible message to deliver, it would naturally be developed quite as much by his life as by his works. But without in the least disparaging the virtue of that complete subjection of his whole life and prospects to whatever he may have regarded as his ruling purpose, it is quite clear that no effort at all was made to recast his own character, temper, and habits in accordance with those views of duty which he was perpetually inculcating upon others. The consequence was, that he combined some very heroic qualities and conduct with habitual disregard of some of the plainest and most commonplace of human duties. It is in the nature of stern self-renunciation, in pursuance of fixed purpose, to beget want of sympathy with others. In Carlyle's case there was a detachment and concentration of self so marked, that he is represented both by himself and his biographer as having, contrary we think to the evidence when fairly considered, sacrificed, whilst extremely vocal himself as to all his own ailments and discomforts, not merely the happiness but even the health of his wife; and he appears on all occasions as expressing, even if he did not feel, the most unbounded antipathy to all whom he could regard as rivals. Setting

aside his deep devotion and generous attachment to his blood relations, his appreciation and love of others seem to have always been of that posthumous sort which does not attain full development till the object of them is laid in the grave, while the stronger passions of scorn, animosity, and contempt appear to have been indulged without stint.

Some of these main incidents in Carlyle's life are worth attention. They may have resulted, as Mr Froude puts it (vol. i. p. 50), from "genius in the process of developing, combined with an irritable nervous system, and a fiercely impatient temper;" but they none the less disclose faults of the gravest character, which there was no adequate attempt made to combat with. Every outlet into practical life was barred by his impracticable temper; his entrance into literature as a professional pursuit was impeded for years by the defiant temper which he carried into his very style. The temper of the man raised or augmented the difficulties which his genius had to surmount. No doubt schoolmastering was a most uncongenial occupation, teaching stupid boys arithmetic. We are not surprised that he kicked the schoolmaster functions over in two years as intolerable. Hunger no doubt drove him to it; a rival school was started, which drew off the pupils and spoilt the dignity of his retreat. Thrown on the world and his own resources, his thrifty habits were his best refuge. His powers of conciliation are shown in his own statement, that vinegar was his reception wherever he passed his fellow-creatures. He became a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, betook himself in desperation to the legal profession, but was soon disgusted with it. "Reticence" (vol. i. p. 78) "about his personal sufferings was at no

time one of his virtues. Dyspepsia had him by the throat. Even the minor ailments to which our flesh is heir, and which most of us bear in silence, the eloquence of his imagination flung into forms like the temptations of a saint. His mother had early described him as 'gey ill to live wi'; and while in great things he was the most considerate and generous of men, in trifles he was most intolerably irritable." Or to quote another passage (vol. i. p. 118), "Indeed, as a rule, all serious trials he endured as nobly as man could do. When his temper failed, it was when some metaphorical gnat was buzzing about his ears;" but this from the nature of things and of life was frequent, and the results strike one as insufferable. "When dyspepsia" (p. 183) "was upon him he spared no one, least of all those who were nearest and dearest to him. Penitence, however, sincere as it might be, was never followed by amendment, even to the very end of his life."

Eventually Irving obtained for him that tutorship in the Buller family which has become celebrated, and to which Carlyle was indebted for a liberal income at a crisis in his life, which might have led to penury and want. What is more, his services and himself were fully appreciated, both by the pupil and by the family. Charles Buller was, as Froude says (vol. ii. p. 216), "the only person of distinction and promise with whom he came into contact that he heartily admired." He was therefore at once freed from all money anxieties, and could and did help his brothers. Naturally Mrs Buller was "one of the most fascinating, refined women he had ever seen." The house was "more and more a kind of home" to him; and the connection continued to be an agreeable one for some time. Yet he was always quarrelling with

his lot. He was (p. 191) "uneasy, restless with dyspepsia and intellectual fever." He laid the blame on his position, and soon meditated throwing up his engagement. Mr and Mrs Buller did all they could, but "their good resolutions and enactments require to be executed by a pack of lazy, careless, and irregular waiting men and women." He saw every ailment and every discomfort through the lens of his imagination, and his extraordinary faculty of vigorous statement reacted upon and confirmed his exaggerated impressions. If Edinburgh lodgings were uncomfortable, he complained of "stenches and horrors more than tongue can tell;" to be condemned, hanged, and quartered, would involve less torment (p. 193) than he had endured in that fatal city. He "bullyragged the sluttish harlots of the place," and so on. If a watchman's voice disturbed him, he longed to cut his throat (p. 202); "his voice was loud, hideous, and ear and soul piercing, resembling the voices of ten thousand gibbets all molten into one terrific peal." And as for Mrs Buller's household management, he concluded eventually that he could never recover or retain his health under it. "Nothing therefore remains for me but to leave it. This kind of life is next to absolute starvation, only slower in its agony." When he left it, he had entirely forgotten the sense of relief and satisfaction with which he had entered on the engagement. "The shifting and trotting about which Mrs Buller managed with so total a disregard to my feelings (!), joined to the cold and selfish style of the lady's general proceedings," &c., &c. "I feel glad that I have done with them: their family was ruining my body and mind. I was selling the very quintessence of my spirit for £200 a-year. Adieu, therefore, to

ancient dames of quality, that flaunting, painting, patching, nervous, vapourish, jiggling, skimming, scolding race of mortals. Their clothes are silk, their manners courtly, their hearts are *kipper*." This is in a letter to his mother, under the sense of annoyance of his engagement having been terminated; written in cold blood, after time for reflection. The editor may well add, "Poor Mrs Buller! a year back 'one of the most fascinating women he had ever met.' She was about forty, and probably had never flaunted, painted, or patched in her life." It takes a great deal of dyspepsia and genius to excuse in the slightest degree the ingratitude and injustice of the whole tone and temper displayed by Carlyle, at the time a responsible being of twenty-nine. On the other hand, there is a passage in 'Sartor Resartus,' penned only six years after this outburst for the consolation of the intelligent reader of that work, under similar circumstances of dissatisfaction: "I tell thee, blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity; of what thou *fanciest*" (the italics are not ours) "those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp." And again, in another passage of the same work, we find a further illustration of the varying character of Carlyle's wisdom, according as it was intended for his own or his neighbours' consumption: "What is this that ever since earliest years thou hast been fretting, and fuming, and lamenting, and self-tormenting on account of? Say it in a word; is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded,

and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? . . . Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after something to eat; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*, open thy *Goethe*."

The passages in which Carlyle criticises one by one the best literary names of his day, and describes the impressions which they made upon him, have been frequently quoted, and are, as might be expected, far from complimentary. All through his life he appears to have preferred a dead lion to a living one. Dyspepsia coloured his views mainly of the living. We will merely give here his general impression of London literary men, expressed, of course, in that spirit of veracity, sincerity, and measured accuracy of statement which he was always impressing upon others:—

"Literary men! The devil in his own good time take all such literary men. One sterling fellow like Schiller, or even old Johnson, would take half-a-dozen such creatures by the nape of the neck between his finger and thumb and carry them forth to the nearest common sink. Save Allan Cunningham, our honest Nithsdale peasant, there is not one *man* amongst them. In short, it does not seem worth while to spend five-and-forty shillings weekly for the privilege of being near such penmen."

And again (vol. ii. p. 186):—

"They are the devil's own vermin, whom the devil in his own good time will snare and successively eat. The creature (—) called again: the most insignificant *haddock* in nature—a dirty, greasy, Cockney apprentice, altogether empty and *non extant* except, &c., and the completest outfit of innocent blank self-conceit I ever in life chanced to witness. He is a blown bladder, from which no substance is to be sought. God be with him!"

The facile power of vigorous statement is a great snare to even the strongest intellects. It is impossible to suppose that Carlyle really meant a tithe of what he from time to time said in these letters and observations which Mr Froude has published. Everything and everybody came under his ban; but if in every case right terrible is the curse, no one, from Irving's baby to George Eliot herself, not excepting Wilson and De Quincey, is a penny the worse. Wounded vanity has often something to do with it: witness the curious reminiscence of the expedition to the Staffordshire coal-mines, where Airey, then recently a senior wrangler, is the honoured guest, and Carlyle, an unknown youth, has to bring up the rear with the "foot licker," as he contemptuously calls Airey's friend. Long years afterwards the whole incident rankles in his memory; and the unfortunate "foot licker" is the scapegoat who bears with him into the wilderness of time all the sins of those who failed to accord to Carlyle the post of honour. Jealousy was one of Carlyle's most serious failings, and it is displayed on behalf of his wife as well as himself. "Not all the Sands and Eliots," he explains (*Rem.*, vol. ii. p. 250) "and babbling cohue of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." No doubt there is plenty of talent and genius in the world which never seeks public recognition. But their possessors should be foremost to appreciate those who succeed in obtaining it, even though their own path in life has led to other equally satisfactory but less conspicuous triumphs. It is interesting also to note Carlyle's estimate of a book which

achieved a more world-wide and enduring fame than any of his own—viz., 'Darwin on the Origin of Species.' "Wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind. Never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought on it."

The reminiscences, so far as they were biographical of Mrs Carlyle and expressive of Carlyle's remorse for his small contribution to their joint-stock of married happiness, created a storm of indignation against his memory. They have elevated his married life to the dignity of a literary problem. The wives of literary men of eminence run, it seems to us, great risk of enduring through life all the suffering which that *irritabile genus* of mankind know so well how to inflict, and of enduring after death an apotheosis calculated to make any woman of refined and sensitive character stir in her grave. Some ten years ago all the descriptive energy of the English language was brought into play in Mill's Autobiography for the purpose of doing honour to his wife and step-daughter. It is interesting to note with regard to the former that Carlyle regarded her as "a very will-o'-wispish iridescence of a creature" (*Rem.*, vol. ii. p. 117), whom Mrs Carlyle speedily taught her proper place: with regard to the latter, the London School Board, and even the Irish Ladies' Land League, can form their own, and perhaps a correcter estimate. Carlyle, however, was far more happily placed. There cannot be a second opinion as to the loyalty and self-devotion, the talents and spirit, which Mrs Carlyle's life, so far as it is yet disclosed, exhibited throughout.

It seems to us a great literary blunder, not fair to Carlyle's memory, to have published those

reminiscences, written whilst the old man was under the influence of grief and remorse, in the early days of his loss. If we are challenged to express an opinion upon this literary problem, we must say the remorse was greatly exaggerated. The married relations were exactly what might have been anticipated. They display all Carlyle's virtues and all his many and grave faults. But Mrs Carlyle was no victim. She knew exactly what she undertook. She had all, and more than all, the satisfaction which she expected. The letters in this work of Mr Froude's show a high degree of mutual respect and affection. Self-sacrifice was the life which she undertook, cheerfully carried through, and probably would have been the last person advisedly and deliberately to have complained of. Carlyle's exactions no doubt were extreme. She shared his aspirations, but little else. While he was absorbed in his work, and extremely irritable as to every ailment or discomfort, her life was devoted to shield him in every possible way, the husband, with true masculine insensibility, accepting everything in the isolation of selfish thoughtlessness for her. But they neither of them started in married life with happiness for their goal. They would have spurned the notion. High ideals, high conquests in the realms of speculation, complete self-renunciation (*enstagen*), were the ends in view: and in such a race it requires no prophet to foretell that the suffering will belong to the woman and the triumph to the man. Both were true to their bargain, and in spite of much struggle and of selfish isolation on the one side, repaid by extreme devotion on the other, both achieved satisfaction and sense of success, and are entitled, in respect

of their relation to one another, to the respect and not the censure of their critics. But as far as results go, the picture is not attractive. It requires to be lightened up by the brilliancy of Carlyle's subsequent fame. On the other hand, neither of them was intended for happiness, in the ordinary meaning of the term. One was physically too weak and suffering and ailing; the other too ungovernable in his temper, his scorn, and his dyspepsia.

Mr Froude seems to adopt the view that Mrs Carlyle was wronged, and so considered herself. He quotes her expression in the late evening of her laborious life: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him, and I am miserable." The marriage does not seem in the correspondence to have been wholly for ambition, and the misery was due, we fear, to many and painful causes. Besides, it is not in the power of epigram to sum up the results of a life. The other expression to a friend — "never marry a man of genius" — conveys sound practical advice, how sound the readers of this book will have no difficulty in deciding; but, after all, it is only a limitation upon a general maxim, which always commands approbation, though it seldom obtains obedience.

The marriage was resolved upon after years of acquaintance, friendship, and correspondence, in spite of the hostility and objections of Mrs Welsh. There was no pretence of concealment as to Carlyle's views. He offered poverty, and claimed the divine right of genius to be selfish; and Miss Welsh, with her eyes open, took him on those terms. He was to surrender himself to his work and aspirations; she to the drudgery and duties of a peasant's wife. She made one effort at a

compromise, and induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them, and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle would have none of it. Miss Welsh must take him, his ascertained poverty and unascertained genius, or leave him. As for Mrs Welsh, his view of her and of living with her is expressed, probably toned down, in the 'Reminiscences' (vol. ii. p. 120). She was "far too sensitive; her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps; she was of very variable humour, flew off and on upon slight reasons, and was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy and perfect admiration were superadded." So Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by very properly insisting that "two households could not live as if they were one, and he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was all his own;" and very improperly adding, that "the moment he was master of a house, the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders." In fact, Carlyle sacrificed himself and all other prospects in life to what he considered to be his work and his mission; and he married, meaning to sacrifice his wife also, and she knew it. Mrs Welsh abandoned all further opposition to the marriage, and decided to give up her house at Haddington. Thereupon, in spite of nauseous intruders, it occurred to Carlyle that the house would do for himself; but Miss Welsh, though she had elected to descend in the social scale, firmly refused to do so on the scene of her early life, or to live where her familiar friends would be the nauseous intruders. There was no

room for misunderstanding in all this. The correspondence shows that the relations between them ripened after marriage into very warm affection. But it was clearly a life, on the one side, of great exaction; on the other, of brave submission to the hardships of a chosen lot.

Mrs Carlyle no doubt reckoned upon more companionship and sympathy than she got. If she was prepared to have the door slammed against nauseous intruders, she did not expect to be taken to Craigenputtock and have the door slammed against her. But genius and dyspepsia, it appears, require abundant solitude. Carlyle (vol. i. p. 265) sat alone, walked alone, generally rode alone. It was necessary for him, some time or other in the day, to discharge in talk the volume of thought which oppressed him. But it was in vehement soliloquy, to which his wife listened with admiration perhaps, but admiration dulled by the constant repetition of the dose, and without relief or comfort from it.

In the 'Reminiscences' there is an account of her listening to her husband expatiating about the battle of Mollwitz at a time when she lay convinced she was dying. Often, says Carlyle (Rem., vol. ii. p. 226)—

"I have thought how miserable my books must have been to her, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant, never once, I do believe, made the least complaint at me or my behaviour (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them."

Turn the picture, and see what the wife contributed. In the language of repentance, which, as Mr Froude tells us, never led to amendment (Rem., vol. ii. p. 151)—

"Strange how she made the desert bloom for herself and me there; what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man! In my life I have seen no human intelligence that so genuinely pervaded every fibre of the human existence it belonged to. From the baking of a loaf, or the darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes or the most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success, if you could judge it, fidelity to the fact given."

Again (p. 173)—

"She flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and, in spite of my gloom and my misdoings, would at no moment cease to love me."

But in spite of Carlyle's remorse and other testimony, there is enough in the general description of their mutual relations, and in their letters to one another during occasional absences, to preclude the notion of this being an ill-assorted or unhappy marriage. It was nothing of the kind. It was one of trial and hardship to the wife, who had, in her ill health and physical sufferings, abundant source of misery. But she was successful. She carried out triumphantly the objects of her existence. She had unmistakably her husband's respect, and all the sympathy of which such a remarkably egoistic and querulous man was capable. If it turned out to be less than she expected or was entitled to, she was probably the last woman to repine or to consider her life on that account a failure. Another circumstance which seems opposed to the theory that Mrs Carlyle was sacrificed in the way that critics impute, is her affection for all her husband's family, the peasant parents, brothers and sisters. They belonged to a class different from her own. Carlyle seemed to take it for granted

that it was impossible that Mrs Welsh could endure their society. There could not have been any real tie between the daughter and her adopted family, except that which grew out of her sympathy with her husband in his strong family affections, and their regard for one who had bravely undertaken what they knew to be a thorny task. The correspondence and other evidence show that the terms were cordial, and full of respect and mutual regard, and are inconsistent with any growing discontent with her lot, and her treatment by her husband. The 'Reminiscences' have exaggerated matters. They are wanting in dignity and reticence and self-restraint. But they are characteristic in their terse and outspoken expression of passing emotion. Remorse pinched and irritated him, like his dyspepsia, his bores, or any other discomfort; and, *more suo*, he was extremely irritable under it.

As he has chosen to lay bare their mutual relations, which are disfigured by all his failings and characteristics, his memory must take the consequence. Mrs Carlyle bears off all the honours due to that habitual self-renunciation and devotion to the duties nearest at hand, which her husband incessantly preached, but did not in the minor details of life in any way practise. He disarms, to some extent, the severity of censure, by candidly confessing that he threw the reins on the back of his natural impulses to irritability and self-absorption. But as far as we can judge, she commanded his respect and admiration, and such sympathy as he was capable of rendering. That is more than can be said of others, however worthy or distinguished, who crossed his path. He never had any occupation which com-

pelled him to measure himself with his fellow-men. Those high ideals on which he nourished his mind were not favourable to the growth of everyday durable commonplace morality. They did not influence his temper or disposition, or inspire his conduct of the minutiae of life. At the best, they influenced his theoretic conviction. Scorn grew apace, from want of the checks which contact with his fellow-men in the struggles of life would have imposed. But there is no trace of his pronounced spirit of detraction, and his tendency to strong vigorous invective, ever being directed against his wife. The worst with which, in the extreme of late and ineffectual regret, he charged himself with, was negligence and omission. It is easy to exaggerate censure upon this topic, but we think that Carlyle made a much better husband than any one could have expected, and that the evidence of his grave faults of character lies mostly outside those four walls from which all nauseous intruders were warned during his life, although, with sad inconsistency, they have been invited, after his death, to peer into every nook and cranny, which during life were so jealously guarded.

The following passage, in which Mr Froude describes the relations between them when circumstances are favourable, seems to us a fair one; and though it evidently implies that there was also another version to be given, it is necessary to be borne in mind by those who wish to solve the "literary problem" rightly (vol. ii. p. 49):—

"When Carlyle *was in good spirits*, his wife had a pleasant time with him. 'Ill to live wi,' impatient, irritable over little things, that he always was: but he was charming too. No conversation, in my experience,

ever equalled his; and unless the evil spirit had possession of him, even his invectives, when they burst out, piled themselves into metaphors so extravagant that they ended in convulsions of laughter with his whole body and mind, and then all was well again. Their Spanish studies together were delightful to both. His writing was growing better and better. She—the most severe and watchful of critics, who never praised where praise was not deserved—was happy in the fulfilment of her prophecies; and her hardest work was a delight to her, when she could spare her husband's mind an anxiety or his stomach an indigestion."

We take leave of these volumes, which are only an instalment, with the feeling that Mr Froude holds in his hand the reputation and dignity of his hero, and that as far as he has gone at present he has not sustained his task. The blotches and scars are, both in the reminiscences and the correspondence, brought out with such bold relief that the duty of doing justice to Carlyle's genius and achievements, of interpreting his true position in the world of letters and thought, is one which his biographer must execute in no half-hearted or perfunctory manner, if he would escape the imputation of treason to his memory. Heroism of either mind or character does not predominate, as far as the biographer has brought us at present. If we analyse the general impression which these volumes are calculated to produce, it is hard to say whether it is one in which good or evil predominates. There is no doubt strong testimony to his talents and genius on the part of his early contemporaries, but it is not uniform. The intellect was as wayward as the temper. Lord Jeffrey was a man of experience and superficial insight, and he had many opportunities of knowing Carlyle. His judgment, whatever it may

have been worth, was on the whole very unfavourable. That Carlyle eventually succeeded does not falsify the judgment: he succeeded in spite of huge failings, owing to the force and genius that were in him. The faults are so conspicuous that the force and the genius and the general scope of his work and achievement ought to be adequately represented. It is useless to talk of forked lightning and inspired messages and prophetic missions. The biographer should descend from these airy elevations, and vindicate to posterity in sober prose the place which Carlyle achieved amongst the living. If he does so, successfully and vividly, we believe that in the impression which it will produce, the good ought to outweigh the evil much more decisively than it does in the present outcome of the biographer's labours.

Mr Froude, we think, makes the twofold error of putting forward an exaggerated claim and then inadequately sustaining it. He claims that Carlyle was the bearer of a divine message, the truth of which must be tested by events in future ages; that he exercised a directing influence over successive generations of men; that, in fact, he was an epoch-making man. In order to sustain this lofty claim, he gives no clear idea of the message, and no proof of the influence. Nor does he give any clear idea of Carlyle's mental characteristics, nor any review of the result and character of his works. The view which we have of Carlyle, apart from this book of Mr Froude's, is that he is a man all whose greatness comes out in his literary work; that that is stamped with extraordinary force, and if not with originality, with an original way of enforcing and developing the ideas which he had assimilated. It breathes through-

out the spirit of truth and sincerity—the spirit of a man who was possessed to an extraordinary degree of that quality which is described by the oft-misused word *faith*; an overmastering, constant sense of the divine principle in man, and of his natural affinity with truth, reality, and right. The force of his conviction that man's real relations are with the infinite, and that his temporal circumstances are the accidents of his existence, incapable of satisfying him, determines the character of everything he wrote. It is the highest praise which can be accorded to a writer, to say that no one can study him without finding himself sensibly benefited and improved. Carlyle is, we believe, entitled to this praise, and his biographer would find it an easier and more useful task to demonstrate it than to declare without demonstration that he virtually created an epoch and brought a divine message. Now that these books have been given to the world, it requires no devil's advocate to insist on Carlyle's failings. They are unhappily more patent and more vivid than his virtues. What we want to draw attention to is, that Carlyle held a pre-eminent place amongst his contemporaries for the greater part of an unusually long life; that he did solid, durable work; that he had sound heroic qualities; that he was an exemplar of some very definite form of greatness, though by no means of all greatness; and that that form should be clearly delineated. Except in the case of such men as Bacon, Newton, and Darwin, and those who effect great discoveries, changing or materially affecting human destiny, a man's influence is an intangible thing, very difficult for posterity at least to estimate. It is other-

wise with his character and his work; and it is with these that the biographer of Carlyle ought principally to concern himself. Mr Froude closes his second volume with the sentence, "He had wrought himself into a personality which all were to be compelled to admire, and in whom a few recognised, like Goethe, the advent of a new moral force, the effects of which it was impossible to predict." This is Mr Froude's description of Carlyle as he presented himself to the world of London in 1834. Let him vindicate it, now that Carlyle's career is closed. Let him bring out, in spite of reminiscences and autobiographical confessions, the real qualities which were the source of Carlyle's greatness, and which so far outweigh his faults as to command admiration in spite of them. And with regard to the moral force, let him recover it and preserve it for the benefit of successive generations. It will not be done by putting forward vague and exaggerated claims; or by presenting

us with other people's complimentary expressions, after the fashion of third-rate novelists, who, feeling that they cannot draw their heroine, make the inferior characters in their plot converse and exclaim about her merits. The way to succeed in giving to the world a clear idea of the nature, extent, and direction of this new moral force, and if possible to estimate how it acted and what it effected, is the way that Carlyle himself recommended—"Get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me: and it is the only way." We trust that, in the interests of biography, of truth, and of posterity, Mr Froude may in his later volumes prove himself equal to the occasion; and may, besides giving us most interesting and entertaining materials, contribute effectively to the formation of a sound public judgment upon a career which is of singular interest, alike for its successes and its failures, its virtues and its faults.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER the strange scene in which she had been made a party to her sister's wretchedness, it was inevitable that Edith should return to Lindores so completely occupied with this subject that she could think of nothing else. It was some time before she could get her mother's ear undisturbed; but as soon as they were alone, after various interruptions which the girl could scarcely bear, she poured forth her lamentable story with all the eloquence of passion and tears. Edith's whole soul was bent upon some remedy.

"How can there be any doubt on the subject? She must come home—she must go away from him. Mother! it is sacrilege, it is profanation. It is—I don't know any word bad enough. She must come away——"

Lady Lindores shook her head. "It is one of the most terrible things in the world; but now that it is done, she must stand to it. We can do nothing, Edith——"

"I cannot believe that," cried the girl. "What! live with a man like that,—live with him *like that*—always together, sharing everything—and hate him? Mother! it is worse wickedness than—than the wicked. It is a shame to one's very nature. And to think it should be Carry who has to do it! But no one ought to be compelled to do it. It ought not to be. I will speak to papa myself if no one else will—it ought not to be——"

Again Lady Lindores shook her head. "In this world, in this dreadful world," she said, "we cannot think only of what is right and wrong—alas! there are other

things to be taken into consideration. I think till I came home I was almost as innocent as you, Edith. Your father and I were very much blamed when we married. My people said to me, and still more his people said to him, that we should repent it all our lives; but that once having done it, we should have to put up with it. Well, you know what it used to be. I suppose I should be ashamed to say that I found it very easy to put up with. It was a strange sort of wandering life——"

"Oh, how much happier than now!" cried Edith. "Oh, poor little Rintoul! poor uncle! if they had but lived and flourished, how much better for us all!"

"I would not say that," said Lady Lindores. "I think now that when we were all so happy your father felt it. He did not say anything, but I am sure he felt it. See how different he is now! Now he feels himself in his right place. He has room for all his talents. Edith, do not put on that look, my dear child."

Edith's face was soft and young; but as her mother spoke, it hardened into an expression which changed its character entirely. Her upper lip closed down tight upon the other; her eyes widened and grew stern. Not her father himself, not the old ancestors on the panels, looked more stern than this girl of twenty. She did not say anything, but the change in her face was answer enough.

"Edith! you must not form such strong opinions; you must not make yourself the judge——"

"Then I must not be a human creature, mamma; and that I am,

grown up, and obliged to think for myself. Sometimes I wish I did not. If I could only believe that all that was done was well, as some people do. Here all is wrong—all is wrong! It ought not to have been at all, this marriage,—and now—it ought not to continue to be——”

“My darling!” said Lady Lindores, appealing to her child with piteous eyes, “I am to blame too. I ought to have resisted more strongly; but it is hard, hard—to set one’s self against one’s husband, whom one has respected, always respected, and who has seemed to know best.”

Edith’s face did not relax. “Let us not talk of that,” she said. “It makes one’s heart sick. I think every one was wrong. Neither should you have done it, mamma—forgive me! nor should Carry have done it. She ought never, never, to have consented. I could not believe till the last moment that it was possible. Some one should have stopped it. I hoped so till the last moment; but when once it was done, as you say, one thought at least that he loved her. Why did he want to marry her if he did not love her? But he can’t love her, since he behaves so. No love at all, either on one side or the other; and yet the two bound together for their lives. Was there ever anything so horrible? It ought not to be! It ought not to be!”

Lady Lindores took her daughter in her arms to soothe her; but Edith, drying the hot tears from her eyes, was almost impatient of her mother’s caresses. What were caresses? Well enough, sweet in their way, but setting nothing right that was wrong. Yes, it was true the mother should not have permitted it, any more than the daughter should have done it. Two human creatures, grown up (as Edith re-

peated to herself), able to judge—they ought not to have allowed themselves to be swept away by the will of another. This was how the resolute girl put it. Her father she gave up—she would not judge him, therefore she preferred not to think of him at all. He had done it determinedly, and of distinct purpose; but the others who submitted, who allowed themselves to be forced into ill-doing, were they less to blame? All this she had gone over at the time of Carry’s marriage, and had suppressed and forced it away from her. But now the current turned again. She withdrew herself from her mother’s arms. Here was the most hideous thing in the world existing in their sight, her sister at once the victim and the chief actor in it, and all that could be given her in her eager attempt to set things right was a kiss! It seemed to Edith that the shame on her cheeks, the fire in her eyes, dried up her tears. She turned away from Lady Lindores. If she should be doomed too, by her father’s will, would her mother have no better help to give her than a kiss? But when this idea passed through the girl’s mind, she tossed back her head with an involuntary defiance. Never should such a doom come upon her. Heaven and earth could not move her so far. Obedience! This was such obedience as no one of God’s creatures had any right to render to another—neither wife to husband, nor to her parents any child!

After this there was a long pause in the conversation between the mother and daughter. Lady Lindores divined Edith’s thoughts. She understood every shade of the repugnance, disgust, disapproval, that the young upright spirit, untouched as yet by the bonds and complications of life, was passing through. And she shrank a little from Edith’s verdict, which she acknowledged to

be true. But what could she have done, she asked herself? Who would have approved her had she opposed her husband's wishes, encouraged her daughter to keep to a foolish engagement made under circumstances so totally different, and to refuse a match so advantageous? She had done everything she could; she had remonstrated, she had protested: but when Carry herself gave in, what could her mother, in the face of the universal disapproval of the world, at the risk of an absolute breach with her husband, do? But none of these things did Edith take into account—Edith, young and absolute, scorning compromises, determined only that what was right should be done, and nothing else. Lady Lindores withdrew too, feeling her caress rejected, understanding even what Edith was saying in her heart. What was a kiss when things so much more important were in question? It was perfectly true. She felt the justice of it to the bottom of her heart, and yet was chilled and wounded by the tacit condemnation of her child. She went to her work, which was always a resource at such a moment, and there was a silence during which each had time to regain a little composure. By-and-by, when the crisis seemed to have passed, Lady Lindores spoke.

"We must have young Erskine here," she said, almost timidly. "Your father has asked him; and in the circumstances, as we saw so much of him before, it is quite necessary. I think, as this unpleasant suggestion has been made—now, Edith, do not be unreasonable, we must do what we can in this world, not what we would,—as this has taken place, I will ask Carry and her husband to meet him. It will show Mr Torrance at least——"

"Mother!" Edith burst out—"mother! I tell you of a thing

which is wickedness, which is a horror to think of, and you speak of asking people to dinner! Do you mean to turn it all into ridicule?—oh, not me, that would not matter—but all purity, all fitness? To ask them to—meet him——"

"My dear, my dear!" cried Lady Lindores, half weeping, half angry, appealing and impatient at once. She did not know what to say to this impracticable young judge. "We cannot resort to heroic measures," she cried. "It is impossible. We cannot take her away from him, any more than we can make of him a reasonable man. Carry herself would be the first to say no—for the children's sake, for the sake of her own credit. All we can do is to make the best of what exists. Mr Torrance must be shown quietly how mistaken he is—how much he is in the wrong."

"Mr Torrance! I would show him nothing, except how much I scorn him," Edith cried. "A man who dares to torture my sister—a man—who is not worthy to take her name into his lips, with his insolent doubts and his 'Lady Car,' which I cannot endure to hear!"

"But who is her husband, alas! I cannot bear to hear it either; but what can we do? We can take no notice of his insolent doubts; but we must prove, all the same, to all the world——"

"Mother! But if it did so happen—who can tell?—that it had been—poor Edward?"

"Hush!" cried her mother, almost fiercely; and then she added, "God forbid, Edith—God forbid!"

But who could have divined that such preliminaries were necessary to procure the assembling of the little party which met a few evenings later at Lindores, just on the eve of the departure of the family to London for their short

enjoyment of the season? John Erskine had been told that it would be merely a family party—his old friends, as Lady Lindores, with kind familiarity and a smile so genial and so charming that the young man must have been a wizard had he seen anything beneath it, assured him. It never occurred to him to think of anything beneath. The Earl had been as cordial, as friendly, as could be desired; and though it gave him a disagreeable sensation to meet, when he entered the room, the stare of Torrance, whose big light eyes seemed to project out of his face to watch the entrance of the stranger, yet he speedily forgot this in the pleasure with which he found himself greeted by the others. Carry walked across the room with a gentle dignity, which yet was very unlike the shy brightness of her old girlish aspect, and held out to him a thin hand. "I think you scarcely remember me," she said, with a soft pathetic smile. She was not, as many women would have been, confused by the recollection that her husband was there jealously watching her looks and her tones: this consciousness, instead of agitating her, gave her a kind of inspiration. In other circumstances, the very sight of one who had been a witness of her brief romance might have disturbed her, but she was steeled against all tremors now.

John could scarcely make her any reply. The change in her was so great that he was struck dumb. Her girlish freshness was gone, her animation subdued, the intellectual eagerness quenched in her eyes. A veil of suffering and patience seemed to fall about her, through which she appeared as at a distance, in another sphere. "Indeed," he said, hesitating, "I should scarcely have known you," and murmured something about his pleasure in seeing

her—at which she smiled again sadly, saying nothing more. This was all their greeting. Edith stood by with an unusually high colour, and a tremor of agitation in her frame, which he perceived vaguely with surprise, not knowing what it could mean; and then the little incident was over, half of the company seeing nothing whatever in it but a mere casual encounter of old acquaintances. Besides the family, there were present the girl whom John Erskine began within himself to call "that everlasting Miss Barrington," and the minister of the parish, a man carefully dressed in the costume adopted during the last generation by the Anglican priesthood, who was one of the "new school," and had the distinction of having made himself very alarming to his presbytery as, if not a heretic, yet at least "a thinker," given to preaching about honest doubt, and trifling with German philosophy. These two strangers scarcely afforded enough of variety to change the character of the family party. Torrance devoted himself to his dinner, and for some time spoke but little. Lady Caroline occupied herself with Dr Meldrum with something of her old eagerness. It was evident that he was her resource, and that vague views upon the most serious subjects, which everybody else thought high-flown, found some sympathy in this professional thinker, who was nothing if not heretical. As for John, he was wholly occupied by Lady Lindores, who talked to him with a fluency which was almost feverish.

"We shall find you here when we come back," she said, "with all your arrangements made? And I hope Rintoul will return with us. Certainly he will be here in August, and very thankful to find a neighbour like you, Mr Erskine, with

whom he will have so much in common."

"That's a compliment to the rest of us," said Torrance, who sat on the other side. "Rintoul, I suppose, doesn't find much in common with us ignorant clowns in the county,"—this he said without looking at any one, with his head bent over his plate.

"I did not say so. Rintoul is not so much with us as I could wish—he has his duty to attend to. To be sure, they get a great deal of leave; but you young men have so many places to go to nowadays. You spend so very little time at home. I wonder if it is a good thing or the reverse," said Lady Lindores, with a little sigh. "A mother may be pardoned for not admiring the new way, when our sons come home, not for us, but for the shooting."

"I think I am scarcely able to judge," said John: "home—perhaps was a little different to me: my mother has so many claiming a share in her. And now my home is here in Dalrulzian, which is merely a house, not a home at all," he said, with something between a laugh and a sigh.

"You must marry," Lady Lindores said; "that is what the county expects of you. You will disappoint all your neighbours if you do not accomplish this duty within a year. The question is, whether the lady is already found, or whether we are to have the gratification of seeing you go through all the preliminaries, which is a great amusement, Mr Erskine; so I hope you have your choice still to make."

It was accident, of course, which directed her eyes to Nora, who sat by Torrance—accident only; for a kind woman, who was herself a mother, would not have willingly done anything to light up the sudden colour which flamed over

the girl's face. Nora felt as if she could have sunk into the earth. As for John, it seemed almost an insult to her that he should look at her coldly across the table with studious unconsciousness.

"I am afraid I cannot undertake to furnish amusement for the county," he said, "in that way—and Dalrulzian is not big enough for two people. I had no idea it was so small. It is a bachelor's box, a lodge, a sort of chambers in the country, where one can put up a friend, but nothing more."

Here Nora found a way out of her embarrassment. "Indeed," she cried, "you wrong Dalrulzian, Mr Erskine. We found it sufficient for our whole family, and the most delightful place to live in. You are not worthy of Dalrulzian if you talk of it so."

"I think Erskine is quite right," said Torrance, between two mouthfuls; "it's a small little bit of a place."

"So is Lindores," the Countess said, eagerly; "there are quantities of small rooms, but no sort of grandeur of space. We must go to Tinto for that. You have not yet seen Tinto, Mr Erskine? We must not be jealous, for our old nests are more natural. If we were all rich enough to build sets of new rooms like a little Louvre, there would be none of the old architecture left."

"You are speaking about architecture, Lady Lindores," said Dr Meldrum. He had just returned from his first expedition "abroad," and he was very willing to enlighten the company with his new experiences: besides, just then Lady Caroline was pressing him very hard upon a point which he did not wish as yet to commit himself upon. "Stone and lime are safer questions than evolution and development," he said, turning to her, in an undertone.

“Safer perhaps, but not so interesting. They are ended and settled—arrange them in what form you please, and they stand there for ever,” said Lady Caroline, with brightening eyes; “but not so the mind: not so a single thought, however slight it may be. There is all the difference between life and death.”

“My dear Lady Caroline! you will not call the Stones of Venice dead—or St Peter’s, soaring away into the skies? Though they are but collections of stones, they are as living as we are.”

“I begin to recognise her again,” said John, innocent of all reason why he should not fix his attention upon poor Carry, as her pale face lighted up. He felt too pitiful, too tender of her, to speak of her formally by her new title. “She used to look like that in the old days.”

“Yes,” said Lady Lindores, with a sigh. “Poor Carry! visionary subjects always pleased her best.”

Torrance had raised his head from his plate, and was lending an eager ear. “It’s confoundedly out of place all that for a woman,” he said. “What has she to do with politics, and philosophy, and nonsense? She has plenty to think of in her children and her house.”

Lady Lindores made him a little bow, but took no further notice. She was exasperated, and scarcely under her own control; but Nora, on the other side, was glad to have the chance of breaking her lance on some one. If Pat Torrance was not worth her steel, there was at least another opposite whose opinions she had no clue to, whom she would have liked to transfix if that had been possible. “It does us poor girls good to have the benefit of a gentleman’s real opinion,” she said. “Would you like Lady Caroline to make your puddings? It is

so good to know what is expected of us—in all ranks.”

“Why not?” said Torrance, over his plate. “A woman’s business is to look after her house—that was always considered the right thing. I hope you are not one of the strong-minded ones, Miss Barrington. You had much better not. No man ever looks at them.”

“And what a penalty that would be!” cried Nora, with solemnity.

“You wouldn’t like it, that I’ll promise you. I tell you, they are all the ugly ones. I once saw a lot of them, one uglier than the other—women that knew no man would ever look at them. They were friends of Lady Car’s, you may be sure, all chattering twenty to the dozen. They want to get into Parliament—that is at the bottom of it all; and then they would make a pretty mess—for us to set right.”

“But, Mr Torrance, you could not set it right, for you are not in Parliament any more than I am,” said Nora, pointedly. He gave her a look out of his big eyes which might have killed her had looks such power. The Earl had complained that his son-in-law was not amenable in this matter. But nobody knew that it was a very sore point with the wealthy squire, whom no one had so much as thought of for such a dignity. Much poorer, less important persons than himself, had been suggested, had even sat for the county. But Torrance of Tinto, conscious that he was the only man among them who could afford to throw away a few thousands without wincing—of him nobody had thought. He had declaimed loudly on many occasions that nothing would induce him to take the trouble; but this slight had rankled at his heart.

“Mr Torrance would not like London life,” Lady Lindores said,

coming to his aid ; “ turning night into day is hard upon those who are accustomed to a more natural existence.”

“ You speak as if I had never been out of the country,” said her ungracious son-in-law. “ I know that’s the idea entertained of me in this house : but it’s a mistake. I’ve seen life just as much as those who make more fuss about it.”

“ And you, Mr Erskine, have you seen life ?” said Lady Lindores, turning to him with a smile.

“ Very little,” said John—“ in London at least.”

“ It’s a wonderful idea to me, though most people seem to hold it,” said Dr Meldrum, coming in, in a pause of that conversation with Lady Caroline, which sometimes alarmed him by its abstractness and elevation, “ that life is only to be seen in London, or in Paris, or some of those big centres. Under correction, Lady Lindores, and not to put my small experience above the more instructed——”

“ That is an alarming beginning,” cried Edith. “ Dr Meldrum means to show us how ignorant we all are.”

“ That’s what I never can show any one in this house,” said the minister, with old-fashioned politeness ; “ but my opinion is, that life in a great metropolis is the most conventional—ay, you’ll acknowledge that—the most contracted, the most narrow, the most—— Well, well, if you’ll not let a man speak——”

The hubbub of contradiction and amusement made the party more genial, more at ease, than it had yet been.

“ If you make that out, Doctor, you will give us something new to think of,” the Earl said.

And poor Lady Caroline, who found in the good minister her chief intellectual resource, prepared to listen to his argument with all the

attention of a hearer who believes fully in the abilities of her guide. “ I think I can see what Dr Meldrum means,” she said.

“ I am sure you will see what I mean,” the Doctor said, gratefully. “ In the first place, it’s far too big to make society general—you’ll allow that ? Well, then, the result is, that society, being so vast, breaks itself up into little coteries. It’s liker a number of bits of villages just touching each other, like a long thread of them, every one with its own little atmosphere. That’s just London to me. You meet the same people as if you were in a village ; then go out of that clique to another, and you meet the same people again, but another set. There was one day,” said the minister, with a certain pride, “ that I was very dissipated. I went out to my lunch, and then to a party in the afternoon, and then to my dinner, and to two places at night. It was a great experience. Well, if you’ll believe me, I was wearied with seeing the same faces, in a great society like London, the chief place in the world. There was scarcely one I did not meet three times in the course of that day. In the country here, you could not do more. There’s as much variety as that in Dunearn itself.”

“ I see what Dr Meldrum means,” said Carry. “ No doubt it was a special society into which he had been introduced, and people were asked to meet him because they were distinguished—because they were people whom it was a pleasure to meet.”

“ That’s a great compliment to me, but I cannot take it to myself. They were, many of them, persons that it was no pleasure to meet. Some with titles, and, so far as I could see, little more. Some that were perhaps rich—I hope so, at least, for they were nothing else.”

"This is cynicism," said Lord Lindores; "and I, who have lived in the opinion that Dr Meldrum was the most benignant, the most tolerant of men——"

"One can understand entirely," repeated Lady Caroline, standing by her friend, "what he means. I have thought so myself. The same faces, the same ideas, even the same words that mean so little——"

"I didn't know you were so well up in London society, Lady Car," said her husband, who had been trying for some time to strike into the *mêlée*, and whose lance was specially aimed at her of all the talkers. And then there was a general flutter

of talk, instinctive, all round the table; for when a man stretches across to say something disagreeable to his wife, everybody present is upon their honour to quench the nascent quarrel. The ladies left the table soon after; and the conversation of the men did not afford the same risks, for after one or two contradictions, which the Earl put aside with well-bred ease and a slight but unanswerable contempt, Torrance sank into sulky silence, taking a great deal of wine. At such moments a little poetic justice and punishment of his sins towards his daughter was inflicted even upon Lord Lindores.

CHAPTER XI.

"Do you like him, Nora?"

This is a question that means nothing in most cases, nor would it have meant anything now save for Nora's special sense of having been presented to John Erskine in something like the light of a candidate for his favour.

"I don't think I like him at all," she said, with some petulance. "He looks at us all as if we were natives of an undiscovered country. He is very cautious, not intending to make us proud by too much notice. Oh, it is different with you. You knew him before—you are not one of the barbarous people. As for me, I am jaundiced, I am not a fair judge; because he is determined, whatever happens, that not a single glass bead, not a cowie or a bangle, or whatever you call them, will he give to me."

"That is not what he means, Nora. He is a little bewildered. Fancy coming into an entirely new place, which you know nothing about, and realising all at once that you belong to it, and that here is your place in the world.

That happened to us too. I sympathise with him. We felt just the same when we came to Lindores."

"But you were not afraid of the natives, Edith. Young men, however," said Nora, with an air of grave impartiality, "are to be pitied in that way; they think themselves so dreadfully important. If they speak to a girl, they suppose immediately that they may be putting false hopes into her head and making her think—and then that frightens them. Well, it is natural it should frighten them. Suppose that Mr Erskine, by merely speaking civilly to me, should run the risk of breaking my heart—is not that something to be afraid of? for he is quite *nice*, I am sure, and would not, if he could help it, break any girl's heart."

"You are talking nonsense, Nora. How did you get so much acquaintance with the conceits of young men?"

"I see them through the boys. Jamie and Ned are like a pair of opera glasses; you can see through

them what that kind of creature thinks."

"I am sure," said Edith, with some heat, "Rintoul is not like that."

"Oh, I was not thinking of Lord Rintoul," cried Nora, precipitately. She blushed, and Edith observed it, making her own conclusions. And thereupon she on her side had something to say.

"Rintoul, when he was only Robin, was a delightful brother. He never was clever—even I was cleverer than he was; and Carry, of course, was always ever so far above us both. But now that he is Rintoul, he is a little changed. One is fond of him, of course, all the same. But it is different; he has ideas—of money, of getting on in the world, of people making good marriages, and that sort of thing. I think we have had enough of that in our family," Edith added, with a sigh; "but Rintoul has got corrupted. To be heir to anything seems to corrupt people somehow. It is not so very much: but he has got ideas—of what his rank demands—that sort of thing. Because there is a title, he must marry for money. Well, perhaps not quite so broad as that: but he must not marry where there is no money. I cannot put up with it," Edith cried.

And it was true that she could not put up with it. Yet there was a certain intention, too, even in this little outburst. One girl cannot chatter with another without meanings, without secret intimations of dangers in the way. Nora's countenance clouded over, the blush on her cheek grew deeper; but she laughed, putting a little force on herself.

"Is not that quite right? I have always been taught so. Not to marry for money. That is putting it a great deal too broadly, as you say—but only when you are

going to marry, that it should not be a penniless person. It is so much better for both parties, mamma always says."

"I wonder if you mean to conform to the rule?" her friend asked, with an impulse half of mockery, half of curiosity.

"I don't mean to conform to any rule," said Nora. "One has to wait, you know, when one is a girl, till somebody is kind enough to fall in love with one; and then you are allowed to say whether you will have him or no. Don't you remember what Beatrice says?—'It is my cousin's duty to make courtesy and say, "Father, as it please you," only with that little reservation, 'Let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy——'"

"It is worse than that," said Edith, very gravely. "You say some things are hard upon young men; but oh, how much, much harder upon girls! It is in town that one feels that. There was something, after all, to be said for Carry marrying in the country, without going through the inspection of all these men. If I speak to any one or dance with any one who would be a good match, they will say immediately that mamma has got her eye upon him—that she is trying to catch him for me—that she means to make up a marriage. My mother!" cried Edith, with an inference in the very emphasis with which she uttered the word; "as if she were not more romantic than I am a hundred times, and more intolerant of scheming! The fatal thing is," added the girl, with her serious face, "that, if a crisis should come, mamma would give in. Against her conscience she will try to find reasons for doing what my father wishes, whether it is right or wrong."

"But isn't it a woman's duty to do what her husband wishes?"

said Nora. "I have always heard that, too, at home."

These two young women belonged to their period. They considered the subject gravely, willing to be quite impartial; but neither she who suggested that conjugal obedience was a duty, nor she who objected to it in her mother's case, felt the question to be in the least beyond discussion.

"It is in the Bible," said Edith—"one cannot deny that; still there must be distinctions. A woman who is grown up, and a reasonable creature, cannot obey like a slave. It is still more distinct that a child should obey its parents; but at my age, it is not possible I could just do everything I am told, like a little girl. If papa were to order me to do as poor Carry did, I should not think twice; I should refuse, plainly. If it is wrong, I cannot help it; it could not be so wrong as to obey. I would not do it,—nothing in the world," cried the girl, in her ardour striking her hands together, "would make me do it; and with far more reason a mother should—judge for herself. You will never convince me otherwise," Edith said, holding her head high.

Nora pondered, but made no reply. She had never arrived at any great domestic question on which the rules of her life had been out of accord with her happiness. She had never thought of orders from one or the other of her parents, insisted upon against her will. They had never compelled her to do anything, so far as she could remember. And indeed, cruel parents are little known to the children of the present day. She would not have believed in them but for this great and evident instance of Carry Lindores. The Earl was no tyrant either. He had never been known in the character until that tempta-

tion came in his way. Had he forced his daughter to compliance? Nobody could say so. He had not locked her in her room, or kept her on bread and water, or dragged her to the altar, according to old formulas. He had insisted, and she had not been strong enough to stand out. Was it not her fault rather than his? Open as a nineteenth-century mind is bound to be to all sides of the question, Nora was not sure that there was not something to be said for the father too—which was a great instance of candour in a representative of youth.

"I do not understand being forced to do anything," she said, contemplatively. "How is it when you are *forced*? One might yield of one's own will. If I was asked to do anything—I think anything—for the sake of my father and mother, I should do it, whatever it was."

"Almost anything," Edith said, correcting her friend; "but not *that*, for instance—certainly not *that*."

"I don't know what you mean by *that*," said Nora, petulantly; though indeed this was not exactly true. Both speaker and listener knew that it was not exactly true, and no explanation followed. The girls had been wandering in the woods which covered the sloping bank on the summit of which the castle stood. Its turrets were visible far above them, among the green of the early foliage. The trees were still thinly but brightly clad, the leaves not wholly unclosed, the beeches just loosening their spring finery out of its brown sheath. The river was still some way below. They were seated full in the afternoon sunshine, which was not warm enough to incommode them, upon a knoll covered half with grass, half with moss, through

which penetrated here and there the brownness of the twisted roots, and of bits of rock and boulder. All about in the hollows, under every projection, at the root of every tree, nestling in the crevices of the brown banks, and on the edges of the rocks, were clumps of primroses, like scatterings of palest gold. The river made a continuous murmur in the air; the birds were busy overhead in all their sweet afternoon chatter, flitting about from branch to branch, paying their visits, trying over their notes. It was only through a checkered screen of leaves that the sky was visible at all, save in this little opening, where all was light and brightness, the centre of the picture, with these two young figures lending it interest. They were not either of them beauties to make a sensation in a London season, but they were both fair enough to please any simple eye—two fair and perfect human creatures in their bloom, the very quintessence of the race, well-bred, well-mannered, well-educated, well-looking, knowing a little and thinking a little, and perhaps, according to the fashion of the time, believing that they knew less and thought more than was at all the case. Both Edith and Nora despised themselves somewhat for knowing no Latin, much less any Greek. They thought the little accomplishments they possessed entirely trivial, and believed that their education had been shamefully neglected—which was an unnecessary reproach to their parents, who had done the best they could for the girls, and had transmitted to them at least an open and bright intelligence, which is more pleasant than learning. On the other hand, these young things believed that they had inspirations unknown to their seniors, and had worked out unaided many problems unsolved by their fathers and

mothers—which perhaps was also a mistaken view. They liked to raise little questions of delicate morality, and to feel that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been thought of in any previous philosophy. They were a little alike even in appearance; the one a little fairer than the other—not any piquant contrast of blue eyes with brown, after the usual fashion of artistic grouping. They might even have been mistaken for sisters, as they sometimes were—a mistake which pleased them in their enthusiasm for each other.

Both these girls had been affected more or less by the intellectual tastes of poor Lady Caroline, whom they devoutly believed to be a genius, though wanting (as persons of genius are supposed generally to be) in some ordinary qualities which would have been good for her. Their speculations, their loves and likings, especially in the matter of books, were more or less moulded by her; and they copied out her verses, and thought them poetry. Perhaps in this respect Nora, who was the more intellectual, was at the same time the less independent of the two. Edith was in all things the representative of the positive, as they were all fond of saying—the realist, the practical person. Such was the pretty *argot* of this thoughtful circle. But on the whole, as they sat there together musing and talking as became their visionary age, the eye could not have lighted upon, nor the heart been satisfied with, any spectacle more pleasant than that of these two slim and simple girls exchanging their thoughts in the temperate spring sunshine, among the spring buds and flowers. A little silence had fallen upon them: they were sitting idly together, each one following out her own thoughts—thoughts which bore somehow, who could doubt, upon the opening life

before them, and were more than mere thinkings, dreams, and anticipations all in one—when suddenly there drifted across their path a very simple, very ordinary embodiment of fate, yet distinctly such, a young man in fishing costume, with his basket over his shoulder, coming towards them by the winding path from the river. The sound of his step in the silence of the woods—which were not silent at all, yet thrilled to the first human sound as if all the rest of creation were not worth reckoning—caught their attention at once. They saw him before he was aware of their presence, and recognised him with a slight sensation. It is to be doubted whether the sudden apparition of a pretty girl flitting across the vision of two young men would not have produced a greater emotion for the moment, but it would have been of a different kind. Both Nora and Edith recognised in the approach of the new-comer the coming in of a new influence—a something which, for aught they knew, might be of far more importance in their lives than all the echoes of the woods or influences of the fresh spring skies. The character of the scene changed at once with his appearance. Its tranquillity lessened; it became dramatic, opening up an opportunity for all the complications of life. Nora was the one whom these romantic possibilities affected the most, for she was the most imaginative, seeing a story in everything. Since that morning at Miss Barbara's house in Dunearn, she had withdrawn from the contemplation of John Erskine as in any way capable of affecting herself. For a moment she had been offended and vexed with fate; but that feeling had passed away, and Nora now looked upon him with a philosophical eye with a reference to Edith, not to herself. From all she had ever seen or heard, it did not

appear likely to Nora that two girls and a young man could go on meeting familiarly, constantly, as it was inevitable they should do, without something more coming of it than is written in the trivial records of every day. Perhaps young men, being more immediately active agents of their own fate, are less likely to think of the dramatic importance of any chance meeting. John did not think about the future at all, nor had he made any calculation as to what was likely to result from continual meetings. He was pleased, yet half annoyed at the same time, his heart giving a jump when he recognised Edith, but falling again when he saw "that eternal Miss Barrington" beside her. "Am I never to see her by herself?" he muttered, half angrily. But next moment he came forward, quickening his pace; and after a little hesitation, to see whether it were permissible, he threw himself at their feet, making the pretty picture perfect.

"Have you caught any fish, Mr Erskine? But isn't it too bright?"

"I have not been trying to catch any fish. These things," said John, laying down his rod and loosening his basket from his shoulder, "are tributes paid to the genius of the place. I don't want to kill the trout. I daresay they are of more use, and I am sure they have more right to be where they are, than I."

"Who can have a better right than you?" said Nora, always moved by the idea of the home from which she had felt herself ousted to make room for this languid proprietor. "You are the real owner of the place."

"I am a fish out of water—as yet," said the young man: he added the last words in deference to the eager remonstrances and reproaches which were evidently rushing to their lips.

"You had better come with us

to town. Would you be in your element there? Men seem to like that do-nothing life. It is only we girls that are rising up against it. We want something to do."

"And so do I," said John, ruefully. "Tell me something. Nobody that I can see wants me here. Old Rolls, perhaps; but his approval is not enough to live for—is it? He would make out a code for me with very little trouble. But imagine a poor fellow stranded in a fresh country—altogether new to me, Miss Barrington, notwithstanding my forefathers—no shooting, no hunting, nothing to do. You may laugh, but what is to become of me—especially when you go away?" he said, turning to Edith, with a little heightening colour. This acted sympathetically, and brought a still brighter flush to Edith's face. Nora looked on in a gentle, pensive, grandmotherly sort of way, observing the young people with benignity, and saying to herself that she knew this was how it would be—because it is *not* so suitable, and Lord Lindores will never consent, she added, with a private reflection aside upon the extreme perversity of human affairs.

"No shooting, no hunting, no — Then you will be happy, Mr Erskine, in September."

"Happier. But I don't want to wait so long. I should prefer to be happy now."

"In the way of amusement, Mr Erskine means, Edith. That is all boys—I beg your pardon—I was thinking of my brothers. That is all gentlemen mean when they speak of something to do."

"Well—unless I had a trade, and could make shoes or chairs, or something. The people are all too well off, too well educated, to want me. They condescend to me as a foolish individual without information or experience. They tell me my family has always been on the

right side in politics, with a scornful consciousness that I don't know very well what they mean by the right side. My humble possessions are all in admirable order. There are not even any trees to cut down. What am I to do? Visit the poor? There are no poor——"

"Oh, Mr Erskine!" cried both the girls in a breath.

"*I poveri vergognosi*, who require to be known and delicately dealt with, perhaps—fit subjects for your delicate hands, not for mine."

"If you begin talking of delicate hands, you defeat us altogether: the age of compliments is over," said Edith, with some heat; while Nora cast a furtive glance at the hands both of herself and her friend. They were both sufficiently worthy of the name—ladies' hands which had known no labour, neither in themselves nor their progenitors. Edith's were the better shaped—if the tapering Northern fingers are to be considered better than the blunter Greek—but Nora's the whiter of the two. This reflection was quite irrelevant; yet how much of our thinkings would be silenced if all that was irrelevant was put out of account?

"I meant no compliment. Suppose that I were to go into the nearest village and offer charity—that would be my brutal way of proceeding. What would they do to me, do you think? Pitch me into the river! tar and feather me! No; if there is anything to be done in that way, it must be done with knowledge. It is in vain you mock me with reproaches for doing nothing—I am a man out of work."

"So long as they do not ask for money," said Nora, demurely, "mamma says every man should be helped to get work. And then we ask, what is his trade?"

"Ah! that is the question,—if the wretch hasn't got one?"

"It is very difficult in that case.

Then he must take to helping in the garden, or harvest-work, or—I don't know—hanging on (but that is so very bad for them) about the house."

"Clearly that is what I am most fit for. Do you remember how you used to engage me reading aloud? They all made sketches except myself, Miss Barrington. Beaufort—do you recollect what capital drawings he made? And I read—there's no telling how many Tauchnitz volumes I got through: and then the discussions upon them. I wonder if you recollect as well as I do?" said John to Edith, with a great deal of eager light in his eyes.

Nora had a great mind to get up and walk away. She was not at all offended, nor did she feel left out, as might have happened. But she said to herself, calmly, that it was a pity to spoil sport, and that she was not wanted the least in the world.

"I remember very well; but there are reasons," said Edith, dropping her voice, and bending a little towards him, "why we don't talk of that much. Oh, it does not matter to me! but mamma and Car—have a—feeling. Don't say anything to them of these old times."

"So long as I may talk of them now and then—to you," said John, in the same undertone. He was delighted to have this little link of private recollections between them; and the pleasure of it made his eyes and his countenance glow. At this Nora felt actually impelled to do what she had only thought of before. She rose and wandered off from them on pretence of gathering some primroses. "How lovely they are! and nobody sees them. Will you lend me your basket, Mr Erskine, to carry some home?" She took it up with a smile, bidding

them wait for her. She felt gently benignant, protecting, patronising, like a quite old person. Why should not they have their day? Edith, too, rose hastily, following her friend's example, as if their easy repose was no longer practicable. She had a sense, half delightful, half alarming, of having suddenly got upon very confidential terms with John Erskine. She rose up, and so did he. But it would have been foolish to copy Nora's whim and gather primroses, or even to follow her, as if they were afraid of each other. So Edith stood still, and John by her side.

"I cannot forget that summer," he said, in the same low tone, which was now totally unnecessary, there being nobody at hand to overhear.

"I remember it too," said Edith, softly, "almost better than any other. It was just before—anything happened: when we were so poor. I have my little grey frock still that I used to wear—that I went everywhere in. What expeditions we had—Car and I! I daresay you thought us very wild, very untamed. That was what mamma always used to say."

"I thought you," John began hurriedly—then stopped, with a little unsteady laugh. "You might object if I put it into words. It was my first awakening," he added a moment after, in a still lower tone.

Edith gave him a curious, half-startled glance. She thought the word a strange one. Awakening! What was the meaning of it? But he said no more; and they stood together in the sweet silence, in that confusion of delightful sound which we call silence, because our human voices and noises have nothing to do with its harmony. There were birds singing, one

would have said, on every twig, pouring forth their experiences with a hundred repetitions, flitting from one branch to another telling their several tales. On every side were mysterious depths of shadow, cool hollows, and long withdrawing vistas—a soft background, where nature tenderly looked on and watched, around that centre of life and brightness and reawakening. It was a scene for any painter: the brown banks and spring foliage, all breathing new life; the sunny opening, all full of the warmth of the present sunshine; Nora a pretty at-

tendant figure on the grass among the trees, all flushed with light and shadow, stooping to gather handfuls of primroses, while the others stood diffident, charmed, shy of each other, lingering together. It seemed to John the new world in which all life begins again; but to Edith it was only a confusing, bewildering, alarming sort of fairy land, which all her instincts taught her it was right to flee from. "Look at Nora with her basket full," she cried hurriedly, "and we doing nothing! Let us go and help her."

CHAPTER XII.

It was a rainy morning when the Lindores went away. They were not rich enough to command all the delights of the London season, and had no house in town, nor any position to keep up which demanded their presence. The Earls of Lindores were merely Scotch lords. They had no place in Parliament, no importance in the realm. Hitherto a succession of unobtrusive but proud country gentlemen, not fond of appearing where their claims were not fully recognised, had borne the name, and contented themselves with their dignity at home, which no one questioned, if perhaps it was never very reverentially regarded. It was enough to them to make a visit to London now and then, to comment upon the noise and bigness of town, to attend a levee and a drawing-room, and to come home well pleased that they had no need to bind themselves to the chariot-wheels of fashion. The late Earl had been entirely of this mind; and the consequence was, that nobody in these busy circles which call themselves Society knew anything about the Lindores. But the present bearer of

these honours was of a very different intention. It galled him to be so little though he was so much—the representative of a great race (in his own thinking), and yet nobody, made of no account among his own class. Perhaps Lord Lindores thought all the more of his position that it had not come to him in easy natural succession, but by right of a great family catastrophe, and after his life had been long settled on a different and much humbler basis. It is certain that he had no mind to accept it as his predecessors had done. He meant to vindicate a position for himself, to assert his claim among the best. What he intended in his heart was to turn his old Scotch earldom into a British peerage by hook or crook, and in the meantime to get himself elected a representative peer of Scotland, and attain the paradise of hereditary legislatorship by one means or another. This was his determination, and had been so from the moment when the family honours came to him. In the very afternoon of the solemn day when he heard of the death of his brother, and his own entirely unlooked-for

elevation, this is what he resolved upon. He had withdrawn to his own room to be alone—to consider the wonderful revolution which had taken place, and, if he could, to expend a tear upon the three ended lives which had opened up that position to him—when this intention first rose in his mind. As a matter of fact, he had been sad enough. The extinction of these lives, the transference to himself of the honours which, for aught he knew, might be taken from him to-morrow, was too startling to be otherwise than sad. He had retired within himself, he had compelled himself to think of the poor boy Rintoul dead in his bloom, of the heart-broken father who had followed him to the grave, and to represent to himself, with all the details most likely to move the heart, that terrible scene. And he had been satisfied to feel that he was sad,—that the natural wofulness of this spectacle had moved him enough even to counterbalance the tremor and elation of this extraordinary turn of fortune. But his very sadness and overwhelming sense of a visible fate working in the history of his family, gave him an impulse which was not ungenerous. On the instant, even while he solicited the moisture in his eyes to come the length of a tear, the thought leapt into his mind that if he was spared, if he had time to do anything, it should not be merely a Scotch earldom that he would transmit to his son. At last Lindores had come into the possession of one who knew what he wanted, and meant to obtain it. His family, which had suffered so much, should no longer be pushed aside among the titled nobodies. It should have its weight in the councils of the sovereign and in the history of the kingdom. “The house shall not suffer because I have come to the head of it,” he

cried. He felt that he could compensate it for the series of misfortunes it had endured, by adding importance and dignity to the name. He made up his mind, then, that when his son succeeded him it should be as a peer of the realm. And it was to this end and with this inspiration that so great a change had come upon him. For this he had set his heart upon making his county a model for every shire in England. To this end he had determined to wrest the seat from the Tory representative, and put in his son in the Liberal interest. A seat so important gained, an influence so great established, what Ministry could refuse to the representative of one of the oldest families in the North the distinction which ought to have been his long before?

Nobody suspected the Earl’s meaning in its fullest extent. Old Miss Barbara Erskine was the only one who had partly divined him; but of all the people who did not understand his intention, the wife of his bosom was the first. To her high mind, finely unsuspecting because so contemptuous of mean motives, this little ambition would perhaps have seemed pettier than it really was; for if nobility is worth having at all, surely it is best to possess all its privileges. And perhaps, had Lady Lindores been less lofty in her ideal, her husband would have been more disposed to open his inmost thoughts to her, and thus correct any smaller tendency. It was this that had made him insist upon Carry’s marriage. He wanted to ally himself with the richest and most powerful people within his reach, to strengthen himself in every way, extending the family connection so that he should have every security for success when the moment came for his great *coup*. And he was anxiously alive

to every happy chance that might occur for the two of his children who were still to marry—anxious yet critical. He would not have had Rintoul marry a grocer's daughter for her hogsheads, as Miss Barbara said. He would have him, if possible, to marry the daughter of a Minister of State, or some other personage of importance. He intended Rintoul to be a popular Member of Parliament, a rising man altogether, thinking he could infuse enough of his own energy as well as ambition into the young man to secure these ends. And this great aim of his was the reason why he underwent the expense of a season, though a short one, in town. He was of opinion that it was important to keep himself and his family in the knowledge of the world, to make it impossible for any fastidious fashionable to say, "Who is Lord Lindores?" The Earl, by dint of nursing this plan in his mind, and revealing it to nobody, had come to think it was a great aim.

It was, as we have said, a rainy morning when the family left Lindores. They made the journey from Edinburgh to London by night, as most people do. But before they reached Edinburgh, there was a considerable journey, and those two ferries, of which Rolls had reminded Colonel Barrington. Two great firths to cross, with no small amount of sea when the wind is in the east, was no such small matter. Lady Caroline had driven over in the morning to bid her mother good-bye, and it was she who was to deposit Nora Barrington at Chiefswood, where her next visit was to be paid. There had been but little conversation between the mother and daughter on the subject of that scene which Edith had witnessed, but Lady Lindores could not forbear a word of sympathy in the last half-hour they were to

spend together. They were seated in her dressing-room, which was safe from interruption. "I do not like to leave you, my darling," Lady Lindores said, looking wistfully into her daughter's pale face.

"It does not matter, mother. Oh, you must not think of me, and spoil your pleasure. I think perhaps things go better sometimes when I have no one to fall back upon," said poor Lady Caroline.

"Oh, Carry, my love, what a thing that is to say!"

Carry did not make any reply at first. She was calm, not excited at all. "Yes; I think perhaps I am more patient, more resigned, when I have no one to fall back upon. There is no such help in keeping silence as when you have no one to talk to," she added, with a faint smile.

Her mother was much more disturbed in appearance than she. She was full of remorse as well as sympathy. "I did not think—I never knew it was so bad as this," she said, faltering, holding in her own her child's thin hands.

"What could it be but as bad as this?" said Carry. "We both must have known it from the beginning, mother. It is of no use saying anything. I spoke to Edith the other day because she came in the midst of it, and I could not help myself. It never does any good to talk. When there is no one to speak to, I shall get on better, you will see."

"In that case, it is best for us to be away from you——Carry, my darling!" Lady Lindores was frightened by the wild energy with which her daughter suddenly clutched her arm.

"Oh no, no! don't think that. If I could not look across to Lindores and think there was some one there who loved me, I should go out of my senses. Don't let us talk of it. How curious to think

you are going away where I used always to wish to go—to London! No, don't look so. I don't think I have the least wish to go now. There must be ghosts there—ghosts everywhere," she said, with a sigh, "except at home. There are no ghosts at Tinto; that is one thing I may be thankful for."

"I don't think," said her mother, with an attempt to take a lighter tone, "that London is a likely place for ghosts."

"Ah, don't you think so? Mother," said Carry, suddenly, "I am afraid of John Erskine. He never knew of what happened—after. What so likely as that he might have people to stay with him—people from town?"

"Nobody—whose coming would make any difference to *us*—would accept such an invitation, Carry. Of that you may be sure."

"Do you think so, mother?" she said; then added, with some wistfulness, "But perhaps it might be thought that no one would mind. That must be the idea among people who know. And there might be, you know, a little curiosity to see for one's self how it was. I think I could understand that without any blame."

"No, I do not think so—not where there was any delicacy of mind. It would not happen. A chance meeting might take place anywhere else; but here, in our own country, oh no, no!"

"You think so?" said Lady Caroline: perhaps there was a faint disappointment as well as relief in her tone. "I do not know how or why, but I am afraid of John Erskine," she said again, after a pause.

"My dearest! he brings back old associations."

"It is not that. I feel as if there was something new, some other trouble, coming in his train."

"You were always fanciful," her mother said; "and you are fever-

ish, Carry, and nervous. I don't like to leave you. I wish there could be some one with you while we are away. You would not ask Nora?"

"I am better without company," she said, shaking her head. "In some houses guests are always inconvenient. One never knows—and indeed, things go better when we are alone. Don't vex yourself about me. There is the carriage. And one thing more—take care of Edith, mother dear."

"Of Edith? But surely! she will be my constant companion. Why do you say take care of Edith, Carry?"

"I think I have a kind of second-sight—or else it is my nerves, as you say. I feel as if there were schemes about Edith. My father will want her—to marry,—that is quite right, I suppose; and in town she will see so many people. I am like an old raven, boding harm. But you will stand by her, mother, whatever happens?"

"Oh, Carry, my darling, don't reproach me!" cried her mother; "it breaks my heart!"

"Reproach you! Oh, not for the world! How could I reproach my dearest friend—always my best support and comfort? No, no, mamma—no, no. It is only that I am silly with sorrow to see you all go away. And yet I want you to go away, to get all the pleasure possible. But only, if anything should happen,—if Edith should—meet any one—you will be sure to stand by her, mamma?"

"Are you ready? Are you coming? The carriage is waiting," said Lord Lindores at the door.

Carry gave a little start at the sound of his voice, and her mother rose hastily, catching up a shawl from the sofa on which she had been sitting—a sort of excuse for a moment's delay. "Let me see that we have got everything," she said, hurriedly; and coming back,

took her daughter once more into her arms. "Take care of yourself—oh, take care of yourself, my darling! and if you should want me—if it should prove too much—if you find it more than you can bear——"

"I can bear anything for a month," said Lady Caroline, with a smile; "and I tell you, things go better—and *you* will be all the better of forgetting me for a while, mother dear."

"As if that were possible, Carry!"

"No, no; thank God, it is not possible! But I shall do very well, and you will not have my white face for ever before your eyes. There is my father calling again. Good-bye, mother dear—good-bye!" and as they kissed, Carry breathed once more that prayer, "Take care of Edith!"—in which Lady Lindores read the most tender and heart-rending of all reproaches—in her mother's ear.

They drove to the little station, a large party. Lady Caroline, who was the element of care and sadness in it, made an effort to cast her troubles behind her for the sake of the travellers. As they all walked about on the little platform waiting the arrival of the slow-paced local train, it was she who looked the most cheerful—so cheerful, that her mother and sister, not unwilling to be deceived, could scarcely believe that this was the same being who had been "silly with sorrow" to part from them. Between Lord Lindores and his daughter there had always been a certain shadow and coldness since her marriage; but to-day, even he seemed to miss the tacit reproach in her look, and to feel at his ease with Carry. Before the train arrived, John Erskine, too, appeared on the platform to say good-bye to his friends. John was by far the most downcast of the party. "I shall vegetate till you come back,"

he said to Lady Lindores, not venturing to look at Edith, who listened to him with a smile all the same, mocking his sentiment. She was not afraid of anything he could say at that moment.

"Come and meet us this day month," she said, "and let us see if you are in leaf or blossom, Mr Erskine."

John gave her a reproachful glance. He did not feel in the humour even to answer with a compliment—with a hint that the sunshine which encourages blossom would be veiled over till she came back, though some loverlike conceit of the kind had floated vaguely through his thoughts. When the travellers disappeared at last, the three who remained were left standing forlorn on the platform, flanked by the entire strength of the station (one man and a boy, besides the stationmaster), which had turned out to see his lordship and her ladyship off. They looked blankly at each other, as those who are left behind can scarcely fail to do. Nora was the only one who kept up a cheerful aspect. "It is only for a month, after all," she said, consoling her companions. But Carry dropped back in a moment out of her false courage, and John looked black as a thunder-cloud at the well-meant utterance. He was so rude as to turn his back upon the comforter, giving Lady Caroline his arm to take her to her carriage. With her he was in perfect sympathy—he even gave her hand a little pressure in brotherly kindness and fellow-feeling: there was nothing to be said in words. Neither did she say anything to him; but she gave him a grateful glance, acknowledging that mute demonstration. At this moment the stillness which had fallen round the little place, after the painful puffing off of the train, was interrupted by the sound of horse's

hoofs, and Torrance came thundering along on his black horse. Lady Caroline made a hurried spring into the carriage, recognising the sound, and hid herself in its depths before her husband came up.

"Holloa!" he cried. "Gone, are they? I thought I should have been in time to say good-bye. But there are plenty of you without me. Why, Car, you look as if you had buried them all, both you and Erskine. What's the matter? is she going to faint?"

"I never faint," said Lady Caroline, softly, from the carriage window. "I am tired a little. Nora, we need not wait now."

"And you look like a dead cat, Erskine," said the civil squire. "It must have been a tremendous parting, to leave you all like this. Hey! wait a moment; don't be in such a hurry. When will you come over and dine, and help Lady Car to cheer up a bit? After this she'll want somebody to talk to, and she don't appreciate me in that line. Have we anything on for Tuesday, Car, or will that suit?"

"Any day that is convenient for Mr Erskine," said Carry, faltering, looking out with pitiful deprecation and a sort of entreaty at John standing by. Her wistful eyes seemed to implore him not to think her husband a brute, yet to acknowledge that he was so all the same.

"Then we'll say Tuesday," said Torrance. "Come over early and see the place. I don't suppose you have so many invitations that you need to be asked weeks in advance. But don't think I am going to cheat you of your state dinner. Oh, you shall have that in good time, and all the old fogeys in the county. In the meantime, as you're such old friends, it's for Lady Car I'm asking you now." This was said with a laugh which struck John's strained nerves as the most insolent he had ever heard.

"I need not say that I am at Lady Caroline's disposition—when she pleases," he replied, very gravely.

"Oh, not for me—not for me," she cried, under her breath. Then recovering herself—"I mean—forgive me; I was thinking of something else. On Tuesday, if you will come, Mr Erskine—it will be most kind to come. And, Nora, you will come too? To Chiefswood," she said, as the servant shut the door, falling back with a look of relief into the shelter of the carriage. The two men stood for a moment looking after it as it whirled away. Why they should thus stand in a kind of forced antagonism, John Erskine, at least, did not know. The railway forces looked on vaguely behind; and Torrance, curbing his impatient horse, made a great din and commotion on the country road.

"Be quiet, you brute! We didn't bargain for Nora—eh, Erskine? she's thrown in," said Torrance, with that familiarity which was so offensive to John. "To be sure, three's no company, they say. It's a pity they play their cards so openly—or rather, it's a great thing for you, my fine fellow. You were put on your guard directly, I should say. I could have told them, no man was ever caught like that—and few men know better than I do all the ways of it," he said, with a laugh.

"You have the advantage of me," said Erskine, coldly. "I don't know who is playing cards, or what I have to do with them. Till Tuesday—since I have Lady Caroline's commands," he said, lifting his hat.

"Confound——" the other said, under his breath; but John had already turned away. Torrance stared after him, with a doubt in his eyes whether he should not pursue and pick a quarrel on the spot; but a moment's reflection changed his plans. "I'll get more

fun out of him yet before I'm done with him," he said, half to himself. Then he became aware of the observation of Sandy Struthers the porter and the boy who had formed the background, and were listening calmly to all that was said. He turned round upon them quickly. "Hey, Sandy! what's wrong, my man? Were you waiting to spy upon Mr Erskine and me?"

"Me—spying! No' me; what would I spy for?" was the porter's reply. He was too cool to be taken by surprise. "What's that to me if twa gentlemen spit and scratch at ilk ither, like cats or women folk," he said, slowly. He had known Tinto "a' his days," and was not afraid of him. A porter at a little roadside station may be pardoned if he is misanthropical. He did not even change his position, as a man less accustomed to waiting about with his hands hanging by his side might have done.

"You scoundrel! how dare you talk of spitting and scratching to me?"

"'Deed, I daur mair than that," said Sandy, calmly. "You'll no take the trouble to complain to the Directors, Tinto, and I'm feared for naeboddy else. But you shouldna quarrel—gentlemen shouldna quarrel. It sets a bad example to the country-side."

"Quarrel! nothing of the sort. That's your imagination. I was asking Mr Erskine to dinner," said Tinto, with his big laugh.

"Weel, it looked real like it. I wouldna gang to your dinner, Tinto, if you asked me like that."

"Perhaps you wouldn't take a shilling if I tossed it to you like that."

"It's a'thegither different," said Sandy, catching the coin adroitly enough. "I see nae analogy atween the twa. But jist take you my advice and quarrel nane, sir, especially with that young lad: thae Erskines are a dour race."

"You idiot! I was asking him to dinner," Torrance said. He was on friendly terms with all the common people, with a certain jocular roughness which did not displease them. Sandy stood imperturbable, with all the calm of a man accustomed to stand most of his time looking on at the vague and quiet doings of the world about him. Very little ever happened about the station. To have had a crack with Tinto was a great entertainment after the morning excitement, enough to maintain life upon for a long time, of having helped the luggage into the van, and assisted my lord and my lady to get away.

"I wish," cried Nora, as they rolled along the quiet road, "that you would not drag me in wherever John Erskine is going, Car!"

They all called him John Erskine. It was the habit of the neighbourhood, from which even strangers could scarcely get free.

"I drag you in! Ah, see how selfish we are without knowing!" said Carry. "I thought only that between Mr Torrance and myself—there would be little amusement."

"Amusement!" cried Nora—"always amusement! Is that all that is ever to be thought of even at a dinner-party?"

Carry was too serious to take up this challenge. "Dear Nora," she said, "I am afraid of John Erskine, though I cannot tell you why. I think Mr Torrance tries to irritate him: he does not mean it,—but they are so different. I know by my own experience that sometimes a tone, a look—which is nothing, which means nothing—will drive one beside one's self. That is why I would rather he did not come; and when he comes, I want some one—some one indifferent—to help me to make it seem like a common little dinner—like every day."

"Is it not like every day? Is there—anything? If you want me,

Carry, of course there is not a word to be said." Nora looked at her with anxious, somewhat astonished eyes. She, too, was aware that before Carry's marriage—before the family came to Lindores—there had been *some one else*. But if that had been John, how then did it happen that Edith—— Nora stopped short, confounded. To her young imagination the idea, not so very dreadful a one, that a man who had loved one sister might afterwards console himself with another, was a sort of sacrilege. But friendship went above all.

"I do not think I can explain it to you, Nora," said Lady Caroline. "There are so many things one cannot explain. Scarcely anything in this world concerns one's very self alone and nobody else. That always seems to make confidences so impossible."

"Never mind confidences," cried Nora, wounded. "I did not ask why. I said if you really *wanted* me, Carry——"

"I know you would not ask why. And there is nothing to tell. Mr Torrance has had a mistaken idea. But it is not that altogether. I am frightened without any reason. I suppose it is as my mother says, because of all the old associations he brings back. Marriage is so strange a thing. It cuts your life in two. What was before seems to belong to some one else—to another world."

"Is it always so, I wonder?" said Nora, wistfully.

"So far as I know," Carry said.

"Then I think St Paul is right," cried the girl, decisively, "and that it is not good in that case to marry; but never mind, if you want me. There is nothing to be frightened about in John Erskine. He is nice enough. He would not do anything to make you uncomfortable. He is not ill-tempered nor ready to take offence."

"I did not know that you knew him so well, Nora."

"Oh yes—when you have a man thrust upon you as he has been—when you have always heard of him all your life; when people have said for years,—in fun, you know, of course, but still they have said it,—‘Wait till you see John Erskine!’"

Nora's tone was slightly aggrieved. She could not help feeling herself a little injured that, after so much preparation and so many indications of fate, John Erskine should turn out to be nothing to her after all.

Lady Caroline listened with an eager countenance. Before Nora had done speaking, she turned upon her, taking both her hands. Her soft grey eyes widened out with anxious questions. The corners of her mouth drooped. "Nora, dear child, dear child!" she said, "you cannot mean—you do not say——"

"Oh, I don't say anything at all," cried Nora, half angry, half amused, with a laugh at herself which was about a quarter part inclined to crying. "No, of course not, Car. How could I care for him—a man I had never seen? But just—it seems so ludicrous, after this going on all one's life, that it should come to nothing in a moment. I never can help laughing when I think of it. ‘Oh, wait till you see John Erskine!’ Since I was fifteen everybody has said that. And then when he did appear at last, oh,—I thought him very nice—I had no objection to him—I was not a bit unwilling,—to see him calmly turn his back upon me, as he did to-day at the station!"

Nora laughed till the tears came into her eyes; but Lady Caroline, whose seriousness precluded any admixture of humour in the situation, took the younger girl in her arms and kissed her, with a pitying tenderness and enthusiasm of consolation. "My little Nora! my little Nora!" she said. She was too

much moved with the most genuine emotion and sympathy to say more; at which Nora, half accepting the crisis, half struggling against it, laughed again and again till the tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Lady Car! Lady Car! it is not for sorrow; it is the fun of it—the fun of it!" she cried.

But Carry did not see the fun. She wanted to soothe the sorrow away.

"Dearest Nora, this sort of disappointment is only visionary," she said. "It is your imagination that is concerned, not your heart. Oh, believe me, dear, you will laugh at it afterwards; you will think it nothing at all. How little he knows! I shall think less of his good sense, less of his discrimination, than I was disposed to do. To think of a man so left to himself as to throw my Nora away!"

"He has not thrown me away," cried Nora, with a little pride; "because, thank heaven, he never knew that he had me in his power! But you must think more, not less, of his discrimination, Carry; for if he never had any eyes for me, it was for the excellent good reason that he had seen Edith before. So my pride is saved—quite saved," the girl cried.

"Edith!" Carry repeated after her. And then her voice rose almost to a shriek—"Edith! You cannot mean that?"

"But I do mean it. Oh, I know there will be a thousand difficulties. Lord Lindores will never consent: that is why they go and do it, I suppose. Because she was the last person he ought to have fallen in love with, as they say in the 'Critic'——"

"Edith!" repeated Carry again. Nora was half satisfied, half disappointed, to find that her own part of the story faded altogether from her

friend's mind when this astonishing piece of intelligence came in. Then she whispered in an awe-stricken voice, "Does my mother know?"

"Nobody knows—not even Edith herself. I saw it because, you know—— And of course," cried Nora, in delightful self-contradiction, "it does not matter at all when I meet him now; for he is not thinking of me any longer, but of her. Oh, he never did think of me, except to say to himself, 'There is that horrid girl again!'"

This time Nora's laugh passed without any notice from Carry, whose thoughts were absorbed in her sister's concerns. "Was not I right," she said, clasping her hands, "when I said I was frightened for John Erskine? I said so to my mother to-day. What I was thinking of was very different: that he might quarrel with Mr Torrance—that harm might come in that way. But oh, this is worse, far worse! Edith! I thought she at least would be safe. How short-sighted we are even in our instincts! Oh, my little sister! What can I do, Nora, what can I do to save her?"

Nora received this appeal with a countenance trembling between mirth and vexation. She did not think Edith at all to be pitied. If there was any victim—and the whole matter was so absurd that she felt it ought not to be looked at in so serious a light,—but if there was a victim, it was not Edith, but herself. She could only reply to Carry's anxiety with a renewed outbreak of not very comfortable laughter. "Save her! You forget," she said, with sudden gravity, "that Edith is not one to be saved unless she pleases. And if she should like Mr Erskine——"

"My father will kill her!" Lady Caroline cried.

A HANSOM AMATEUR.

A TALE IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SOME people have a surprising talent for despising the ordinary amusements and occupations of life; and very fortunate creatures they are, for it is clear that more than their fair share of the amusement lurking about in odd corners of this labyrinthine universe has been given them to cause this satiety. Or perchance it may be truer to say that more amusement than they are able to assimilate has been offered to their mental palate.

Mark Forrester was one of these fortunate unfortunates: he seemed to have found everything out, and detected the hollowness of all things. Though a younger son, he was born afflicted with a fortune a-year, and no compensating skeleton in his closet; and, as he was neither a genius nor a scoundrel, he scarcely knew what to do with himself without the warm stimulus of necessary labour. He had not even the consolation of a hobby, nor the solace of being a fool. Of late he had taken to cab-driving, in which he found temporary refuge.

He was no common Mark: he was an Honourable, and consequently a noble Mark, and had made his mark till he became a Mark of admiration in the pursuits most esteemed by the gilded youth of to-day. And he had even been marked with distinction in university lists. Naturally, he had received many marks of esteem from those members of the fair sex who no longer graced the arena of the ball-room on their own account, but on that of their young. He was the gilded mark at which the bold and wary

hunter of the husband aimed with care. But he had as yet made no Mrs Mark. Of all things, he hated conventionality, and he found the fair things of the drawing-room conventional to a fault. There were moments when, under the influence of this hatred, he even thought of eschewing the modern use of the tub, and putting it to the more comprehensive purposes of the Grecian sage—he who appropriated the sunshine. But in this the flesh—cradled, as it were, in cold water—was weak. Besides, he dreaded the ruler of the unsavage Englishman, the British policeman.

At times he envied his brother, Lord Woodman, who, though little wealthier than himself, would, on the demise of Lord Grandveneur, their father, become a legislator of his country, and a large landowner, which, as the Honourable Mark knew, not only is a position of toil and difficulty, but also perhaps in a few years may be one of personal danger and stern oppression; for the example of grinding the faces of landlords has been set with some success.

It was near the hour when good old-fashioned ghosts used to break churchyard, and good old-fashioned fairies to begin their revels—the once witching but now too familiar hour of midnight—and Mr Forrester had just left a theatre, where the after-piece had been a burlesque on something—perhaps on ‘Paradise Lost.’ He was always expecting some enterprising pulpiteer to run up a burlesque church, and start a burlesque liturgy. From his ex-

perience of the public taste, he thought that the thing would draw.

Thus musing, he mounted the driving-seat of his private hansom. The groom was about to step inside, when a gesture from his master warned him to go home, and the hansom-driver started on his lonely and adventurous career. It is supposed that one of the sweet little cherubs who keep watch over the recklessness of English tars, school-boys, and street infants, is told off to protect hansom cabs in London. Accidents do sometimes occur for all the cherub's care: these ought not to be called accidents but natural sequences, the safe journeys being the real accidents.

This private vehicle behaved as miraculously as its public fellows. It darted like lightning round abrupt corners; it wound a swift and sinuous course through densely packed vehicles going in five different directions at once at fifty different rates of speed; and it charged itinerant vendors' stalls and the forms of foot-passengers with the apparent purpose of cutting them in two, but relented in the very act, shaving these obstacles with the most delicate accuracy. The cabman, from his lofty elevation, surveyed such of mankind as were revealed by the artificial lights amid the natural, all-compassing darkness, with satisfaction: he was as happy as a Greek athlete, skillfully guiding his chariot to the goal on the Olympic course, though neither parsley, beech, nor olive was to crown his happy brows. All along Piccadilly he flashed like a star, and then in the quiet by the Green Park one of those dramas which the streets so frequently offered him began to unfold itself. A woman's form, closely pursued by that of a man, fled swiftly over the pavement; and when the pursuer gained upon her,

she uttered a panting cry. A policeman was apparently studying astronomy just within sight.

On the impulse of the moment, the cab was driven to the kerb, and stopped close to the fugitive, who, as if the movement had been foreseen and fore-ordered, at once jumped in and shut the doors, with a panting but superfluous "Drive on!" and the Honourable cabby, keenly interested in his fare, and ignorant whether he were assisting in a tragedy or a comedy, flicked his high-bred steed, and plunged into the dark distance of night. "So swiftly," he mused, "did the gloomy king of shades ravish his fresh bride from the flowery meads of Enna!"

But as he was not prepared for the reception of a Persephone in the realms of which he was king, he presently drew up, and opening the trap-door, asked, "Where to, mum?"

A very pale face, not particularly pretty, and still bearing the infantile sweetness of early youth, looked up. "Is he gone?" she cried,—"quite gone?"

"Half a mile behind, mum," he replied, in a reassuring tone; and received an address which put his London topography to the test. However, after threading a tangled maze of streets for a quarter of an hour or so, he landed his charge at the gate of a small villa, which had been left behind by mistake in an ugly quiet street of great new dismal houses.

"One moment, cabman, please," said the young lady, springing lightly to the pavement; "I have no change." And she ran in.

One would imagine that such an opportunity for vanishing unquestioned would have been gladly and promptly seized by an amateur cabman; but it was not so. Mr Forrester had more than once be-

fore made himself useful to the British public in the capacity of cab-driver, and had frequently received a cabman's due, — coins which, when duly cleansed and polished, he treasured fondly in an ebony cabinet as the only money he had ever earned — and how sweet such money is, they who have won it only know. His charges were regulated by the countenances of the fares rather than by the distances traversed, and thus some were not charged at all. And one, a young lordling of his acquaintance, gloriously tipsy and apostrophising a lamp-post in the fondest terms, he had conveyed the length of a street for the sum of five pounds,—coins which he had returned, with their history and a timely sarcasm, to the dismayed and contrite lad next morning.

Not one lady returned to reward the gallant cabman, but three, and that after some moments' delay. There was a lamp just over the gate of the little villa, and by its light he saw an elderly lady in a bonnet whom he at once recognised as Lady M'Whymper, his fare, and a taller girl with a woollen shawl thrown round her head and shoulders.

"Sixpence," he replied, in answer to the latter's question of how much.

"We don't want to impose on you, cabman," she said; "and however short the distance, nobody charges so little."

"Beg pardon, miss, I ain't nobody," returned the cabman, with more truth than she dreamed.

"Very true," she laughed, looking up in his face, which was a little above the lamplight, and muffled to the nose in a comforter assumed for the occasion. "But you ought to have a double fare for your kindness to my sister. She is young and easily frightened, and

I am too much occupied to go about with her, as we are all working women. And I wanted to make an arrangement with you to take her to her singing engagements twice a-week in future. But if you fleece yourself in this way, the thing will be impossible. However, as we are poor, and Maisie has hitherto walked home on that account, I thought that a permanent engagement might be contracted for; but nothing shall induce us to fleece honest men, even with their consent," she added, putting three sixpences into his hand.

The Honourable cabman was a little startled at being nailed, as it were, on the spot, in consequence of his chivalrous succour of a forlorn damsel. It was, however, a fine opening for him, since his mind had of late been seriously exercised with regard to the advisability of driving a stage-coach, an omnibus, or an engine. So he quickly caught at the offer; and Lady M'Whymper, whom he knew as a canny Scots-woman and strict treasurer of pence, having suggested an outrageously small payment, he declared the sum to be a princely reward; and the bargain was struck, not without hesitation on the part of the tall girl, who thought the price too small, and who was yet evidently so poor that she could not afford more. "I can't have Maisie exposed to such terrors," she mused aloud; "and yet I don't like to take advantage of this good cabman."

The earnest consultation of the two young ladies on the subject moved him, for he had never yet realised the tragic importance of a few shillings to people of narrow means. Pounds and shillings were to him and his fellows as the common rain and sunshine to ordinary humanity. His knowledge of the poor was theoretic and fragmentary,

by no means experimental, and he had yet to become acquainted with the vast border of decent and even cultured and refined poverty that separates wealth from squalid want.

On starting with Lady M'Whymper he received a card from the taller sister with the name Olivia Winter, and the address Normandy Villa, Bromley Road, W., that he might not fail in his assignation on the following Tuesday, and drove off highly interested and deeply speculating upon the circumstances of his novel acquaintances, and concluding that Olivia was probably a needlewoman or former maid of Lady M'Whymper's, and that Maisie, his fare, was in training for the ballet or some supernumerary stage employment. With all that,

it was strange of Lady M'Whymper to be there at that time of night.

His fears that the old Scotch-woman would recognise him were groundless. Having calculated the exact fare, and given him a few pence under it on her arrival at her lighted house, with its opened door and advancing servants, she was in far too great a hurry to get the door closed between herself and the injured cabby to bestow a glance either on him or his smart cab.

"Stebbing," said Mr Forrester, when his groom stepped up to take the reins from his hand, "have the crest painted out of the cab tomorrow, and get me a set of plain single harness without any plating or ornament whatever."

"Certainly, sir."

CHAPTER II.

When the appointed Tuesday came, Mr Forrester, true to his word, drew up at the gate of Normandy Villa five minutes before the trysted hour, carefully got up in the cabman mode as to his extreme outer man, while an abstraction of the cabman husk would have revealed a gentleman in ordinary evening array.

His punctuality was rewarded. In answer to the bell, which was pulled by a passing arab, Olivia Winter came to the gate in the lamplight, patted the horse's neck with a slim white hand, on which Mr Forrester detected the gleam of a diamond-ring. "I am so sorry, cabman," she said, kindly; "my sister will not be ready for at least ten minutes, and you really are a little before your time. I would ask you to come in, but of course you cannot leave your beautiful horse. I never saw so fine a creature between cab-shafts before, though I know that a good deal of

blood is sometimes to be found in hansom cattle. What is his name? Bright? Then you are on our side in politics. We are extreme Radicals. And your name? I hate to call people by their offices, as if they were mere machines. I recognise a brother in every man I meet, and think of his humanity rather than his accidental relations with myself."

"Mark Forrester, at your service, miss," he replied, touching his hat, not quite at his ease under the steady, frank gaze of the eyes beneath the woollen shawl.

"Mark — a nice manly name. Are you married, Forster?"

"Not exactly, miss."

"Not exactly? Trembling on the verge, Forster? I hope you will make a good choice. People don't reflect sufficiently before marrying, particularly when circumstances allow them to marry young and without difficulty. Now a cabman must find great comfort

in a wife. But don't be in a hurry, Forster," she said, earnestly; "don't give up your life for a bright eye and a pretty cheek. Make sure first that she is good."

Mr Forrester smiled in his comforter. He had frequently before been lectured upon his matrimonial duties and prospects, but never by a being so young, so bright-eyed, and so disinterested. He liked new experiences.

"There's a good deal in that, miss," he replied, copying the intonation of the London million; "I'm blest if I don't turn it over in my mind."

"Do, Forster. And if you can manage it, bring her to see me, and I'll find out what she is made of. Women know women. I daresay you think that she is not quite in my class; but we have given up class distinctions, my sisters and I. We consider ourselves quite on an equality with you," she added, with a smile full of innocent and unconscious condescension.

"Do you now, miss?" he returned, with evident surprise; "well, now, if that ain't queer! Rum, I call it." The idea of a working girl on the second floor of a little Cockney villa descending to social equality with an earl's son tickled him.

"Yes, I am plain Olivia Winter."

The cabman doubted it. Such a voice and such eyes could not belong to a plain woman, he was certain. However, he scarcely felt equal to expressing this opinion, and merely shook his head dissentingly in the darkness.

"I care little for the conversation of gentlemen. They speak to women as if they were highly developed pussy-cats. I prefer talking to men like yourself—honest fellows whose life is too serious to be fooled away in idle things." He thought of his own aimless

existence, and sighed. "What do you think of this war? You see the papers, I suppose, and have a vote, of course? And only think, I have none. Isn't it hard?"

"Things in general is rough upon women, miss. Howsomever, I shouldn't wonder if they was to pull the woman suffrage through Parlymint some of these days."

"Do you really think so, Forster? I am so glad. This is my sister, Geraldine Winter," she added, as a girl with a cup and saucer came tripping down to the gate,—“Mark Forster, Gerry."

Mr Forrester, by force of habit, lifted his hat in the usual way, to the great surprise of his friends.

"I have brought you a cup of coffee, Forster," said Miss Geraldine, with a frank smile. "Maisie is just coming. Would you prefer beer?"

Maisie, otherwise Margaret, then appeared, and was driven to her destination, which proved to be some well-known public rooms in which a concert was being held, and where the cabman had the pleasure of hearing his fare, who figured in the programme under a professional name, sing very artistically in a trained chorus, and once in a brief solo. Having driven her back to Normandy Villa, and having been cordially thanked, duly paid, and wished a pleasant good-night, he finished the evening at a brilliant ball, where the weariness of conventionality was specially borne in upon him.

"Are you a Radical?" he asked casually of Miss Mabel Coinless, after a turn in a waltz, during which it struck him that the lady's want of originality was surface-washed rather than ingrained.

"You are making fun of me, Mr Forrester. Are women ever anything?"

"I have recently had reason to

believe that they are human beings, Miss Coinless."

"Really. Well, it is something to be allowed even that dignity." Mr Forrester looked thoughtfully at the lady's fan, which he held for some moments. She was one of ten daughters; and he knew, and she knew, and everybody knew, that the present object of her being was to secure a man of equal social standing and superior wealth to herself as husband. Then he looked at Miss Coinless, who was pretty and charming after the conventional pattern he abhorred.

"Are you perchance a woman's rights' woman?" he asked.

"Am I devoid of common-sense?" she replied, dropping the conventional mask, "or are you?"

"Such women are not devoid of common-sense," he objected.

"Did I say that they were? But to confess to such thoughts would be mere folly, particularly when on one's promotion," she added, with a bitter curl of the lip. "In the slave-market," she said in her heart.

"I doubt it. Honesty is a good thing——"

"For the free. Really, Mr Forrester," she added, once more assuming the smiling mask that the Spartan cruelty of society imposes upon women, "what nonsense we are talking! I promised merely to dance with you, not to say my catechism."

He took the hint and the lady, and whirled agreeably round in silence, musing upon the occult cause of the conventional mask that so vexed him. He made an advance that night in the knowledge of human nature. "The conventional woman," he affirmed, "is a sham. She is a sham because she is not free." Then he stood apart, and mused what figures Olivia, Geraldine, and Maisie would make in

that gay scene! Happy girls! born to the noble independence of labour, and blissful exemption from conventional fetters! But what were they? He wondered how a cabman might respectfully arrive at some knowledge upon that subject.

In the meantime, life had ceased to be dull. The pleasant aroma of the cab-nights pervaded the rest of the week. His fare always chatted agreeably and frankly with him, though with an unconscious condescension which tickled him immensely; and his curiosity was kept upon the stretch by the fact that beyond knowing that the three were working women, he could not tell the occupation of the two elder sisters, each of whom appeared from time to time, bringing him tea or coffee, and bits of carrot or sugar for the horse, and talked pleasantly upon general subjects, particularly politics and literature, in which last he had much ado to keep at a proper level of ignorance.

One night Olivia accompanied her sister to her destination. "I'm having a holiday, Forster," she laughed, "and I have really earned it. Do you ever have a holiday?"

"Well, miss," he returned, with some embarrassment, "there's a good deal of sameness in the cabman's life, to be sure."

"I do hope you have your Sundays at least," she said through the trap, which was frequently opened for conversational purposes, a proceeding that by no means diminished street dangers. "I often think," she added, blushing with eagerness on learning that his Sundays were free, "what an intelligent and well-informed man you are, and what a pity it is that your calling should prevent you from still further cultivating your mind. Now, Forster, as a friend, I should like to do what little I can for you; and if you would like to have

lessons in French, Latin, Greek, or anything that I or my sisters know, we should be too happy to teach you of a Sunday evening—of course if you have no better engagement,” she put in, remembering the matrimonial bonds into which the cabman was probably drifting.

The driver felt quite dizzy for a moment, and was thankful that he did not drop from his elevated perch. The idea of the girl knowing Greek, he thought, and proposing to teach him, of all men!

“Lord, miss, to think of your knowing Greek, now! That took my breath away, that did. I should like to have a try at Greek. I’ve heard it’s the hardest of the lot, and one as you can’t turn into ready money; and thinks I to myself, things that’ll fetch no money is worth the most.”

“Quite so. Why, Forster, you are a philosopher. You have chosen the *Leaden Casket*,” returned his fare, with rapture.

“Maisie,” she added, in a whisper, “I quite love this cabman. I do hope he won’t marry that frivolous nurse-maid he is dreaming of.”

Thus, before the cabman had had much opportunity for reflection, the eager Olivia had engaged him to come to *Normandy Villa* on the following Sunday evening for his first Greek lesson; and after this he felt that he could not disappoint the ardent girl, whatever his opinion of the expediency of the arrangement might be.

On the following morning he appeared at the house of his brother, the Hon. and Rev. Alan Forrester, vicar of a large London parish, into which he threw all his youthful energies and large young heart.

“Alan,” he said, entering the room in which his brother was snatching a hasty luncheon at a table piled with correspondence, re-

ports, and statistics, to which he paid more attention than to the frugal meal before him—“I want to know all about your cabmen.”

“My cabmen—honest fellows,” replied the Honourable and Reverend young man, smiling, “would make a pretty stiff subject for a competitive examination. They can’t be crammed in a minute, Mark. Look here, dear old boy—we have a big tea on to-morrow night. Suppose you come and give them a bit of a jaw afterwards. No, you needn’t preach; your happy chaff will be just the thing for them. We have opened several new shelters, and are going to propose a self-supporting coffee-tavern, in which they shall have shares. Woodman and I give £50 to start them.”

“I won’t be outshone by Woodman; write me down for £60. But what I want to know is something of the social and domestic life of the genus cabman. I’ve made the discovery, Alan, that women and cabmen are human beings; and further, that while the universe contains human beings, it contains objects of interest.”

“Ah, dear old boy! you would say so if you saw what I see daily. What will you have? Claret? Come round to the shelters with me this afternoon, and you shall see cabmen galore.”

This Mr Forrester did, picking up many choice flowers of speech on his way for future use; and he was touched to find the confidence reposed in his brother by these rough men, who all appeared to know him intimately, and a little crushed by a sense of his own superfluity. He also went to the tea, and studied the festive attire proper to cabmen. This he found to consist chiefly of a bath of pomatum for the hair, a good deal of necktie, and a large occasional

flower in the coat; and all these he himself assumed on the following Sunday. He made a very happy speech in the capacity of amateur cabman, magnified the difficulty and responsibility of the profession, alluded to the frequent newspaper reports of wife-beating, condemned the practice as unmanly as well as cruel, and declared that cabmen never appeared to answer such charges; upon which one or two looked out of the corner of their eyes in a sheepish way, not unmarked by their reverend friend.

"Alan," he observed, when the

two were returning in the private hansom, "you are a Radical and a philanthropist, and a liberty and fraternity man, and everything you ought not to be, in short. What should you say if a man in my position were to marry a clever, well-educated daughter of a—small tradesman?"

"I should say, Mark," returned the Honourable and Reverend leveler, quickly, "that you were an unmitigated ass."

"And you would say right," mused the other. For blood is thicker than water.

CHAPTER III.

When the evening dusk was gathering on the following Sunday, Mr Forrester, arrayed from head to foot in such attire as he had observed upon the persons of younger cabmen, stood on the steps of Normandy Villa and knocked three slow loud knocks on the door, feeling at the same time a succession of more aristocratic raps from within upon his own ribs.

The door was opened by a servant, who directed him to the second floor, upon the landing of which stood his hostess, all smiles to welcome him, though he observed that she did not offer her hand. He went through a good deal of puffing, and blowing, and scraping upon the mat in the narrow passage, and then entered a pretty little room, plainly furnished, but abounding in photographs, prints, and other objects of art, and having some tastefully arranged fresh flowers here and there. An easel and a piano stood in different parts of the room; it was full of books, and tea was laid upon the table.

It was the first time that he had seen the three sisters indoors and in a full light, and he was struck

by their grace, and the easy manner in which they did the honours of their simple home. Neither of them was exactly pretty. Geraldine was a slim, graceful girl, with large clear eyes, a bright manner, and a ready turn of speech: she was dressed in the high-art style, and looked like a picture. Olivia was the tallest of the three: she had a certain commanding air that went well with her impetuous speech and noble stature; her eyes were bright, her face sparkled with intellect, and there was a singular charm in her manner which the cabman was unable to resist. Maisie was smaller, younger, and less intellectual than her sisters, while in her lips the sweet voice common to all three became superlatively sweet. It would have been evident to a less acute perception than Mr Forrester's, that the three were ladies whose breeding was equal to any occasion.

He sat on the extreme edge of a chair as near the door as possible, and deliberately got into difficulties with his hat in a sufficiently comic manner, which evoked no smile from the bright lips of the sisters,

although their eyes were not unexpressive of mirth. Geraldine, however, suggested a place of repose for the hat upon a chair: he felt that her manner in doing so would have put the clumsiest real cabman at his ease in a moment.

"You will have some tea, won't you, Forster?" Geraldine asked, pouring out the perfumed drink. "Greek is dreadfully dry to begin upon, whatever my sister may say, especially when one is grown up. Have you a father? And is he a cabman too? Perhaps he is old, and you support him, or help to do so?"

"We want to hear all about your people," added Olivia, with her usual earnestness, "and then we will tell you all about ourselves."

Thus the cabman was led to confess a father, whose profession was that of gamekeeper, though he had now retired from active business and was fairly well off. On being pressed as to his present occupation, he said that he kept pigs, and a cow or two on a bit of land of his own, all of which was literally true.

"I wonder, Forster, that you didn't follow your father's calling, which is a very pleasant one," said the innocent Olivia, with the earnestness which made him long to speak to her as one with equal pretensions to culture with herself might have done.

"My eldest brother, he had the first chance, and took to the game-keeping," he explained; upon which Olivia made some reflections on the far-reaching injustice of primogeniture, which thus poisoned the happiness even of young gamekeepers.

"Has he a sister, has he a brother?" sang Maisie, softly, while Geraldine gave her a merry look, during the temporary submergence

of the cabman's comely face in the saucer of tea, which he held in the style affected at his brother's big tea, carefully drawing the back of his hand across his lips afterwards.

"Yes, Miss Geraldine," he said, "I've got another brother. His name's Alan. He's a preacher. And a sister, name of Jane. No, she ain't married. She lives 'long with father and mother."

"And milks the cows, and helps feed the pigs?" asked Olivia.

Mark nodded his head. He knew that Lady Jane had a pet dairy, and had once boasted to him of having mastered the art of milking, so that things were very pleasant with his conscience.

"Do have some more cake. It does one good to see an honest working man eat," said Olivia. "We are sorry not to be able to keep you in countenance; but you see our work is sedentary, and after all, we are only women."

The cabman shuddered; but he remembered the performances of his professional brethren at the tea, and manfully attacked a fourth huge slice of cake.

"How nice it must be for you to have this sweet country home to think of!" continued Olivia. "And your brother, the preacher—I should like to hear him: such peasant preachers are truly apostolic, whatever you may say to the contrary, Gerry dear. And George the gamekeeper, and Jane milking her cows. We shall soon know them all for friends. And now about ourselves."

"I am a painter," said Geraldine; "I make my living chiefly by designs. My sisters call me a designing woman. These cups and saucers are my work. Maisie's calling, you know."

"And I," said Olivia, with the frank smile that was rapidly turning her guest's head, "am as yet little

better than a drone. I am studying for a London university degree, and bringing a little grist to the mill in the meantime by giving lessons and writing."

"O Lord!" exclaimed the cabman, "to think now of fine-bred ladies doing that! Excuse me, miss, but you wasn't brought up to work. A cabman sees a good many ladies, and gets to know the real grit."

The sisters looked at each other, and burst into a merry laugh.

"Don't betray us, Forster," cried Olivia; "I knew you would find us out. But will you promise on your honour as a—a true man—to keep our secret? Well, then, the fun of it is, that we need not earn our living at all. We each have a tiny fortune of our own, though far too small for the station in which we were born. We have run away from our friends in order to lead a rational life."

"We hated idleness," said Maisie.

"We hated conventionality," added Geraldine.

"And we hated shams," continued Olivia, with a flushing cheek. "Our parents are dead, Forster, and we ran away from our brother and the trustees of our property, who wished to dictate our way of life to us. So we just wrote a note saying that we were off to Berlin under assumed names to teach English, and that they need trouble themselves no more about us. We did go to Berlin, but soon came back, convinced that London is the only place big enough to hide in—and here we are. Our name is De Wynter, spelt with a *y*, and our brother is Lord Northwynd. Our father was a baron, so we put Honourable before our names. Northwynd tried to force Geraldine into a marriage, and he entered into negotiations with a certain Lord

Grandveneur—a much greater lord than my brother, Forster—to marry me—*me* indeed!—to a son of his, the Hon.—what was his name, Gerry?—something Forrester. That is our story, Forster."

"Thank 'ee, miss. I won't let it out. I'm game. I suppose this here Forrester wasn't much in the way of a husband?"

"He was not, Forster. But that was not the point. It was the indignity of being offered to him, and the deeper indignity of being told to accept his advances. He was coming to stay at Northcourt when we fled. He would have trotted me out, Forster, and looked at my points and my paces; and then, perhaps, he would have trotted me back again. I! who never mean to marry at all—who will subject myself to no man's tutelage!"

"Seems to me it was rough on this here lord's son," observed Mark, who now distinctly recalled the invitation to Northcourt, and Lord Grandveneur's mystic discourse upon the duties of matrimony and the charms of Olivia De Wynter.

"Not in the least. He was better without a wife. A poor creature, Forster, with no profession, no duties, ever so much money, and devoted solely to his own amusement. A wife, forsooth, was to steady him and keep him out of mischief, his father and Northwynd thought." Here Mark Forrester, little as he was given to admire his own moral rectitude, could not help thinking that the idea of Lord Northwynd seeking to keep *him* out of mischief was rather good. "When a man needs a wife to keep him steady, he is good for nothing."

"What could the poor chap have done, miss? I often pity them rich lords' sons, brought up with nothing to do and their victuals found."

"Nothing to do! Why, Forster, half the best work in England is done by rich men for nothing. But we have chatted too long. Now for Greek. Geraldine is going to Evensong, and Maisie has her book. I hope you won't be discouraged by the queer forms of Greek letters. One soon gets used to them.

Of all tongues Mark Forrester loved Greek, and of all tongues he knew it best. Like De Quincey, he could have harangued an Athenian mob better than many men can speak to an English one. Thus, with a little care, he was able to conceal his perfect knowledge, and yet to shine as a pupil. He had fallen in love with Olivia during the first cup of tea, and quite irretrievably, as he acknowledged with sorrow, before the revelation of her parentage. But everybody who has experienced a precipitation into this sort of madness, well knows that it has no bottom; so that the victim, once plumped into it, may go on falling for ever and ever, unless drawn back or suspended by some opposing force. Every time Mr Forrester looked at his teacher's earnest sparkling eyes, or met her sweet patient smile, he received a fresh downward impulse which lowered him at least a fathom, so that by the time the lesson was ended, he was in very deep indeed; and what with this affliction, and the amount of sweet solid cake he had consumed, he was strung to a high pitch of misery.

Olivia heaved a deep sigh of weariness as she shut the book. "I never had such a pupil before," she said, smiling him a couple of fathoms deeper down. "How I long to introduce you to Homer and Æschylus! You may perhaps have heard of Helen and Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses?"

"I've been taking the liberty of

thinking about that there brother of yours, miss," replied Mark, evading this question as dangerous. "Now if I had the charge of three young women under age, and they sloped, I should be in Queer Street, sisters or not."

"My dear Forster, we are all over age," laughed Olivia; "and why should we be in anybody's charge? We are free women, the citizens of a free country, and our English blood boils at the thought of restraint. Besides," she added, with a bitterness that recalled certain episodes in Northwynd's career to her listener, "we have no vices to repress—we neither drink, bet, nor spend what we don't possess."

Mark smiled to himself. He was acquainted with Lord Northwynd, and had a shrewd suspicion that such failings in himself would appear to the young nobleman as virtues in comparison with his sisters' heinous wickedness in having a cabman to tea with them. No one knew better than he that men may commit every iniquity short of invading each other's purses, and be blameless, while women may not infract the most arbitrary convention without ruin.

"Livy and I are twins," said Geraldine, who had now come in from service. "We are twenty-four. Maisie is twenty-two. Don't you think we are old enough to refuse to marry unless we please, and to decline to countenance any husband-hunting on our account?"

Here the chivalrous cabman ventured to observe, with some diffidence, that he should have thought the ladies would have been called upon to enact the part of ardently chased prey rather than of hunters.

"Ah, Forster, how little you know of the miseries of the upper classes! In your fortunate circles a man looks to a wife as to a prize.

But these men of rank and fortune walk into a crowded drawing-room like sultans, and know that they can pick where they like. However, we have renounced class distinctions now, and are going to do our best to bring the mouldering old social fabric crashing to the ground."

"Lord! what a dust it will make, Miss Geraldine!" observed the cabman, tranquilly.

When he was gone, Olivia threw her arms round Geraldine's neck and kissed her. "Only think!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "we

have a real live cabman, a mere son of the people, for our friend."

"It's delicious," added Maisie, "and so comfortable. We can be as friendly as ever we like, because no one could possibly fall in love with a cabman."

"And the cabman?" asked Geraldine, with a pensive air.

"Oh, my dear!" laughed the Radical and socialist Olivia, with a look that betrayed all the blue blood of all the proud De Wynters, "he would never dare aspire to that height. Besides, we have the advantage of not being pretty."

CHAPTER IV.

The amateur cabman rushed home, tore off his disguise, and puffed fiercely at a cigar to assist his meditations. The only solace for such a misfortune as falling in love is a similar mischance to the cause of such dolour. The question now arose how to entangle poor Olivia in the meshes of such a bewilderment. He thought of Miss Hardcastle, and decided that a neat waiting-maid is a far more fascinating object than a Sunday cabman disguised in pomatum and false English. He remembered Zeus—the various disguises in which he had won the hearts of feminine mortals; but he doubted if even Zeus, in the guise of a cabman, would have made much impression upon the delicate female fancy. As for carrying on a regular siege in his proper person to Miss Olivia, that was quite out of the question after her expressed opinion upon his character. Besides, he had learnt a good deal more than the Greek alphabet that evening: to see himself in other people's eyes (a thing that rarely ministers to vanity); to understand something

of the position of women from their own point of view; and finally, to arrive at some solution of the dark mystery of husband-hunting, that last degradation of civilised humanity. How he envied Olivia her decided convictions! What would he give to share them! He would then no longer be a drone. Olivia in his position! What a world of good or of mischief she would do!

He had some thoughts of taking Lady Jane into his confidence; but unfortunately, Lady Jane, though one of the sweetest of human beings, had never yet thought for herself, and was governed by maxims and prejudices the most antiquated. She would certainly condemn the rebellious De Wynters. Meanwhile the cab-driving and Greek lessons went merrily on, and Mr Forrester loved Sunday as dearly as the hero of "Sally in our Alley." Like most persons afflicted with love, his principal solace was to aggravate his malady, and he took a melancholy satisfaction in feeling much worse every Sunday. But every affliction has its consolations.

tion; and however deeply one may be in love, it is a comfort to think that it can only be with one person at a time: thus the blow having once descended, there is nothing more to fear. He was able, therefore, to study human nature, as revealed in Geraldine and Maisie, without dreading any pernicious consequences. He even consoled himself for the sublime misery of which Olivia was the innocent cause, by the opinion of the great Goethe, that to be in love with a woman is the only successful way of studying female character; though Goethe's affliction was always temporary, and though he usually contrived that that of the woman should be permanent, thus securing himself noble opportunities for human vivisection.

Now Lady M'Whymper was a distant kinswoman of Mr Forrester's, and she frequently reproached him for visiting her so rarely, and had given him a general invitation to dine with her on any night. She was an eccentric old woman, and had, as he knew, rebellious notions upon the subjection of her sex; and he sometimes reproached himself for caring so little for one who thought in some degree with his Olivia. Therefore one day he sent a note to say that he would dine with her, if quite convenient, and requested her to telegraph to his club in case his presence should be superfluous. Having been out shopping all day, Lady M'Whymper did not receive the missive till late in the afternoon, when it was too late to write; and nothing short of life-and-death urgency, or the prospect of losing large moneys, would have induced her to commit the extravagance of a telegram. She therefore ordered an extra cover to be laid, and shrugging her shoulders at the thought of her

previously invited guest's objection to meet people, made herself happy in an arm-chair, and awaited the arrival of her visitors.

The late Sir Dugald had been a firm upholder of marital authority, as well as a strict Calvinist; and though his lady had been twenty years a widow, she still sometimes shudderingly recalled the terrible joy with which she had seen Sir Dugald's eyes close and her own chains snap. Nevertheless she had been good to him in his life, and mourned him with pity after death. In her the De Wynters had confided, and to her alone was their *incognito* known; and further, as fate would have it, Olivia had promised to dine with her on this very evening, and arrived, all-un-suspecting, five minutes before the appointed hour.

"And now, dear cousin," said Olivia, with her little imperial air, as she sank upon an ottoman by the old lady's side, "I must tell you all about our cabman. He is the most charming creature in the world, intelligent, but with a mind which is yet virgin soil; and I am teaching him—— Oh dear!"

Lady M'Whymper had listened but indifferently—her thoughts being preoccupied with the hope that any accident short of a broken limb might keep her other relative from his engagement—when the dreadful sound of a carriage stopping at the door, followed by the yet more dreadful announcement of Mr Forrester, reduced her to a state of temporary idiocy, in which she did not observe the horror and amazement of her guests, and in which she sought some comfort in the reflection that she had saved the telegram money. In her confusion the miserable old woman introduced Olivia by her proper name. "But surely, Livy, you

remember Mark Forrester?" she added, by way of making things pleasanter. "You must have met at Northcourt. Or was it Lord Woodman? Northwynd and he were at Oxford together."

Olivia stood at her full height, looking like a princess in her black velvet, diamonds, and rich old lace; her nostrils quivered, and there was a dangerous flash in her eye. Having first levelled a direct, steady, and indignant glance of three seconds' duration at the unfortunate Mark, she made him a ceremonious salutation, and then turned and walked up to a table, where she began examining some prints. The whole thing seemed to flash through her mind at once,—her cousin's treachery, the plot concocted between Northwynd and Forrester, carried on for weeks, and now brought to a crisis in the house of the traitress. Though it was at least five seconds before she recognised her pet cabman—with his clumsy gestures, bad English, and pomatumed hair plastered down over his forehead—in the gentleman before her, severely spotless and neat, with sable coat and snowy shirt, with short, crisp, waved hair innocent of grease, and nicely pointed moustache, with feet in slim shining boots, so different from the clumsy high-lows in which he was wont to stump heavily up the stairs at Normandy Villa; but the eyes, the square brow, and, above all, the voice, in spite of the different tone and accent, were unmistakable.

The hostess attributed these tokens of indignation on Olivia's part to her anger at meeting a guest, but Mark's apparent dismay she was quite unable to account for. Macbeth's discomfiture at the sight of Banquo's ghost in his own chair was nothing to this. The

only parallel Mark could think of was the tender anguish of Tancred when Clorinda's helmet fell off, and he found himself in mortal combat with the lady of his affections.

The dinner was not a success. Dinners of three seldom are; particularly when one of the three assumes the office of a refrigerator, and makes the ice-pail a superfluity. Poor Lady M'Whymper, in her efforts to conciliate Olivia and put the young people on a pleasant footing, only made things worse. All her little artifices for drawing them into conversation merely served to confirm Olivia in her impression that the whole thing was a conspiracy, in which her hostess was arch-plotter, for effecting matrimony between herself and the unworthy Forrester, whose pleading glances and pathetic humility were yet further evidence of the crime.

When the dreary festivity came to an end, and the unfortunate Mark found himself alone with his reflections, Olivia, after some minutes' indignant silence, charged her hostess with her treachery, to the amazement of the innocent old lady, who was completely bewildered by her young friend's references to cabmen with matrimonial designs, and who stoutly maintained that she had quite forgotten the proposed alliance with Mark Forrester. They were still playing wildly at cross-purposes, though Olivia had satisfied herself that Lady M'Whymper was not guilty of complicity with her kinsman's designs, when Mark, instead of seizing, as his hostess devoutly hoped he would, this opportunity for evanishing, reappeared in the drawing-room.

It was an unlucky moment; for Olivia's indignation was then at its hottest, and she was seeking some

object upon which to pour out the vials of her wrath. "Cousin," she exclaimed, with a wave of her hand in the culprit's direction, "beware of that man! He is a falsehood! He is a cabman! He creeps into people's houses on false pretences! He gets people to teach him Greek. Does he look as if he needed to learn Greek? His father is a retired gamekeeper, and keeps a few pigs and poultry on a little bit of land of his own. His brother George is a gamekeeper. His brother Alan is a Methodist preacher. His sister Jane milks the cows. Does he look like a milkmaid's brother and a retired gamekeeper's son? Does he look as if he earned his living by cab-driving? Oh, he is a consummate actor! You should see him drinking tea out of a saucer, and hear him talking bad English! Beware of him, for there is no knowing what disguise he may assume next!"

So saying, the indignant Olivia vanished through the doorway, which she had been gradually approaching during this speech, and, before her dismayed auditors could recover from the first shock of this denunciation, had caused a cab to be called, and had driven home to fall into Geraldine's arms, burst into tears, and exclaim, "Oh, Geraldine, we are undone! Tricked, deceived, and mocked by that miserable cabman, who is one of Northwynd's own tools!"

"By George!" exclaimed Forrester, after interchanging glances of mutual stupefaction with his hostess for some moments.

"And pray, Mark, what is the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed, severely.

"It means that I'm in as lively a scrape as a man need wish for," he returned, with a melancholy air, as he proceeded to unbosom himself of the cab adventure, and all that it had led to.

CHAPTER V.

"It was all Maisie's fault!" cried Olivia, during the adjourned discussion upon the faithless cab-driver. "Stupid little thing, to lose her wits and run away from a clumsy insolent man like that!"

"Oh, Livy, I can't help my fears! my heart beats so when men are rude in the streets, especially at night!"

"Little coward! Why didn't you call a policeman? Miserable pretence of a woman! You had better go back to Northwynd and get married if you want a protector. Pray, what would you do if you were a maid-servant, with no knightly blood in your veins, with none of the courage which springs from fifty generations of

good feeding, with no sense of *noblesse oblige*, with no education, no high thoughts of woman's destiny, and nothing to lift you above the natural terrors of crushed womanhood? When will you be a woman, and not a baby, that you must go about in the leading-strings of a deceitful cabman?"

"Come, moderate your transports, Livy," cried Geraldine, "and remember that Maisie has neither our stamina nor our inches. Let us have no more of the cabman, for pity's sake. Unless you like to make a ballad on the false fellow, and wind up the whole thing with a good laugh."

"He was not *your* cabman," sighed Olivia, with unintentional

pathos: and while she was yet speaking, the hour being about two o'clock in the afternoon, the leisure moment after the mid-day meal enjoyed by the three sisters, there came a man's springing step upon the stairs, followed by a knock at the parlour-door, and the entrance of the object of all Olivia's anger. The indignant flashes of six bright eyes, and the chill stoniness of three once gracious and friendly faces, formed a by no means encouraging reception.

"And pray, sir," demanded Olivia, after a freezing bow, and without inviting her visitor to be seated, "to what are we indebted for the unexpected honour of this visit? We are not by way of receiving gentlemen at our rooms."

"I came," he replied, displaying a graceful skill in the manipulation of his hat, which contrasted strongly with his performances on the occasion of his first visit, "to offer my best apologies."

"Which are certainly needed," said Geraldine, severely.

"On the contrary," said Olivia, "conduct so *abominable* is beyond apology."

"My conduct is not so abominable as you imagine, dear ladies," he replied, with gentle pathos. Then he related the incidents that had led to his assumption of the disguise.

"And so you had no intention of marrying my sister after all?" asked Geraldine, with a shade of disappointment in her voice.

"None whatever."

"Oh!" faltered Olivia, with an obvious absence of the satisfaction that she ought to have felt under the circumstances.

"You should not have concealed your true name," Maisie said. "Pray, why did you accept my sister's offer of learning Greek? It looks dark, Mr Forrester."

"Pardon me. I gave my name as Mark Forrester; was it my part to correct ladies who chose to pronounce me Forster? I accepted the Greek offer with a view to enriching my experience of character, and before I had seen Miss De Wynter in a full light, or was acquainted with her name."

"This casuistry is pitiful," cried Olivia. "You have not acted the part of a gentleman."

"Quite so: I did the part of cabman instead. You cannot say that it was an unhandsome part."

Geraldine here burst out laughing, and vowed that the *rôle* was perfect. "We accept your apology," she added, "and we confide the secret of our hidden life to your honour, and request that you will molest us no further."

"Also that you will cease to rob honest cabmen of their bread," fulminated Olivia, suddenly turning upon him.

"Kindly do me the favour of accepting the bread," he returned, laying a bracelet of silver coins, elegantly strung upon interlacing silver chains, before the sisters, who recognised the exact number of coins given him in requital of his services. "Of course I shall respect your *incognito*," he added; "but surely this dismissal is rather hard. As a cabman, I have been so kindly welcomed in these rooms."

"The case is now altered. You are an earl's son," said Olivia, with severe reproach.

"I can't help being an earl's son," he replied, with a melancholy air. "I didn't choose that state of life. I would rather have been Prince of Wales. His is the only rank save one in which a man can neither act, think, or speak as he likes, and in which one really earns his champagne and Havannas. His is the

only station in which it is a credit to be jolly."

"No one supposes you to be guilty of your own birth, Mr Forrester," continued Olivia, with unabated majesty; "but I think you might see that it places a bar to your admission here. There are certain conventions with regard to the association of ladies and gentlemen——"

"Exactly. But Olivia Wynter told me that she despised conventionality, as I do. And I might perhaps hint that it is not usual for unmarried ladies to have young cabmen to tea with them."

"Really, Mr Forrester," interrupted Geraldine, with heat—for she felt that this was ungrateful as coming from the favoured cabman himself—"it must be evident to the densest intelligence that a cabman is in a class so far beneath us as to be in quite a different category."

"Quite so. But then, Miss Wynter has renounced class distinctions. She recognises a brother in every man she meets, and thinks of his humanity rather than his accidents. Is it possible, Miss Wynter, that your sympathies have only a downward direction, and that the unfortunate minority known as the upper classes has no claim upon your kindness? What a deal of misapplied charity there is in this world, to be sure!"

"And misapplied talent," added Geraldine. "What a pity you are not a barrister, Mr Forrester! Your clients might commit the cruellest murders with a quiet mind!"

At this moment another step was heard upon the stairs, and was succeeded by a gentle knock at the parlour-door, which Maisie opened, disclosing the form of a young lady with a sweet smile and in an elegant costume, and who appear-

ed to be a stranger to the three sisters.

"What! Mark here?" she exclaimed upon seeing him; and jumping rashly to conclusions, she took it for granted that her brother's intended proposals were already accepted. "And you don't recognise me, Miss De Wynter? Don't you remember my Christmas at Northcourt? and the fun we had? and Mark kissing little Livy under the mistletoe? To think that he should fall in love with her in the disguise of a cabman after all. Dear old Lady M'Whymper told me all about it this morning, and I thought I might venture to call."

"My sister, Lady Jane Forrester," said Mr Forrester, introducing her.

"What! the milkmaid?" cried Geraldine, laughing.

"Yes; Jane the milkmaid," replied the guest, sinking into the lounging-chair that was offered her. "Oh, it was quite true. I do milk the cows sometimes, and make the butter. Mark never fibs. Dear Miss De Wynter, I appreciate your life, and quite believe in women's disabilities, though I never admit it to men, for fear of being thought bold and unfeminine. But I do hope that you will marry Mark—the poor fellow is so dreadfully in love."

"It happened during the first cup of tea," he explained, looking hard at the ceiling, as if taking that mute object to witness.

"The order of things was apparently reversed," commented Geraldine; "the tea stirred the spoon, instead of the spoon stirring the tea."

Olivia rebuked her sister's levity with a look of considerable majesty, and then turned a withering glance upon the suitor, whose natural

misery was tempered by a sense of humour. "This is quite new to us," she observed; "and pray, which of us does Mr Forrester intend to honour with his hand?"

"Her who showed him the greatest kindness," he replied, promptly. "Dearest Miss Olivia," he added, "my sister has precipitated things. I should never have ventured to put the decisive question so quickly. But it is my firm intention to leave no stone unturned until I have persuaded you to marry me. In fact," he added, "I *will* marry you."

Olivia laughed a defiant little laugh, and motioned to the audacious suitor, who had approached very near to her, while Lady Jane and the other two had withdrawn under pretence of examining a picture on the easel, to keep his distance. "And do you think," she asked, "that I would marry a mere man?"

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, "you could scarcely marry a woman, could you?"

Olivia bit her lip, perhaps to conceal a smile; and looked out of the window in the narrow recess of which they were standing, while the group devoted to the fine arts were in the other. "Marriage," she said, "does not enter into our scheme of life. It was partly to avoid it that we hid ourselves from the world. I have already told you of my views and aims in life, and you must see that they are quite incompatible with marriage. How could I renounce my freedom? I will never have a master."

"I am your slave."

"I require a slave as little as I do a master. Besides, your tastes and habits are quite different from mine. I have told you how I hate the frivolous social life of a woman in our class. I could never amuse the leisure of an idle man."

"Our tastes may not be so different as you imagine, and habits may be reformed. Dearest Olivia, believe me it was because you are so different from conventional women that I first loved you. It was then that life began for the first time to be a reality to me. I, too, am sick of frivolity and selfish amusement, and wish to be something more than a mere drone. Won't you help me in this? It was something better than Greek that I came to learn on those sweet, quiet Sunday evenings. Don't leave your task incomplete. Dearest Olivia," he added, with earnestness, "I love you so tremendously!"

Olivia had several times changed colour during this speech, which, from obvious reasons, was spoken in low tones and very close to the listener's ear. "Pray say no more," she cried, with the expression of a thing brought to bay; "it cannot be. The lines of our lives are cast."

But Mr Forrester, who was firmly convinced that the way to win a woman is to make resolute love to her, said a great deal more, and brought tears to his listener's eyes. All this time the other three, making more noise than is exactly expected from ladies—in fact, as the landlady's daughter commented from her post of observation at the key-hole, going on regular rampagious—discussed things in general, and finally performed a duet, the voice parts by Maisie and Lady Jane, and the accompaniment by Geraldine. What with the music, the grave discussion in the window, and a slight commotion outside the parlour-door, caused by the rapid flight of the observer of society from the key-hole, the almost simultaneous arrival of Lady M'Whymper was unheard.

"Weel!" said this good lady, entering all smiles and benevolence, "and how does the little comedy end?"

"Very lamely," replied the lover, "since, as Biron said on a similar occasion, 'Jack hath not Jill.'"

"And is Love's labour quite lost?" asked Geraldine, in a melancholy tone. "Was all that solid cake eaten and Queen's English mangled for nothing?"

"Shall I be a milkmaid, a gamekeeper's daughter, and a cabman's sister for nothing?" continued Lady Jane.

"And shall I renounce mee aversion to marriage, and play the matchmaker for nothing?" added Lady M'Whymper. "I'm glad, Mark, that ye bear it like a philosopher."

"Don't imagine, Lady M'Whymper, that I mean to give up," returned the philosopher stoutly; "I mean to marry her if she can be married." Then it was explained that Mr Forrester had received permission to improve his acquaintance with the three sisters, on condition that he made no further allusion to marriage until Olivia had taken her degree, and that at the same time he tried to make himself useful to society in some way or other. In the meantime, the De Wynters' *incognito* was to be strictly guarded, and the ex-cabman was only to be admitted to the celestial parlour under the charge of a proper chaperon.

"It is a peety that ye couldn't have made things straighter," observed Lady M'Whymper, who, much as she disliked marriage in the abstract, was too much of a woman not to be disappointed at missing one in the concrete. "Come, lassies, give us a cup of tea. Leddy Jean, poor bit bairn, is just fam-

ished, for she ate no lunch for excitement. I'm thinking she would like some of the good solid cake that lay sae heavy on Mark's conscience."

Tea was therefore brewed, and the cabman's own special cake appeared, to the joy of Lady Jane, who maintained that a cabman's appetite was nothing to a milkmaid's.

"I can scarcely forgive Mr Forrester for telling us that his father was a gamekeeper, and devoted in his old age to cows and pigs," Maisie said, in the course of a general conversation of a revolutionary character.

"If a man who preserves the game of half two counties is not a gamekeeper, I don't know who is," he returned. "You are forgetting your Carlyle, Miss Maisie. It is also true that my father now leaves his game to Woodman, and Jane will tell you that the affairs of Europe are nothing to him in comparison with the good management of his pig-sties and the breed of his shorthorns."

"And the brother-preacher—the Radical, socialist, and Methodist?" continued Olivia.

"I deny the Methodist. The rest are visible any day to the eye of flesh in the vicar of St Rade-gunda's."

"Ye suld hear the lad preach!" added Lady M'Whymper, with enthusiasm. And they did so on the following Sunday.

When Lady M'Whymper's sixth cup of tea had vanished, the ex-cabman regretfully rose with the lady guests to take his leave. "What a blank next Sunday will be!" he whispered to Olivia on saying good-bye. "How I shall miss the Greek lesson!"

"And I too," replied Olivia, with her old impetuous air; "for I did

like that cabman—as a cabman, I mean.”

“And I did love that Greek teacher—as a teacher, of course.”

“The comedy will be quite perfect,” Geraldine was then saying to Lady Jane; “Jack will have Jill before long, and my sister will have to assert the independence of woman in the domestic circle. How Northwynd will chuckle!”

Lord Northwynd did chuckle three years later, when his long-lost sister returned to the bosom of her family as Mrs Forrester.

This occurrence was immediately preceded by the passing of Mr Forrester’s celebrated Woman Emancipation Bill, which, as the young reader of this present twentieth century may have forgotten, took place in the year 1886, and is justly reckoned as the culminating glory of the glorious period known in history as the nineteenth cen-

tury. The majority in favour of this bill was overwhelming: there were but three dissentients. Of these, one was a working-man’s candidate, who justly feared that the bill might injure one of the most precious privileges of his order—that of wife-beating. The second was an atheist, who, with the hyper-sensitive conscience peculiar to atheists, feared to vote lest this action should be construed into an acquiescence in Christianity, the only religion which insists on the rights of women. The third was a relic of a now extinct class of politicians, then known as Obstructionists, who dissented merely because this class held it a duty to impede all legislation whatsoever.

“How little,” said the fortunate legislator on the eve of the wedding, —“how little did I dream that my hansom would procure me such a fair!”

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

NO. VI.—IN THE TIME OF THE COMMONWEALTH: LUCY HUTCHINSON
—ALICE THORNTON.

THERE is no book which has been more appreciated or applauded than the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his wife. It is one of the many *mémoires pour servir*, which illustrate so largely that eventful period of history, and one of the few which it is a pleasure to read, opening for us, even in its most anxious strain of narrative, an escape into human nature, which, in the midst of the din and conflict, is full of refreshment and consolation. Colonel Hutchinson was on the side which has always been unpopular with poetry and romance. He belonged to the party which are supposed to be enemies to beauty and to every manifestation of art, the stern Puritans, for whom even their defenders claim no grace or gallant bearing—and was one of those who joined in the condemnation of Charles I., a man of prayer-meetings and psalm-singing. Romance, even when it takes the most favourable view of such a man, presents him to us under a semblance of awkward honesty, too good indeed for his tenets, but rude and rustic at the best, not fit to hold a place among the accomplished cavaliers, like Major Bridgenorth in 'Peveril of the Peak.' Mrs Hutchinson's memoir, however, shows a very different phase; and the noble gentleman of her story, a stately figure, something between Chaucer's Knight and the later type of Grandison, gives a curious contradiction to all the prejudices and conventional ideas in which we have been bred. It has perhaps served the purpose of literature better to draw a broad

line of demarcation between the two parties, and represent the one as appropriating all the graces, while the other had all the piety, of the time. But nothing could be less true. No finer gentleman than John Hutchinson ever added ornament to an age, and no more tender piety than that which flourished in many of the highest Cavalier houses could be found even among the ranks of the martyrs. The latter coexisted with the most boundless depravity, living meekly under the same roof; the former held itself high amid all manners of petty machinations and *bourgeois* plots. We are obliged to admit, looking at both, that the lines of separation were in no way hard and dry; but that, as happens continually in human affairs, the two factions so closely opposed to each other were at bottom the same, merging on either side into an indefinite mass, which held a little for both, and which connected them by a thousand ties.

Among the women the distinction was still less complete. The prim Puritan dames, in whom fiction has always delighted, as a piquant contrast to the bravery of costume and ornament on the other side, must be sought for among the burghers, in a class altogether beneath that of the ruffling gallants who are so often supposed to find hiding and safety in the impression they made upon the daughters of their captors. Religion made no such difference in these outward details as we are pleased to suppose; and the different ranks of society held to their distinctions as

stoutly on the one side as on the other. Nor was the love of sermons, even, confined to one party. The prayers, the meditations, the devout exercises that formed a continual accompaniment to life, were to be found in the houses from which a little contingent marched to join the king, as well as in those that held for the Parliament. The Puritan gentleman "put on a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, such as he usually wore;" the Puritan ladies looked upon Cromwell and his court something as the Faubourg St Germain contemplated *ces-gens là* at the Tuileries in the early days of the last Empire—commenting upon the manner in which "his wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape;" although they might admit that, "to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped." In short, nothing could have been more aristocratic than the republican, and nowhere was there more psalm-singing or devout sermons than in some houses of the Cavaliers.

Mrs Hutchinson's memoirs were not intended for the public. The compilation of family histories was a fancy of the time. In the leisure of widowhood and age, when her children were out in the world and her noonday over, a woman who had been full of fancy and vivacity all her life—without leisure, in the vicissitudes of an active career, for more than a copy of verses now and then, or a religious meditation jotted down among the simples in her recipe-book—would amuse herself in the ease of her later days by writing down all that happened, if not to herself, "to your father," in all the principal chapters of his existence. So Margaret of Newcastle, that incom-

parable princess, wrote a very short sketch of herself, but a prolonged life of her husband, with full description of all his qualities. In the solitude of Owthorpe, when all was over for her personally in this world, she who had stood by her husband's side through a hundred dangers, who had nursed the prisoners when he was governor of Nottingham, and borne himself company in the Tower,—Mrs Hutchinson set herself to make a chronicle of his deeds, his wisdom, his fine Grandison presence, his magnanimity: and even of his person, his shape "slender, and exactly well proportioned in all parts," his "eyes of lively grey," his "teeth of purest ivory," his admirable dancing—though this he made no practice of, the lady allows. The composition of the chronicle in itself affords a pretty picture. Owthorpe was a handsome house in Nottinghamshire, the home of the family. The great hall, which is described by the editor, with three large chambers for the entertainment of guests opening out of it, must have been still and deserted when the solitary woman—"under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women," she says, with pathetic pride and courage—went back in the silence upon her old recollections, so bright, so living, far more real in their morning and noonday glory than that dim gentle evening, and wrote down their early tale of love, the story of his noble manhood, her own struggles and terrors for him, their life in prison, the sad particulars of his death. The sons and daughters for whom it was written all vanished without a name, leaving no track behind them; but the story of John Hutchinson has now become the property of the world. The writer, Lucy Apsley, was born of an honourable lineage, the

daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, a man of various adventures, who, after two previous marriages, according to the fashion of the time, fell in love at forty-eight with the beautiful young daughter of Sir John St John, a girl of sixteen. It was of this marriage, and in so grim a scene as the Tower of London, of which her father was governor, that Lucy was born. The parents are described with all the affectionate panegyric which was general in those days. It would be appropriate now, were such a chronicle made, that the filial biographer, clear-sighted and impartial, should set before the reader the defects of his progenitors, and add to the human interest of the story by an analysis of their character, perhaps not much to their credit; but the fashion of former ages was not so, and the Apsleys are placed before us as scarcely, if at all, inferior to Colonel Hutchinson himself. "His life was a continual exercise of faith and charity," his daughter says of Sir Allen; while her mother became a sort of guardian angel to the prisoners, serving them in every way, paying the expenses of the chemical experiments with which Sir Walter Raleigh amused himself during his confinement, as well as ministering to less eminent persons in commoner ways. The daughter of this excellent pair was distinguished from her birth by the quickness of her intelligence. At four she read English perfectly; at seven "had at one time eight tutors in several qualities—languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was averse from all but my book." But these details are but a preface to the story of her life, which is not her own story. The rest of Lucy Apsley's autobiography is given under another name.

While this flower of grace was growing up against the dark background of the Tower, very attentive to sermons and profitable serious discourse, but still "thinking it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets and poems," and so learned in the same that "I became the confidant in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women—and there was none of them but had many lovers"—a grave but gallant youth, full of every admirable quality, the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, had come of age, and leaving the university, took advantage of the first opportunity he had to escape from his father's house, where a new wife was reigning with a family of new children, and betake himself to London: whence, after a while, he departed to spend the summer months in Richmond, where his music-master had a house in which various people were "tabled," that is to say, boarded, and where Mr Hutchinson found "a great deal of good young company, and many ingenious persons, that by reason of the court where the young princes were bred, entertained themselves in that place, and had frequent resort to the house where Mr Hutchinson tabled. The man, being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the king's musicians often met at his house to practise new airs and prepare them for the king, and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear; others that were not, took that pretence to entertain themselves with the company." In this boarding-house, frequented as it seems to have been by all the gentry about, and full of fine company and lively meetings, was a little maiden "tabled for the practice of her lute," and waiting the return of her mother, who had

gone "into Wiltshire for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that county, out of which my lady came"—with whom young Hutchinson soon struck up the innocent intimacy that is possible between a grown man and a child. It illustrates a certain freedom of manners, which we should scarcely have expected in such a family as that of the Apsleys, that the little daughter in her musical boarding-house seems to have been free of all the company about, and permitted to make friends with strangers: as, indeed, it is curious to find the music-master's house a sort of centre of society in which his guests had it in their power to make acquaintance with the best people in the neighbourhood. Lady Apsley had a country house at about half a mile's distance from that of Mr Colman, the music-master; and the little gentlewoman, his fellow-boarder, "would sometimes ask Mr Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk there with her." Going over the silent house, the young man cast his eyes upon "an odd by-shelf" in one of the rooms, where were some Latin books, and upon inquiring found that these belonged to the child's sister, older than herself by five years, but still scarcely eighteen. We doubt whether such a sight would equally impress the imagination of a young Cambridge man of the present generation; but it had a great effect upon the visionary youth, who had hitherto resisted "all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers." To fall in love thus with a maiden unknown, on the strength of her learned tastes, and the likelihood that he should never have any chance of recommending himself

to her, as she had gone away to be married, was as romantic a proceeding as could have been told of any paladin; but it was providential, as the object of the visionary passion piously admits.

"He began first to be sorry she was gone, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her; and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many various providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction. There scarcely passed any day but some accident or some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman; although the mention of her, for the most part, was inquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. One day there was a great deal of company at Mr Colman's, the gentleman's house where he tabled, to hear the music, and a certain song was sung which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it which was in the house, and upon some of their desires read. A gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighbourhood had made it, it was presently inquired who; whereupon a gentleman then present, who had made the first song, said there were but two women that could be guilty of it, whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Mrs Apsley. Mr Hutchinson fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, although, to speak the truth, it signified very little, addressed himself to the gentleman, and told him he scarce believed it was a woman's;

whereupon the gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, which made him regard all her perfections through a magnifying glass, told Mr Hutchinson that, though for civility to the rest he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Mrs Apsley's only, for she had sense above all the rest, and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced. Another gentleman that sat by seconded this commendation, with such additions of praise as he would not have given had he known her. Mr Hutchinson hearing all this, said to the first gentleman, 'I cannot be at rest till this lady's return, that I may be acquainted with her.'

This romantic desire was heightened by the jocularly of a footman, sent by Lady Apsley with letters to her little daughter, who, on being asked whether her sister was married, replied by drawing forth "some bride laces which were given at a wedding," thus giving the company to believe that the young lady was married. There is something very odd in the idea of the mother and daughter thus going forth into the country "to accomplish the treaty," with the possibility that the wedding might occur anywhere, at any moment, after the fashion of the drama, in which all that was needed was to send for a notary, a priest, and the fiddles; the whole affair being so entirely a matter of business, however, that no sense of failure, of offended delicacy on the lady's part, or offence on that of the gentleman, accompanied the falling through of the project. When Mr Hutchinson heard this, he "immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table, he was fain to pretend some-

thing had offended his stomach, and to retire into the garden," from which he withdrew into his room to escape the importunities of his host, who was deeply concerned by his sudden illness, no doubt fearing some reproach upon his table. The visionary spent the sleepless night in endeavouring to regain his right senses, and overcome the effects of this blow, "but it booted him not to be angry with himself, nor to set wisdom in her reproving chair, nor reason in her throne of council; the sick heart could not be chid nor advised into health." He even tried to persuade himself that "there was some magic in the place which enchanted men"—being a youth of the seventeenth century which had not outgrown witchcraft. Next morning, however, relief came to him in the shape of an assurance that she was not married; and soon after he had the privilege of making acquaintance with the lady of his thoughts, a happiness which took place as follows:—

"One day, having been invited by one of the ladies of the neighbourhood to a noble treatment at Sion Garden, which a courtier that was her servant had made for her, and whom she would bring, Mr Hutchinson, Mrs Apsley, and Mr Coleman's daughter were of the party; and having spent the day in several pleasant diversions, at evening, when they were at supper, a messenger came to tell Mrs Apsley her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he ate no more, now only longing for that sight which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart being prepossessed by his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please

others, or took notice of anything before her. Yet, in spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her eyes when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien which promised an extraordinary person. He was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited; for he wore good and rich clothes, and had a variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable—in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him—which he wore with such equal unaffectedness and neatness as we do not often meet in one. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid. And this first did whet his desires to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty which he so much feared had been accomplished. He found withal, that though she was modest, she was suitable and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them; and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her councils, for she was then much perplexed in mind."

The pretty old-fashionedness and youthfulness of this picture could scarcely be surpassed. The background might have been put in by Watteau: the "noble treatment at Sion Garden," made in honour of his mistress by the courtier who was her servant; the pleasant diversions in which the day was passed, look like one of the entertainments given to Dorimène by some Cleonte or Valère, more noble than M. Jourdain. Then the interruption at supper,—the beating heart with which the young dreamer, able to

eat no more for excitement and longing, got up from table with pretence of civility to escort the little girl home through the evening fields,—his hurried glimpse of the young traveller just arrived "in a careless riding-habit," but "not ugly," she allows—with what tender fidelity all these details must have been written in the heart of her, who so long after—more than a quarter of a century—set them down for the instruction of his children! There is a holiday air about the whole scene, which belongs to the sweet season in which the fancy of the young in all ages "lightly turns to thoughts of love," and in which a country party, an evening walk, a chance encounter, are the events of life, far more important than revolutions or Acts of Parliament. The young lady was much perplexed in her mind because of the desire of her mother and all her friends that she should marry, and of their displeasure at her rejection of suitable offers. "She was obedient, loth to displease them, but more herself in marrying such as she could find no inclination to," which probably was the reason of "the negligence of her dress and habit" with which her neighbours upbraided her, and the air of indifference with which she confronted a world made up of courtiers, too pressing and full of "troublesome pretensions," and of such rural suitors as that one whom she had been taken into Wiltshire to meet with, and with whom the treaty had fallen through. The gallant young Hutchinson, grave as herself, and full of dreamy passion, appeared to her "a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageously conversed with"—a "happy relief from the court gallants, with their victorious airs, who were apt to think, when a young lady held herself aloof

from graver suitors, that "it was a secret liking for them that caused her dislike for others." The two would occupy themselves, no doubt, with more serious subjects, while all the other pairs flirted and chattered around; for she was "a little disturbed with these things, and melancholy," and he no doubt too willing to take what colour she pleased so long as he could make his suit unproved. "He daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks which at the sweet season of the spring invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet had they every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights."

These proceedings, notwithstanding the serious maiden's indifference and melancholy, soon brought about their natural end. She tells her hearers with a tender pride that if she were to relate all that took place, "it would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe;" but these, she adds, "are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth." There remained, however, another trial for the young couple before their engagement terminated, which was the commonest of dangers in those days, though now happily passed out of the list of our apprehensions.

"That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the smallpox, which was in many ways a great trial upon him. First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease for the present made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit her

chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

The marriage thus accomplished was one of those marriages of true minds, by which that inner happiness, which is the sovereign balm against outside calamity, is secured. He "never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities," she says, with the fond consciousness of faithful love. She was soon overwhelmed with the cares of a nursery; and one of the first acts of the young Puritan, so soon to be a prominent figure in the Roundhead party, was, by the persuasion of his wife, an attempt to "buy an office" in the Star Chamber—a negotiation which, however, was not successful. The reason was, that either some means of procuring "an augmentation of revenue" should be adopted, as the young couple had begun their family by an arrival of twin boys, soon to be followed by other children,—or that they should retire into a cheaper country,—a conclusion which she, little desirous of leaving the neighbourhood of her mother and friends for the wilds of Nottinghamshire, was anxious to avoid. It is a curious indication how little as yet the mass of undistinguished gentlemen had divided themselves into parties, that this should have happened so late as the year 1639. After this failure, which she afterwards understood to be providential, the young lady yielded, and they went with their babies to Owthorpe, which henceforward became their home. It is scarcely needful to follow the pair through all the troubles in which they were soon to be important actors. They were very young when they retired to Owthorpe—Mr Hutchinson but

twenty-three, his wife three or four years younger. Moved by all the excitements of the time, he set himself to study the whole matter in the quiet of his rural house. It was about the time of the massacres in Ireland, when men's minds were greatly stirred, and Ireton, afterwards so well known, a kinsman of Hutchinson, and with great influence over him, was in the country, ready no doubt with his account of the principles of the Parliament, and the untrustworthiness of the King. Though they were all firmly convinced, as England continued to be for the rest of the century, that an attempt "to bring back Popery and subvert the true Protestant religion" was at the bottom of all the usurpations of authority, yet the young thinker of Owthorpe made up his mind that this danger, though "apparent to every one that impartially considered it," was still not "so clear a ground for war as the defence of the just English liberties." His first step in public life was in opposition to the attempted carrying away by Lord Newark, Lord-Lieutenant of the county for the King's service, of the powder belonging to the train-bands of the county; and it was not very long before he became colonel of a troop raised in the Parliamentary service, and finally Governor of the Castle of Nottingham, which, in Mrs Hutchinson's animated narrative, stands out before us with all its risks and grievances,—the foes outside not so dangerous as the petty jealousies and conspiracies within; an uneasy charge in which her husband, still a very young man, conducted himself with a noble temper and courage, which justify her pride in him. Our space does not permit us to trace this story throughout, but we may make, as Mrs Hutchinson does, "a little digression," to ex-

plain how "the name of Roundhead came up"—a name which she was very indignant to have applied to her husband.

"When Puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habits, looks, and words, which, had it been a real forsaking of vanity and an embracing of sobriety in all those things, would have been most commendable. . . . Among other affected things, few of the Puritans, of what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party, whose army, indeed, marched out as if they had been only sent out till their hair was grown. Two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them would have inquired the reason of their name. It was very ill-applied to Mr Hutchinson, who, having naturally a fine thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour; who were, many of them, so weak as to esteem such insignificant circumstances rather than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought zeal, aid, and honour to their party."

It was hard upon the young soldier to be thus stigmatised by his political opponents on one side, and rejected on the other for the absence of the outward badge which occasioned the name. His wife in the meanwhile suffered various alarms, yet was not so much cast down by her misfortunes but that she could still engage in a piece of *espèglerie*, passing off her brother-in-law as her husband on one occasion

to defeat the malice of a Royalist captain—a pleasantry which cost Mr George Hutchinson some trouble, as he was taken prisoner and carried off in the character of his brother, to the great dismay of the ladies. The governorship of Nottingham was no happy charge. While the young master of Owthorpe was looking to his walls and collecting his men, and painfully feeding them upon his own credit, grants from Parliament being small and hard to be got, his house was lying at the mercy of the Royalist bands, his rents appropriated, his lands promised away—no very happy prospect for the anxious young wife, who, alarmed by the appearance of her twins, had prevailed on him to buy a place, and settle to official work and gains. Defender of a castle in arms against the king, nothing could well be more different than his present position and attitude from that of the would-be clerk of the Star Chamber. While he ruled as he could, striving with all the *bourgeois* factions of the town,—the rivals who thought themselves as well entitled to the post of governor as he, and the busybodies who considered themselves able to advise him,—she took upon herself the post of surgeon to the garrison. Mrs Hutchinson's relative, who edits her work, takes it upon himself to conclude that she had acquired a knowledge of medicine from her mother, Lady Apsley, who had learned the same by means of Sir Walter Raleigh and his chemical experiments. But this seems a little far-fetched; and probably Mrs Hutchinson shared only the homely science not unusual among the country ladies of her time,—the capacity to dress wounds and stop bleeding, which a life exposed to constant accidents and violence made necessary. How advanced

in charity and helpfulness she was, and how far above the cruel prejudices of her time, will be seen by the following description. The town of Nottingham had been betrayed by some of the inhabitants, and occupied and plundered for some days by Royalist troops, who, however, were now beaten off, and forced to evacuate, by the guns of the castle.

“There was a large room, which was the chapel in the castle: this they had filled with prisoners, besides a very bad prison which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's Den; and the new captain, Palmer, and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby men was slain and five of our men hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she, having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed their wounds,—whereof some were dangerous, being all shots—with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time. After our wounded men were dressed, as she stood at the chamber-door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut and carried down bleeding to the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them in to her, and bound up and dressed their wounds also; which, while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in and told her his soul abhorred to see this favour for the enemies of God. She replied she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies. But he was very ill satisfied with her, and with the governor presently after.”

The enemies without were, as has been said, nothing to the enemies within. The governor was opposed at every turn by a committee, whose chief work would seem to have been to contest his orders and

prepare accusations against him. Three times he was forced to leave his charge and go to London to defend himself against their attacks. Presbyterian ministers (a class which Mrs Hutchinson had little admiration for) preached against him in the pulpit, and envious burgesses plotted his destruction. His own appearance in the midst of all these oppositions is always gallant and noble: his charity never fails him, — his patience rarely. When his assailant in the pulpit was taken prisoner, and gave himself up as without hope of exchange, in consequence of his sermon, the governor, "who hated poor revenges," delivered his adversary, letting his friend (which was a little hard upon the friend, one can't help thinking) wait for an after occasion. "His own friends would tell him," says his admiring wife, "if they could in conscience and justice forsake him, they would become his adversaries, for that was the next way to engage him to obligations." Altogether this fine Quixote Grandison stands out from the troubled background of petty plot and squabble, like a great Titian portrait full of colour and life. He was still only twenty-eight, in the glow of youth and hope. But Mrs Hutchinson's picture of the townsfolk is not a flattering one. The vapouring minister turned soldier, who can never forgive them for advising him to stick to his sacred profession; the tricky lawyer, full of endless plots; the domineering but stupid aldermen, some of them "malignants," but the greater part faithful enough to the Parliament, if only their private hates were satisfied, — are drawn with no lack of gall in the ink. The Presbyterians were but a shade better than the Papists, evidently, in the lady's eyes. The treacherous Scots were worse than malig-

nants. Her scorn of the nobodies who came to the surface in the perturbation of affairs, is wholly untouched by her admiration for the Commonwealth. Her experience of the Governorship of Nottingham was certainly not calculated to make her esteem at a high rate, either the understanding or the spirit of the townsmen. But, like most true aristocrats, she has a sympathy and pity for the people which the masses almost invariably reciprocate. It is the middle class, with its intolerable pretensions, which neither can bear.

When the Royalists were subdued in that region, and Nottingham set free, Colonel Hutchinson left the scene of so many internecine conflicts, and went to London to take his seat in Parliament, to which he had been elected at his father's death, in Sir Thomas's place. There was a very bitter spirit of discord and envy raging, Mrs Hutchinson tells, by which the Presbyterian faction were chiefly inspired. "They would obstruct any good rather than that those they envied and hated should have the glory of procuring it," she says. The Colonel and herself were of a very different mood. Their candour and openness of mind were such, that they sympathised with all vagaries of belief. On one memorable occasion, when the Colonel had been forced by popular clamour to break up a private prayer-meeting among his cannoniers, some notes concerning pædo-baptism were found, which, shut up in the castle, and no doubt glad of something new to study, the young wife read. She was an eager student, and such questions were familiar to her. She soon made up her mind that there was nothing about infant baptism in the Scriptures; "but being then young and modest, she thought it

a kind of virtue to submit to the judgment and practice of most Churches, rather than to defend a singular opinion of her own, she not being then enlightened in that great mistake of national Churches."

But another child was on the eve of appearing, and the question had to be solved. She put the notes into her husband's hands, and he, too, examining them with equal candour and impartiality, was shaken in his belief. When the baby had arrived, and his anxious wife was out of the way, the Colonel beguiled his solitude by inviting all the ministers to dinner, that they might, if possible, resolve his doubts. But the ministers were unprepared to do anything of the kind; and the result was that the child was not baptised,—a practical conclusion.

Colonel Hutchinson had become an important enough personage, after his governorship, to be involved in all the great events of the time. He was put, "very much against his own will," into the commission for the trial of the king, and put his hand to the death-sentence—a step which his wife defends, though with a certain awe and brevity, as the necessary issue of all that had gone before, from which it was impossible to shrink when the crisis came. Afterwards he was chosen a member of the first Council of State appointed after the establishment of the Commonwealth. It is not, however, with historical events of such magnitude that it is our business to deal, save as affects the private thread of life woven in with them. Colonel Hutchinson derived little advantage from the new turn of affairs: he was that always unmanageable individual—an independent member, fully approving neither one party nor the other,—against "the Presbyterian faction," of which his

wife cannot speak with patience, and against the overwhelming influence of the army—doubtful of Cromwell, dissatisfied with the course of events. Here is a little incident which shows the impracticable character of the man, and the trouble he must have been to any and every party, ruling by party means in a divided State. He had been offered the governorship of various towns, and among them had chosen Hull as being at the least distance from his own home.

"Soon after this, the Lieutenant-General, Cromwell, desired him to meet him one afternoon at a Committee, where, when he came, a malicious accusation against the Governor of Hull was violently prosecuted by a fierce faction in that town. To this the governor had sent up a very fair and honest defence; yet most of the Committee, more favouring the adverse faction, were labouring to cast out the governor. Colonel Hutchinson, though he knew him not, was very earnest in his defence, whereupon Cromwell drew him aside, and asked him what he meant by contending to keep in that governor (it was Overton). The Colonel told him because he saw nothing proved against him worthy of being ejected. 'But,' said Cromwell, 'we like him not.' 'Then,' said the Colonel, 'do it upon that account, and blemish not a man that is innocent upon false accusations, because you like him not.' 'But,' said Cromwell, 'we would have him out, because the government is designed for you; and except you put him out you cannot have the place.' At this the Colonel was very angry, and, with great indignation, told him, if there was no way to bring him into their army but by casting out others unjustly, he would rather fall naked before his enemies than as such to put himself into a position of defence. Then returning to the table, he so eagerly undertook the injured governor's protection that he foiled his enemies, and the governor was confirmed in his place."

When Cromwell dissolved the Parliament, the Hutchinsons retired to the country, where the Colonel found work enough in rebuilding his forsaken house, restoring his lands, planting trees, and educating his children, besides the patriarchal supervision of the district, which his high character and popularity made appropriate and natural. He laid out about two thousand pounds in the purchase of pictures and other objects of art, which were dispersed after the king's death, and with which he decorated Owthorpe; and during the interval of the Protectorate—a Government which he disapproved, and in which he took no share—continued in strictly private life. "He would not act in any office under the Protector's power," his wife says: but unfavourable as she was to Cromwell, there is an unconscious testimony to the peace of England in his strong hand in her description of her husband's position during these years.

"He being now reduced into an absolutely private condition, was very much courted and visited by those of all parties; and while the grand quarrel slept, and both the victors and vanquished were equal slaves under the new usurpers, there was a very kind correspondence between him and all his countrymen. As he was very hospitable, and his conversation no less desirable and pleasant than instructive and advantageous, his house was much resorted to, and as kindly open to those who had been in public contests his enemies as to his continual friends; for there never lived a man that had less malice and revenge, nor more reconcilableness and kindness and generosity in his nature than he."

In short, the condition of the better class of conscientious politicians and soldiers, seeking no advantage to themselves, seems under Cromwell to have been not un-

like that of the cultivated French gentry under the Second Empire—a position of perfectly safe and protected disapproval, in which, when sufficiently far off from the centre of affairs to be free from the irritation of looking on at the methods they hated, the prosperity of the country and the peace around gave to the critics a great deal of comfort in their lives. They were in the shade, and deprived of all power; but their freedom of opposition was not interfered with so long as it was confined to words, and did not disturb the public peace.

At Cromwell's death this comparatively happy disposition of affairs came to an end, and in the moment of anarchy that followed, Colonel Hutchinson was more severely treated than he had yet been, and forced even to take refuge in a secret chamber in his house, in order to separate himself entirely from the wild plans and revenges of the lawless soldiers. After the Restoration troubles of a different kind arose; and the unexpected yet almost inevitable proceedings against the men who had sat in judgment upon King Charles brought dismay into the ranks of the lately triumphant party. Colonel Hutchinson had never been without the consciousness, even at the terrible crisis when he made up his mind to consent to that unparalleled step, that a time would come in which it would be avenged. Among the excuses for their conduct offered by some of the actors in that great scene, he appeared with none; but professing that he had acted according to what seemed to him right, placed himself in the hands of Parliament, declaring "if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he would freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal. At

this momentous period, when everything hung in the balance, the wife, who has all this time abandoned her personality altogether, and thought only of her husband's, comes boldly to the front, and takes up his defence.

"Mrs Hutchinson, whom to keep quiet her husband had hitherto persuaded that no man would lose or suffer by this change, at this beginning was awakened, and saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice, and therefore herein only, in her whole life, resolved to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety, and prevailed with him to retire; for she said she would not live to see him a prisoner. With her unquietness she drove him out of his own lodging into the custody of a friend, in order to his further retreat if occasion should be, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety. Meanwhile it was first resolved in the House that mercy should be shown to some, and exemplary justice to others; then the number was defined and voted it should not exceed seven; then upon the King's own solicitation that his subjects should be put out of their fears, those seven were named, and after that a proclamation was sent for the rest to come in. Colonel Hutchinson, not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself in order to secure his estate; and he was very earnest to do it, when Mrs Hutchinson would by no means hear of it; but being exceedingly urged by his friends that she would hereby obstinately lose all their estate, she would not yet consent that the Colonel should give himself into custody, and she had wrought him to a strong engagement that he would not dispose of himself without her. At length, being accused of obstinacy in not giving him up, she devised a way to try the House, and wrote a letter in his name to the Speaker, to urge what might be done in his favour, and to let him know that by reason of some inconveniency it might be to him, he desired not to come under custody, and yet should be ready to appear at

their call; and if they intended any mercy to him, he begged they would begin it in permitting him his liberty upon his parole till they should finally determine of him. This letter, she conceived, would try the temper of the House: if they granted this, she had her end, for he was still free; if they denied, she might be satisfied in keeping him from surrendering himself.

"Having contrived and written this letter before she carried it to the Colonel, a friend came to her out of the House, near which her lodgings then were, and told her that if they had but any ground to begin, the House was that day in a most excellent temper towards her husband; whereupon she wrote her husband's name to the letter and ventured to send it in, being used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his. These gentlemen who were moved to try this opportunity were not the friends she relied on; but God, to show that it was He, not they, sent two common friends, who had such good success that the letter was very well received; and upon that occasion all of all parties spoke so very kindly and effectually for him, that he had not only what was desired, but was voted to be free without any engagement; and his punishment was only that he should be discharged from the present Parliament, and from all offices, military or civil, in the State for ever; and upon his petition of thanks for this, his estate also was voted to be free from all mulcts and confiscations."

Mrs Hutchinson's prevision was afterwards fully justified by the miserable fate of the others, "who were decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the House's proclamation after they had voted only seven to suffer," and who were imprisoned, tried, exposed to barbarous treatment in the Tower, had their estates confiscated, and were exposed besides, as she says with indignation, to "the eternal infamy and remorse which hope of life and estate made them bring upon themselves by base and false

recantations of their own judgment, against their consciences." The Colonel, as might be supposed, 'was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting deliverance.' When he saw how the others suffered, he felt that he himself was "judged in their judgment and executed in their execution." It is easy to realise what a man so generous must have felt in such circumstances. "His wife, who thought she never deserved so well of him as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance." He was not, however, very long afflicted with this magnanimous distress. A very short time after, he was sent for to bear evidence against his coadjutors, which he refused, and thereby lost all chance of favour with the reigning powers. After a short period of tranquillity in the country, he was suddenly arrested again, on vague suspicion of some plot, and imprisoned in the Tower. Here the struggles of his wife to obtain a hearing for him, to ascertain of what he was accused, and to soften the pitiless secret tribunals at whose mercy he was, were endless. There is never an "I" in the book from beginning to end. The dauntless woman describes these trials of her power and patience as occasions on which her hero "sent his wife" to one functionary or other; but these are too long to be followed here. He was condemned to be banished to the Isle of Man; but afterwards was sent off suddenly to Sandown Castle in Kent, "a lamentable old ruined place" on the coast, where the rooms were all out of repair, and no possibility of any comfort was. The story of his confinement in this place, and of the pathetic family meetings in his room, "which

was a thoroughfare room having five doors in it, one of which opened on a platform that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, whilst every tide washed the Castle walls," are heart-rending. His wife, who had not been permitted to be with him in the Tower, followed him sorrowfully with her son and daughter, and lodged at Deal, from whence they walked daily to his prison. Their family life, all broken up and come to nothing, was confined to these dreary pilgrimages by the edge of the sea, and the prison table at which they sat with him: yet the Colonel endured it so cheerfully that he was never more pleasant and contented in his whole life.

"When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle-shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass with the most artificial engravings, which were things, when he recreated himself from serious studies, he as much delighted in as any form of art. But his fancy showed itself so excellent in sorting and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions; his business and continual study was the Scripture, which, the more he conversed in, the more it delighted him — inasmuch that, his wife having brought him some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her, and told her that if he should continue as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing there but his Bible. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him. He would also bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him,

and how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had suffered his spirits to have sunk, or his patience to have been lost under this. One day when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her his reasons why she should hope and be assured that this cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it that he was entitled to it. She told him that she did not doubt but the cause would revive; but, said she, notwithstanding all your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison. He replied, I think I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be innocent. I shall advance the cause more by my death, hastening the vengeance of God upon my unjust enemies, than I will by all the actions of my life. Another time, when she was telling him she feared they had but placed him on the sea-shore in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her if they had, God was the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe: prithee, said he, trust God with me—if He carry me away He will bring me back again."

But these sorrowful days were drawing near a close. As the summer ended, with all its loving, melancholy talks, Mrs Hutchinson found it necessary to go back to Owthorpe for needful supplies. She left her husband sadly, with many forebodings, fearful lest he should be "shipped away to some barbarous place in her absence." "The Colonel comforted her all he could, and on the morning she went away, said, 'Now I myself begin to be loth to part with thee.' But yet, according to his usual cheerfulness, he encouraged himself with her, and sent his son along with her." But it was not to a barbarous place that the courageous prisoner was to be shipped away. For a few days he continued his cheerful talk and musings, walking on the sea-side—a privilege which had recently been granted to him—with his child

and the devoted brother who had been his companion all his life—the keeper, let us hope, having humanity enough to keep out of hearing as he followed them along the beach—"discoursing" sometimes "of the public concerns," and how further troubles were sure to arise; but that "it must be a sober party"—not one of the extreme and excited parties of the past—"that must then arise and settle them;" sometimes of his Scriptural studies, which, during the incoming winter, he would make his wife set down for him,—“For,” said he, “I will no more observe their cross humours; but when her children are near I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then in the winter nights she shall collect several observations I have made of this epistle since I came into prison.” But there were no winter nights left for them to continue their work together. He died after little more than a week’s illness—leaving for his absent wife the message to which she refers with a proud and tender obedience in the preface to her work: “Let her,” he said, “as she is above other women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women.” He died in his bleak sea-side prison early in October 1663, at the age of forty-seven. His faithful wife carried him to his home to be buried, though it was at “an intolerable expense”—conveying him across London, “through the whole heart of the city,” without, she says, “one reviling word or indignity offered them the whole way.” The verdict of the doctors upon him was, that no disease but his prison had killed him. When she had laid him in his grave, the brave woman, in proud love and grief, obeying the com-

mand that had been laid upon her,—"not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women,"—made this noble memorial to him—such a monument as few of the greatest of earthly heroes and sages have attained; and thereafter effacing herself altogether, as if she had died with him, is seen of us no more.

Alice Thornton is a woman of a very different order from Lucy Hutchinson. She is a great deal more devout in meditations and religious phraseology, though on the Cavalier side in politics; but she has no share in the greater story of the nation, and her chronicle, besides a great deal of small-beer, is occupied with herself and her own affairs, to the exclusion of most other things. She has no hero, nor is there any great love in her life. She is the type of the ordinary in comparison with the more elevated nature. Through her we obtain a glimpse into those dull respectable homes in which so much of the strength and so little of the beauty of English existence lies. The only thing out of the way about her personally, is that she was subject to various unpleasant reports, which she vigorously denies and defends herself against; but, as in so many cases, the energetic defence suggests a possible guilt, and it would have been wiser of the learned Society which brought her record of herself to light, if they had left out all concerning this. The heat of the old plea against an accusation which has fallen dead long ago with its promoters alike and its victim, has a curious galvanic sort of earnestness in it; but nobody is interested now in knowing whether Mrs Thornton was more or less immaculate. There is nothing in her story which makes us feel instinctively, as we do in the case of Mrs Hutchinson, that reproach or

scandal can have nothing to do with her. Its interest lies in its simple pictures, openings deep down into the country life, which remained stolid, comparatively unmoved, while the artillery was roaring, and wild gleams of civil war were lighting up the landscape. We have said that she had nothing to do with public life; but her father had held a high appointment in Ireland—that of Lord-Deputy, in which he succeeded the Earl of Strafford, his relation. But he died while his children were still young, leaving a book of advice to his son, of which there is much mention in the family, and a will which went through many strange hazards, and was only recovered many years after by a singular concatenation of circumstances. The death-bed of Strafford's cousin and successor is described at length with much devoutness of religious expression. The Irish rebellion broke out a few months after his death, while his helpless young family were still in Dublin with their mother. They were, like others, roused in the middle of the night to take refuge in Dublin Castle, when the intended massacre of the inhabitants of the town was found out. When they reached England, it was only to drop into the dangers of another beleaguered city, Chester, some of the incidents of the siege of which Mrs Thornton relates:—

"I had in this time of the siege a grand deliverance, standing in a tirrit in my mother's house, having bin at praire in the first morning we were besett in the town; and not hearing of it before, as I looked out at a window towards St Marie's Church, a cannon-bullett flew soe nigh the place where I stood, that the window suddenly shut with such a force that the whole tirrit shooke; and it pleased God I escaped without more harme save that the waffe tooke my breath from me for that present, and caused a great feare and trembling, not know-

ing from whence it came. I blesse and praise the Lord our God for this my perticular preservation at that time. Allso my brother John Wandesforde was preserved from death in the smallpox, he having taken them of one of my cozen William Wandesforde's sons living then at Chester. Greate were my mother's fears for him, and caire and paines she took about him, and at last hee through nursing was recovered, although he was very much disfigured, having bene a very beautiful child, and of a sweet complection. In the time of his sickness I was forbidden to come to him, least I should gett the smallpox and endanger my own life, and so observed my mother's command in that; but my love for him could not contain itself from sending in letters to him by a way found out of my own foolish invention, tying them about a little dog's neck, which, being taken into his bed, brought the infection of the disease upon myself, as allso the sight of him after his recovery, being strooke with fear, seeing him so sadly used, and all over read, I immediately fell very ill."

Shot and shell without, and smallpox within, made a sharp mixture; and fortunately few English maidens since have shared Alice Wandesforde's experience, as she stood in the "tirrit" with her breath taken away by the "wafte" of the cannon-ball. After a time, the widow and her children got home to their own house at Kirklington in Yorkshire, and afterwards to Hipswell, her jointure house, where the family had their share of the troubles of the time. The battle of Marston Moor was made memorable to them by an adventure of the elder son's, who, coming back secretly from France, where he had been bred, "wanting supplies in the warre's time," found himself while on his way entangled in the rout of the king's force; and pushing on towards York to take his younger brother Christopher from school, before that city too was taken, met

the lad "riding towards the moor with other boys, which was goeing in their simplicity to see the battle"—took him up on his horse behind him, and fled homeward, pursued as if he had been a fugitive from the battle. The two found their way by the back-door into their mother's house at midnight, where they were received with great joy and thanksgiving; but George was considered as a belligerent, and his property was sequestered in consequence. The next trouble of the household was one which reflects little credit upon the "Scotts party," as Mistress Alice calls them,—the treacherous Scots whom Mrs Hutchinson holds in so high disdain. Evidently our poor nation was not popular in England in those days. It was hard work to live at all in Yorkshire after Marston Moor, "for the madnes of the Scotts who quartred all the country over, and insulted over the poore country and the English." Lady Wandesforde compounded for the men quartered upon her, paying as much as "1s. 6d. a-piece, when others at ninepence only in a month"—a rather obscure statement; but a house in which there is a pretty daughter has other dangers in times of war.

"Att length there came one Captain Innes which was over that troope we had in towne, and he coming on a surprise into the house, I could not hide myself from them as I used to doe: but coming boldly into my mother's chamber, where I was with her, he began to be much more earnest and violent to have staid in the house, and said he would stay in his quarters; but we so ordered the matter, that we gott him out by all the fair means could be, to gett quitt of him, who was so vild a bloody looked man, that I trembled all the time he was in the house: I calling to mind with dread that he was soe infinit like in person my lord Maguire, the great rebell in Ireland, was in a great consternation for fear of him. After which time, this man

impudantly tould my aunt Norton that he would give all he was worth if she could procure me to be his wife, and offered three or four thousand pounds, and Lord Adair should come and speak for him. She said it was all in vaine ; he must not presume to looke that way, for I was not to be obtained. And she was sorry he might not have any incoragement, for I was resolved not to marry, and put him off the best she could—but writt me private word that my Lord of Adair and he would come to speak to me and my mother about it, and wished me to gett out of his way. It was not to further that desire in me, who did perfectly hate him and them, all like a todd in such a kind ; and immedaiately acquainted my dear mother, which was surprised and troubled, for she feard they would burn down her house and all, wished me to goe whither I would to secure myselfe ; and I did soe forthwith, ran into the towne, and hid myself privately in great fear and afright, with a good old woman of her tenants, where, I bles God, I continued in safety till the vissitt was over, and at night came home. We was all joyful to escape soe, for my dear mother was forced to give them the best treat she could, and said indeed she did not know where I was, and sent out a little to seeke me, but I was safe from them. After which time this villaine captaine did study to be revenged of my dear mother, and threatened cruelly what he would do to her because she hid me, tho' that was not true, for I hid myself."

On another occasion this violent wooer resorted to still more strenuous measures, and "lifted" Lady Wandesforde's cattle, cursing her at her window and wishing "the deale blaw me blind and into the ayre,"—an expression which shows Mistress Alice had a good ear for the wild Scot's barbarous language, if the spelling is a little incomplete. The widow's peaceable jointure-house amid its fields, with the risk of a northern invader breaking in any day, or a friend arriving hunted and breathless by the back way any evening, must have been kept in excitement such as it is

hard to realise in England ; and they were quiet people, making no demonstrations, the sons too young to throw themselves into any party, and the women not imprudent even in their devotion. Mistress Alice indeed gives utterance to a wail over the killing of the king, which is so entirely Puritan in its phraseology and tone of thought, that it is difficult to believe it is a Royalist young lady who writes ; and her account of the religious oppressions of the time, from the Churchwoman's side of the question, has much novelty in its revelations. Her brother's estate was sequestrated, not only in consequence of that flight from the outskirts of Marston Moor, with his boy brother behind him, but because he had presented to the family living of Kirklington "a very pious godly minister, but not of the Presbyterian faction," who was displaced, and another of views more conformable to those of the victorious party put in his stead. The young man was still under age, and it could not be proved against him that he took any part in the fight ; but nevertheless he, his mother, brothers, and young sister, were all proclaimed traitors to the Parliament, and George obliged to disguise and hide himself. To get the sequestration done away, the family resorted to the aid of some members of the other party, who responded by putting forward a suitor, in the person of a certain Mr Thornton, which was "a good man and a good estate, about £700 per annum," for the hand of Mistress Alice. "As to my own particular," she says, "being willing to be advisable by my friends in the choyce of a husband, deeming their judgments above my owne, was perswaded that this proposal might turn to the good of the whole family, and was inclined upon these grand motives and in-

duancements to accept of this motion for Mr Thornton contrary to my own inclination." But, alas! the motive for which this young lady was chiefly willing to take this step, her love and concern for her brother, ceased to be of any importance before "the motion" was carried out. The sketch of George's mournful end is the most touching page in the memoir. The young man was setting out to thank the gentlemen who had been working in his behalf for the removal of the sequestration, and had made his obeisance to his mother and craved her blessing, when his sister, who is somewhat fond of discoursing on the subject of her ailments and wonderful recoveries, was seized with a pain in her neck, which interrupted their leave-taking.

"He pittied me, and would have staid with me but that his uncle William staid for him at Richmond for letters that post: and after his walking three or four turnes about the chamber in his studeing of his bussinesse, till, methoughts, I saw a great deale of change, he looked so seariously and soberly, as if there was some great change neere, but what I knew not, only feared the worst that we should be deprived of him whom I so dearly loved. He in a very reverent manner kneeled downe and asked blessing at his going out againe not long before: which my mother tooke notice of, praising God Almighty to bless him, and said, 'Sonn, I gave you my blessing but even now; how cometh it that you take so solemne a leave of me?' He answered, 'Forsoothe, I cannot have your praiers and blessing for me too often;' and so with her praiers for him in his preservation, and his most humble obeisance in a dutiful manner, he took his leave, bidding me 'Farewelle, dear sister; I hope to find you better at my returne home.' I likewise praied him to have a caire of himself: and lookeing after him, I thought he had the sweetest aspect and countenance as I ever saw in him, and my heart was even full of feares that we should lose him, there was soe greate

and intire an affection for him on whom we did all so much depend: and speaking of this to him, he said, I was allwaies full of feares for him, but hee did not deserve it: and this was the laste parting we had in this world, with abundance of deare love and affection betwixt us as we ever had in our lives together. Going after this down-stairs, hee called for his horse, and although he had two men my mother kept for him, yet took hee neither with him, but bade his footeman James Brodricke (an Irishman and an excellent runner) to mete him at Richmond at two o'clock, where he was to have mette my uncle William. So my brother went towards the river, and as he rid by our chapel, where there was a wedding that day, he asked the people whether the Swaile might be ridden. They said there had bin a flood, but it was fallen, for some had crost the river that morning. Soe he, bidding the people joy in their marriage, went very slowly towards the river: and as we heard afterwards by two men which saw him on the other side, he went down as carefully and slowly as foot could fall. Nor was the second flood come so high till he was in the midst of the river: but when it comes from the Dales it falls with a mighty mountaineous force suddainly, as I can myselfe testifie, whoe (through the mercye of God) was very nigh perishing in that water once or twice, but was delivered. . . . But to returne to the sad relation of my brother, which we was informed of by two men which walked beyond the river, they perceaving a gentleman going downe to the water, imagining it some one from Hipswell, seeing afar off that the flood came suddainly and mightily downe, made haste to the Swaile, and see only his horrsse getting out of the river, where he had bin tumbled in all overheade, and by swimming had got out and shaken himselfe. They got hold of his bridle but missed the person that rid on him, perceaved it to be his horse, made a great search for my brother, but could not find the bodie. With great sorrow and lamentation they ran to Easby and Richmond, raising all the towns, flocking in exceedingly with lamentable mournings and outcries for him whom they doubted was loste in that unhappy river."

This lamentable description has all the force of a picture; and in the contrast between the peaceful interior, the mother half disturbed in the midst of her other occupations by the unusual solemnity of the demand a second time for her blessing, the sister, looking after him, admiring at the "sweetest aspect and countenance" she had ever observed in him, as so often happens at such a crisis of fate—and the dangerous ford and dark flood, "falling with a mighty mountainous force suddainly," is dramatic and tragic to the highest degree. The loss was a terrible one to the family; for the drowned heir was their pride and prop, and the brother who succeeded him was of much less amiable conditions,—denied the rights of the younger children, and brought the whole family into trouble. The marriage which followed soon after was settled, not without many searchings of heart, for Mistress Alice does not deny "her great unwillingness to consent to that change which involved a thousand miseries." But the credit of the mother and daughter were apparently to a great degree pledged, notwithstanding many hesitations on the subject of means and settlements. Mr Thornton's estate was "below the fortune" of the young lady. "A cleare match or two, as Collonel Anstrooder [Anstruther?] and my Lord Darcy's son, Collonel Darcy, of £1500 per annum or more," were proposed to her, and Mr Thornton at the best had only £600, or probably less. "Oh what a strait was we brought to in this great affaire!" she cries. Then there was the question of religion, which was tearing the realm asunder.

"Again, I considered that Mr Thornton's relations were opposit to my oppinnions of the Church of England and religion; and if he himself had bin of the same riggid oppinnion of

the Presbyterians, I could by noe means have granted soe to dispose of myselfe to be misserable in the great conserne of my soule, and to bring forth children to be soe educated. In this point I was resolved to put it to the tryall by declaring to Mr Thornton that I supposed he was not ignorant of my judgment and religion, whence I was educated in the faith of God and the profession of the true Protestant Church of England. In it I lived, and did, by God's grace, intend to dye; so that if he was not of the same faith with me, we should be misserable, and I could not for all the world match myselfe to soe great misfortune, nor could he have any satisfaction to have one of a contrary oppinnion to himselfe; therefore desired him to forbear any further suite in that way, not being comfortable to either, for he might match with such which was more suitable in all regards than myself, and I was soe happy in my condition of a single life that I loved it above all, having the excelent company and example of my honoured mother. After this discourse, most candidly and seriously delivered to him, I perseaved his great trouble in mind; and tould me he was well sattisfied with my oppinnion and religion and all things ellse concerned me, beeing much above his hopes, desert, or expectation, and also did assure me faithfully that hee himselfe was of the same oppinnion, and was for a moderated episcopacy and kingly government, owning that the best; and that I should enjoy my owne conscience as I desired (if I honoured him to marry him), and to bring up my children in the same faith he did profess to me, both now and att all times."

Satisfied on this point, Mistress Alice consented to the marriage. She was ill on her wedding-day, poor lady, "eight houres before I had any intermition," which she attributes to the fact that she had "washed my feete at that time of the yeare" (in December)—a dangerous experience. This was a melancholy beginning to her married life, which "began in sicknesse, and continued in affliction, and ended in

great sorrowes and mournings." She confesses that "I was very desirous to have then delivered up my miserable life," so that her prospects were not of the brightest; and the further progress of her story runs through all manner of conflicts and misfortunes, complicated by the arrival of a number of babies. For some years she lived in comparative peace with her mother, and at her cost; which kindness on the part of Lady Wandesforde must, her daughter calculates, including everything,— "all manner of charges, expenses, and household affaires in sicknesses, births, christnings, and burials, of and concerning ourselves and children, with the diette, &c., of nurses, men-servants, and maides, and our friends' entertainment, all things don of her own cost and charges, all her daies while she lived,"— have cost this good mother not less than £1600. This for ten years does not seem a high estimate. Mrs Thornton became her mother's heir and residuary legatee, inheriting everything she had to give, besides her "lute and vyoll," "also harpsicall virginals for her life"— with twenty shillings to buy her "a ringe," and other details. The inheritance, however, was much reduced by the refusal of Sir Christopher her brother to settle as he ought his father's property, and the absence of the father's will, supposed to have been lost in the troubles in Ireland, but which turned up at last in the following curious way:—

"The clarke to whom the fees was due (for a copy which had been lost) for the securing of his monneys, did keep the will of my fater with the probatt of the same by my cozen Wandesforde, of the file, and laid them very cairefully up in a large iron-bound chest, together with many more writings of the same nature, deeds of evidences which belonged to persons of quality, supposing these that wanted

them would inquire for them. This same clarke lodged at Mr Kerny's house in Dublin, and fell sicke there, and before he died, owing this Mr Kerny some monneys for his table, called to him and tould him that he owed him monneys, but could not pay him, for he had a great deale owing to him for those writings and deeds. And that he gave him into his own charge an iron-bound chest with a key, which he charged him to have a great caire of, and to deliver them into the hands of such as should inquire for them, and assured him they were of so great vauel that the parties would pay well for them. The poore clarke died, and Mr Kerny still kept the chest in safe custody, and non came to inquire for these writings, and there was such a disturbance in Ireland and that city of Dublin, that till there was somme peace and respit from troubles, he did not see fitt to looke into the chest. But now, as it was soe ordered by God in His providence for our reliefe, was the time that Mr Kerny did first open this chest, finding many deedes, and wills, and evidences, . . . till he came to the very botom of it, and findes a large stately writing in five sheets of parchment, and looking at the bottome, the name of my Lord-Deputy Wandesforde, with his hand and seale, and which was the lost will and testament; finding also Mr Ralph Wallis his hand as a wittness to the will, with four other men's hands to it; also the probatt of the said will as it had bin out of the court and put there for custody. Mr Kerny knowing Mr Wallis, his hand, went forthwith to him and asked him if he knew my Lord-Deputy Wandesforde. Mr Wallis answered, 'Yes, he had reason to know,' and spoke greatly in his incommum. 'But why doe you ask this question?' Mr Kerny said. 'Do you know your hand when you see it?' 'I think I doe,' says Mr Wallis. At which Mr Kerny produced my dear father's will and showed it to him. Uppon this Mr Wallis cryed out, 'Oh, my deare lord, how joyful I am to see this blessed hand again!' and with affectionate teares he kissed his deare lord's hand and name, saing, 'I will be deposed of the truth of it that this is my lord's last will and testament,' and that he himself engrossed every word of it, beeing written by his owne hand, and

that it was the last act his lord did, to confirm and ratify the said last will and testament. Saing, with a sad heart, for the want of this will to sett all right in the family, we were all most destroyed."

It does not seem, however, that the discovery did so much good as was to be expected, for Mrs Thornton was more or less in contention with her brother Christopher until her dying day. Irish estates were hard to manage, and difficult to get profit from, or any settlement of, in that day as at this. The poor lady had many oppositions and troubles to meet with. She had many children, and many deaths among them. Her husband was ailing, unthrifty, and of a melancholy temperament, and her sad forebodings in marrying seem to have been to a great extent realised. It is true that once he was dead and interred in "his own alley [aisle] at Stongrave church," he became "my dearest heart" to his wife, and she herself an inconsolable widow; but during his lifetime he would seem to have been an entirely incapable person, leaving everything upon her hands, and signalising himself only by sudden mortgages of his estate, and engagements to pay money which he did not possess. Mrs Thornton was careful and troubled about many things, it is evident, out of one vexation into another, with enemies who did all they could to harm her. A certain Mistress Anne Danby, with a malicious maid Barbary, who tells evil stories to her discredit, appear dimly in a mist of passion and tears, declaring her to be naught, and her parents naught, which unfounded accusation against the dead father and mother who were her pride, and from whose higher estate she had condescended to Mr Thornton, who was but one of the small gentry, made her "swoond" with indignation and distress, although on her own side

of the question we find plenty of friends, and one good, honest friend-servant attached to the family all her life, who closed Lady Wandesforde's eyes, and reappears on the scene whenever there is anything wanted—the good Dafeny (Daphne) who cares for Mistress Alice when she is a girl, and defends her when an injured wife. The muddle, however, into which the troubled woman gets in these unfortunate moments is beyond our power to follow. The reader will perceive that it is not too easy at any time to keep the thread of her discourse; and when it is accompanied by the impassioned recollections of wrong, even though she is piously glad to know that these wrongs have been avenged by Providence, her style baffles description. Altogether, our glimpse into the curious dim interior where the father has periodical fits of palsy and a continuous melancholy, where the mother is striving always hotly, tearfully, with a sense of wrong, to manage the common affairs and get her children provided for, is not a happy one. There is a young curate in the background, afterwards Dr Comber, Dean of Durham, but for years established in the house at East Newton as a sort of chaplain and catechist, amusing Mr Thornton with his facetious conversation, declaring his love for young Alice, the gentle Nally, when she was but fourteen, and, slanderers said, making himself agreeable under this cover to her still young mother, whose presence introduces a possible tragedy into the narrative. But he marries Nally eventually, notwithstanding that she too has the smallpox and loses her lovely complexion, and becomes a well-known divine and dignitary of the Church; so that no doubt all was right. The second daughter also marries a clergyman,—no very satisfactory match for a gentleman's daughter in these days; and

the only son, much longed for and prayed for—a little Samuel devoted from his birth to God's service, and showing all the sweetness of premature devotion while still a child—would seem to have been a very unsatisfactory man, and died early before his mother; so that the poor soul had but little consolation, one way or other, in her life. Her letter to this cherished boy, when he is supposed to be recovering from a fever apparently brought on by his own careless life, is heart-rending: "Your poore and desolate mother who has moned herself away for your iniquitys, and now must suffer much more by your calamitys," she calls herself. "Sonn, I cannot adde any more for teares, which I pour out for you with my humble prayers," she says. This was forty years from the time when she entered sick and sorry into the marriage which brought her so little good. She died at eighty, after restoring with sound rafters her "alley" in Stongrave Church, and handing on her mother's "harpsicall virginals," along with the more solid parts of her property, to a number of Combers and Purchases, her progeny through the humble marriages her daughters had made.

We must add her contribution to the religious history of the time from the Cavalier side:—

"Since the sad and dismall times of distraction in Church and State, the people in most of the northerne country was much deprived of the benefitt of those holy ordinances of the Word and Sacraments; but especially of the latter, which, with the use of the Lord's Praier, was wholly laid aside, as under the notion of reliques of idolatrie and popish superstition. Soe that, least we should offend God by serveing Him in His own way and command, superstitiously, and pray to Him in His own words, there was found out another manner of worship, by presenting to His Majesty

praier contineuallly out of our owne braine composed, and that not with premeditation too often. And the Lord's Praier was by many despised as drie and insipid, by others neglected out of a compliaunce with the times. Alsoe the Holy Sacrament, which was the testimoniall of the highest act of our Saviour's love to us lost men, was had in contempt as useless to the Church of Christ. . . . Noe wonder, then, if we were brought to such plagues and confusion in this land, whoes pride was soe great and devotion soe dead. But we who thirsted after these waters of life did still all these times after my dear mother came to Hipswell, as well as at Westchester, injoy this blessing through the mercy of God—even all the time of my mother's life, to my exceeding great sattisfaction and comfort; but after her death, and my coming from St Nicholas into my own house at East Newton, which was above two whole years, I had not once the opportunity of receaving. For there was not then any minister at Stongrave which did administer the Sacrament, nor had done there for many years. Soe that I was holy destitute of an opportunity to perform that comfortable refreshing duty which my soul longed for and grieved much for the want thereof. But I could not obtaine that happiness, in regard that the ministers had not given it on this side during the warres; nor was it again established here (August 1662) since the coming of the king. Neither indeed had we any minister settled at Stongrave, our parish church, which was a great griefe to me."

We need not point out the extraordinary peculiarities of Mrs Thornton's spelling. She seems to have had a great inclination to put in double consonants wherever it was practicable, which does not hinder her from cutting one out whenever it strikes her fancy. The science of orthography seems in those days to have had no existence. But Mrs Thornton is a Johnson in comparison with some of her less cultivated correspondents.

OUR FOOD-SUPPLIES IN WAR-TIME.

"WHAT will be the effect upon its food-supplies of a great war involving this country?" That is a question which has not yet received the attention it deserves in the discussion of the whole subject of food-supply from the politico-economical point of view, nor even from the more purely practical point.

It is not necessarily included in any diagnosis of the case by the political economist: he may thoroughly examine the matter of feeding our population, inside and out, as it affects the general welfare of its different classes at home, and our intercourse with other nations, without ever touching on the abnormal condition of war; and the question itself may be discussed in most of its bearings, if not all, without contention, on the theories of supply and demand, and national wealth and unrestricted commerce, in a normal condition of peace. But the politician proper cannot close his eyes to the possibility that peace will not last for ever: to him political economy is only one branch of the many that sum up the whole interests of a nation, and not the most important branch; and in applying its theoretical principles to the immediate requirements of the country, he ought to bear in mind that the present conditions may change, and be replaced by others in which those principles would be highly injurious to the national welfare. More especially is he bound to consider that of all the circumstances that may bring about a change, war is the one that would effect the most complete alteration of all the conditions of peace-time, and in the most sudden and violent manner.

The politician's range of view, extending over all the branches of national existence, and passing beyond the present exigencies towards the distant future, must include all the streams of commercial intercourse with foreign countries; but of these, none will demand more anxious consideration at all times than the supply of wholesome food to the people. No one knows better than the statesman that the contentment of the people, and the success of schemes for their improvement at home or for their advancement in the world, depend not so much on constitutions and laws, or treaties, or profits, as upon the available supply of food. If, then, it is a matter of such high concern that even in times of profound peace there should always be a reasonable security that the mass of the people shall be able to get food at prices within their means of purchasing it, how greatly does this question overshadow every other when the effect of war upon it comes to be considered?—that remorseless and violent uprooter of ordinary life acting on the most sensitive fibre of the national body.

And of all the countries in the world, Great Britain is the one which has most concern in the consideration of this question at the present time; for Great Britain is the one nation which depends in an excessive degree on foreign countries for the supply of the daily and ordinary food for its population.

But, it will be naturally asked, how then is it, if this question of food-supplies during war-time is a matter of such extreme importance to the national welfare, that it has not been more fully dis-

cussed in public by statesmen and politicians during these long years of peace and prosperity? A reasonable answer to this is, that it is this very duration of peace and prosperity which diverts the current of men's thoughts away from war. A new generation grows up in the course of it, which has no knowledge and therefore no fear of the difficulties of war, and whose wish is father to the belief that war—at least, such war as their predecessors suffered under—will never occur again. Some indications of such a belief might have been observed at the time of the first great International Exhibition in 1851. A sort of hope was in the air then that that great world-meeting would be the beginning of a new era in international politics, in which the peaceful rivalries of commerce would take the place of ancient animosities; but, alas! it proved to be the burial of the pipe of peace instead of the hatchet of war; and to be the birthday of a generation of wars that have succeeded each other with little intermission ever since.

This same hope in perpetual political sunshine caused our country, notably among others, to be ruled mainly during the long peace by political economists, who represented the best spirit of the peaceful aspirations of their generation, and also its moderate capability in politics. Those great politico-economical maxims which a previous generation of statesmen had been satisfied to keep in a secondary position, in company with like general maxims of humanity and temperance, were now elevated into the first rank, and became a primary article in their political creed. To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, whether they were in or out of the country, was no longer a mere abstract truth in

national economics, to be applied or not as suited the other political requirements of the day, but a sort of shibboleth through which to govern nations, and a panacea for all other political difficulties.

Hence when a time came that the population began to outgrow the supply of food producible in the country, the people and their rulers were prepared to apply this all-powerful nostrum to a trouble that was keenly felt by everybody, and to which it appeared a simple and satisfactory remedy. The supply of cheaper food that came in from the outside world assisted the general prosperity of the long peace in forcing on the commercial enterprise of the country; and this, again, demanded a fresh application of the nostrum to supply the raw food for its manufacturing needs; and as the manufacturing population increased rapidly under the stimulus, still larger supplies of food were required, leading to further extensions of the great panacea—until, in the delirium of hope that the secret of universal peace had been discovered, almost all restrictions on commerce, food-supplies, and everything else, were swept away.

And as long as this country was in a position to control the markets of the world in manufactures, and as long as peace lasted, this new political system succeeded beyond expectation; but when war began to interfere with the supply of raw material, as in 1863, and when the competition of foreign manufactures began to interfere with our control over the markets, as is happening now, there appeared to be another side to the picture; and now the rule of free trade seems to be subject to greater dangers than the ordinary political system.

The greatest of these dangers is that included in the question now submitted for consideration. We

now draw nearly half of our ordinary food-supply from foreign countries. In a few years, when the population will have increased, and the supply of home produce in food will remain about the same, we shall draw fully one-half of what we may call the ordinary food—that is, bread-stuffs of all kinds, and meat of all kinds—from abroad. Some authorities seem to think that the home produce will be increased in future years, partly by expected improvements in the processes of agriculture, and in the conditions under which it is carried on, and partly from the difficulty of foreign food-supplies competing with the home growth. But even if this fulfils the sanguine hopes of its believers, there is an absolute limit to the home produce: it is only postponing to a few years later the time when the population will have so far outgrown the home supply that half, and more than half, the consumption must be got from abroad. The effect of a war with any one of the Great Powers of the world upon this supply would be immediately felt, not only in the reduction of the supply itself, but in the risk and expense attending the carriage of the whole of that half of our food that comes from abroad. We can form some idea of the effect it would have on prices from the fluctuations in the price of corn before the Corn Laws were repealed. Then our population was mainly supplied with food from our own country; and yet the effect of variable harvests, both in our own and other countries, was sufficient in time of profound peace to cause such extreme and sometimes sudden changes (owing to speculation) in prices, that it was used as one of the strong arguments for the freer introduction of foreign corn; and the steady price at which corn has stood upon the whole, since its free import, has been held to be a strong

evidence in favour of the advantage of that measure.

If, then, this fluctuation occurred when only a small part of the whole supply came from abroad, what will be the effect of an uncertainty in the supply of half the whole quantity required? The rise in prices will not be merely in proportion to the loss from the one country we happened to be at war with, but will include the war risks upon the remainder, and the effect of those risks upon the ordinary speculations, and on the ordinary fluctuations owing to weather, &c.

In former wars the price was to some extent limited by the extra produce from the country, stimulated by the circumstances. This was when the ordinary produce nearly provided for the whole wants, and therefore only a proportionately small increase was required—still, however, insufficient to prevent its being comparatively very dear. But can any one suppose that, under any possible rise in prices, the land in these islands could be suddenly made to produce double, or even half as much again, as it does in ordinary times? The extreme amount of possible increase would bear a small proportion to that part of the supply subject to war risks, and therefore in a very much less degree would it influence the general prices.

The political economist would reply to this fear about the effect of a war with one or even more countries on our food-supplies, that we could hardly expect to be at war with the whole world at once; and that it is the great merit of free trade, that it enables us to draw our supplies of every kind from any part of the world most convenient to ourselves,—and therefore, that it affords us the widest possible basis for our food-supply under any circumstances of difficulty, whether in war or peace:

and further, that, under the influence of free trade, the supply is tolerably sure to get to the market where the demand exists, although it may have to proceed in an indirect line in consequence of particular restrictions. Thus, in case we were at war with one food-producing Power, the supplies from it, or at least part of them, would reach us through some neutral Power, because it would be to the interest of both the belligerent and the neutral to carry on such traffic, although it was feeding an enemy. And even in an extreme case, such as a war with the United States, which furnishes now about one-quarter of the whole bread-stuffs consumed in this country, it would be so greatly to the interest of some neutral Power, and even to the individual growers in the States themselves, to supply so profitable a market as it would be, that a large part of the usual quantity might be expected to find its way here, notwithstanding any precautions by the Government of the States,—just as some cotton came to this market in 1863, though the Southern ports were blockaded. And therefore, it would be argued,

taking this commercial interest into account, together with the ordinary (and in war extraordinary) food-traffic from all the rest of the world with whom we were at peace, the whole supply would be less reduced in war-time under our present free-trade system than it would be under any other system.

This line of argument fairly represents, we hope, that of the political economist who makes commerce the head and front of his political system; and it will be observed that it leaves out of consideration the effect of other political influences in controlling this kind of commerce in war-time—for the free-trader generally puts all other such interests in the background, as of secondary value in the long-run of affairs. We are at liberty, therefore, to apply these influences, *per contra*, on the side of the alarmist. This we will do presently.

Let us first consider what would be the effect on the supply, both in amount and in price, of trusting to the foreign part of it continuing to any considerable extent during a war with one of our great food-suppliers.

TABLE showing the imports of common articles of food from the chief foreign sources in 1880, taken approximately from Board of Trade returns :—

From	Bread-stuffs, including grain, flour, potatoes, and rice.	Meat-stuffs, including animals and dead meat, bacon, butter, and cheese.
	Million cwt.	Million cwt.
France and Belgium, . . .	3.2	0.5
Russia and Sweden, . . .	17.0	0.2
Germany, Denmark, and Holland, .	15.0	2.4
Spain and Portugal, . . .	...	0.16
Austria,	1.1	...
Turkey, Egypt, and Roumania, .	7.8	...
United States,	75.7	8.0
South America,	1.4	...
Canada,	10.0	0.5
India and Burmah,	9.6	...
Australia,	4.8	...
China and Siam,	1.1	...
Total imports,	146.8	11.5
Total consumption in U.K.,*	340.0	36.0

* Taken approximately from Mulhall's Balance-sheet of the World, 1870-80.

The above table is approximate only, but it shows sufficiently clearly our dependence on certain foreign countries. More precise statistics would be of little value, for the food-traffic has been varying so much of late years, that one can only get an idea of what its course is likely to be for the next generation. During the last ten years the traffic in bread-stuffs from European countries has remained tolerably uniform; the great increase has been from the United States and Australia. The traffic in meat, alive or dead, appears to have fallen off from Europe, and to have increased immensely from the United States. At present this latter country and Russia (including Sweden) and Germany (including Denmark) command three-fourths of our foreign supply of bread-stuffs, and nearly the whole of our foreign supply of meat-stuffs. Hence we may say that there are three great countries in the world which hold the keys of our larder—or at least of one of our two larders; the other we keep the keys of at home, but the supply in it is diminishing year by year, while that of the foreign one is increasing.

In the beginning of this century, when we were in the midst of the greatest, longest, and costliest war this country has ever been engaged in, the food-supplies of the population were almost entirely obtained from home resources: out of a consumption of about 30 million quarters of grain, only one million was imported. The population was not half what it is now, and wheat was on the average 85s. a-quarter; and even if free trade had existed, it is doubtful whether in those times a sufficient supply from abroad was accessible, to have much reduced that price. But the price of beef at the same time was about 7d. per lb.—showing that the supply, although

entirely of home production, was more equal to the demand than it is now.

In 1854, we were again engaged in war against one of the chief war Powers of the world, and one of our great food-suppliers. But we had then entered on the course of free trade, and our importation of foreign wheat in that year was about 8 millions of quarters, out of a total consumption of about 22 millions; and the price of wheat reached 74s. a-quarter. The price of beef at that time was about the same—viz., 7d. per lb.—and probably about $\frac{1}{16}$ th of the whole consumption came from abroad.

That war, therefore, might be considered as an example favourable to free trade. It was, however, a quite exceptional war as regards its effects on our commerce generally. Owing to the special circumstances of its origin, the great bulk of the Russian forces were engaged on the shores of the Black Sea; and she was not prepared to attack us to any great extent on the ocean generally. Since then the war-power of Russia, at sea as well as on land, in common with those of other great Continental Powers, has been considerably developed, while our liabilities in regard to food-supply and sea-traffic generally have increased immensely, and out of all proportion to our means of protecting them in war-time.

In 1876, when we were again in danger of getting into a war with Russia, and that Power was again hampered by her operations in Turkey, she began to prepare to attack our commerce on the high seas, as well as our Indian possessions, in anticipation of war.

That war of 1876-77, although confined between Russia and Turkey, had an effect on the prices of food in this country. We were

then importing nearly the same proportion of bread-stuffs we are now—namely, about one-half the whole consumption; and our imports of meats of various kinds had increased from 1-16th, as in 1854, to $\frac{1}{4}$ th the whole consumption. The price of wheat rose, mainly in consequence of the war, 20s. a-quarter above the average of the two years before; and the price of beef in large contracts was 8d. per lb.

Then, again, there is the decrease of food-production in this country, consequent on the low prices brought about by free trade—a decrease which will make it still more difficult for us suddenly to increase it, should we be driven to it in war. In 1851, when the last edition of Porter's 'Progress of the Nation' was published, it was anticipated in it that the cultivation of corn would increase in this country to such an extent, that at about the present time there would be not only a sufficient supply for the whole population, but for an export trade to other countries. But instead of that, the production has absolutely decreased from the 17 or 18 million quarters per annum at that time to about 12 million quarters. A few years ago, when this reduction in the home produce of corn began to alarm some people, the British farmer was recommended to give up the idea of competing with the foreign grower of corn, and to devote himself to the growth of meat, in which it was assumed that, owing to the difficulty and expense of carrying meat, alive or dead, across the sea, he would always be able to compete successfully with any foreigner. But a few years has disproved that flattering tale by the transport of foreign meat, even from Australia; and now the British farmer is as confidently advised to take to fruit

and vegetables as a final and sure resource.

We are not discussing the commercial advantages of free trade in food during peace-time, but only endeavouring to make out the effect of it on price and quantity in war-time. During the great French war, when we were virtually independent of all foreign countries for food, the price of wheat was, as has been already stated, 85s. a-quarter, and of beef 7d. per lb. In the present day our population has more than doubled, and the consumption per head has increased half as much again as it was then; hence the total consumption is much greater in proportion to population. But if of that total consumption we import one-half, the home production that we have mainly to trust to in war-time is less *per head of population* than it was in 1805. Therefore, any reduction in the supply will be more felt both in quantity and price than even it was then: the peace-prices of wheat (say 45s. a-quarter) and of meat (say 10d. per pound) will be more affected by the much larger proportion of consumption per head that is open to the risks of war. It is a large business we are considering. It is calculated that we spend about half our national income on food, and that the average expenditure on meat is three or four times as much as it is upon bread. The price of meat will therefore be more affected than the price of bread; and there will be no longer that large home production, as in 1805, which kept down the price to 7d. Will the population be any better off under these free-trade circumstances, during war, than they were in 1805 under protection? The speculations in food-supplies, always susceptible, would be thrown into a state of agitation beyond all that had oc-

curred in commercial speculations before; because it would not only involve very large sums of money, but be a matter of vital necessity to every inhabitant of these islands.

And the reduction of the purchasing power of the people would be greater per head than in 1805, owing to so much more of the population being dependent on foreign trade. Thus the total effect of a great war upon their daily sustenance, may be expected to be not only more violent than formerly, but felt in a duplicate ratio; for the people will have so much more of it exposed to the chances of war, and just about so much less of their usual means to pay for it.

The general political effect of our dependence on foreign countries for so large a proportion of our food, is a matter of far greater importance than even the probable price of it in war-time, or than the quantity possibly available. It would affect our diplomatic action in all disputes that might possibly end in war; and during war it would affect our enemy's line of action, our own Government and people in determining the progress of the war, and the "benevolent" or otherwise neutrality of non-belligerents.

Free trade is not on a footing of political equality when it is a question of food on one side and furniture on the other. The State that enters the ocean race of commerce in a bread-basket will find herself hampered on the way by the continued friction of the vessel. Notwithstanding all political economy, the one paramount object of man's daily labour is to get something to eat. In a recent number of one of the periodicals, Colonel G. Chesney, R.E. (now a member of the Government of India), has well reminded us that, after all, the real wealth of the

world is food, upon which the value of everything else required by man depends; and we have shown our appreciation of this axiom by always referring to the price of bread and meat as the one safe standard of value of all other things, including money itself. In his usual graphic and ingenious way, he illustrates the proposition by a picture of the economy of an Indian village, in which almost everything—food, clothing, and housing—is produced within the community; and as the general stock of food produced has to be divided among the inhabitants, just so much of the labour of the village necessary to provide the required amount will be devoted to its production, and the surplus labour only will be applied to other wants. And if in the progress of intercourse with other villages, and from peculiarities of soil or climate, the growth of other things, as cotton for instance, is stimulated, the measure of the quantity of cotton produced will be just what will compensate for the labour thereby taken away from the production of food.

When this natural law comes to be applied to more artificial communities, he allows that other articles, which become almost necessities of life, and thereby part of our daily sustenance, have to be added to the category of food. But even in artificial communities, when we come to the mass of the people,—the journeymen, as they are emphatically called—these extra articles are comparatively few, and enter a small way into the anxieties of the daily provision. We all recollect the story of the two brothers who went gold-hunting, and one remained on the shore cultivating grain, while the other was amassing the precious nuggets; and how the latter coming back laden with his supposed wealth, but starving, had

to give it all to his brother for food to save his life. And so in the most civilised and artificial of communities, however elaborate and indirect the actual process of commercial intercourse may be, it is the demand of the mass of the people for their daily food that ultimately regulates the demand for almost all other articles.

And thus, when two diplomats meet to discuss some burning question of international difficulty, the one who represents a nation which has enough and to spare of food from its own fields, comes into court with comparatively free hands. Let the worst come, even the fearful ordeal by battle, he has a consciousness that *his* people will not starve, whatever else may happen; whereas the other diplomatist, if he represents a people who are buying a great part of their daily bread from a third nation, or maybe from the very party he is going to argue with, will feel himself shackled by the thought that a word of his may cut off that commodity from millions of his fellow-countrymen. The political economist has been in the habit of talking largely about the influence of commerce in preventing war; but though the proposition has a plausible look about it, it is probable that sagacious foreigners can perceive that there lies underneath it a fear of the certain and severe loss to this country from getting into war with any one. And there have been one or two notable instances of its influence being ineffectual: when the Bostonians threw the English taxed tea into their harbour, they were not thinking of political economy; and when Napoleon shut off the whole of Europe from commerce with the British Islands, the first people to complain of it were not the deprived Europeans, but the very islanders against whom the

blow was aimed. Besieged cities have often surrendered from lack of food, but one has never heard of a capitulation from stress of cotton shirts, or knives and forks.

And even in these times of peace and commercial rule, and notwithstanding the example of the vast accumulation of wealth by Great Britain during thirty years of free trade, other nations, instead of profiting by that experience, appear to be going in the contrary direction. They appear to think that it is better in the long-run for a nation to utilise those manufacturing capabilities it happens to possess, even at a loss, than to be too much dependent on the friendly effects of foreign commerce. The United States is an example of this, apposite to the point in question. It is doing a large and profitable foreign trade in the raw materials, especially food-products, which its land produces in considerable surplus over its own wants; and therefore, its inhabitants being comfortably provided for in these important respects, the loss by the partial exclusion of foreign manufactures is little felt. Even in the case of war with this country, they would have sufficient interchange among themselves to enable them to live: part of the labour now bestowed on food-production would be turned on to those other manufactures which they required, and of which a nucleus had been providently formed in time of peace. Our political economists may consider their system wasteful of the national wealth; but it has been adopted deliberately, and approved by men whose opinions are worthy of respect in these matters. The late President General Garfield, for instance, whose uprightness and sagacity have been highly spoken of on both sides of the Atlantic, thus expresses his ideas on the subject:—

"In reference to our custom laws, a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the Treasury, and will enable the labour and capital employed in our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labour and capital of foreign producers. We legislate for the people of the United States, and not for the whole world, and it is our glory that the American labourer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country cannot be independent, unless its people, with their abundant natural resources, possess the requisite skill at any time to clothe, arm, and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all the necessary implements of labour. It was the manifest intention of the founders of the Government to provide for the common defence, not by standing armies alone, but by raising among the people a greater army of artisans, whose intelligence and skill should powerfully contribute to the safety and glory of the nation."

Mr Goldwin Smith, who cannot be accused of want of devotion to freedom of all kinds, or of knowledge of the matters he is speaking of, thus addressed the Social Science Association at Dublin this year:—

"Am I to touch the burning question of protection and free trade? If I do, I will be careful of my fingers, and, avoiding theories, confine myself to one or two facts. With regard to the new Canadian tariff, I must say here what I have said elsewhere—it was a measure of fiscal necessity. There was a deficiency which could be filled only by an increase of the import duties, direct taxation in those communities being fraught with social danger, as well as vexatious and difficult of collection. The only task which is really protectionist—that is, imposed for the purpose not of revenue, but of protection—is the coal tax, laid on in the interest of Nova Scotia, and with a view of securing her adhesion to the general policy. In the selection of the classes of goods there is an attempt to discriminate in favour of England against the United States, which, by the result, appears to have been not

unsuccessful. Of course, taxes imposed on the importation of goods of the same kind as those which are made in the country, gives what is called incidental protection to the home manufacturer, and the tariff is accordingly welcomed by the Protectionists, whose support the Government does not refuse. But there is a rider to the tariff, looking to the mutual reduction of duties by Canada and the United States. The deficit which created the necessity was caused by expenditure for political objects on public works. That the objects were political is not a condemnation, provided the policy was sound. Other things are entitled to consideration besides wealth, as Adam Smith in his defence of the Navigation Laws has emphatically declared. Political economy rests not on any religious principle, but on expediency, which must be enlarged so as to take in all reasonable motives, and to embrace the future as well as the present. That he is sacrificing, and deliberately sacrificing, the present advantage to larger gains in the future, is the position of the American Protectionist; and, whether the belief as to the future profit be well or ill founded in his case, we must meet him in argument on his own ground. For my part, I see little prospect of a change in the American tariff, except through the reduction of the debt, which will diminish the need of revenue. The Protectionist fights hard, the free trader is apathetic. I have noticed this in speaking to Western farmers, who would seem to have the greatest interest in free trade. The proportion of dutiable articles used by the farmer is not large: he does not spend much in clothes; for his machinery he has paid protection price, but then he has bought it, and the thing is done. Seeing the finances flourishing, the people think the system must be good. The promise that by encouraging home manufactures it will draw emigration and provide the farmer with customers on the spot, instead of sending the workman's dinner to him across the Atlantic, seems to them to be sustained by the results. After all, we must remember that the United States are not an ordinary country; they are a continent, producing al-

most everything in itself. The Americans, in fact, have free trade over a vast and diversified area."

The statement of Adam Smith referred to by Mr Goldwin Smith is probably the following, which occurs in his 'Wealth of Nations':—

"The act of navigation is not favourable to foreign commerce, or to the growth of that opulence which can arise from it. The interest of a nation in its commercial relations to foreign nations is, like that of a merchant with regard to the different people with whom he deals, to buy as cheap and to sell as dear as possible.

But the act of navigation, by diminishing the number of sellers, must necessarily diminish the number of buyers; and we are thus likely not only to buy foreign goods dearer, but to sell our own cheaper, than if there was a more perfect freedom of trade. As defence, however, is of much more importance than opulence, the act of navigation is, perhaps, the wisest of all the commercial relations of England."

We do not quote this opinion of Adam Smith as an argument in favour of protection to shipping, but to show that this father of modern political economy did not himself consider free-trade to be of that paramount importance to national welfare which some of his followers have assumed it to be.

During the progress of a war, what a weapon we are thus putting into our enemy's hands! If he dare not meet our war-ships in open conflict, he can lie in wait for the bread-ships of Great Britain traversing the sea from all quarters, as the cruisers of England did for the Spanish galleons returning with the gold of the Indies; and though he may not capture many of them, he will drive a large portion of our own merchant-ships off the seas, and turn the carrying trade over to neutral bottoms. But if our enemy

is at the same time one of our great food suppliers, he may stop his quota of the supply altogether; and this would probably be done at some critical period of the war, when we were beginning to feel severe pressure from it, so that the sudden check of the inflow of food, and its sudden rise in price in consequence, would operate like an unexpected blow on a combatant at a moment of unusual weakness.

Then, again, what an influence and authority would thus be given to those neutral nations which supply us with other large portions of our food requirements. There are Neutrals and Neutrals, as the French Ambassador complained to Lord Granville in 1870. How careful must our diplomatic conduct be to them, and how great a deference given to their opinions. Should there be any matters of difference between such neutral and ourselves unsettled, our hands would be now tied in the court of arbitration; we dare not drive such a one to extremity, at such a time, as, without violating his neutrality, he might put such difficulties in the way of the food traffic as would be virtually assisting our adversary. We must not expect, then, that the interests of commerce will counterbalance the desire of gaining some national advantage from our weakness.

And lastly, how would it affect the tone of our own population, as the war went on, or even before it began? If a dispute trembled in the scale between ourselves and the United States, the usual protests of the Economists against war in general would find a ready echo in the feelings of every one who knew that a considerable rise in the price of bread and meat would be the first result of it. And during its dire progress, however good the cause of the war, and, at each critical turn of it, however successful

our arms, there would rise up before the responsible Minister the silent sufferings of the thousands of poor and hungry. And as there are few wars that are not condemned by some considerable section of the community, at any reverse of our forces, the despondency of the ill-fed multitude would swell the constant cry of this opposition against the continuance of such sacrifices ; and at the slightest opening for terminating it — openings which the enemy would take care to put in the most specious aspect before our people — how the nation's heart would leap towards it, when it brought with it the prospect of relief from their privations. Could it be expected that a Minister would, under such pressure, consider with due firmness proposals giving immediate relief at the cost of some future national advantage? These are effects which have been felt in former wars, — as in 1801, when the nation received with enthusiastic joy the envoys of Napoleon who brought with them a deceptive peace that was only intended by him to last a year. And a nation, accustomed as they were then to look to themselves for their daily sustenance, would bear such privations better than those who have been taught to trust to an unlimited flow from outside.

“What better system have you got to offer?” the political economist will fairly ask. “Granted that the present one is as dangerous as you say, is there any other less dangerous?” We might reply that it is not our business to find the remedy, but only to call attention to the danger. We are as a servant in an establishment in which he perceives something going on that is likely sooner or later to imperil the safety of the whole household : it is his duty to give warning, leaving it to the rulers of the es-

tablishment to meet the difficulty. It is a step towards safety if the attention of the household is turned towards the unperceived danger.

It cannot be said, however, that there are not alternative systems offered for consideration, for of late the newspapers have been thick with propositions for altering our present system of free trade, with the main object of increasing the production of food in this country ; and others for confining free trade to our own colonies, in order that a certain extraneous supply of food may be always secured. These have been one and all scouted by the political economists, for what they consider the one insuperable objection — that the cost of all raw material, including especially food, would be increased by any one of them. This may or may not be a correct answer, but even if it is correct, it is an argument applicable to all kinds of insurance, especially of life, for the benefit of a posterity. It is difficult enough to persuade an artisan to sacrifice part of his daily wages to insure a provision for his children ; but it would be nearly impossible, if there was an influential party persuading him that it was better to use all his wages in keeping himself in strength, and to trust to getting work for his children. What the advocates of these alternative systems are desirous of persuading the British workman to do, is to pay a little more for his food now, as an insurance to preserve his successors from a deprivation of a great part of it.

Let us see what the case is that we have to consider. This is a country which, owing to circumstances, has got such a teeming population that it cannot, by any known possible devices of any kind, be got to grow much more than half the food they require.

What is the best thing to be done?

It is not the only country in the world that has a difficulty in supplying its own population with food. There are other States in Europe whose people are pressing on the means of subsistence; and we have seen of late years that there has been a desire on the part of the powerful States to annex the smaller, and thus obtain a larger area of productive ground, even though the population increases also in the same proportion. There is only one country in Europe which is at its ease in respect of a sufficient productive area for its population, even when looking forward to the future, and that is Russia; and this fortunate provision of nature for Russia is one which will give it some day a great predominance among the European Powers, when all their populations will have outgrown the food-supplies of their own territory.

It appears, therefore, that the simplest solution of the difficulty is to get more territory capable of producing food,—not only the simplest, but the only solution that affords a promise of a permanent remedy for the danger. But this is not easy to accomplish in an island; still less so in an island surrounded as it were with States occupying every available foot of ground. Nevertheless, if there is great danger to the national welfare in trusting to foreign sources for so large a proportion of our food, some endeavour ought to be made to find a way of placing it on, at least, a little better footing of security. If Europe is already occupied from one end to the other, it may be worth our consideration to go further away. In these days of steam, America is not further from us than, in the days of Rome, Egypt,

its great granary, was from that city; and Great Britain has still a large tract in that continent belonging to the British Crown, and still connected with our empire for better or worse, in peace or in war—a tract capable of supplying a large portion, some say the whole, of the surplus food we require. Again, in Australasia we have immense islands, also still forming a part of the imperial dominions, and now producing large quantities of bread and meat, and capable of producing much more if there was a market for them. And in India, our absolute possession, to which we appear to be indissolubly tied by honour and duty, if not by interest, there are districts, we are told, capable of producing, in surplus to the demands of its own population, sufficient corn to supply the whole wants of these islands from first to last.

There is no lack of productive soil within our own control, if it is worth our while to go so far for it. Fifty years ago it would have been out of the question to think of Australia and India for such objects; but the use of large swift steamers, and the opening of the Suez Canal, have changed our ideas as to distances by sea; and now not only corn, but dead meat, is brought from Australia through the Red Sea.

Why then, if we have such ample means of securing a food-supply within our own control, should we not follow the example of other European States, and secure these means in some permanent manner? Why not, by means of differential duties on food-supplies in favour of our colonies, bind them more closely to us by strong ties of interest as well as of affection, and so encourage the growth of these articles, that we should be insured for all future

time against a serious deficiency of them? The political economist would have two replies to give to this query. First, that it would be at the sacrifice of much national wealth in other ways; and second, that it would not be much more certain than our present system.

No doubt it might cause a greater expenditure upon food than goes on at present, and with food, upon other things that would also rise in price, which expenditure would be money taken away from more profitable employment, and would thus reduce the total amount of profit made in the country each year. But the other party say, in reply, that the amount by which the prices of food would be raised under this colonial arrangement, would not be appreciably felt by the people, because the supply would rapidly keep pace with the demand; and further, that the money paid for it, whatever it was, would be, as it were, to our own people, and therefore would remain, to some extent, part of the national wealth. It is possible, indeed, that the prices might not be raised at all, and thus that the producer at home would not be benefited by the arrangement, and yet that the nation would be advantaged by keeping the whole expenditure for food within our own dominions. We presume everybody would agree that it would be a more satisfactory system, economically as well as politically, if we could supply ourselves with our ordinary food within our own resources, provided it was at the cheapest market-rate. We must assume, however, that the rates would be higher; and it is this tax which the people of this country are asked to pay, for the benefit of their successors in war-time.

The other objection, that the colonial system would be equally dangerous with the present one, is

more difficult to answer; for nobody can say definitely in what manner the operations of the next great ocean-warfare will be carried on. We must expect, however, at least, that our enemy, if one of the great Powers, will have a good many cruisers about on the high seas, looking out for our merchant-ships, and especially for those carrying food. The difference, then, between the two cases under the two systems would be this: instead of, as at present, having runlets of food-supply coming in from all quarters—and a good deal of it unfortunately in foreign bottoms, and therefore so far safe—we should have two or three large streams coming from certain known points, by fixed routes at stated times. The advocate of the colonial system might say, that in either case we must guard certain lines of ocean-traffic if we do not wish our merchant-ships to disappear altogether from the seas in war-time; and particularly the line to the East Indies, whether it is by the Suez Canal or by the Cape of Good Hope, must be guarded at almost all risks; and probably naval men would say that it will be easier to guard fixed routes at stated times, than uncertain routes at irregular times. During the last great naval war with France, the traffic to the East and West Indies was kept up by fleets of merchant-ships leaving together at certain times, and convoyed by men-of-war; and there are instances of squadrons of the East India Company's merchant-ships defending themselves against French men-of-war. If, then, the sea-traffic from India has to be protected in war, the addition of food-ships to it from India and Australia would be less difficult to secure than so many independent lines from various countries.

And further, it might be said that, by establishing a fixed food-traffic with our colonies, we are insuring a greater amount of assistance from them towards preserving that traffic in war-time. We confidently look forward, at the present time, to receiving hearty assistance from all of them in such time of difficulty, both towards securing their own territory, and towards protecting the high seas near their own coasts. This we trust to not only from the tie of blood and country, but because no one of our colonies is powerful enough to remain independent in war-time, but would necessarily have to choose one side or the other. But if, in addition to the sympathy of race and cause, we enlist on our side their direct and strong interests in the preservation of a valuable trade, as well as the feeling engendered by it, that they form an essential part of the empire, indispensable to its existence as a great Power, we may then

expect to see a far stronger spirit of mutual defence arise, which will add considerably to the security of our ocean-traffic at such times.

The three points, then, connected with this subject, that we put before the British public as worthy of more consideration than has been given to them are—

First, That we cannot expect in the future to provide from home-resources more than one-half of the ordinary food required by our population.

Second, That, depending as we do now on three or four foreign States for the most of that extraneous half, is putting an enormous political power into their hands, which will control our independence.

Third, That we could secure the full amount we may require in all time to come from our own colonies by submitting to an increase in the price, not greater than what occasionally occurs at the present time by the fluctuations of harvests.

THE LIGHTS OF 'MAGA.'—II.

THE HEROES OF THE 'NOCTES.'

Lockhart.

LOCKHART, far more than Wilson, has been the victim of anonymous literature, for Wilson's most brilliant contributions have been collected and republished. We know Lockhart, it is true, as author of the second-best biography in the English language; as the writer, besides, of the most charming of the lives of Burns; as the spirited translator of Spanish ballads; as a clever novelist; and by his masterly sketches of contemporary Scottish society. But to do justice to his rare versatility; to the refinements of his style and the facility of his execution; to the extent of his acquaintance with literature in all its branches, ancient and modern, English and foreign,—he should be judged by the masses of articles he furnished to 'Maga' and the 'Quarterly.' His contributions to the latter periodical during the twenty-eight years in which he directed it, numbered about one hundred and ten, as we see from a list, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr John Murray, junior; while from the foundation of this Magazine to his leaving Edinburgh for London, and for years afterwards, he continued a frequent contributor: he wrote almost as indefatigably as "the Professor," and latterly even more so. We have a note to Mr Blackwood, written apparently about 1826—for much of Lockhart's off-hand correspondence is merely marked with the day of the week—in which he remarks that during the preceding year he had been by far the most efficient contributor. And

we gather from a rapid succession of hasty notes, that for very many years he was in the habit of writing monthly upon one or two subjects at the very least. It was a rare piece of good fortune that gave the Magazine the command of two such pens-of-all-work as those of Wilson and Lockhart. The latter seems always to have been ready with suggestions for half-a-dozen attractive topics, to be promptly handled on receipt of the note in which the Editor declared his preference. Most of the work was done in the country. The numerous letters in our possession are almost all dated either from Chiefswood or Abbotsford; and though the writer had access to Scott's library as well as his own, yet the books that Scott kept by him on Tweedside, as we learn from 'Peter's Letters,' were merely a selection from the richly-stored book-shelves in his house in Castle Street. Many a well-read man must often have been at a loss for works of reference on miscellaneous subjects. Yet Lockhart's vigorous treatment is invariably thorough and scholar-like; and though no one could have less resembled Dominie Sampson, his erudition must have been "prodigious" as that of the Dominie, as it was infinitely more accessible.

The literary reputation of the author of the 'Life of Scott'—of the brilliant editor of the 'Quarterly' for more than a quarter of a century—will always stand high with competent judges; though his popularity would doubtless have been widely increased by a judicious selection

from his essays and miscellaneous writings. And that, by the way, is a work which some relative or literary connection ought to have undertaken long ago. But it has been Lockhart's misfortune, as it was partly his fault, that owing to a superficial acquaintance with his character, he has suffered as a man as well as a writer. His manner to strangers was cold and somewhat reserved, although he thawed at once in a congenial atmosphere; and if he had devoted friends among those who knew him best, he naturally made many bitter enemies. The power of satire is a dangerous gift; and he could satirise even more cleverly with the pencil than with the pen. Among the portfolios he filled with careless scratches, expressing distorted individualities in their most ludicrous aspects, we may refer to a couple of sketches accessible to all—the Scotch judge and the Scotch minister, which are reproduced in Mrs Gordon's Memoir of her father. He could hardly be expected to be considerate of others when he never spared himself; and the best apology for the licence he indulged in is to be found in his severely humorous autopoitraiture. Some proof-sheets of "The Mad Banker of Amsterdam," containing a metrical caricature of his ally Wilson, chanced to fall into the hands of "the Professor" on its way from the compositors to the columns of the Magazine. And Lockhart is said to have been equally annoyed and surprised, on the appearance of the next number to find himself described, in an interpolated stanza, as having the claws but not the pinions of the eagle. Though the provocation justified the stroke from the paw of "the leopard,"—"the leopard" was Professor Wilson's *sobriquet*—Lockhart was naturally disgusted at be-

ing clipped of metaphorical pinions. But he would have accepted "the claws" as decidedly complimentary; and he rather prided himself in the designation of "the Scorpion," which probably originated with himself during the joint-stock composition of the "Chaldean Manuscript." He carried a sting, and lived to use it, as even his intimates sometimes found to their cost. The Ettrick Shepherd, who was being perpetually victimised by the inveterate practical joker, whose intimacy was at once a pain and a pleasure to him, is supposed to recall the features of the young Oxonian in the 'Noctes;' and his portrait seems strangely true to the life, with its happy mixture of fidelity and flattery:—

"Wasn't it me that first prophesied his great abeelities when he was only an Oxford Collegian, wi' a pale face and a black toozy head, but an ee like an eagle's, and a sort o' lauch about the screwed-up mouth o' him, that fules ca'd no canny, for they couldna thole the meanin' o't, and either sat dumfounded, or pretended to be engaged to sooper, and slunk out o' the room? . . . Na, faith, Mr Tickler, you may set up your gab noo; but do you recollect how you used to try to fleech and flatter him, when he begood sharpening his keelivine pen, and tearing aff the back o' a letter to sketch a bit caricature o' Southside? Na—I've sometimes thoct, Mr North, that you were a wee feared for him yoursel, and used, rather without kennin't, to draw in your horns. The Balaam-box, indeed! Ma faith! had you ventured on sic a step, ye micht just as weel at ance hae gien up the Magazine."

Compare that with the passages by Lockhart on himself, as illustrated by the quaint engraving of the respectable Peter Morris, which appeared in the 'Letters' half-a-dozen years earlier, and there is no very essential difference. Peter's representation of Lockhart is a confes-

sion and a vindication ; and it contains, beside, the true key to his nature, as it was confirmed by his literary conduct in later life :—

“Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons whom I have heard speak of him seemed to have been impressed with the notion that the bias of his character inclined towards an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they only see partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire ; and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than that of detecting error or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and invent it with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging everything by the united tact of so many feelings and qualities all at once. . . . Mr Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humoured as you will.”

So it proved. In later life he abandoned suddenly and for ever the caricaturing in which he excelled ; and though his pen was pointed as ever, he seldom dipped it in gall. Unfortunately, his youthful indiscretions carried their penalty, in being associated with those of his articles which had created the greatest sensation. On the other

hand, whenever we have a glimpse beneath the veil—and reserved as he was, he sometimes lifts the veil himself under the influence of deep and uncontrollable emotion—we see nothing of his personal character that is not only admirable but lovable. When we have said that he made light of the trifling mishaps of his friends, and was not the man to apply balms to wounded vanity, we have said pretty nearly the worst that can be urged against him. His boyish friendships were fast and lasting. In later life, as he made his way in the most brilliant political and literary society, he never neglected an old acquaintance. So far as we know, he never missed an opportunity of doing a kind action or making a thoughtful suggestion. Repeatedly, in his letters to Mr Blackwood, we find him advising on the affairs of Hogg, and making proposals as to helping the Shepherd in his embarrassments. Whether at Chiefswood or after his removal to London, he is perpetually calling attention to articles where he thinks the Magazine has been unfair or severe. We have referred in our former article to a remonstrance against Wilson's review of Sir Humphry Davy's 'Salmonia.' And we are reminded of another occasion, when he appeals earnestly for more generous notices of Thomas Campbell. He knows that the poet is in great family distress, and regrets that, with Campbell's sensitiveness to criticism, his burden should be made unnecessarily heavy. He begs of Wilson and Blackwood, in their own interest, to soften down the attacks on Canning. He does not desire that they should speak less independently ; but he knows that the Minister “is a very vindictive man ;” and he prays them, for their families' sakes, if not for their own, to avoid all

gratuitous personalities. But the most conclusive testimony to Lockhart's sterling domestic qualities is to be found in his marriage with the favourite daughter of Scott. The connection, from a worldly point of view, had little to recommend it to the most illustrious as well as the wealthiest of living writers. Yet one of the shrewdest judges of character, welcomed from the first as a son-in-law the man who became his most trusted confidant, his domestic mainstay, and his literary executor. And Lockhart, whose life on the whole was a sad one, was the most devoted of husbands and the most affectionate of fathers. We might quote printed passages in any number to prove it, — passages the sincerity of which is the more unmistakable, that any display of his innermost feelings was so absolutely foreign to his temperament. One may suffice which we happen to have come upon in an admirable article on his 'Life' which appeared in the 'Quarterly' for October 1864, and which we understand was written by an old friend, the venerable ex-Chaplain-General to the Forces: "God has at length granted a gentle ending to all poor Johnny's sufferings. Your kindness to him we shall never forget." As for his generosity in money matters, it was wonderful. Though never rich, he was invariably liberal; he often accepted comparatively moderate profits out of friendship, though fully alive to the value of his work; and he went to imprudent if not extravagant lengths in recognising the claims of literary brotherhood. But the crowning proof of his extreme generosity is in his renunciation of the profits of his *magnum opus*. Out of chivalrous regard to the memories of his much-loved wife and of his dear friend her father, all the money realised by

the sale of Scott's biography was devoted to the liquidation of Scott's debts. We can recall no precisely parallel instance, where a struggling man devoted his utmost energies through some of the best years of his life to a task involving infinite drudgery, and which was to bring him nothing but barren fame and the reward of an approving conscience. It is the more noteworthy, that he must have clearly foreseen that the result might be the sacrifice of his pride of independence. The sale of the 'Life' would have amply sufficed to render its author comfortable in his declining years. As it was, we have every reason to believe that he had to bring himself to accept from some of his intimates the assistance that in comparative prosperity he had freely bestowed upon others.

As fond of books as of pleasant company, with an intense faculty of concentrating his attention, and a marvellously retentive memory, he had devoured authors of all kinds from his childhood. The quick schoolboy, who invariably found his way to the top of the class, after one of the not unfrequent absences that had sent him to the bottom, was matriculated at Glasgow College before he had entered his teens. With no liking for the exact sciences, he loved the literature of Greece and Rome, and at Oxford, in his nineteenth year, came out in the first class in classics. When he left Oxford, he was already a fair German scholar, and he carried out a scheme he had long conceived of paying a visit to Germany and its greatest poet. The proposed journey led indirectly to those professional relations with Mr Blackwood which turned into mutual esteem and an enduring friendship. Lockhart, who had no money for the tour, offered Blackwood a translation of

'Schlegel's Lectures;' and Blackwood, with a confidence justified by the results, settled the price and paid it before a page of the book was written. It was an act of spirited liberality which Lockhart heartily appreciated and never forgot; and naturally, Blackwood was eager to enlist the pen of his new friend in the service of the new periodical. Thus, with a versatility and facility equal to those of Wilson, in one respect Lockhart had the advantage. Personally acquainted with parts of the Continent, well read in German, French, and Spanish literature, he had a wider range of subjects at command, with greater opportunities of comparative criticism, and richer resources for illustration. Like Wilson, he judged poets as a poet, and, like him, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Greek dramatists. His style was sobered subsequently, as we have said, by experience and regrets; but for freshness and vigour, he never surpassed some of the very first articles he contributed to 'Maga.' Nor would it be easy to select a happier specimen of those than the first of a series of papers on "Greek Tragedy," which appeared in the first number. It is as remarkable for taste as for fire, and shows all the confidence given by a firm grasp of the subject; although we see signs of literary inexperience in certain defects of artistic construction. In the good old style, to which some of the writers for our contemporary periodicals might nevertheless incline with advantage, he dashes at his subject somewhat boldly; but we are charmed afterwards by a compactness which is at once lucid, pregnant, and methodical. He gives a concise preliminary sketch of the Greek drama—the tragic, as distinguished from the comic—as a school of religion and manners. He notes

its majestic simplicity, in its character, incidents, and material. He shows, in fine, how the Greek plays were evolved from the Greek sense of the grand and beautiful in nature, as that sense had designed their sacred edifices and inspired their painters and sculptors. Then the accomplished critic appears in a spirited analysis of the essential qualities of the dramatic genius; and, descending from general principles to particulars, examines the causes of the commanding success of the immortal masters of Athens. Treating the claims of Æschylus to be the creator of tragedy, he proceeds to scrutinise the merits of the 'Prometheus,' and the qualities that recommended it to the countrymen of the author. His explanation may be summed up in one of his sentences: "It was the brightest reflection of their own souls, and the fair image returned to them again with all the joy of self-exultation." His peroration has a suspicion of the style of Johnson; but though Lockhart might indulge in sonorous antitheses, he could hardly be pompous:—

"The duration of freedom and the glory of Greece were short; but let it be remembered that national glory was the offspring of national independence, and that they perished together. The lovers of mankind may lament, and the abettors of despotism may rejoice, that their existence was of so short a date; but a few short years are worth myriads of ages of monkish slumber, and one such victory as Salamis or Bannockburn is of more value than the innumerable triumphs of the vulgar herd of conquerors."

The patriotic allusion to Bannockburn, with the side hit at Buonaparte, is highly characteristic of the time, and of the early tone of 'Maga.' But we have dwelt at greater length than we might otherwise have done, on this first article, since it shows the

quality of the more serious work with which 'Blackwood' took society by storm. The Magazine must soon have died a natural death had it been only recommended by the squibs and burlesques which made it as many enemies as friends. It would have been well for Lockhart, as even in his hot youth he was ready enough to admit, had he been content to be brilliant without being stinging, and playful without being personal. But even those who smarted from sharp personalities, or who condemned them, were compelled by such scholarly articles as the "Greek Tragedy," to admit that the satirists were men of attainments, and writers of no ordinary skill. It is a far cry from the ancient to the modern Athens, from the Greek drama to Scottish pulpit eloquence; but having heard the young Oxford student on Æschylus, let us see what he has to say of Dr Chalmers. Considering the earnest religious impressions of the writer's later life, that article on the great light of the Scottish Church is remarkable in more ways than one. It is exceedingly eloquent—it is shrewdly critical; but above all, it betrays a profound sense of the power of religion for the educated as well as the illiterate; and it gives a very noble conception of the privileges and responsibilities of the sacred orator who has the gift of speaking to the souls of his hearers. We feel bound to allude, in connection with this, to another lucubration in which Chalmers is treated in very different fashion; yet we must conclude, on irresistible internal evidence, that the piety breathed in the article on "Pulpit Eloquence" was sincere. It begins with a fine glorification of the unrivalled office of the preacher, when he can speak and arrest attention as a

man exercising the highest authority that can devolve upon a mortal. We quote a sentence or two to show the style, though it is hardly fair to tear sentences roughly from the context; and we must remember that the writer idealises his description, assuming the spell of the magic of eloquence. Thus he sets forth the preacher's opportunity:—

"The sanctity of the place—the very spectacle of a multitude assembled to unite in the worship of their Creator—is sufficient to still every unworthy passion, and to exclude every debasing thought. We are in the house of God, and we cannot enter it without having our attention carried away from the business, the amusement, the passions of the world, and fixed upon the great concerns of the nobler parts of man—death, judgment, and eternity. We invoke the pity of a pure and compassionate Creator in the merits of a divine, a gentle, a suffering Redeemer. We look around us, and we see the old and the young, the rich, the poor, the noble and the menial, all gathered together for one purpose, and confessing before the throne of God that they are equal in His sight,—all children of Adam, all sinful dust and ashes. When we enter the church, we have the same sense of our degraded condition and immortal destiny with which we walk over the graves."

Each thought is the simple expression of our better feelings, in beautiful and appropriate language; for each word is most happily chosen. Then he proceeds at length to do ample though discriminating justice to the genius of Chalmers—to the resources of his eloquence, learning, and labour, and the unstudied art with which he avails himself of them.

"He throws himself upon us with the peculiar dignity of inspiration, and his voice awakens a sleeping echo in every human soul on which it comes. God has sent him there to speak the

truth in thunder, and he flings away from him and tramples beneath his feet all the worthless associations with which our hearts are bound to all earthly things."

Ah! we must repeat, *si sic omnia*,—if all Lockhart's articles on similar themes had been conceived in a similar spirit, if not written in a similar strain! We have said that we are assured the piety expressed in the above extracts was genuine; and yet we feel bound to advert to his letter "To the Rev. Thomas Chalmers," in the Magazine for May 1818; because, like another addressed to the "Rev. Professor Laugner," it provoked a storm of natural indignation at the time. If we did not know Lockhart to be the writer, we might nevertheless have felt persuaded of it; for there is no mistaking the pen of Peter Morris and Baron Lauerwinkel. We apologise for neither; nor could anybody have condemned the latter more severely than Lockhart himself in 'Peter's Letters,' when they appeared a year or two later. Indeed we are constrained to say that the tone is as unjustifiable as the attack was unscrupulous; and we should be sorry to believe him honest in the letter, since we will credit him with sincerity in "Pulpit Eloquence." The only explanation is, the rancour that had been engendered in the quarrels between the contributors to 'Maga' and the Edinburgh Reviewers. The two letters are really onslaughts on the 'Review,' at a point where it seemed possible to breach its defences—impassioned appeals to Scottish religious bitterness, in the guise of an affected concern for the characters of Chalmers and Playfair. Of the morality and spirit of these letters, the less said the better; and we remarked at the outset that we would not do our

distinguished contributors the injustice of throwing a veil over their faults or mistakes. But as specimens of what they transparently were, those stinging effusions were admirable. They damn with the apparently generous praise that gives ample licence for invective and depreciation. They place doubtful matters of dispute in deceptive and dazzling lights; and we fear we must add, they deal ingeniously in the *suggestio falsi* as well as the *suppressio veri*. They touch their illustrious objects in the most sensitive points, by attributing to their actions logical consequences which they could only have contemplated with horror. As for the charges, more or less plausible, brought against the 'Edinburgh Review,' they are made the foundations for the most scathing invective, poured out with all the simulated fervour of righteous indignation. Looked at in a purely literary aspect, the letters are well worth reading; and not unfrequently they are enriched with sentiments or sarcasms hardly unworthy of a Massillon or a Pascal. As, for instance—and we take a quotation almost at random—where the writer is lecturing Chalmers on the danger of encouraging scepticism; though it becomes almost ludicrous when we think of the clever young satirist in his relation of solemn Mentor to the grave and virtuous divine, whose weight was universally recognised. "You know," he says, "how many there are to be found in every city, . . . arrested at the threshold of faith by the phantoms of doubts which they have in vain endeavoured to dispel."

We have said enough on a topic we should gladly have avoided, had we not determined to write with absolute frankness, and had not these regrettable escapades shown in striking shape one char-

acteristic side of Lockhart's genius. And we must remember that the dangerous weapons he sometimes abused in his youth, were habitually turned in his maturity to nobler purposes. But it is pleasanter to turn to his poetry in 'Maga,' which varies as much in the style as the measures. The best known, if not the best, of his numerous shorter pieces, is his "Captain Paton's Lament," a genuine lay of a douce Glaswegian citizen, when the "plainstones" were still a fashionable promenade, as they had been in the days of Virginian "tobacco lords" and Jamaica sugar-planters. "Captain Paton" has, however, been reprinted in 'Tales from Blackwood,' and most of our readers must have formed their own opinion of him. On the other hand, we believe that well-informed literary men are unacquainted even by name with his "Mad Banker of Amsterdam;" and yet it surely deserved to be reprinted better than many satires that have been thus honoured. The "Banker" is a poem of tremendous promise and decidedly remarkable performance. The author is the Mr William Wastle of 'Peter's Letters,' and the colossal scheme of Mr Wastle's epic professed to run to four-and-twenty cantos. We need hardly say that there was as little reality in the threat of such a portentous infliction as in the actuality of Wastle. At that time the announcement of articles in series, which were seldom continued and never completed, seems to have been a favourite form of fun with our early contributors. The "Banker" remains the fragment it was meant to be; and probably it was far from being curtailed of its fair proportions as the author originally conceived them. It is more likely that Lockhart threw off the two opening cantos which are published together as a *jeu*

d'esprit, which he fancied he had done with; and that he was encouraged by the favour with which they were received, to add two or three others at irregular intervals. It is certain that the later cantos show more care in the execution, and rise sometimes to what we might call sublimity, did not "sublimity" seem inconsistent with the whimsicalities of the context. In his ringing iambics, Lockhart or Wastle, like the noble author of "Beppo" and "Don Juan," closely followed Frere and Mr Whistlercraft—who, as Byron points out in a letter to Murray, had been the first to introduce the manner of Berni into English literature. In that manner, without venturing invidious comparisons, we may say that Lockhart excels. It is not only that he exhibits wonderful command of the metre, weaving easily into his flowing stanzas the most uncompromising phrases, which he has the knack of making flexible—that he works up his rhymes with the dexterity of a jackdaw out of materials he pillages from both dead and living languages—but he suggests an endless succession of grotesque ideas and allusions from what seems to be precisely the most humorous point of view; and he dashes off a series of most ludicrous Dutch sketches, with all the character and minute drollery of an Ostade or Jan Steen. He is just as happy in his gay flirtations with the comic muse, when, coming back from the Dutch canals to his native Caledonia, he celebrates the charms, or satirises the foibles, of his country-people; while, as we have observed, he can rise naturally into loftier strains, as, when musing among the memories of fallen Holyrood, he is inspired by its sad associations with the unfortunate Stuarts. The "Banker" being in reality an unknown poem, we shall venture to

quote a few stanzas almost at random, and rather as being illustrative of what we have said, than for any very exceptional humour or beauty. In fact, fragments that notoriously were flung off so easily and with an almost studied affectation of negligence, cannot possibly be fairly judged by passages chipped from their contexts. Wastle, on the voyage to Holland, had scraped acquaintance with a jovial Irishman, and the pair had agreed to become travelling companions.

“And now from Dordrecht on to Amsterdam,
Proceeding via Rotterdam, and Leyden,
And Haarlem, we had chanced ourselves to cram
Into a snuggish Treckshuit which was gliding
O'er the smooth surface, gentle as a lamb,
'Mid groves of willow green its brightness hiding,
When Mynheer Braun had the good sense to fall
In love with charming Widow Schlappsendall.”

The main argument of the first canto is the meeting of the lovers, and the wooing of the voluptuous widow, with the growing ardour of her admirer, dimly distinguished in Rembrandt-like fashion by the fitful gleams of light breaking through the clouds of tobacco-smoke. In the second we have the picture of their wedded felicity, with Van der Helst-like portraits of the small Dutchmen and Dutchwomen they have begotten, leading on to a digression to the Dilettante Society of Edinburgh, of which Mr Wastle, as we know, was a distinguished member. Lockhart, as we have said, spared nobody; and here is the description of his sworn brother of the pen, the illustrious President of the Dilettanti, and of Wilson's great poetical work—

“He writes more malagrusously than Dante,
'The City of the Plague's' a shocking poem;
But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,
And jocular enough to those that know him.
To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines.”

The proofs having fallen into Wilson's hands, it was then he retorted by interpolating the stanza we have referred to:—

“Then touched I off Friend Lockhart (Gibson John),
So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock and Wieland, Kant and Mendelssohn,
All High Dutch quacks, like Spurzheim or Feinagle,—
Him the Chaldee yeelped the Scorpion,—
The claws but not the pinions of the eagle,
Are Jack's; but though I do not mean to flatter,
Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire.”

There is a lively stanza in the fourth canto, where, after describing the clean-scoured Dutch maids, and remarking that their “Dutch cheeks oft seemed kissable” to him, he glances at Lord Byron's poems and passions in what might be a gem borrowed from “Beppo:”

“They want, indeed, the radiance rich and sunny,
That Eastern warmth in Eastern regions speaks;
You won't get that sweet glow for love or money;
'Tis not the nature of Batavian cheeks.
But it appears to me extremely funny,
To think one can't kiss anything but Greeks
And Jewesses and dark Italian dames,
Merely because they were Lord Byron's flames.”

One other stanza, and a serious one, from the canto which, we are sorry to think, brought the poem to a conclusion just as the author

was getting into a freer swing, and we have done. Here is the view of Edinburgh and its environs from the Calton Hill:—

"See what a glorious picture lies unrolled
Between you and the ocean's endless smile
Of rippling waves — green wood and greener wold,
Fringing the rocky buckler of the isle,
Whose strength is stern and steadfast, but not cold—
And yon grey sands o'er many a golden mile,
Upon whose vanishing and glittering lines
The light and curling foam caressing shines."

We must not dismiss Lockhart's poetry without adverting to his translations of the Spanish ballads. To say nothing of the martial fire and chivalrous spirit of the original, which are admirably preserved, they are a wonderful combination of literary taste with graceful scholarship. And the introduction, by the way, well deserves reading, as throwing lights, that were in those days original, on the deterioration of the Spanish character since the middle ages, and on the manners of the Spanish Moors. Lockhart shows from their history, what is confirmed by their ballads, that the Spaniards of three or four centuries ago were anything rather than "the most bigoted, enslaved, and ignorant of Europeans." "Her kings were her captains and judges, the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry; but the authority with which they were invested was guarded by the most accurate limitations." He points out what, however, must have been more generally known—how largely they were indebted to the Moors for their arts and their liberal constitutions; and that the bitter religious

fanaticism which finally crushed the conquered race, and tyrannised later over their descendants the Moriscoes, was of comparatively recent growth. And he reminds those who might be inclined to question the genuineness of the Moorish ballads from the parts they assign to the lady-loves of the gallant Zegris and Abencerrages, that the refined Spanish Moors treated their females very differently from the sensual orientals of modern days. It is seldom, indeed, that a translator has thrown himself so absolutely into the spirit of his subjects, while following so closely the letter of his original. Yet if Lockhart fetters himself, he carries his shackles with such ease that he almost seems to wear them as ornaments, changing a harsh jangle into harmonious music. Where almost all the translations are excellent, it is hard to choose; but what can be better for the purely historical ballad than the "Lamentation of Don Roderick," "The Murder of the Master," or "The Death of Don Pedro"? As for the "Bull-fight of Gazul," it is rendered so as to make the most earnest member of the Humane Society ignore any of the incidental horrors of the bull-ring; and indeed, what impresses us most strongly next to the death-charge, is the vivid picture of the glades in the oak-forest, where the iron-limbed steer Harpado was bred by the bursting springs of Xarama. While if the themes are changed to Love and Pity, what can be more tender than the "Bridal of Andalla," or the "Ear-rings of Zara"? Very beautiful, too, are "Count Alarcos;" and the morning song for St John the Baptist's Day, with its sweet spring pictures of the Christian maidens celebrating their half-heathenish rites among the spring flowers and the sheepfolds:—

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens,
 we'll gather myrtle boughs,
 And we shall learn from the dews of the
 fern if our lads will keep their vows;
 If the wether be still as we dance on the
 hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the
 flowers,
 Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers
 are true, and the Baptist's blessing
 is ours."

Finally, we may remark—though doubtless it was accidental—that notwithstanding our sincere admiration for Scott's poetry, the only translation he contributed to the collection seems to us the least satisfactory of them all.

'Peter's Letters' had appeared in 1820. The idea is broached in an undated note to Blackwood:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw James Balantyne yesterday, and sounded him a little about Dr Morris. He seems to say he would stake all his credit on the Dr's success. - Scott also writes in great terms touching the D.

"On the whole, I do think that the writing of the book might be soon accomplished, and would be singularly pleasant in the doing. 3 vols. 12mo size of Waverley.

"1st vol.—Edinburgh town described. Education, Scotch and English—Bar—Society—portraits of the professors and barristers—'Edinburgh Review.' M'Kenzie. Scott. 'Tales of my Landlord' discussed—Scott's merits as a Tory writer in Scotland—a visit to Abbotsford. Dilettanti. Wilson. Hogg.

"2d vol.—Glasgow. West county (*sic*). Residence at a manse—the life of the clergy—Sacraments—Presbyteries, all graphically done but with kindly feeling. Chalmers. Balfour, Moncreiff, MacCrie. Comparison of Scotch and English Churches—and peasantry, marriages, &c.

"3d vol.—To be written chiefly by Wilson, and to contain accounts of the Doctor's tours into the Highlands, Tweeddale, and along the Clyde.

"All this to be done immediately, *currente calamo* on smooth paper. WHAT DO YOU THINK ON'T? I think it would do much in every way, and *reflect* much credit, if successful, on your Magazine.

"Let me therefore hear what you say.—Ever yours,
 "J. G. LOCKHART."

The idea was approved, and in April 1819, we find the Doctor finally accepting a sum of £500 for the first edition of 2000 copies. But however easily Lockhart may have thrown off the letters, the scheme did not work altogether so smoothly as he had expected. The manuscript, as it was handed over for the press, appears to have provoked frequent and earnest remonstrances, and we have the author writing to his publisher in terms of most unusual irritation:—

"I give you permission to alter as you please all about yourself, but I tell you honestly that you have utterly sickened me with your eternal expositions. Change, but don't speak to me again. If any other person mentioned had been allowed only one-fifth of your remarks, the book would have been at the second volume at Doomsday."

We know not how much may have been changed, but even as it appeared, the book must have created an extraordinary sensation. A limited provincial society, with its cliques and circles, found a "chief among them taking notes," and the chief was a master of comic portraiture, whether with the pen or the pencil. His candour was excessive; and if he was by no means sparing of his praise, yet nothing in the way of faults and weakness escaped this keen but discriminating observer. In the Whig coteries, which had been formed on mutual admiration principles, he passed the idols under searching review, and sometimes knocked them ruthlessly about. Not that he spared the Tories, nor his familiar friends, nor himself. But we should do very grave injustice to the book were we to characterise it as chiefly a satirical performance. It is true that there

is a vein of piquant subacidity in it; but, generally speaking, the vigorous portrait-painting is executed with a generosity that places in the most favourable light the most striking features of the subject. Take Jeffrey, for example, for whom Lockhart had no kind of liking. Lockhart points out the minor defects of his speech, his action, and his manner, as he states the case forcibly against the editor of the 'Review,' which had been the motive and the apology for the ebullitions of the Magazine. But he bestows the most ungrudging praise on Jeffrey's remarkable abilities, doing ample justice to his persuasiveness as a speaker, to his acumen as a critic, and to the qualities which had established his supremacy among the writers who worked with him; he tells how, in the flowing fluency of the orator, defects that might otherwise have been ludicrous were wellnigh forgotten; and he declares that it is impossible to conceive the existence of a more fertile and teeming intellect. Indeed his delineation of character, in its light and trenchant style, is almost unique so far as we remember; and men of whom our notions must otherwise have been vague, literally live and breathe in his sparkling pages. The study of Scott is perhaps the most interesting: that of the eccentric John Clerk of Eldin is undoubtedly the most effective. The latter is too long to give at length, and we should hopelessly injure it by extracts. But as all that Lockhart says of the great Magician is fully confirmed by the innumerable details of the 'Life' written after long years of affectionate intimacy, we venture to quote a few passages as proofs of the writer's penetration:—

"I have never seen any face which disappointed me less than this; . . .

but the expression which is most prominent, is not of the kind which one who had known his works and had heard nothing about his appearance would be inclined to expect. The common language of his features expresses all manner of discernment and acuteness of intellect, and the utmost nerve and decision of character. He smiles frequently, and I never saw any smile which tells so eloquently the union of broad good-humour with the keenest perception of the ridiculous; but all this would scarcely be enough to satisfy one in the physiognomy of Walter Scott. And indeed, in order to see much finer things, it is only necessary to have a little patience,

'And tarry for the hour,
When the wizard shows his power;
The hour of might and mastery,
Which none can show but only he.'

"In the course of conversation he happened to quote a few lines from one of the old Border ballads, and looking round, I was quite astonished with the change which seemed to have passed over every feature in his countenance. His eyes seemed no longer to glance quick and grey from beneath his impending brows, but were fixed in their expanding eyelids with a sober, solemn lustre. His mouth (the muscles about which are at all times wonderfully expressive), instead of its usual language of mirth and benevolence, or shrewdness, was filled with a sad and pensive earnestness. The whole face was tinged with a glow that showed its lines in new energy and transparency, and the thin hair parting backward, displayed in tenfold majesty his Shakespearian pile of forehead. . . . It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes the chief peculiarity and the chief charm of his conversation: the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination, having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic, individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed—and such, still more certainly, as no

man of great original power ever before possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius."

That we call fine writing, in the highest sense: original impressions are conveyed in eloquent diction, with well-chosen epithets that are forcibly suggestive. But perhaps the finest piece in the volumes is the description of Lord President Hope when passing sentence on a criminal. The culprit was a solicitor of the Court—the offence a paltry piece of chicanery; yet we are made to participate in the deep emotions of the judge, who felt bound, in the paramount sense of his duty, to blast the shrinking wretch before him with scathing rebukes and a blighting sentence; and even after the lapse of more than half a century, we are made thrillingly sensible of the impressions of the audience. The most interesting of the chapters, as specially connected with our subject, is that which describes the merry meeting of the Welsh Doctor with Wilson and Hogg at the Burns festival. Wilson, *more suo*, had walked fifty miles that morning to be present. He struck the Cambrian guest by—

"The best specimen I had ever seen of the genuine or ideal *Goth*. His hair is of the true Sieambrian yellow; his eyes are of the lightest, and, at the same time, the clearest blue; and the blood glows in his cheek with as firm a fervour as it did, according to the description of Iornandes, in the time of the '*Bello gaudentes, prælio ridentes Teutones*.' . . . His forehead is finely but strangely shaped, the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being both developed in a very striking manner. . . . I have never seen a physiognomy which could pass with so much rapidity from the most serious to the most ludicrous of effects."

As for the sympathetic sketch of Hogg, we reserve it until we notice the Shepherd's character. Indeed,

throughout the letters, as we have said, the tone is more often kindly and sympathetic than satirical, at all events when individuals are concerned. Where the Doctor gives the reins to his wit, is in dealing with manners in general, or with classes of men; and we confess it would have been a stretch of Christian charity, had the Scottish country divines forgiven him his picture of their parade in the Commissioner's procession at General Assembly time.

Lockhart's novels quickly followed 'The Letters.' But though they show his talents, and were fairly successful at the time, like Wilson, he cannot be said to have shone in fiction. He could conceive a powerful plot, and tell a story admirably; but the very qualities that made the excellence of his brilliant social sketches were inimical to the proportions and the completeness that are essential to the highest fiction. His novels abound in spirited pieces of description, and are enlivened by telling scenes; but the author's favourite bents are perpetually diverting him into side paths, and the interest naturally grows languid as attention is distracted from the characters. Thus the characters in his '*Valerius*' seem mere lay figures, galvanised into life after their sleep of centuries, in the midst of an exceedingly vivid reproduction of Rome and Roman manners in the reign of Trajan. No doubt the task he then set himself was difficult; but that its inherent difficulties were not insurmountable, was shown by Lord Lytton in the '*Last Days of Pompeii*,' and in a lesser degree by Whyte Melville, who left the pastures of Leicestershire with no little success for the Roman amphitheatre and "the Gladiators." Lockhart has made a creditable display of his taste and scholarship, but it must

be confessed that his fancy failed him; and though some of his most moving scenes are magnificently painted, the story makes but slight impression on the feelings. And 'Reginald Dalton' may be very similarly criticised, although the subject might seem to have recommended itself to his especial genius, and though he described the troubles and humours of undergraduate life at Oxford from recent and personal experiences. And it is to be remarked, that as the masculine-minded Wilson inclined to the almost effeminately sentimental in his fictions, so the vivacious and satirical Lockhart was disposed to luxuriate in gloom. We have dangers, tortures, and martyrdoms in 'Valerius;' we have a preponderance of debts, disappointments, and love-troubles in 'Reginald Dalton;' and while 'Matthew Wald' subsides from self-indulgence into madness, 'Adam Blair' scandalised the Scotch Kirk and his congregation by a minister's sad falling away and its consequences. But as 'Adam Blair' is the most melancholy of all, it is also the most artistically successful; for it is successful because the author has proved his power by enlisting our feelings profoundly in favour of the minister, who, being left to himself in an unguarded impulse of frailty, redeemed the fault of a moment by penitential suffering, so as to turn the earlier regard of his austere parishioners into reverence.

Of the delightful 'Life of Burns' we shall say little, and less still of the 'Life of Scott.' It is difficult to define the qualities of a good biographer; but it is certain that Lockhart's biographical abilities were altogether *hors de ligne*, although, undoubtedly, he was exceptionally fortunate in his subjects. He had the memory and the minute

observation of a Boswell, with a nature altogether antipathetical to that of the lexicographer's obsequious shadow. He was never dazzled by the brilliant sparkle of genius, and he was keenly alive to defects. He could arrange his materials as happily as he selected them. He could grasp characters as he grouped facts and incidents picturesquely round his central figure; his knowledge of character and of human nature quickened his intuitive gifts of perception; and, satirist as he was, he had the kindly sympathies which showed the objects of his affections in their most engaging lights, while passing judgment on their faults and foibles with the tolerance of a man of the world. The essayists and biographers who have followed him with fuller materials at their disposal, have subjected Burns's moral conduct to searching scrutiny; and Mr Stevenson, the last of them, while professing to write a vindication, seems to us to be the most austere of all. It strikes us that Lockhart, taking broader views from a more commanding standpoint, is not only more genial than most, but as just as any. Admitting the poet's faults, he shows that not a few of his candid critics had taken him as an inviting text for moral homilies; and that much of the evidence on which his character had been blackened, came less of his own unguarded admissions, than of his romantic indulgence in poetical licence; while Lockhart's admiration of Burns's transcendent and redeeming genius is based upon a delicate analysis of the beauties of works that were flashed off in raptures of inspiration, and crowded into some of the months of the poet's prime. As only a Scotchman and a poet could have written that 'Life of Burns,' so nobody but a Scotchman, a man of literary genius, and a

confidential friend, could have done justice to the biography of Scott. We say no more of the 'Life,' than that it is no unworthy memorial of the illustrious writer whose career has been depicted sympathetically and admiringly, yet with an absolute sincerity that does equal honour to Sir Walter and his son-in-law.

Lockhart's work in the 'Quarterly,' beginning with the assumption of the editorship in 1826, marks, of course, the maturity of his literary experience. Yet we may be forgiven for expressing the opinion, that in independence of thought, as in inimitable vigour and freshness of style, the early papers in 'Maga,' such as those on "Greek Tragedy" and "Pulpit Eloquence," will compare with it by no means unfavourably. Necessarily, what strikes us first is the feature we have already adverted to—the extraordinary range of most incongruous subjects which he handles with all the knowledge of an expert; while they are remarkable enough as mere proofs of the industry of a man who mixed much in the world, and had always many irons in the fire. Next, since the knowledge is never ostentatiously paraded, we only gradually awaken to the extent of his literary attainments, and in that respect the advance is very visible. His political information is become accurate and practical; he writes in an intimate acquaintance with public men and their probable lines of conduct in particular circumstances; he makes the most of exceptional sources of information; while he judges political opponents with almost cynical tolerance, and his impressions have ripened with experience into convictions. That he was an admirable editor we cannot doubt. From his private letters to Mr Blackwood, we know his promptitude in

matters of business; and we can well believe in the honesty of the tribute paid him by the writer of the article in the 'Quarterly':—

"It is impossible to say too much of his punctuality in all things concerning contributors. The post was not more sure to bring the immediate letter of acknowledgment and courteous encouragement and commendation, than Lockhart was to write it. . . . He was an admirable man of business, and he was so simply because he knew what men of genius are apt to forget, that this is one of the most sure and effective ways of showing kindness."

Again, the writer speaks of his editorial tact, in matters of which no outsider has the means of judging:—

"Every one who had an opportunity of knowing how Lockhart treated the essays which it was his function to introduce to the public, will remember the exquisite skill with which he could by a few touches add grace and point to the best-written papers—how he could throw off superfluous matter, develop a half-expressed thought, disentangle a complicated sentence, and give life and spirit to the solid sense of a heavy article, as the sculptor animates the shapeless stone."

And we need scarcely observe, that such a faculty must be rare indeed. It implies the bright adaptability of a keen and many-sided mind, which can throw itself at once into sympathy with some foreign subject; striking instinctively into the track of the writer's thoughts, and lightening them with impromptu flashes of its genius.

In proof of Lockhart's activity and versatility, we find repeatedly two or three articles in a single number; while the *Quarterlies* for the single year 1834 contain no fewer than thirteen contributions, five of which appeared in No. CII. We have neither the space nor the presumption to enter upon any cursory criticism of articles of such

varied and remarkable excellence. We may observe, however, that such subjects as the lives and writings of the poets, seem to be at once the most suggestive and to have the greatest permanent value. With refined appreciation or warm sympathy, he applies sound but elastic principles of criticism, which he indicates rather than obtrudes. And as a proof of the advantages of a critic of genius being at the same time a man of the world, we may call attention to his articles on the Lives of Sheridan and Lord Byron by Thomas Moore. In the former, the brilliant biographer had done some injustice both to the subject of the biography and to sundry other people. Lockhart, with logical cogency of reasoning and knowledge, vindicates the memory of the dead and the reputations of the living, explaining away misconceptions and exposing misrepresentations—very little, as we should imagine, to Mr Moore's liking. Indeed the task is performed apparently so much *con amore*, that we maliciously prepare to enjoy ourselves over another case of masterly discomfi-

ting when we take up the article on the better-known work. But in that unkindly anticipation we are disappointed, although the article is full of a personal interest, thanks to the distinguished subject and the reviewer's knowledge of him. Lockhart, in bestowing generous praise on a work where the author's talents had been stimulated by friendship for the illustrious dead, and by his consciousness of the delicacy of the cause he was championing, amply vindicates his own impartiality.

In conclusion, we must repeat that Lockhart's case is a proof the more of the precariousness of the tenure of literary reputations. His character as a writer stands high, no doubt; but adequate justice has never been done to him, and the life of one of the most brilliant of biographers remains unwritten. The man who might best have perpetuated his uncle's memory was the valued contributor whom we lost the other day, and to whom we bade farewell in the obituary notice which appeared in the 'Maga' of last May.

"POLEMICAL LANGUAGE" AND ITS RESULTS.

At a time when European tranquillity is disquieted by Egyptian revolution, when rival armaments are being put in motion, and when proposals of conferences indicate that difficulties are becoming pressing, we may be pardoned for inquiring, with some degree of curiosity, how our own Government is managing to steer its course through these troubles. So interesting and suggestive has been the administration of our home affairs under the Gladstone Ministry, that public attention has found sufficient employment within the confines of the still United Kingdom, except at such times as a military disaster in one of our foreign possessions, or a diplomatic defeat on the Continent, impresses upon us the fact that our insular isolation is not yet wholly perfected. To a Government that regards counsel as impertinence, and criticism as injury, it must be a subject of congratulation that the Cabinet has been allowed to follow its own course in Continental affairs without having to expose its policy to the profane, and perhaps unappreciative, view of the country. We ought to rest content, the Government appears to think, on the assurance that our diplomacy is directed by a statesman of the ingenuity and resource of Mr Gladstone, is expounded in the Upper House by a Minister who possesses a charming flow of innocent anecdote, and is interpreted to obtrusive Commoners by an Under-Secretary whose open frankness and suave courtesy are noteworthy features of a time when new occupants of the Treasury bench are too apt to exhibit the insolence of Jacks-in-office.

No doubt, under such guidance our foreign policy ought to run on in a smooth and successful course ;

and if it does not do so, we shall not be surprised to hear that the fault rests with the wickedness and corruption of Continental Cabinets, and not with the honest and single-hearted Government that presides over the destinies of the British empire. The reproach has been launched against us that we care nothing for the obligations of treaties except when our own interest is involved ; but are we not at this very moment proving the contrary by our loyal execution of the compact of Kilmainham, Mr Gladstone's great achievement in diplomacy, as the Treaty of Berlin was that of his predecessor in office ? The success, too, with which the Ministry has treated anarchy and disorder at home, and conducted military operations abroad, as in South Africa, must add immensely to the authority which we carry with us into the councils of Europe. And yet, in spite of the advantages of which the Gladstone Government is able to boast,—in spite of the novel and enlightened spirit that pervades our diplomacy—a spirit that scouts at the obsolete traditions of Metternich, Talleyrand, and Palmerston, and whose principles are written, not in protocols and memoranda, but in magazine articles,—matters do not appear to be going smoothly with us abroad ; and we have only the assurances to the contrary of the Prime Minister and his colleagues to set against the general conviction that for the past three years the Cabinet has been aimlessly floundering in European politics, with no gain in credit, and considerable loss in more substantial interests.

Four years ago the Treaty of Berlin, in putting an end to a contest that threatened to embroil all the

great Powers, gave Europe a firm basis of peace, and restored Great Britain to the position of influence which she had occupied in European diplomacy throughout the first half of the century. To the Gladstone Ministry the Berlin Treaty was an invaluable legacy. It had knit together the signatory Powers by stronger ties of confidence than had existed among them since the close of the Crimean war, while it had settled all subjects of debate between Russia and Turkey, which offered an immediate excuse on either side for again having recourse to arms. Europe had given the Ottoman power another respite, and the far-reaching Eastern question was dismissed, in the hope that a considerable interval might elapse before it developed further germs of dissension. The Cabinets of Europe readily acknowledged that Lord Beaconsfield was the statesman to whose tact and firmness the re-establishment of peace was due; and Lord Beaconsfield himself cautioned the nation that the execution of the treaty and the maintenance of peace must depend upon the spirit in which Britain discharged its duty as one of the signatory Powers. At the moment of his appealing for the last time to the country, Lord Beaconsfield declared that "peace rests on the presence, not to say the ascendancy, of England in the councils of Europe." Down to the time when the Conservative Government went out of office, that ascendancy stood steadily at the old flood-mark of the days when Wellington and Lord Castlereagh went to Vienna. What we have to consider is, whether our influence has not ebbed somewhat during the years the present Government has been in power.

But if the situation in Europe offered many advantages to a Liberal Ministry entering on office, there were, on the other hand, formidable

drawbacks in the way of the Gladstone Cabinet maintaining English ascendancy in the position in which Lord Beaconsfield had left it. Mr Gladstone came into power very much after the fashion of an unthrifty heir who has burdened his property with post-obits before it came into his hands. While yet in Opposition, he had wasted all his possibilities of influencing European policy on the lines of the Berlin Treaty, in frantic and impulsive efforts to discredit the Beaconsfield diplomacy in the eyes of the electors. He had sought to hound on Turkey to destruction when the Ottoman Government was standing on the very verge of ruin. He had insulted Austria for no other reason than that the Cabinet of Vienna had zealously co-operated with Lord Beaconsfield's efforts for the restoration of peace. He had allied himself with the extreme views of the vassal nationalities of Turkey, which it had been one of the main objects of the Berlin Congress to put to rest. He had identified himself with a line of policy which, if pushed to its legitimate consequences, could only have resulted in plunging the whole of Eastern Europe into war. Probably there never was a First Minister of the Crown who took office under such deep pledges of hostility to the foreign policy of his predecessor; and we can readily enter into the feelings of curiosity not unmingled with contempt, with which the European Powers waited to see what would come of the floods of invective and menace which for four or five years had been, with little intermission, showered about their heads. In the case of a new Premier, the harangues of Mid-Lothian might have engendered a distrust dangerous to the continuity of some of our Continental relations; but the leading statesmen of Europe had long before taken their

measure of Mr Gladstone. They knew by experience that Mr Gladstone belonged to that class of statesmen who, as Metternich once said of Canning, "speculate on the advantages of the moment, and at the same time try to secure their capital apart from the enterprise, —a class of diplomatists who very rarely succeed." But if any misgivings were entertained that Mr Gladstone's vehement language had any other aim except to tickle the ears of the masses, he himself speedily undertook to remove them. In one of his electioneering harangues, Mr Gladstone had declared that "Austria had ever been the unflinching foe of freedom in every country," and challenged her friends to "point to a single spot on the map and say 'There Austria has done good'!" So long as Mr Gladstone was only an Opposition agitator, such aspersions went for nothing; but when, to the surprise of Europe, the direction of British affairs was once more placed in his hands, the case was gravely altered. With a Minister possessed of such truculent sentiments, swaying the policy of a people whose insanity had been made manifest to Europe by putting him at the head of its Government, Austria could not but feel that its good relations with this country were placed in jeopardy. A slight probe in the bag, however, sufficed to let out the wind. It was enough for Austria to take formal notice of his remarks to make Mr Gladstone swallow his words—an "easy task" for him, as he naively assured "Dear Count Károlyi." "Mere polemical language," your Excellency, "which I have resolved that as a Minister I shall not either repeat or even defend in argument. I feel a cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor, and I trust that their complete success may honourably and nobly mark his reign." I

quite admit that, as your Excellency says, my remarks were of a "painful and wounding character," and "I think that the explanation I now tender should be made not less public than the speech that has supplied the occasion for it." Probably Great Britain was the only nation that could not view with satisfaction the distinction which Mr Gladstone drew between his utterances "when in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," and his intentions of regulating his official conduct by the sentiments he had then expressed. Why, thinks the dumfounded Radical, it was just on the strength of his "polemical language" that we returned him to office not a month ago. But never mind, let us get up a meeting and move a vote of confidence in him. No vote of confidence, however, could obliterate the fact that the "grand old man" was cutting a very contemptible and humiliating figure before the eyes of European statesmen.

This check at the very outset of his official career has exercised an unfortunate influence upon Mr Gladstone's foreign policy, which it will never probably be able to surmount. The European Cabinets readily grasped at the conclusion that the direction of British affairs had fallen into the hands of a weak and time-serving Ministry. Not any chance of this man, whose only care is to keep himself and party in office, giving us the same trouble as Lord Beaconsfield did. We may safely leave Great Britain out of count in the Concert of Europe. And so the place which Britain had occupied in the European Concert under Lord Beaconsfield, practically was left unfilled; the British Government lost all control over European events; and we once more resumed the position of isolation that we had occupied under Mr Gladstone's previous Ministry.

This diminution of British influence was very soon publicly demonstrated. Though Mr Gladstone had given notice that he did not intend to officially act in the spirit of his denunciations while in opposition against "more than one foreign Power," "the unspeakable Turk" was not included in this recantation. The Premier speedily began to take advantage of the opportunities which the Treaty of Berlin afforded him to annoy his old enemy the Porte. This initiation of proceedings against the Sultan's Government certainly did not spring from the European Concert. The other Powers, without losing sight of their responsibilities, were prepared to take a generous view of the disabilities of the Ottoman empire to recognise the crippled condition in which the Russo-Turkish war had left its administration, and to give it time to feel its legs under it again before proceeding to exact the concessions stipulated for in the Treaty of Berlin. Within a few weeks of entering on office, the Gladstone Ministry addressed a note to the great Powers calling for combined action in settling the Greek, Montenegrin, and Armenian questions, and appointed Mr Goschen as its special representative to the Porte—a selection that to European diplomats looked suspiciously like the despatch of an agent to take stock of the assets of a concern on the verge of bankruptcy. The Powers appealed to could not withhold their co-operation, though they generally regarded it as unreasonable and unduly vexatious towards the Sultan's Government. They, moreover, did not fail to note that, contemporaneous with Mr Gladstone's accession to office, the attitude of the Turkish feudatory states became more impracticable, Greece more exigent, and the intrigues of the Italia Irredenta and other revolutionaries in Albania

more pronounced and mischievous. As was to have been expected, the Sultan endeavoured to evade the demands of the Powers, to obtain delay, and generally to seek for some means of shuffling out of his obligations—a course of policy in which there is every reason to believe he was abetted by the Russian Government, which at that time sought for nothing better than to sow discord among the Cabinets who had torn up the Treaty of San Stefano. But though fully recognising the natural reluctance with which the Porte saw itself compelled to take action, we must also admit that it felt itself powerless to act in the excited state of feeling that then prevailed in Albania. It proposed an International Commission to deal with the difficulty, but this was scouted as an attempt to interpose further delay. France next began to bestir herself. The dead level at which the administration of the Republic was moving at home made it necessary that it should do something sensational abroad. The Republic, proud of the part it had played in the Berlin Congress, determined to pose before Europe as one of the principal executors of its stipulations. The circular which M. Freycinet had issued to the ambassadors of the Republic in the middle of April on the opening of the French Chambers, had dealt almost entirely with the carrying out of the Berlin Treaty, for which he credited France with a responsibility that the Powers would never have thought of imposing on the Republic. This circular is of some importance, as indicating the date when the Republican Government, conscious that its internal legislation, generally frivolous and often vexatious, could call forth no enthusiasm among Frenchmen, began to seek for popularity by intermeddling abroad. In this case Greece, which

the French representatives at Berlin had taken up, was adopted as the special *protégé* of the Republic; and although the Albanian question was quite enough to take up at a time, France initiated a Conference of the Powers to settle the concessions which Turkey was to make to the Greeks under the Treaty. The 24th article of the Treaty, on which this action was based, had merely provided that a Conference should be called when mediation was necessary; and the negotiations between Turkey and Greece, or rather the pressing demands of Greece and the supple evasions of the Porte, could not be strictly said to have reached that stage. However, a Conference was called, to which Mr Gladstone readily consented, hoping, perhaps, that the renown of the Congress might be obliterated by the achievements of the Conference. There was this further objection to the Conference, that though assembled to deal with the Turco-Greek frontier, its presence really added a menace to the pressure to which Britain was subjecting the Porte on the subject of Montenegro.

While the Conference was sitting at Berlin, another important outcome of Mr Gladstone's "polemical language" became plainly manifest. In the case of a shattered power like Turkey, the British Premier had not thought it worth while to retract his invectives uttered while in Opposition, as he had done in the case of Austria. For four years previous to his accession to office he had heaped upon the Ottoman Government the most opprobrious epithets—epithets which have since passed into proverbs, but which are quoted, not against the Porte, but to the disadvantage of Mr Gladstone himself. But the manifest hostility which he was now evincing towards Turkey, satisfied the Sultan's Government that his denunciations of

the Porte did not come within his own definition of "polemical language;" and that it consequently could expect no friendly offices from his Government. The result was, that the Porte began to cultivate the good graces of the German Government. It addressed itself to the German ambassador, and through him to Prince Bismarck; it sought for German advice and German assistance in reforming its finances and remodelling its army; and German influence speedily took up that place at Constantinople which had been occupied by the British representative for a period of forty years. And as between Prince Bismarck and Mr Gladstone, we cannot say that the Porte made an unwise or an unworthy change; although we must feel some national mortification at seeing the fruits of half a century of laborious political exertions swept away in the struggle to secure a change of Ministry. But in spite of the menaces of the British Cabinet and the representations of Mr Goschen, backed up as they were by the presence of a Conference at Berlin, the Porte showed no alacrity in carrying out the Albanian stipulations. Nor was the Porte to be wholly condemned. It was well aware that it must yield on both the Montenegrin and the Greek claims; but it was sensible that the pressure which, at the instigation of the British Cabinet, was being put upon it, was unreasonable, if not inexcusable; and if it had any doubts about the matter, there were other Powers at Constantinople to suggest the idea. But the Sultan's Government was unable to control public feeling in Albania, which had been excited into a wild ferment at the idea of the country being broken up. Many of the most valuable and trusted public servants at Constantinople were themselves connected

with Albania; and their influence was very naturally exerted to induce the Sultan to evade, if not to resist, the demands of the Powers.

While the Conference was carrying on its negotiations with the Porte, a fact came to light that might have made the Cabinet aware of the way in which it was sacrificing British influence in the East by its conduct. This was to the effect that an agreement had been come to between the German Government and the Porte to provide the latter with a number of German officers to undertake the reorganisation of its finances. The care taken by the German press to divest this arrangement of any political consequence did not deceive the other Powers interested in the East. They readily discerned that Mr Gladstone had ruined British preponderance at Constantinople, and that German influence was prepared to supplant it. The times had changed since Prince Bismarck had declared that Germany had no interest in the Eastern question worth imperilling the life of a Pomeranian private. Not that we need assume that Germany is developing new ambitions in the East apart from those suggested by her extending commercial enterprise. But if we would not have the whole of Eastern Europe engulfed in the wreck of the Porte, it was necessary that some individual Power should take the Porte by the hand; and as the British Premier had in his "polemical language" advocated the expulsion of the Turk "bag and baggage" from Europe, and was apparently acting in that direction, Germany was the next best ally that the Sultan could fall back upon as a counsellor.

Events soon made it plain that it was in Albania itself, and not at Constantinople, that the real difficulty existed. Changes of Ministry at the Porte made no appreciable

improvement upon the situation; Turkish demonstrations on the spot failed to overawe the Albanian opposition; and Mr Gladstone began to grasp at the idea of coercion. He had always defended the right of nationalities to choose by whom they were to be ruled; but it is to be presumed that the Albanians had in his eyes forfeited this right by their loyal support of the Sultan, at the time when Mr Gladstone's own advocacy was being exerted to rouse the vassal States of Turkey against their suzerain. And so, in the autumn of 1880, a naval demonstration was determined on, not without hesitation and reluctance on the part of the other Powers, who felt that the British Cabinet was abusing the Berlin Treaty by precipitate and oppressive interference with the Porte. Mr Gladstone claims to have carried the Concert of Europe with him throughout the Albanian and Greek difficulties. If he did so, he had to thank the forbearance of both Germany and Austria; and he subjected the Concert to such a strain on that occasion, that it has never again answered to his call—or rather, as Lord Salisbury put it, that each member of the Concert has ever since played his own tune. With the arrival of the combined fleet on the Albanian coast, the Turks very properly left the settlement of the Dulcigno difficulty to its exertions. The fleet, however, was apparently as much at a loss what to do as the Government that sent it to Dulcigno. The French Government hastened to make public the fact, for the reassurance of the Albanians, that no French troops were to be landed, and that France would be no party to bombarding the town. The other Continental Powers were more reticent as to their intentions; but there is good reason to believe that they were equally with the Republic averse to incurring

the sin of blood-guiltiness. They had unwillingly yielded to the British Premier's demand for a demonstration, feeling well assured that it must end in a *fiasco*, and in the stultification of its author. And after some months of waiting, it was so it ended. The Porte was well aware that the pistol which Mr Gladstone was holding to its head was unloaded. All that it had asked for was time to carry out its arrangements; and this it took for itself, in spite of the British Premier and his harmless weapon. Dulcigno was transferred by the Turks to the Montenegrins; the fleet went its way; the Powers laughed in their sleeves at the British Cabinet; and the only Government that felt any regret at the termination of the demonstration was that of Russia, which had thought to inveigle Mr Gladstone into attacking the town, and indeed proposed that he should join in doing so.

A "moral impression," however, was produced by the results of the Dulcigno attempt, if not upon the Porte, at least upon the Liberal Ministry. Mr Gladstone had been in hot haste to deal drastically with the whole range of Turkish abuses—with the condition of Armenia, the relations of the Porte to its other provinces, the reform of its finances, and the purification of its administration. The Montenegrin affair, however, quite satisfied his avidity for interference with Turkey; and henceforth any questions about Armenia, or the intentions of the Government with regard to Turkish affairs, were to be characterised as impertinence and obstruction. The Greek claims were settled without much assistance from England, but with a conviction on the part of the Powers that the "polemical language" of the head of the British Government had encouraged extravagant pretensions in Greece,

which had come perilously near plunging that country into war, and which only the firm demeanour of Germany and Austria succeeded in repressing. The diplomatic results of 1880 may be summed up as the total loss of our influence at Constantinople; the actual isolation of England from the European Concert; and the practical transference of the direction of Ottoman policy from Great Britain to Germany,—results not much to boast of, so far as British interests are concerned.

The feeling of repulsion with which the British Cabinet has succeeded in inspiring the Powers of Central and Eastern Europe, naturally tended to draw it more towards the French Republic, which, like itself, was well understood to be a makeshift of government. In addition to the sympathy naturally engendered by similarity of situation, was the fact that the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty just then fell to be renewed, to draw the two Governments more closely together. This great measure which, in the views of its author, was to effect the conversion of France to Free Trade, had in the course of twenty years so greatly strengthened the feeling in favour of Protection, that there promised to be considerable difficulties in the way of its renewal upon the same basis. As the Free Trade millennium was still in the future, it was necessary for the credit of the Liberal Government that the Treaty should be renewed on not less favourable terms than had previously existed. A rupture in the negotiations, perhaps penal duties on British goods, would have given a dangerous impulse to the Fair Trade feeling which was beginning to express itself in our great manufacturing towns with distinctness sufficient to cause the Government considerable alarm. If coercion was applicable to the Porte, the

negotiations with France were carefully divested of even its semblance. Our Free-Traders took occasion to proclaim that, however the Treaty negotiations might result, England would never soil her Free Trade principles by condescending to retaliate; and France, thus assured that she had everything to gain and nothing to lose, resolved to drive a hard bargain.

The necessity which pressed the British Cabinet to renew the Treaty, the warm sympathy which existed between several prominent members of the Government and the French Republic, the coldness of Germany and Austria, not less than the native capacity of Mr Gladstone and Earl Granville for being made the tools of any Cabinet that had occasion to make use of them, naturally enough led to an acquiescence on our part in the ambitious schemes which France was beginning to develop. The extent to which the British Government had committed itself to French guidance was revealed during Mr Gladstone's second year in office. In the spring of 1881, the designs which France had long entertained against Tunis took shape in direct interference with the Bey's territories. It was no suddenly conceived idea this attack on the Tunisian Regency; no aggression into which the Republic was borne by the force of circumstances. The conquest of Tunis has formed an integral, though unexpressed part of French aims since the days of Louis Philippe. The Empire kept Tunis steadily in view; and from time to time the Regency was talked of as a peach that when fully ripe was destined to fall into the lap of France. A remark made by M. Bois le Comte to Mr Senior eight-and-twenty years ago expresses

justly the feeling which has all along prevailed in France with regard to the Tunisian Regency. "Your fleets," said he, speaking of the French seaboard in Africa, "cannot get from Malta to Gibraltar without coasting it for 1500 miles. One or two fortified ports, with a few armed steamers in each, would make that a dangerous voyage. In time we shall double its value by getting Tunis. Tunis is now, what it was 2500 years ago, the real key of the Mediterranean." And while French statesmen dreamed of annexation, French officers in Africa wrought for it. They established political and commercial preponderance inside the Bey's territories, while their military position in Algiers put it practically within the power of France to seize upon the Bey's territories at any time when a sufficient excuse was forthcoming. Tunis had practically no defence, except its treaties, and its claim upon the Sultan's protection as a fief of the Ottoman empire. How local intrigues in Tunis—generally disgraceful enough to all concerned—were made to furnish an excuse for French intervention has been told with great detail and minuteness by Mr Broadley, the 'Times' correspondent in the Regency, in his interesting volumes just published,* and need not be gone into here. It is enough to say that the conduct of M. Roustan, the local consul, when mercilessly exposed in a French court of justice, added to the odium which the Republican Government had already incurred by its unjustifiable occupation of the Bey's territories.

To estimate the part which Britain has played, we must look not so much at events in Africa as at the conduct of the French Govern-

* Tunis, Past and Present. With a Narrative of the French Conquest of the Regency. By A. M. Broadley. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

ment. When a French Administration, whether Imperial or Republican, has found its influence declining at home, and its popularity with the masses waning, its traditional policy has always been to seek for a reaction by appealing to the military vanity and Chauvinism of the nation. With the bitter lessons which the misfortunes of the Empire had taught, so fresh in its recollection, it might have been thought that a *bourgeois* Government, like the Ministry of M. Ferry, would have shunned such a course as certain means of destruction. The result, however, shows that democratic France, like its old masters the Bourbons, is incapable of learning from experience. M. Ferry's Cabinet cherished the delusion that by gratifying the French passion for *gloire*, it would raise the rapidly declining level of its popularity, influence the coming elections, and be able to hold on its course with a new accession of power in the Chambers. Its course of action was, however, far from calculated to raise its credit in the eyes of the other Cabinets. Under the pretence of punishing a predatory frontier tribe, an expedition was fitted out, which, from its importance and equipments, could only be intended to occupy the Bey's territories. The apprehensions of England and Italy were lulled by statements which soon proved to be entirely false representations; French troops poured unopposed into the Tunis Regency, the Bey was coerced into accepting a French protectorate, and the British influence and interests, which had been growing up for centuries, were all swept to one side by French preponderance. From Mr Broadley's history of the "Last Punic War," we gain a very striking idea of the unscrupulousness with which French diplomacy in Tunis pushed its aims, as well as of the

weak and ineffective efforts by which the British Ministry sought to counteract it. The feeble English protest received as little attention from the French Government as those of Italy and the Porte; and Lord Granville, apparently satisfied with having discharged a formal duty, accepted the situation with all its discreditable concomitants.

This passive acquiescence in the spoliation of an important province of the Ottoman empire, naturally tended to increase the distrust with which the Sultan regarded the foreign policy of Mr Gladstone's Government. From the French annexation of Tunis a more active repugnance to the Western Powers sprang up at the Porte, which the ablest of ambassadors must have failed to overcome. The Sultan sought still more to strengthen himself by German influence against the next hostile movement which he confidently expected on the part of France and England. There was reason to believe that France would not rest satisfied with the conquest of Tunis, and that Tripoli ran a risk of being assailed in its turn. The Porte however, took its precautions, and it became obvious that Tripoli would offer a more serious resistance to a French invasion than Tunis had done.

French aggression and English indifference were not long in provoking their natural result among the Muhammadan populations of Northern Africa. In Egypt uneasiness immediately began to be manifested after the occupation of Tunis, and suspicions that the Khedive's country would be the next to fall into the hands of one or other of the Western Powers, were freely bruited among the people. We have no hesitation in directly connecting the present distracted state of Egyptian affairs with the fruits of French policy in Tunis. It was the hatred of the insidious measures

employed against Tunis that made it possible for an intriguer like Arabi Pasha to form a national party which would derive its main strength from the hostile feelings of the population to foreign influence within their country. The hatred of Christian rule, and the dread of falling under its domination, are the only feelings strong enough to combine any section of the Khedive's subjects for common political action; and the French aggressions had thus supplied a direct motive for an anti-European movement in Egypt.

When we look back at the history of Egypt during the last eighteen months, we cannot fail to be impressed by the conviction that the British Government has all along exhibited a culpable indifference, varied at times by blundering attempts at interference, which have directly contributed to the present critical condition. Instead of a jealous eye being kept upon a movement which could not fail to prove embarrassing, if not actively hostile to the weighty interests Great Britain has in Egypt, the national party has rather been encouraged and fostered, until it has attained a position to supersede the Khedive's Government, and render foreign interference an unavoidable necessity. The national party was lauded by a portion of the English press as the future regenerators of Egypt; and Arabi himself, even after his ambitious designs were manifested, was held up to admiration as a heroic type of the Eastern patriot. The full amount of culpability attaching to English residents of Cairo for aiding a movement which has ended in an attack upon the Khedive's authority, has not yet been sufficiently brought home to them; but it is to be hoped that their experience on this occasion will in future deter unofficial foreigners in Egypt from

mixing themselves up in the intrigues of the country.

From the time when the mutinous character of the movement, at the head of which Arabi was, became revealed, the danger to European influence in Egypt was so patent that the inactivity of the Powers can only be attributed to a conviction that it was useless in the face of the relations subsisting between the Porte on the one hand, and the Western Powers on the other, to seek to deal with the difficulty by any concerted action. If the policy of France was not free from suspicion, the line which the Sultan's Government was pursuing tended to cast doubts about Turkey's ultimate intentions. There can be no question that the Porte has fomented intrigue in Egypt; that it has played with the pretensions of Halim Pasha, if not with those of the ex-Khedive; and that it has sought out of the discords between Tewfik and the nationalists to draw the attention of Europe more towards its suzerainty as the best check upon Egyptian anarchy. This is no new departure on the part of the Porte, and it had hitherto been the object of our Ministers at Constantinople to obviate the mischievous results proceeding from these secret influences. But since the advent of Mr Gladstone to office we have been unable to exert any perceptible effect upon these intrigues; and it is doubtful whether Germany has thought fit to dissuade the Sultan from countenancing them. To the German powers and to Italy the Porte's suzerainty over Egypt offers the readiest guarantee against the onward course of French aggression in Africa, and all through the recent negotiations they have fallen back upon it as a feature in the situation that must be maintained unimpaired. To this want of harmony the rapidity with which the Khedive's difficulties were precipitated

into the present crisis is largely due. The controlling Powers left the national party free to press reforms upon the Khedive for which his system of government was quite unfitted. Although experience has established the fact that constitutional government is incompatible with a Muhammadan system of polity, the Egyptian nationalists were permitted to coerce the Khedive into granting them a species of parliamentary organisation, which has greatly added to the perils of his present position, as well as to the awkwardness of European intervention. The right of voting the Budget, claimed by the Assembly and conceded by the Khedive, at once struck at the European control, and destroyed the essence of the guarantees which had been provided for the security of the bondholders. At the same time, the progress which was being made in the improvement of the Egyptian finances, and in the restoration of the credit of the country, was fatally checked. It seems incomprehensible that the controlling Powers could have been so blind to the future of interests they had undertaken to guard, as to practically place those at the mercy of a faction of military adventurers, acting under a very thin semblance of patriotism. Through the control agency, beneficial counsels could always be brought to bear upon the Khedival Government in days before its difficulties were complicated by a constitution; and even pressure could be successfully exerted to overcome reluctance when necessary. But with the success of the national party, consuls and controllers became wholly powerless; and neither France nor England sought to interpose safeguards. If the charges brought against the Republic, of seeking by intrigues to break up the present Government in Egypt, and to supplant Tewfik

by its ally Halim Pasha, have a foundation, a *laissez faire* policy on the part of France was intelligible during the months of spring and early summer. But that England, with her enormous political stake in the security of the Suez Canal, should have apathetically looked on while a revolution was being worked out, to the overthrow of order and the endangerment of our political interests, as well as of the lives and property of our subjects, can only be ascribed to the fatuity or the remissness of the British Cabinet. A Ministry, case-hardened with anarchy at home, may be presumed to be indifferent to it abroad; but we are disposed to think that Mr Gladstone and his colleagues would have sought to try healing measures in Egypt before this time, if they could have done so. But, thanks to the "polemical language" and anti-Islam crusade of the Premier when in Opposition, his Cabinet is distrusted not only by the Porte, but by every Mussulman nation; and no professions of friendship or of disinterestedness on its part will be honestly responded to by any of the Muhammadan peoples of the East.

As each successive effort made by the Western Powers to bring concerted action to bear upon the condition of Egypt proved futile, and as the rebellious character of the nationalist Ministry began to be more fully exposed, it became apparent to Europe that Great Britain was groping aimlessly in the dark, without any definite policy, or even without pretence of one, beyond Lord Granville's commonplaces, which no one has yet taken for more than they are worth. Our Foreign Office drifted on to the Egyptian shallows, save at such times as it committed itself to the still more dangerous lead of French pilotage. When Arabi

threw off the mask some six weeks ago and endeavoured to convoke an Assembly to decree the deposition of the Khedive, the British Government was not more prepared to deal with the emergency than if the crisis had not been one to which the whole of Europe had been for months looking forward with certain expectation. The position to which the Liberal Government had reduced British influence at the Porte was, however, seen in the attempt which Turkey unquestionably made to form a European Concert on the Egyptian question, leaving Britain and France both outside—an attempt which must have been more a "demonstration" than a serious effort to obtain the consent of the other Powers. Although thus kept aloof, any views that the English Government had, must have in reality corresponded with the feelings of the Porte—that the Egyptian revolution must be settled by Turkish intervention, with provisos on the side of Britain as to the nature, extent, and ultimate results of such intervention. But here, again, we find the result of the "polemical language" and "bag and baggage" orations interposing an impassable barrier in the way of a mutual friendly approach; and we no longer had the lead of France to fall back upon when the despatch of a Turkish force to Egypt came in question.

Failing to produce any practical results at Constantinople, the Western Powers next turned to Egypt, the other European Cabinets looking on the while at their tortuous movements, with scarcely disguised contemptuousness, as may easily be inferred from the freedom with which official journals on the Continent expressed their opinions. A Joint Note was presented to the Khedive demanding the withdrawal from the country of Arabi Pasha,

and with all the solemnity of an ultimatum declaring the intention of Britain and France to have their requisition carried into effect. What more ridiculous or mischievous step could have been taken, especially as no serious intention existed, and no preparation had been made for enforcing this demand? The Khedive was only too glad to accede: but how were the behests of the Powers to be executed? Arabi furnished the reply by again appealing to the feelings of the army and national party, by giving the signal for insurrection in Alexandria, and by setting both his sovereign and the Western Powers at defiance. It was the ill-advised Joint Note, issued without any purpose of backing it up by such measures as must have made it respected, that has precipitated matters into the critical anarchy in which Egypt is now so unhappily situated. If we had intended to protect the Khedive in the exercise of his sovereignty, we ought to have interposed as soon as it was apparent that the national party intended to proceed by mutinous turbulence instead of by constitutional measures. It was too late to ask of the Khedive the removal of Arabi when all real power in the country had become centred in the latter.

When the Joint Note only had the effect of strengthening Arabi's power, of still further weakening that of the Khedive, and of intensifying the conflict between the two, it was only natural that Mr Gladstone should have recourse to a "naval demonstration." The Powers of Europe, remembering Dulcigno, must have smiled derisively when they learned that a squadron of British and French war-vessels had been sent to Alexandria. It was, however, no smiling matter to either the Porte or the Khedive. Both could not fail to remember

how the presence of the combined squadron off Dulcigno had irritated the recalcitrant Albanians, and had almost plunged the country into a general war over the cession of the town. Much the same effects immediately followed the Alexandrian demonstration. Feeling certain that he had nothing to apprehend from immediate interference on the part of the fleet, Arabi Pasha turned its presence to his own account by stirring up the Muhammadans against this evident attempt to impose foreign domination on the country, and imperil the faith of Islam. The appearance of European ships supplied the only argument that had been wanting to complete his influence over the mob, and predispose them to tumult and riot on the first opportunity. A politic step was taken to make a show of fortifying the harbour, which the Egyptian Ministry well knew the Western Powers would not permit, and the stoppage of the works added fresh fuel to the popular excitement. It was soon seen that the naval demonstration was destined to complete the anarchy which the Joint Note to the Khedive had provoked. A fleet, with definite instructions to support authority, and to take active measures for preserving order and the lives and properties of European residents, might have served some purpose at Alexandria. The spectacle of an idle demonstration only aroused the mob to riot, to attempt a European massacre, to attack and half murder the British consul, and to drive foreigners out of the country for the sake of their lives. All this might have been expected, but apparently had not been provided for in Sir Beauchamp Seymour's despatches, otherwise he would not have postponed landing his marines until *after* the mob of Alexandria—which has had a historical reputation for tumult-

uousness and brutality since the days of Hypatia—had made a general onslaught on the European part of the population. And even when the Admiral showed that certain limited powers had been confided to him for the protection of British subjects, how little confidence was felt in these being efficiently exercised, was at once betrayed by the general exodus of Europeans from the country. The blunder of Dulcigno has been repeated, with greater detriment to our interests and more loss to our prestige.

It could scarcely have been expected that, while the presence of a naval demonstration was supplying so powerful an element of confusion, the mission of Dervish Pasha to endeavour to effect an arrangement between the Khedive and the nationalists would be successful. It is still more doubtful whether Dervish was empowered to propose any real basis of accommodation, and whether his mission was not intended to satisfy the Powers that nothing short of the occupation of the country by a Turkish force would suffice to restore order. It is certain that his visit has not contributed either to strengthen the Khedive's position, or to coerce Arabi into an attitude of subordination to the Porte. The intrigues in which the Porte had unquestionably been engaged made all parties in Egypt suspicious of the real objects which Dervish had been instructed to keep in view; and it was probably a relief to him, as well as to the Porte, when the *émeute* at Alexandria proved the impossibility of accomplishing anything by an attempt at mediation. His mission has answered its purpose in so far as it has maintained the suzerain right of the Porte to intervene in Egyptian affairs, and has established a claim for the Sultan, that in case of armed intervention, Turkish troops shall be the

first allowed to make an attempt at settling the country. By the assertion that Dervish's mission has succeeded in so far effecting an accommodation between Arabi and the Khedive that it will be possible to leave Egypt to itself, supervised by the watchful care of its suzerain, no Power interested in Egypt will feel in any degree reassured. Neither France nor England could accept Arabi as mayor of the Khedival Palace; and no safeguards adequate to the stakes which the Western Powers hold there, can be established and maintained while he is in a position to exercise power.

Down to the present time the Porte has skilfully fenced with all proposals for a Conference. There is this to be alleged in its behalf, that no State in Europe has suffered more in territorial and political interests from such assemblies; and considering the foundations it has for suspecting the motives of the two Cabinets with whom the proposal originated, we cannot call its hesitation unjustifiable. The Sultan may not improbably think that England will seize the occasion to put the "bag and baggage" policy in force, or that France is meditating to deal with Egypt as she has dealt with Tunis. Nor are the other Powers, while willing to preserve the semblance of united action, likely to put constraint upon the Sultan's wishes in the matter; and should a Conference ultimately have to be got together, the position which the Western Powers must necessarily occupy would not be a dignified one. Their place would be rather at the Bar than on the Bench. France would necessarily have to explain the motives of her objections to the occupation of Egypt by Turkish troops, and awkward reflections on her aggressive policy in Africa might result.

The discussion of the Joint Note and the "naval demonstration," and the calamitous results which have sprung from them, would not be very agreeable to the Western Powers. But more humiliating than all must be the reflection that England has ceased to have the same influence in a European Congress as she could put forth when Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury went to Berlin in 1878. The German Powers and Italy have, by their prudent reserve, secured for themselves the arbitrament of the Egyptian question; and unless we are prepared to follow their guidance, we had better, for our own credit, keep aloof from conferences, especially as we are to all appearances without any more definite notions of policy to guide us than Mr Gladstone's vague "maintenance of all established rights in Egypt, with due regard to the reasonable development of the institutions of that country." If this means that we have nothing more definite to propose than that the Khedive should be supported and the figment of a constitution at the same time maintained, our counsels in the Conference will prove of no benefit either to ourselves or to our European subjects in Egypt. If we are to propose that Britain and France jointly, or the former individually, shall be allowed to restore order on the spot, we shall be asked to show cause why the Porte should not be permitted to discharge a duty which falls especially to it; and we shall doubtless be told that the results of our recent interference have not held out encouragement as to the success with which we would deal with the Egyptian difficulty. The unfortunate impression which Mr Gladstone's Opposition orations have created all over the Continent is combating the influence of his Cabinet at this juncture, as it has

done all throughout the course of his foreign policy.

There is also a risk that a Conference may bring before it questions which Britain is directly interested in not having mixed up with the general question of the Egyptian settlement. Ministers have given us a qualified assurance that the Suez Canal is not to be touched upon; but what guarantee have they themselves that the Powers will not embrace this opportunity of interfering with the exclusive position which England and France occupy with regard to that highway? We are much more concerned in the political safety of the Canal than in maintaining either the authority of Tewfik or the rights of Egyptian bondholders. The remarks made by Lord Lamington in the House of Peers have impressed upon the country the urgent necessity of looking more closely to the safety of our highway to India. A gunboat at each end of the Canal affords no guarantee for the safety of its navigation. In the disturbed state of Egyptian affairs we have no guarantee that any national ebullition against foreign interference may not be directed against the works of the Canal, and injury effected which might block the passage for months. To have secured the Canal ought to have been the first care of any British Ministry; and we are justified in believing that no previous Administration which we have had in this country would have been so foolhardy as to have so long neglected, in a crisis such as now exists in Egypt, to take due precautions for its safety. Already the navigation of the Canal is tending towards a dead-lock. Pilots have deserted their service on ac-

count of the insecurity of the country; and ships at both ends are collected in considerable numbers, vainly endeavouring to obtain a passage. Voluntarily or involuntarily, the Government will soon be compelled to provide for the safety of the Canal. A very small force of Indian troops would not merely suffice to keep the passage open, but would, without interfering with the state of parties in Egypt, have the best effect in restoring order; and would at the same time enable us to go into the Conference in an attitude of much more assurance than that in which we can otherwise approach it. The Suez Canal, once made safe and placed beyond the scope of the Conference's consideration, we can wait with patience for the measures which the Powers may unite in determining on with regard to the future government of Egypt.

Our anxiety at the present moment has really less to do with the difficulties in Egypt than with the incapacity of our present Government for steering an independent and honourable course through them. The "polemical language" of the Mid-Lothian campaign, which has been the direct source of all the troubles and blunders of the Liberal Ministry, has now come back upon the head of its author with fatal but just retribution. Every invective he then uttered against Turkish rule is a present incentive to the Porte to thwart his views, to distrust his advances. Mr Gladstone had ruined his career before it was begun; and his "polemical language" will prove the stumbling-block of his Ministry until its latest-day in office—a period which, to all appearance at the present time, will neither be remote nor lamented.

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MACHINE-MADE SOLDIERS.

ENGLAND'S "only General," in his most excellent 'Handbook for Field Service,' gives this piquant piece of advice to staff officers: "Your commander must never be ignored, even when you know him to be a fool."

Yet most of us can remember a certain Mansion House dinner, at which, forgetting to practise the maxim which he had preached, he compared his own commander to the "fifth wheel of a coach"—an encumbrance so useless as to require removal. And this incident is a fair index to what has gone and is still going on, in the way of so-called army reform.

"Anything that has been is bad and must be destroyed," is the new cry; "and from the ashes of our past mistakes and mismanagement will arise, Phoenix-like, the army of the future,—an army fitted for the days of progress in which it is modelled, and therefore as unlike as possible the old worn-out machine which preceded it."

So we have regiments of "field officers," very few generals and

captains, and no ensigns at all; paymasters, who are mostly captains, too poor to live on their pay, and so induced to keep the accounts of those who can for a consideration, which has already dwindled from what was promised; a new Discipline Act, and Queen's Regulations, in which the student is constantly referred back to a preceding "para," as often as not contained in a previous issue, and so not calculated to allow work to be got through with that certainty and celerity which are so essential to military discipline.

Then there is "short" in place of "long service;" warrant officers step in promiscuously, and neither know their own places nor want them when found; the "sergeant drummer" grasps the baton which the "drum-major" has trundled at the head of every English regiment since England has possessed an army; and the old regiments themselves are lost in the confusion of quaint and unmeaning "territorial titles." But to prolong the list

would be to follow our reformers' lead, and set ourselves only to destroy what they have set up.

In some points their system is an advance on the old one, and is worthy of all attention; in others the advance is altogether backwards, and can fairly be criticised in the hopes that changes may still be made; as they have been made in the very backbone of the new system—Short Service.

Short service came in with a rush immediately after the Franco-Prussian war. A certain set of military men—known in those days as the "German school"—started the system; and with our insular idea that every novelty started by the intelligent foreigner must be better than any of our old, worm-eaten fabrics, we adopted it.

Now the so-called "German school" consists of extremely clever men, whose lives have been passed in the War Office, the Horse Guards, the Royal Arsenal, the educational establishments, the Intelligence Department; haply they have the management of powder-mills, telegraphic lines, postal arrangements, the planning of fortresses, or the construction of barracks—in fact, men tied to the desk and not to the men. Regimental officers accustomed to the command of men were hardly consulted; and so the practical being excluded, the fanciful gained the day, and a short service of three years with the colours and nine with the reserve was the result.

Now this was quite unsuited to our wants. We went at a bound from ten years—a period extended at the man's pleasure to twenty-one, with a liability of two years more when the whole twenty-one years were up—to three years, virtually, all told. The "German school" found it convenient to overlook the fact that three years' service

to a German, subject to universal conscription, and subsequent residence, if drawn, in his native town or district, was a far more suitable state of things than were three years to the English recruit, who voluntarily gave up the three years of his life most adapted to learning a trade in order that he might find out how many islands there are in the Mediterranean, or in how short a time passed in India he could lay in a stock of liver complaint which will last him a lifetime. But our reformers are clever men with the country's interests at heart; and they soon saw the state of things which three years with the colours induced, and lengthened the period little by little, until now our men enlist for periods of seven years with the colours and five with the reserve, with the option—if they are sufficiently interested in soldiering to have earned a non-commissioned officer's stripe—of continuing on for twelve or even twenty-one years altogether. And all praise is due to them for the system of "short service" as it now exists.

Much has been said in favour of "long service;" a great deal of which made its mark at the time in the public mind when uttered by Sir F. Roberts at the Mansion House; but after careful consideration, and an intimacy extending back as far as the Crimean war with "long service" men, we must give our vote in favour of "short service," on the following grounds:—

From Waterloo till the Crimean war, a period of forty years, our army had been a peace army, and for such an army long service was exactly suited. Work in peace-time is mere routine: day follows day with military regularity, and for such work who could be better than men whose noses had been at the grindstone for fifteen or twenty

years. The men knew the work thoroughly, and took care when a recruit joined that he picked it up quickly too: it saved them trouble, and pleased their officers, from whom all favours flowed.

Then what excellent sergeant-majors, quartermaster-sergeants, and orderly-room clerks, could be picked out from men whom the colonel or his adjutant had known for a dozen or more years! What colour-sergeants we had in those days, when the captain of a company came down once a-week to the barrack-room, and, after going round the "kits," all laid out with mathematical exactitude, went into his colour-sergeant's neat room, and signed his name to some score of papers, written in copperplate hand, and correct to a farthing when accounts were in question!

What excellent drill-sergeants were those whose stentorian voices echoed across the barrack-square, calling terror into the hearts of the recruits opposite them; and a pleasant smile across the face of the general, who might just then be taking his morning ride, and who doubtless remembered it at his next inspection when he complimented the colonel on the splendid appearance of "the regiment under your command; owing, as I know from personal experience, to the incessant pains which have constantly been bestowed upon the drill and deportment of the soldiers I now see before me!" And in the evening afterwards, when he dined at the regimental mess, how well the old mess butler had everything in hand; how incessantly the champagne foamed in the glasses; how noiselessly the waiters moved; what a good dinner it was; and how pleased every one was, from ensign upwards, at its successful wind-up! Well, every waiter in the room wore a couple of "good conduct

rings" and had re-engaged for his second term of eleven years; while the mess sergeant had been nineteen years in the regiment, and lived in hopes that he might die in it.

What a comfort, too, were the servants in old days! How spotless was your uniform; how carefully polished your boots; gloves white as snow—sword and saddlery burnished to brightness now unknown! No wonder officers miss their servants, and sigh for the "long service" which produced them.

And the C.O. liked "long service," for in its day there was no crime as at present—at least little that bubbled over and came to the surface. I believe there was just as much then as now—perhaps more; human nature was then very like what it is now; but old soldiers know how to conceal it better than boys

Nowadays you hear a shouting and screaming down town, and a picket is sent out and brings back a child of nineteen in a red coat, hopelessly drunk; probably he has "resisted the escort," striking one of them—a hideous military crime—and has had to be hauled along, making night hideous, to the "guard-room" cells, where he remains all night, and ends in a court-martial, and some severe sentence; when the chances are it all occurred because he took a couple of glasses of bad liquor, and was going quietly home to barracks when a friend met him and gave him a third. An old soldier would have taken a dozen glasses, and emerging very drunk, but quiet, would have refused the blandishments of the friend's "one more glass," and when near the barrack-gate would have been met by one of the guard, a comrade, and assisted to his barrack-room, where he would have been put to bed by more comrades,

and have gone to parade in the morning with a bad headache, but with the consciousness that he had committed no crime.

And so when the day of inspection came, the C.O. felt confident of fresh praises from the general's lips on the absence of crime in the corps under him, and consequent beautifully blank sheets in the "defaulters' books."

Other things followed as a matter of course. A regiment of old soldiers moved on the parade-ground far better than a lot of recruits raw from the rawer drill-corporal. When marching from one station to another, the older men's feet stood the road a good deal better than the softer article possessed by boys; the ambulance was empty, and the regiment made a fine appearance when it marched into the town it was to be quartered in, headed by the band playing a martial tune.

So much in favour of old soldiers in peace-time; now take a glance at them when war has broken out. A great many of them have been used to comfortable billets, from which the exigencies of the service have rudely torn them, to take their place in the ranks, and to carry the somewhat unaccustomed rifle. Through life the old soldier has been learning "dodges," till he has got one to meet any emergency. The greatest praise his fellow-soldier can bestow on him is that he is a "'cute chap;" in gamblers' parlance he "knows every card in the pack." Naturally, therefore, when so urgent a necessity arises as a campaign in which to show his "'cuteness," he does so, and succeeds.

Now "dodgy" men don't make good soldiers or good civilians. "Dodgery" is another word for the art of looking after "number one," and getting through the world with the least trouble to one's self.

So the old soldier looks back to the cosy niche in his master's kitchen at Portsmouth or Plymouth, and falls to thinking how much better it was to sit by that pleasant fireside, polishing boots or cracking yarns with the next-door servant, to mounting sentry on a shivery night, with black darkness all round, and the enemy anywhere you like behind it. "There's a morsel of bush there out of the wind, or a corner of the wall standing just handy, and it's too dark for the sergeant to see me if I take a bit of shelter behind it; one can't look out when one's chilled to the bone, and 'tis a pity I ever left the old kitchen in Adelaide Barracks—ah, my!" And so he sets to work, thinking of its pleasant warmth and conjuring up the joys of his past life, till his eyes close, and he only wakes up from the dream with a start when the sergeant challenges him, bringing round the next sentry. And when the smoke of battle is about, and the bullets fizz past his ears, or thud heavily into the turf at his feet, and he sees a stripling of an officer, half his own age, waving his sword and calling on him to come on, he is apt to think that he knows as much as the lad, officer though he is, and looking to the right sees a dip in the ground where the bullets don't fall so thick, and it leads just the same to where the boy is calling him, and it's better to get up at them unhurt than to be plugged through the body out in this the thickest part of it, and the boy's head is turned away. "Here goes!" and he's out of the way of those teasing bullets in a second; and when he looks up, the boy and the rest have gone on and it's too late to follow, and so he bides where he is—in case they may want him when the fight gets hotter.

But the young soldier has brisk blood in his veins. He has no recollections of cosy firesides, or pleasant work, to call him back from that in hand; if any, they are of a father or mother sitting in the cottage far away, or of the blue-eyed sweetheart whom he kissed so many times under the hayrick, when he told her he had "listed;" and he knows father's and mother's and sweetheart's eyes would sparkle with pride if they could see him now. His brave young officer is calling him to follow. "What a noise the bullets make! but they always hit the ground, and they won't touch me if I run as fast as I can at the beggars who are firing them—so here goes, sir, and I'm beside you!" His face beams with the excitement of the moment, and young blood surges through his veins; the still undimmed hope of youth beckons him on, and the boy-soldier carries the position, and comes back all smiles and grins to where the poor old soldier he left half an hour ago is still shivering in the long grass.

By all this it is not meant to divide soldiers into two classes—the old, who hang back; and the young, who press on. There are good and bad in both classes; but in the one we have, *plus* all soldierly instincts, the buoyancy of youth, perhaps the greatest incentive to successful action which there is—a point which, if scored in favour of a general, must give him an enormous advantage.

But to all this loud-sounding work, when bullets fly faster than thoughts, there must be an apprenticeship; old and young alike need it—the old to a greater extent than the young, as knowing better what bullets mean. Few men, very few men, go into action for the first time without thinking a great deal of the bullets and the

danger, and wishing it was all over and they were safe; the second time they are under fire they remember the last time when they came out of it unhurt, and they think a great deal less of the bullets, and more of the work in hand, than they did on the former day. Take an instance from the late war against the Zulus, where we had mostly young soldiers, with only a sprinkling of old ones. There "funk" reigned universal with young and old. There is no need here to tell the old tale of the nightly scares, of the stampedes, of the terror which crept over faces when a Zulu was mentioned. A lancer rides in with despatches, and the remark flies round the ranks—"Look how he's riding: he's looking behind him: the Zulus are after him." These and a thousand other instances were but the natural outcome of ignorance—looking forward into the unknown—with men suddenly called upon to face something which existed only in their imaginations, and as such was pictured in the blackest colours.

But at Ulundi, where the Zulus came round the Little-Square in thousands, with the sun shining on them, our men saw that they were only men like themselves after all, and blazed away merrily into the "brown" of them, obeying the words of command just as they used to do at Aldershot with the blank cartridges blowing off in their friends' faces. Ulundi worked a vast change in their minds. Henceforth they knew that the rifles they carried were not mere toys to make a noise with; and they learned that it was a useful thing for themselves if they obeyed their officers. They had seen a group of twenty or more Zulus creep into a bush in front of them, and by a well-timed volley disappear, and they remembered it

was their officer who had told them to fire that volley; without his directing word they would have potted away, and the Zulus would have potted back, for all they knew, till to-morrow or the day after. And from that time there were no more scares.

So much for the apprenticeship stage.

Now this stage once over, and the young soldier knows as much about fighting as the old one, with all that buoyancy of youth spoken of above to back him up; and so the value of the men is no longer equal.

It has been the writer's good fortune lately to have seen a good deal of real hard fighting, with men under him who had learned their apprenticeship to fire thoroughly; and what has he seen, not once, but repeatedly, in action? He has seen the old soldier breathless, always in a hurry, stumbling when he might have walked straight; not showing cowardice, but with his head gone, and fingers too nervous to stick up the sight of his rifle. While in the same action, he has seen the boy-soldiers' faces lit up with anxiety, looking up at his, listening for the word of command, moving hastily, but always under check, and never hesitating when it was an advance that was called for.

One fat boy under twenty, belonging to some civil department, and so out on the sly, he remembers well. He had a fat face, very placid, with round eyes, sheep-like in expression, in no way heroic or flashing fire, as youths' eyes do in pictures of battle-fields; and this fat boy kept close to him all the time when the firing was hottest. Whenever he looked down he found himself looking into the depths of his placid eyes, which asked, quite unmistakably, what "sight" he

should put up to the rifle he grasped on his knee below them. Now and then he gave him what he thought was the distance, when he adjusted the bar as methodically as if on parade, turning it sideways to see if the line corresponded exactly with the figures, and then, raising it as coolly as ever, gently delivered his fire, and returned to the ready position.

We have already alluded to Sir F. Roberts's speech at the Mansion House, in which he said that his old regiments marched when his young ones couldn't, and so he had every confidence in the former, and little or none in the latter; and no one can dispute what he said. No one in his senses would take a regiment of boys, such as we once had, or indeed such as now fill our ranks, in preference to one of trained men. But with all respect for the opinion of Sir F. Roberts, it only begs the question. We don't want boys; they can't march, they can't endure the hundred and one hardships of a campaign; they won't fight when it comes to that. And we don't want old soldiers,—the good old Tommy Atkins of twenty years ago, who had passed the last ten years of his life in dodgery; he can't march, he can't endure, and I'll lay a thousand he won't fight. But what we do want is the happy medium,—the young man, educated to discipline, to obey, to endure, to believe in his officers, and to have blood in his veins, young enough to enjoy a bit of a fight when it comes to that. And by our present system of short service—that is, seven years with the colours, we have it: all praise to the men who brought the system in.

But our reformers could not stop short after making so good a change for the better. Destruction was the order of the day, and so "short service" alone was not good enough.

Something else must go; and what handier or better than that system, at once the pride and boast of English generals from all time,—the system that teaches men to rely upon their officers, and the officers on their men—the good old English Regimental System?

Yes, that was doomed, and must go; everything must be sacrificed to that latest curse of the army, the system that goes by the name of “interchangeability.” From the “sear springs” in our rifles’ locks, to our soldiers and our officers, everything in the army now must be “interchangeable.”

So the men were made interchangeable too.

Formerly a recruit chose his own regiment, and served in it for his whole term of service if he wished. It was his home, and he was fond of it, growing to like it more and more the longer he served in it, until his life became saturated with *esprit de corps*, and anything could be got out of him by its all-powerful agency. But *esprit de corps* had to be eliminated, as representing more than anything else the errors of the old system. And so it came about that men who enlisted in a battalion found themselves drafted off before they knew where they were to its “linked battalion”—to our reformers’ mind one and the same thing, but very far from it in that of the recruits. Let us take a glimpse of that system from behind the scenes. This is no fanciful picture. Every scene has happened in the life; the figures on the canvas are flesh and blood as we ourselves are, not as War Office officials try to make them; the painter no better than the rest, a soldier amongst the others.

The recruiting sergeant has done a good day’s work. A dozen or more stout hulking lads, have slouched

down the street he struts in, and after some hesitation have accepted his terms. Let us say they are of the class of lads which we want to attract to the colours. They are boys with a home, poor certainly, whose parents afford meat on Sundays, and go to bed early to save the dip candle—boys of the sort that enlist that they may learn to be soldiers. They join a “depot,” and soon find a home in its comfortable rooms; they have good food, a warm bed, and pleasant companions. They get on with their drill, and are marked by their officers as steady lads. Now and then they hear a kind word or a scrap of praise; in time they hope they may gain a lance-corporal’s stripe.

Then comes a change, and they are drafted off to the regiment in some distant town. Every face is new; most of the orders and rules new also. Still, it is the same regiment that they enlisted for, and many of their comrades were at the “depot” themselves, and have a topic in common.

They settle down not uncomfortably. The officers, if stricter than those at the “depot,” are not unfair; the sergeant of their squad does what he can to post them in their duties; already the lance-corporal’s stripe is looking up. But it is not to be. Their life has to be broken up a third time. A draft has to be sent to the “linked battalion” abroad, and so the men are picked and sent to join it. That the draft is not the old regiment the lad soon discovers. The more promising men have been left behind; they have been chosen for a “stripe;” some are useful as assistants in the school; the “orderly room,” or the hospital absorbs others; a few are servants to the officers, or waiters in the mess; and so only the residue embarks. Their

new captain knows not Joseph, and they begin to long for the home they had made in the regiment. Then comes their arrival in foreign parts, and march up country to join the "linked battalion." Here the same ordeal has to be gone through. The colonel, knowing that many of the best men have been retained, is inclined to look with small favour on the new-comers; the men follow suit, and it is some time before the feeling is lived down. Everything has to be begun over again. Some succeed; others fall into habits of idleness. The glitter they saw in a soldier's life when they enlisted has been sadly dimmed. They feel no interest in their officers; they have known so many, all requiring to be pleased after their own way; the few they mix with are always being sent away to pass some new school, signalling, engineering, garrison instruction; and the men begin to see that they are looked upon as so many pieces on the board, with little intelligence worth bringing out—encumbrances, with whom all association is so much time wasted. So the soldier gets to live apart from his officer.

Now the men who think of enlisting know a great deal more of all this than we give them credit for; they have a "chum" on furlough in the village; or one of them has a sweetheart whose sister married a soldier, and so they find out if they enlist that they will get plenty of money but no home in which to spend it.

As an instance of the distaste with which men view the system, we can adduce that of a regiment that has lately come under our personal knowledge, in which, when the usual call for volunteers to the "linked battalion" was made, only thirteen out of six hundred men responded. Yet the corps they were

offered possessed an historical name, and a roll of battles on its colours second to none in the service. But we have already got a step in advance of the "linked-battalion" system.

To certain official minds it became apparent that the regimental unit of, say, 1000 men, was too small to cope with the increasing wants of warfare; so they doubled up the existing regiments to half the number we had, leaving them of course double as strong.

The men were mere pieces on the board: just squeeze the ends of the sliding-rack they are fastened to, and they will move exactly as it moves. If the 110th is not a regiment strong enough for military wants nowadays, roll it up with the 111th, call them "The Babylonian Bounders," and the thing is done. But the wisecracks neglected to take into account that the 110th had a history that dated back a couple of centuries, and that the 111th had a pig with a curly tail rampant on the tails of their tunics, which they valued above all other pigs: these were mere sentimental trifles, utterly behind the age—worthy only of the dust-heap. Everything that the 1000 human beings who formed the 110th set store by—lace, facings, number, badges—was changed; and the same with the 1000 sentient beings that formed the 111th, its pig included; and the wisecracks wondered when these 2000 human beings grumbled.

Surely, in these days, when the problem of human life has been studied almost to death, there must have been some among them who could have told them what so many know—that man is a composite animal, made up of a thousand trifles, all of which work towards one end,—his limbs and body but the case that holds these tiny wheels,

which, in their turn, are necessary parts of the machinery that moves the man.

What says our "only General" on the subject in the book we have already quoted from?

"There has been a tendency of late to make all regiments alike in their outward appearance, and to consider them so in their feelings. Machines into which the individual talents and dispositions of men enter so largely, as into those called regiments, are never calculated to keep time alike as watches do. The idiosyncrasies of commanding officers, historical traditions, and established customs, affect the character of regiments more than might be imagined. . . . The endeavour to assimilate them has not been happy; like democracy, it has had a tendency to pull down the best to a level with the worst. . . . *Esprit de corps* is made up of trifles. . . . No man who knew soldiers or their peculiar way of thinking, or who was acquainted with the many little trifles that go to make up *esprit de corps*, and that form, as it were, a *lien* between it and discipline, would ever deprive a soldier of any peculiarity that he prided himself on, without having some overpowering reasons for doing so."

Now this, and a great deal more, was written in 1874. How overpowering must be the reasons which have occurred since that time to make such a change in the writer's sentiments to-day!

That which may strike a highly cultured mind as frivolous, is to the lower classes the very breath of life. There is no class in which the traditions of regiments have so deep a hold as in that from which we draw our recruits. A boy with a yearning for foreign travel, or deeds of daring at the cannon's mouth, hears a soldier, home on furlough, tell the tale in the tap-room of his village tavern. The tale is entirely personal: "'Twas the old colonel said that—and the captain gave the word—blessed if

the colour-sergeant warn't all there—and up we goes—and 'twas the boys of the 120th that done it—I saw Tommy Atkins of B company up the first of all—there wasn't a man could touch us—and four other regiments lying alongside of the old corps all the time." So he maunders on, the lad drinking in every word, till the day comes when he too enlists in the "grand old corps" which did such deeds. To him it is all the world; his one hope to be a credit to it, his only fear that he will have to leave it when he grows old. Now, is not that lad likely to be a better soldier than your boy who enlists in "one of the territorial regiments in her Majesty's land forces?"

Another part of the interchangeable system is the "expansive power" which it gives; as the daily press, which knows everything, put it, I think, on the departure of the "reliefs" after our reverse at Islandwana. "We have despatched to the seat of war a dozen regiments in as many days, each complete in men and material, thanks to our new expansive system; and could as easily have sent out sixty, had they been wanted, through the same agency." Authority will say, "What on earth does the daily press know of the matter?" Granted. But the daily press represents very largely "public feeling;" and when "public feeling" reads such paragraphs over its breakfast-table, it is apt to fold its hands and feel very complacent indeed about the state of things as represented. But "public feeling" may be called the life of a nation; and the false security into which it is lulled by the daily press, in rose-coloured paragraphs like the one quoted, is to endanger that life very considerably.

There is a place called a "fool's paradise," in which, if we mistake

not, "public feeling" in England has been residing for a long time in the matter of its army.

We are told that the "1st army corps," of some 30,000 men, is ready for embarkation at any day, to bear the brunt of the campaign till the "2d army corps" is ready, and so on. And this may be all very well when the campaign is to be against our many small black nations, as it has been lately; but in any European campaign, the most ready will be the most successful; and there is a very fair chance indeed that, in such a campaign, when the "2d army corps" reaches the place where the "1st army corps" has gone, it will find it there no longer. Authority again will tell us that "financial reasons" will not allow any other arrangement, meaning that we have already as many men as we can afford. But if these men cost us 20 millions or more, and are of no use, would it not be sound economy to put on another 10 millions to the 20, or else do away with the whole army, and trust to chance and conferences?

An "expanded" regiment is an almost hopeless mass of chaos—here is a picture from life.

The regiments to be expanded form part of the "2d army corps," and so are the strongest left after the departure of the "1st army corps," numbering some 500 or 600 men apiece. To arrive at this strength they have recently been raised by a lot of recruits, drafted into the ranks when the war began to loom in the distance. Everything is hurry and hard work. A thousand things have to be got rid of, a thousand to be purchased. Uniforms designed entirely for peace-time are found useless for campaigning. New clothing has to be issued; accounts have to be made up; departments to be settled

with; sickly men to be eliminated; much foolscap expended.

Then arrives, a day or two before starting, a crowd of volunteers sufficient to make up the regiment to war strength—say, 1000 men. The new-comers arrive from half-a-dozen or more regiments; all have a pound in their pockets, the premium on their valour; all must be good characters "by regulation," a point upon which opinions can differ, when stretched by an easy conscience anxious to get rid of its bad characters.

Meantime the new arrivals have been drawn up on parade, where they see a man on a horse whom experience tells them is their new colonel; but here their knowledge ends. "What an old stiff-un, it is!" confides one to another as he passes. They do not know that the "old stiff-un" is an excellent soldier, fond of his men; all that will be learned when the present emergency is over.

The captain, their nearest earthly friend, is scanned curiously, and mental notes taken how best to get round the "blooming bloke;" the "bloke" being in the habit of looking after his men, and limiting punishments to those really deserved. But in the bustle of "expansion" these qualities are unknown, and the operation of "getting round" the captain begins.

So the regiment embarks, a mere crowd of strange faces; the men half afraid, half anxious to do well; the officers ignorant of their men, and as often as not taken in by a specious blackguard, only to discover that a bad character does not make a man less forward in putting himself to the front when anything is to be gained by it.

Is this the sort of thing which "public feeling" pictures to itself, over the breakfast-table, when it reads in the morning paper of the

advantages of our expansive system? For "public feeling" is no fool. It knows a great deal more about things than specialists give it the credit of knowing. Ask "public feeling" for its definition of a "good army," and it will tell you in a breath—"a good army is a large collection of men subordinate to the will of one." But how can the collection we have just been taking note of fulfil this elementary condition? The general will be obeyed by the smaller generals of divisions, who will be obeyed in turn by the generals of brigades: commanding officers will pass on the word to the captains of companies; but who will obey them? Not the mass of strangers brought together at the eleventh hour. Here is no cohesion. Here every one is thinking of himself, of what his last officer would have done had he been present. "This officer don't look very much. These chaps right and left of me don't look like coming on. If it was only the old corps, wouldn't we astonish some of 'em? I'll just bide, and see." And so the happy moment is lost, and the general hides his head, and England sends out another man to replace him, and to go through the same bitter experience as he has.

And all this system of interchangeability, in which the human units which constitute an army are looked upon as so many machines; the art of war an exact science, the method of making which can be learned out of handbooks; and a battle itself nothing but a contest between two players, in which victory can be proved, almost with mathematical exactitude, to be waiting on the most scientific,—is being forced upon an unwilling army by scientific men, who sit at home at desks and work out these problems, content to let science have it all its own way, to the ex-

clusion of the rougher, practical soldier, who has long and varied experience of human nature as it exists among soldiers, and who knows that a time arrives, and arrives somewhat early in the day of battle, when science gives place to sheer hard blows, and that he who strikes the hardest wins the day.

Your scientific officer will tell you that it is science which leads you up to this striking point, and allows the soldier to place himself at the spot, and at the time, when his blows will tell most; and to a great extent he is right. But, like all enthusiasts, he carries his theory too far. History tells us that those men fight best who know the least.

A general wants a force of well-fed, well-clothed, well-disciplined men who will do whatever their officers tell them unhesitatingly; and this your ordinary country yokel will do admirably. He is simply a mass of matter behind a bayonet which, when it acquires momentum, moves on and charges the enemy. More than that, he has been taught to read and write; to obey his officers; to take pleasure in firing his rifle, with the opportunity open of learning to fire it well if he has any aptitude that way. A man who can do this is a perfect soldier. But overburden his brain with anything more than this elementary education, and his poor head becomes so full of scraps of undigested knowledge that ten to one he cannot get rid of them when the time comes for hard blows. He begins to think just when thought is out of place; he pays less attention to the words of command, now somewhat indistinct owing to the increasing noise; he has just been through a course of signalling, or cookery, or engineering, or gymnastics, each entailing

absence from the ranks; so he is not a little rusty in his drill, and a stranger altogether to his right and left hand men who have joined the company since he left; small items which deteriorate his value for fighting, be it ever so little. Multiply this by the numbers on a modern field of battle, and the aggregate is enough to turn the scale against the scientific side.

And in a far higher sense this deterioration holds good with officers, when over-educated.

In every army the mass of officers are regimental men whose duty it is to lead the men under them as they are ordered by those above them; men whose value is at its highest when hard blows arrive.

It does not take much learning to make a man a good regimental officer, provided you let him alone in that regiment. He must be a gentleman before all, fairly strong in body, and with some aptitude for his work; if fond of the outdoor exercise which riding and field-sports give, it is all in his favour. A boy with these qualifications will insensibly get to know his men a little; first their names will attract him, and now and again, when one requires checking or praising, he will be able to address him by name, no small merit in a soldier's eyes; he will gain some insight into the character of his sergeants and corporals, and will after a time be able to give decisions when appealed to, which, from their fairness, will stamp him in their eyes as a man to be relied on. And the men will rely on him when occasion arises, and will obey his voice when hard blows are about.

But this stamp of officer is distasteful to the scientists. Their officers must be put through many mills, none of them grinding in the regiment to which he will revert at the supreme moment of hard blows.

The scientists' officer begins either in the militia, to leave which for the army necessitates the passing of several examinations, or by going through Sandhurst, an excellent institution, if not done to death in the hurry to cram smatterings of much knowledge into the boys' heads; bits of Napoleon's career; of tactics, including many traditions of how generals have won celebrated battles; of the throwing up of field-works, the pontooning of rivers, and the construction of gun-shelters. He dabbles in army accounts, and works out abstruse questions in pay and finance; he is taught to sketch a portion of the surrounding country after a military model, whether gifted that way or not; and if he can master all these subjects at a competitive examination, he is drafted off to a regiment and begins his drill, which he learns none the faster for all the scraps of learning that jostle each other in his young brain. Hardly has he got well into the routine of company work, knowing the front from the rear rank, when he is taken away for a course of "garrison instruction;" a fresh examination looms before him, which he must pass, or his onward career will be checked. This removes him from all military duties for at least four months.

No sooner back again, trying to recall what he once knew about front and rear ranks, when an order arrives for the colonel to send an officer to learn "signalling." In vain he protests that he has only one officer per company; orders must be obeyed, and so our model is told off for a fresh absence from all regimental duties. However, he learns the science of what is vulgarly called "flag-wagging," and is able to transmit ten words a minute with blue and white flags. This takes two months to learn,

but he gets through it, and returns once more to regimental life just at the time when a run of promotion takes place, and the senior sub-alterns must pass again through the mill ere they are fitted to be captains; so another four months' absence ensues, and so on for the succeeding ranks of major and lieutenant-colonel. There are more "courses" too. Hythe, where an ancient system, long out of date, teaches the theory of the "revolution of projectiles" by means of a wooden ball at the end of a string tied to the ceiling. There is Chatham, where he can go through a "short" or a "long course," out of which he will emerge as a bad engineer, with no chance of giving his acquired talents scope, except under circumstances to which his own common-sense will be quite equal.

It is not that to learn all these things is not a capital plan; all knowledge is useful; it is that to acquire so much matter abstracts a man from his actual profession, which he ought to learn before all others. We do not teach a boot-maker to make nails, or tell him to spend four months in a tanyard to see how leather is prepared.

Scientifically educated officers are a necessity in an army, and there are always abundance of good men who will come to the front and take delight in qualifying themselves for the higher walks of their profession. There is the Staff College open to all, and it turns out already more men than can be employed. We educate engineers to make forts and build bridges—artillerymen to look after our guns; why not have regimental officers to look after their men? What we quoted from the 'Handbook for Field Service' a few pages back, is worthy of all belief, that to attempt to educate up the whole to

one level, is to lower the whole to the level of the lowest. What we advocate is a return to our regimental system, now a thing of the past—nothing too bad to urge against its shortcomings.

Our "only General"—we quote him again, because as a clever man and able soldier we are fond of him, and wish that he would put forth his abilities more in favour of the army, and less, as he seems to be doing, of scientific fallacies and parliamentary approval—took occasion lately in a magazine to run down regimental officers as an idle, ill-educated, hopeless set of men. Why? Because when work is slack they run away on leave, considering the privilege one of the little perquisites which make up their pay to what they are worth; because they do not rush for garrison classes, signalling classes, gymnastic classes, engineering classes, musketry classes, veterinary classes, riding classes, range-finding classes, and so on. In a regiment there are men always eager to join one of these classes—some because they want to learn, others to get out of "orderly duty" and the restraint of headquarters; but the bulk of them prefer to remain with their men, to inspect the front and rear ranks of their companies, and insensibly educate themselves into good regimental officers. They have one ambition—the coming of the day when hard blows will be their portion, with their consequent medal and brevet.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. We are living in a fool's paradise if we think with these scientists that war can be made, or battles fought and gained, by flashes, or signals, or balloons, or wires, or electric currents, or range-finders, or systems, or what-not. These are but the accessories before the deed, and should never be advanced to the first place.

In that place will be leaden bullets, iron cannon-balls, bursting shells, blinding dust, noise unutterable, heads lost, and senses under no control. There will be pain, and writhings, and blood, and dirt, and savagery, and all the brute in man's nature let loose; and the biggest, and hardiest brute will win. Do not think war can be carried on with kid-gloves on the fingers. Delicate machinery which is almost human in its results, is unfitted for such rough games. Nature will assert herself when man, putting himself on a level with the beasts, covets life only to destroy life; and Nature will be on the side of the "big battalions."

To be a good officer, before everything it is necessary that he should be a gentleman. Many years ago we used, as children, to play at "being gentlemen;" our definition of the phrase, "a man who lives on his own estate and does nothing." It goes without saying that this is not the kind of gentleman the army wants.

There, broadly, if an officer is honourable in his conduct, neat in his person, and speaks to his men as if they were men like himself and not inferior beings, he is also a gentleman. It is true that these qualifications are found most frequently in the well-born; indeed, in nine cases out of ten, birth is an element that goes largely to make up a good officer.

The English are still a conservative people, in spite of the advanced doctrines of the great Radical school; its fallacies address themselves to the towns more than to the country, and are seldom listened to in earnest by the men whom we enlist. The true radical has a soul above soldiering. Political progress is his cry, and he knows that it gets very soon stifled in the atmosphere of a barrack-room.

Conservatism is what was good in the old feudal system adapted to the requirements of the age; and in feudal times we know that the squire's influence was the keystone of the system; the lower orders looked up to him for everything, and did not look in vain. In their eyes the squire could do no wrong; everything he said was gospel, all that he did was right by virtue of his gentility. The feeling is not confined to feudal times; it is as universal as Nature herself. The African savage pays fealty to his chief, and is content to suffer death or confiscation of his property without a murmur if his chief demands it. And a feeling so universal to humanity cannot die out all at once, because political progress in the mouths of a few discontented rhapsodists says that it is behind the age. It still exists, and will exist till that day of deluge comes towards which political progress is ceaselessly striving.

But if we admit that the feeling still exists in England, though in a weaker form than it did, our endeavour should be to foster it, by every means we have, in situations where it becomes an additional power. And nowhere is its force so desirable as in an army. Yet the reformers are working against it by lessening the standing of officers, not only in the eyes of their men but in their own.

The old adage here holds good, "Familiarity breeds contempt." To turn an officer into a drill-corporal is to make his men think much less of him than when he left such work to men more suited to it. To expect officers to be perpetually with their men, poking about barrack-rooms, spying out bed-fluff in the corners, prying into kit-bags, or watching which way they turn when they go out for a stroll, is to put the officer in a false position:

in time his mind will descend to the level of the bed-fluff. His non-commissioned officers will begin to feel that, now the officer does all their work, for all the use they are, they might just as well leave it all to them; while it offers to the men chances they are too ready to seize, of seeing the weak side of their superior; or, in some sudden irritation, committing themselves seriously, because in the presence of an officer, when the act in itself was of small consequence.

An army is a complex machine, held together by what is termed officially "the chain of responsibility." Each link in the chain passes on the word to that next below, which, in turn, becomes responsible that it does the same. But what if the general should miss out a dozen links, and give his orders to the captain? The immediate link above the captain feels left out in the cold; he is held responsible for the acts of his captain—yet how can he be so held when he has no voice in telling him how to act? He is in the way—must have done something to merit the snub, and feels a smaller man in consequence. And so, when officers are told off to do the work of non-commissioned officers, the latter feel that they are better out of the way, and end in getting out of it as often as they can; while the men, all eyes and ears for a "chance," seize it at once, when they find they can do so with safety.

The worst use an officer can put his eyes to is to let them see too much; and if he is everlastingly with his men he will hear and see a great deal too much, and have to take notice of it. An engine-driver cannot see too much of his engine; it is a machine, and goes on as exactly as he chooses it to go. But a man

is not a machine; by discipline he will go a long way as his guide chooses, not an inch more. Now the best officer is that one who knows exactly how far he can stretch discipline, and when to relax it; and the one who fulfils the conditions given as making up a gentleman is the most likely to succeed.

Association was the force which bound the men to the squire in the middle ages; there were no railways or excursions, and the great man lived all the year round in the great house, and the little men in the cottages round it. So they got to know the squire, feeling that he was always at hand in time of need; and the squire got to know his villagers, and was able to pick out the best men for the best places when wanted. And this was what happened in the regimental system.

Now, owing to the repeated absence of officers, or the changing of the men from battalion to battalion, all these ties are loosened, and the men, knowing little of their officers, respect them less. Formerly the men of a regiment would go anywhere, or do anything for their own officers, but as little as they could for those of any other regiment. Their talk in the barrack-rooms was everlastingly about them; small anecdotes of the feats of this one, or the eccentricities of another, were household words; they took punishment at their hands without grumbling; and were always ready to turn out to help them in their sports. They were their officers, and had a right to their good services.

A regiment returning to England after a tour of foreign service, when the first whispers of troubles in Egypt came about, was asked by an officer if they would like to turn off to that country, instead of getting to England. "Yes, sir, if you

are to lead us," was the men's answer; the feeling uppermost in their minds being, that under the new order of things, a stranger might be sent to them, instead of the one whom they had known for years.

For an officer to stand well with his men, he must stand well with himself; and this object was gained by the establishment of the regimental mess. There all the officers meet fairly on a level; the colonel chats as freely with the last joined "sub" as with the "field officers;" once inside the mess, and loud talking, quarrelsome words, or loutish manners have to be dropped. Every night the members dine as gentlemen at a well-furnished table, and spend the evening together. The mess is the great promoter of that gentlemanly feeling which Englishmen pride themselves on. But now there are symptoms that messes are doomed; that their day has come; and that in place of the pleasant dinner-table, round which friends could meet, with the regiment as a topic in common between them, we are to have garrison clubs, with their mixture of all sorts sitting round, and the terrible half-pay major who will turn up to manage them. Messes are taxed with being expensive, with costing so much as to deter the officer of the future, poor and professional, from entering the service. This, like all outeries against existing institutions, has some truth in it; while those making it have either wilfully kept back a great deal more, or are very ignorant of what they are talking about.

It is true that some messes have been expensive and extravagant; and such, to follow the spirit of the age, should be curtailed. But it is equally true that at most messes it is quite possible for a

poor officer to live very comfortably for a sum not exceeding six shillings a-day, if he is content with cold luncheon on ordinary days, and drinks good ale and claret in moderation. There will also be a monthly subscription of about a sovereign to keep up the establishment; while Government stops eight days' pay every year for the same purpose. So that the living of an officer who is content with good plain food, sufficient liquids, and does not ask many guests to dine, costs £110 a-year; while £15 more gives him the advantages of an excellent club for the same time. And if to the conditions necessary to make up a gentleman, we add the ability to live like one, the regimental mess gives him every facility for doing so. Of course at all messes it is quite possible to run up a big monthly bill. There are no sumptuary laws in England now, which forbid a man to spend his own money; and the young man who finds he cannot get rid of his surplus cash at the garrison mess, will manage to get rid of it in some other place, and that probably a good deal more shady.

Let public feeling be advised at once. It is told in the papers that change is distasteful to army officers; that they are a stubborn, stiff-necked race, fond of horse-racing, of dining sumptuously, and of being away on leave; that they fight against the changes which modern warfare has made necessary, because they will fight against anything new in the shape of improvements.

Do not be led away by such neatly worded paragraphs! Officers are as other men are; give them work to do and they will do it, if you show them it is work and not playing at work. Who can say a word against regimental officers in any of our numerous campaigns where real

work had to be done? Not only was it often hard, but distasteful to a degree, yet it has been done willingly and cheerfully. But officers are educated men, knowing the peculiarities of their own profession very fairly; and when they see these peculiarities ignored by men in whom they have no confidence, they do not fall in willingly with what is antagonistic to their knowledge of that which is right.

We are on the eve of great events. The era of "small wars" is over. Everything points to a new departure for England in her warfare. And very many officers you meet will tell you the same. There is also a feeling of despondency abroad among our officers now, which is the result of all these changes. Our army has fought, and will fight again, when asked to do so; but the War Office reformers have tied its hands; it is no longer a free agent, its most cherished traditions have been swept away by civilians. Men in Parlia-

ment talk about the army and its details as if they had been born in it, when the army knows they have never been outside Birmingham. Every enthusiast with a hobby is allowed to ride it to death, to the exclusion of the things most necessary to the soldier—and the "German school" sees with complacency Theory elbowing Practice out of the road.

Now the army pictures the "German school" as made up of clever men in spectacles, who sit at desks and pore over figures in which the soldier is machine-made, going round if you turn a handle.

The "English school" lives in the open air; delights more in field-sports and athletics than in books and figures; does not wear spectacles; knows the power of a kind word or a bit of praise; is not above mixing with "common soldiers;" and thinks that, whatever dress you put a man into—black, blue, or red—"a man's a man for a' that."

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE PREHISTORIC HEBRIDEANS.

How far back into the indefinite past can man be traced in the Hebrides? To this no one can give a clear and definite answer; but the study of a wide class of facts leads to a far-reaching inference, which is utterly out of accord with the halting conclusions of the provincial archaeologists. The most of us—thoughtful readers as well as the unthinking multitude—are creatures of habit, borne down by unconscious customs, and only too apt to pass by unsettling conclusions, or to shelve them in vague phrases, or to wrap them up in some form of abstraction that effectually veils their meaning. In this way it has come about that Scottish history has gathered many errors, which it may take centuries to cast out or unlearn. Because civilisation, in general, is progress towards greater refinement in living, more grace and fairness of conduct, finer subtlety and greater breadth of thinking, and more masterly conquest over the laws of nature and the force which runs through the physical world, we forget to note that sometimes, and perhaps for countless ages, and over a vast area, it may be stationary, or even manifest itself as a gradual relapse or falling off from a more perfect type in art and conduct. Thus a number of outrageous theories and beliefs are still current in general literature, and accepted by those who have no leisure, and perhaps no desire, to test them. True, in considering the antiquity of man, no one, except the weakling and the partisan, any longer spends effort in effecting a formal reconciliation between Genesis and Geology, through a violent distortion of facts, or by the

well-meant devices of the accomplished, if unconscious, sophist. But if the pseudo-geologist is now generally taken at his worth, the timid antiquarian is at his sterile tricks still; and a few vague ideas or theories, such as the succession of the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Age, shut us out from an important section of history, and must continue to shut us out till history itself becomes bolder in its scepticism, and till prehistoric remains are made to unfold their meaning in the light of strict, earnest, and scientific inquiry. Is it not a general opinion that about the Christian era the natives of North Britain were rude untutored savages, who went about either half clad in skins, or fiercely tattooed with woad or bespattered with mud?

Such an opinion, or anything akin to it, flies away like chaff before the wind as soon as the bare facts are brought to bear down upon it. In some respects, indeed, the civilisation of Scotland before the Christian era must at least have been as high as it is now. There has been a falling off in art and architecture, and probably also in the *physique* of the people. In attempting to make this proposition good, I can do nothing better than look at life as it is, and has been, on one of the most remote and lonely of the Western Isles. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by simply describing the facts as they met me.

Towards the end of August 1880 I first landed on Coll and Tiree, two islands lying end to end, far out in the open Atlantic, and nearly midway between the point of Barra and the mainland. They lie considerably out of the tourist track,

are seldom visited by those who travel for pleasure, health, or knowledge, and hence very little is known about them. The inn on Tiree is the most primitive I have yet seen in the Highlands, and this fact is enough to show how little the ordinary tourist is thought of there. Like nearly all the Hebrides, those islands are a kind of paradise in their way, with a mild and soothing climate, gentle breezes tempered by the Gulf Stream, south-west winds that waft the rain-clouds over to the mountains of Mull, Rum, and Skye; great fertility of soil, the fragrance of many-coloured flowers, and a wide range of natural and unexpected beauty. On landing on Tiree I had another proof of the unsoundness of the theory that the Hebrideans are of Celtic origin, and of the absurdity of deriving the word *Tiree* from Tir-EE = Tir-I, the land or granary of Iona, where the Columban monks raised and stored their frugal corn. For the native Tireeman pronounces the word precisely as he does Barra, or Gigha, or Islay, with a strong accent on the first syllable. The word is Norse. The Gaelic element on the isle is a modern importation from the north of Ireland. The prevailing type of face is Norse; and the permanent part of the topography, many of the customs, and some of the superstitions and tales, are distinctly Scandinavian. I do not attach very much importance to this fact; but still we may as well take note of it at the outset.

On landing at Scarinish, the puny port of the island, I was struck with the prevailing sluggishness. The visit of the steamer is a great event at every port in the Hebrides; but on an island which has no licensed house for the sale of whisky, the steamer is the publican which supplies the wants of the local tipplers for the next week. A considerable number of

people had gathered about the old pier; yet there was very little bustle or shouting. No one seemed to exert himself, or to be in the least hurry. All were content and at their ease. The civilisation around was slow, dull, sluggish, and quite unlike anything else in Europe. I found customs that were supposed to have died out, rites that long ago have lost their meaning, usages that would puzzle the best-read historian, traditions whose import baffles the most keen-sighted critic, tales that had come down from afar, and arts that had only become worse as they became old. It occurred to me that life would be happier if a little activity were infused into its flow; and I suggested that the use of clocks and watches might stir up the easy-going crofters. "Oh," replied the genial humorist that guides the spiritual hopes of the island, "what is the use of your clocks and your Saxon civilisation? We do not need them here. Our proverb tells us that the sun, the tide, and hunger are enough to mark the time. Your civilisation is just a hurry, and it only does harm."

The island of Tiree, which is about ten miles in length and three in breadth, is irregular in shape, with an extensive plain in the middle, and several huge crescent bays of pure white sand stretching along the coast and forming the public roads. With a satisfied twinkle in his sleepy eye, a Tireeman remarked to me: "Our roads ought to be the best in the world, for they are repaired twice a-day as regularly as the tide flows and ebbs." If the space between the bays is rough and bone-shaking, the drive across the white dazzling beaches is exceedingly pleasant; and it would be difficult to see a more suggestive or picturesque sight than the little carts of Tiree, or the

rickety gigs introduced by the south-country farmers, or the creel-laden ponies, small in size, and shaggy as a goat, as they move slowly across the mirage-haunted bays, and in the full glare of the sun shining on the glistening white sand, when the long Atlantic waves roll in at the horses' feet, and the loud roar of the unceasing ocean softens into a gentle murmur as the breakers fade away upon the long beaches.

The large, hereditary, isolated crofter population live in unique cabins, built very nearly alike. These cabins are not of the beehive type, but they are rounded at the corners, and probably date from a period beyond the beehive dwellings. The walls are enormously thick, consisting generally of an outer and an inner stone shell with sand between; the door and the window on each side of it are deeply embayed; and as the roof rises from the inner rim of the wall, and the gable does not taper, a cart could easily drive round on the broad ledge of the low whitewashed wall—whilst the sheep may frequently be seen browsing on the turf-covered roof, or the split-fish may be seen drying in the sun. What is remarkable in these cabins is the sameness of the outline and the stereotyped nature of their design. The only departure from the original plan occurs when the son, on marrying, builds his hut at the end of his father's. Recently the proprietor has not been favourable to this squatting; and at the time of my visit, a tenacious islander, who failed in getting house-accommodation, had burrowed a hole in a sand-bank, and quartered himself and his family there. A fuchsia-bush in the minister's garden is the nearest approach to a forest within the four corners of the island.

With its shining beaches, its

inland haze, and its mirage, Tiree is not only picturesque, but has many conditions fatal to the restive spirit of the reformer or the innovator, though highly favourable to use and wont, and it has also a certain self-enclosed and self-satisfied dreamy power. It probably possesses more weird legends and more old-world stories than all the rest of the Western Isles put together. Its natives carry on manufactures—to be noted further on—which are by no means singular in those regions, and which yet possess high significance to the student of ethnography. In spite of its paternal government, its torpidity, its utter indifference to advance, its poverty, and its deep ancestral melancholy, reflected in many a hard-pinned face and in many a fine soft eye, I left the island with genuine regret, which was quickened as I bade good-bye with the genial minister, who has not left his parish for many years, and who has come to look upon its rich treasures with the eye of a Highland seer. A man of early promise, partially unfulfilled through broken health—of a luminous, deeply penetrative spirit, and of brilliant humour—John Campbell is at present, without any doubt, one of the most competent living authorities on Highland folk-lore, traditions, romances, and general superstition.

The channel between Tiree and Coll is about two miles in width; but the civilisation which now sways the former island has much in common with the social state of Coll thousands of years ago. The morning of my crossing to Coll was one of those glorious days in the Hebrides whose beauty surpasses all speech. The channel was resplendent in a thousand shades of green and white, as the light breezes rose and died away, or as the silvery

clouds in fleecy flakes skirted the horizon. Having passed a crowded-looking graveyard on the margin of the ocean near the south end of Coll, I landed under the old keep of the doughty M'Leans, and soon found myself in the castle where Dr Johnson spent several days during his memorable journey through the Hebrides in 1773.

On the afternoon of the day of my arrival, after exploring the old keep, I wandered forth in the company of my host, the proprietor, to breathe the soft air, and to see where a sand-rift was threatening one of the parks near the castle. A large part of the west or Caolis end of the island consists of huge sand-hills, somewhat like the *landes* on the shore of the Bay of Biscay, or the *dunes* of North Holland. Of course there is almost always some shifting of the surface-layer of this sand; but the sand-drift is kept in check over a large area by the bent and long-rooted grasses which overspread the surface and send their roots deep down into the hard mass. Besides, heaps of tangle and sea-weed have been blown up on the windward side from the shore; in many parts soil has gradually accumulated over the surface, which produces luxuriant crops, and thus protects the sand from the drift. Sometimes, however, the wind insidiously plays havoc with the surface: first a little rift or rent is blown away; inch by inch the finest sand is removed; slowly the minute crevice acquires breadth and depth, until it may be difficult by artificial means to stop the progress of the drift. Notwithstanding all that, however, over a wide area the process of change is generally slow; it has often been completely arrested for long periods; and in some instances the rate of change may be roughly calculated.

My host referred to the great storm of the evening of the 28th December 1879, which had brought down the Tay Bridge. Those who then lived beyond the middle belt of Scotland can have no correct idea of the extraordinary force of the tempest. Nowhere was the fury of the storm felt more than in the Western Isles and along the west coast, where houses were unroofed by the hundred, stacks of hay and corn blown away to no one knows where, stout branches snapped in the middle, and large strips of forest and gigantic trees completely uprooted. In Coll the force of the tempest during a great part of the afternoon of the 28th exceeded anything known during the memory of the oldest inhabitant. For weeks after, several houses were roofless, because there were not enough of workmen on the island to repair the damage. But the most notable effect was the exposure of old dwellings and of human remains at the bottom of a large and deep sand-valley, about half a mile, as the crow flies, from the castle.

To this spot, accordingly, I went on the following day, accompanied by Major Stewart and a friend. Judging distances by the eye, I can only give a rough, though still sufficiently accurate, estimate. If there is sunshine or haze, sand-hills are very deceptive. At the bottom of the sand-valley, nearly on a level with the ocean, and within less than a quarter of a mile from it, we came upon a cluster of old walls, just peeping their heads above the sand. Many were oval or nearly circular in shape; one was twenty-three yards in the longest diameter, and the rest were somewhat less. "Midden-heaps" of considerable size, and very much in character like those found in Denmark, lay round about the dwellings. Whether the walls,

which had evidently gone to ruin before the sand covered them, were those of a covered dwelling or only of a mere fold, is of little consequence to our inquiry. The midden-heaps or shell-mounds gave forth, when trenched, a foul, heavy smell, and were composed of cockles, mussels, periwinkles, and other littoral shells; bones and teeth of wild and domestic animals, split up for the sake of their marrow; chips of flint, all unpolished or palæolithic; and many fragments of rude unglazed pottery. Along with these, however, in one of the heaps, were found two curious bronze implements or ornaments,—one of them of considerable beauty and finish, gilt and jewelled. I may here remark—

1. The Tay Bridge storm removed only a few inches of the sand.
2. The highly artistic objects were found in a heap of remains, like the Kjökken-möddings of Denmark, that might be referred to a very savage race; and we may assume that both were deposited at the same time.

Now, in examining these remarkable facts, and the still more remarkable theory which they enclose, the utmost caution is needed. Error may enter at almost every stage. I will endeavour to avoid the technical language of the geologist; the hard and fast lines of the antiquarian shall trouble me but little in the face of the staggering story which those remains relate. The chief danger lies in current beliefs. The highly artistic character of an object does not prove that it is modern. Of shells and bones found 100 feet below the surface, some fresh and well preserved, we are not justified in assuming that they are recent, because their preservation depends upon the layer in which they have been buried, or upon the destructive qualities of

their surroundings. But if the form, or the finish, or the state of preservation of an object is in itself no criterion of age, we have no right to assume that palæolithic man was a rude and restless savage, ignorant of art, without invention or the power of design, and nearly as helpless and as intelligent as one of the lower animals. And as little right have we to maintain that the stone age died away before the iron age began; for the stone age is still in its vigorous prime on the island of Tiree, in spite of the fact that in Coll we can trace it back to a period so remote that the most daring imagination shrinks from dogmatizing on its origin or history. At the most remote point of the prehistoric life of Coll to which we can reach, we find man, if a savage, still a person of taste who could appreciate high art, and knew how to supply the wants of the dandy.

In making this assertion in however modest a spirit, I lay myself open to the wrath both of Gaelic scholars and local antiquarians. It is now admitted that man lived and moved amongst these isles when the lion, the leopard, the hyena, the reindeer, the elk, and the mammoth were his associates or foes; and that a period of intense arctic cold, and another period of intense tropical heat, perhaps more than one, passed over the now temperate climate of Coll since man began to work. And this admission has its own difficulties in reference to the present question, both in the evidence of recent glacial action and of a climate that would seem to be fatal to human life, as well as of the tropical heat in which the leaf-beds of Ardtun in Mull, over against Coll, were found. The antiquity of man, in a general way, has been pushed far back into the geologic ages—certainly into the Pleistocene era,

if not as far back as the Miocene age to which these Ardtun beds belong. But the antiquarians of the day, with their theory of definite eras, their stunted imagination, and their want of scientific culture, were hostile to every novel view and to every bold conclusion which seemed to threaten their own weak fancies, as the Abbé Bourgeois knew only too well. Boucher de Perthes had to encounter stubborn scorn and indifference before he could get the *savants* to believe that the deposits in the valley of the Somme had thrust speculation on this point far beyond the verge of written history. He was called an outsider to science, a reckless theoriser, and an idle dreamer amongst men; but still he persisted amidst obloquy till he carried conviction, and proved that what the *savants* held to be impossible was accepted as fact by science, and that beyond the veil of history and archæology there lay a boundless past of human existence, which had a strange story to bring forth.

But not a story more strange than the one which we are about to read in the prehistoric deposits of Coll and in the old-world customs of Tiree. In trying to read that story, our first step is to note the situation of the remains, the structure of Coll, and its position in the magnificent archipelago of which it forms a part. Standing on the highest point near the old deposits, we see the long and irregular ridge of the Outer Hebrides to the north-west; nearly due north, the blue Cuchullins, with Loch Scavaig a dark speck at their base, bound the view beyond flat-looking Canna and high-peaked Rum. Turning still farther to the right, we see to the south-east the brown and purple mass of Ardnamurchan and Mull, with Ben More towering up from

its centre; and to the south, Iona, Staffa, Ulva, and the green group of the Treshinish Isles, form a splendid cluster. What is most noteworthy for our present purpose is the remarkable geologic character of this archipelago. Iona, Coll, Tiree, and the Outer Hebrides belong to the oldest series of stratified or fossiliferous rocks known—the Laurentian—in which the earliest traces of life appear. Mull and Ardnamurchan, on the other hand, were upheaved in very recent times, if not, indeed, as we may infer from the leaf-beds of Ardtun and the Miocene deposits of Thenay, since man appeared upon the scene. If we draw a line between Mull and Coll, to the west of it we find the dawn of life upon our globe; to the east, its highest development. Between the era when Coll was formed and that when Mull was upheaved, an almost infinite series of years came and went. In the interval whole continents were formed, and were again swept away and pounded into dust. But in the north of Coll there is the most distinct evidence of Plutonic action in comparatively recent times. So that it is clear that, though the island now is pretty much what it was ages ago, the convulsions which Mull underwent affected its structure.

The gneiss which forms the basis of the island is remarkably darkish, in some places passing into a coarse kind of micaceous granite. Sailing along the east and north-east of Coll, one sees only a frowning mass of bare, cold, repellent rock, rounded into weather-beaten knolls, stripped apparently of the last vestige of vegetation by the constant lashing of the waves and the vigilance of the storms. On the opposite shore, interspersed with the rocks, a cheerless maze of sand-hills strikes the eye; and in these lies

Coll's story. To the sand the island owes its surprising fertility; and the strange fact that what looks the most repellent of all the Hebrides, proves at close quarters to be the richest and most luxuriant. The island is unique. It is at once, and within a small area, the rockiest of the rocky, the boggiest of the boggy, and the richest of the rich. The rocks, except in crevices, bear nothing apparently but lichens, and they crop up everywhere; the moorland is bleak in appearance, and studded with small lakes, generally teeming with trout; the sand-hills may be called a desert; and yet there are many sheltered spots at the heads of bays, in small inland valleys, and scattered up and down throughout the island, that are as fertile garden-land, which can produce its two crops a-year even in the cold latitude of the Hebrides. The moor is easily reclaimed; the soil bears heavy crops, or is carpeted with rich grass or heavy flowers. A good covering of pounded-down sand, carted from one of the dunes, converts the moorland into a paradise: and the cause is clear enough, though remarkable; for, when examined carefully, the sand-hills are found to consist largely, in some spots almost entirely, of the *exuviae* or the remains of recent shell-covered animals, along with a varying proportion of marine shells and pounded-down gneiss. A large portion of the land is the *débris* of ordinary meadow-snails, of the same species that still swarms on the more sheltered flats, such as *Bulimus acutus* and *Helix caperata*. Now it is a recognised fact that species and even genera succeed each other very much as individuals live and die. Coll itself represents, so far as our present knowledge extends, the origin of mundane life; these numerous shell-heaps and all

the sand-hills belong to our own era, and do not, in geologic time, extend very far back beyond it. The snails have lived and died on the island itself. The sand area extends over several miles; in many places it is about one hundred feet in perpendicular depth; and the process by which the whole was formed has not yet ceased. When I state that the remains of snails and other shells enter largely into the mass, of course it is seen that lime is present everywhere; and it may easily be inferred that the chemical composition and the consistency of the dunes depend upon the quantity of the lime, upon the degree of heat it has been receiving, and upon the pressure to which it has been subjected, as well as upon other less recognisable elements. One result is, that the sand, instead of being uniformly dry, gritty, or friable, has in several spots become consolidated into large flakes or flags, and hardened into layers of rock, which covered considerable tracts of the surface. Here may be seen the process of rock-formation on a grand scale, and shells are not formed into layers of hard sandstone-rock in a day.

Now these facts have a meaning. It cannot be seriously doubted that these shells lived, died, and accumulated their *débris* on the island itself. And Coll has been an island long before Mull had been upheaved out of the Atlantic. The sand has not been washed ashore from any other coast; the shells were not formed under water or in the ocean, and there is no proof that the relation of water and land has materially altered since the formation of these shelly deposits began. From the examination of the facts, the only possible reasonable conclusion is that those snails were natives of Coll itself. Admitting any possible change in the climate consistent

with the existence of snails at all, and admitting even that the process of death and accumulation was more rapid in a moist and warm climate than it is now, we are here face to face with an enormously long period of time, however liberal the scale upon which we measure. Before it, ordinary measurable known history becomes very small, and the puny periods of the archæologist make themselves ridiculous, if they attempt to grasp the ages that have passed since the formation of these shell-heaps and sand-hills began. We are driven back, willingly or unwillingly, upon the vague eras of the geologist; and tested by them, the period is brief and insignificant.

We may note here that the adjacent isle of Mull has been an active volcano in very recent times, 10,000 feet in height, pouring forth its lava and casting its lurid glare all over the Western Isles, when man was inhabiting France, and therefore, we may conclude, the Hebrides.

The evidence now exhumed points to a race that inhabited Coll at a period so near, and yet so far, that conjecture regarding its bounds becomes almost a crime, and yet having much in common with the customs and arts still found across the ferry in Tiree. The pottery, rough and unglazed, that I found deep down in Coll, is exactly like the articles manufactured and in use in Tiree at this day. I claim for the pottery of Coll a very great antiquity, in spite of its resemblance to the rude *craggans* of Tiree, manufactured by the old women of the island, and employed by their neighbours for domestic purposes. In both cases the pottery is like the urns found in tumuli and stone cists along the west coast; and the noteworthy fact is, that side by side with the products of refined or advanced art,

we find a style of manufacture which the rudest savage could not surpass, which gives evidence of no design, imagination, or idealism, and which, if found nowhere except in a tumulus, would be at once referred to a prehistoric age. The old woman of Tiree, in this very year, takes the brown stiff clay at her cabin door, picks the pebbles out of it, pounds it down and softens it with a rude wooden mallet, moulds it into shape with her rough horny hands, and without the aid of a potter's wheel ornaments it, after a time-honoured fashion, with a little stick or her thumb-nails; places the rude vessel thus formed—a kind of bowl or cup—in the strong heat of the sun or before the blaze of the peat-fire, and so produces a rough unglazed *craggan*, out of which she drinks her milk, and in which she infuses her tea. And all the while—let it be noted with all the emphasis at our command—several of her neighbours with whom she is in daily intercourse, and with whom her teacher had been in daily intercourse, possess and use some of the finest ware that Leek or Burslem can produce. All round here, even in Tiree, are products of advanced art; but this native artist goes on her way unheeding all change and all advance, and turning out her unglazed ware as her ancestors had done—though perhaps in a superior style of art and workmanship—for perhaps thousands of years. Like most of the Tiree people, she is acute and intelligent in many directions. She has a sharp eye and keen observing powers; her insight into character is correct and unfailing; she has command over keen humour, and she is a good critic in her way. But, with all her native intelligence, she possesses no invention and no capacity for progress in art. She

copies, with fair accuracy, the traditional style and workmanship of her native hamlet. She makes no advance—she simply copies, as her “forebears” did, in a slavish manner; and probably she insensibly loses in excellence, as she copies.

If the rudest art can coexist in the same hamlet with the product of advanced civilisation—if intelligence can be defective to the savage point in one direction, but highly developed in others, as in the case of the craggan-manufacturer of Tiree—should we not pause before assigning an object that reveals some progress in art-design to a modern era? It is never wise to base a positive theory on negative evidence; and face to face with the customs of Tiree and its primitive manufactures, we may reasonably assert that civilisation may be a falling off from more perfect ideals.

The vacant space or valley, at the bottom of which the houses stood, looks out upon the Atlantic to the north-west, and is about a quarter of a mile in length, with a breadth of about 200 yards below and much more at the top. The perpendicular depth of sand removed was, in some places, about 100 feet. All this enormous mass has been gradually scooped out by the prevailing winds, which are those from the west. But one fact has special value to our inquiry. Along the south-west and western edge of this valley there are large layers of consolidated rock, which evidently at one period covered a considerable section of the sand area, and formed an effective barrier against the storms. Besides, the drift is counteracted by winds from the other quarters of the compass. Hence the scooping out of the valley must always have been slow, and the prevailing change superficial. The consolidated sand, like the adamant lime of the

old keeps, wherever found, was a powerful barrier, which was strengthened by the long-rooted grass and crops that overspread the surface. When we give their full force to all the known agencies and facts—such as the strength, current, and direction of the wind, the quantity and quality of the sand removed, and the obstacles to change—we are confronted with the staggering inference that the age when these remains were deposited is removed from our own time by an almost indefinite number of centuries, unless, indeed, we admit the operation of some force of which at present no trace can be found. Thus viewed, it matters not what the character of the exhumed dwellings or works of art may be, so long as it can be shown that they have been found *in situ*.

But in examining these remains, the walls, the marine mollusca, the split bones, the rough flints, the unglazed pottery, in the singular situation in which they were found, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that here at some remote period was a little village or hamlet, or rather a cluster of lake-dwellings, inhabited by a wild tribe, who lived largely on shell-fish gathered on the Coll shores, and on animals caught in the chase in the Caledonian forest or on the mainland; who had among them at least one leader who adorned himself; who had some knowledge of instruments, though perhaps they did not know how to polish flint weapons; who navigated the seas around, or had intercourse with those that sailed over the rough Atlantic ocean; and who, in any case, were far removed from the helpless savage who divided the universe into what he ate and what ate him. The dwellings, so far as can be judged, were of rude dry

rubble, without any mortar or cementing material. There was a cluster of them; and near each was its own proper refuse-heap, into which the inmates cast all manner of rubbish, and where occasionally articles of value were lost.

The people, whoever they were, who occupied these dwellings, carried on considerable commerce, and had some knowledge of the art of sailing. No flints are found on Coll, or anywhere near it. These at least were carried in canoes or in some kind of vessel from the south of England, for beyond all doubt Coll was an island when they were deposited.

It is quite possible that the old dwellings had been a place of refuge for a lengthened period, and that the ornaments had dropped into the heaps by accident at a later period than that of their occupation as regular abodes; but that does not materially affect the argument. The ornaments had been covered by *débris*. One of them is a rich penannular bronze brooch, and the other is a bronze pin, apparently moulded, with a hole in the broad end of it. This style of brooch has frequently been found at great depths in the west and north of Scotland, and often it shows very elaborate design; indeed it seems to be an accepted fact that the older the brooch, the more elaborate the art and the design. One of a very beautiful type has been found in the island of Mull. This Coll one, found in the refuse-heap, has the hoop separated, after the fashion of the Jew's-harp; the pin swings, as if on a hinge, upon the opposite end of the ring. It was jewelled in twelve holes, and it bears distinct traces of having been gilt, probably with a gold wash, but certainly with some substance more bright and yellow than the bronze

itself. Now the common brooch still worn by the peasantry in the isles is as rude and as imperfect, regarded as a work of art, as the penannular ring dug out of an ancient midden-heap. The Jew's-harp has undoubtedly for centuries been the favourite musical instrument of the Gaelic fireside, and was played upon and danced to by successive races of Highlanders long before the *cornamouse* (father of the bagpipe) sent its execrable Slavonic notes up the Highland straths. And it is noteworthy that both the Jew's-harp and the Highland brooch are modelled somewhat on the same type—that, namely, of the old so-called Celtic or penannular ring. Probably both have a longer pedigree than anything else in the Highlands, except perhaps some of the stories and the legends about the water-horse and the Gaelic mermaid. Of existing “Celtic” brooches and penannular rings exhumed from great depths, the most highly finished, both in form and ornamentation, design, and workmanship, are certainly the oldest. This fact is most important, for it shows that here at least there has been a relapse in a particular art, ever very refined, steady, and slow, over a long period of years and centuries, and in a particular locality. Even some objects of old art prove exactly the very opposite of what they were adduced to illustrate. It is generally taken for granted that the most perfect are the most recent. The reverse is the case here: the most recent are the most imperfect. It is the same in regard to the cairns, erected either as memorials of the dead, or to mark halting-places on the way to the tomb. Admitting that generally the more skilful workmen betook themselves to the more refined and costly material,

on the introduction of gold, and that only the inferior artisans kept to the baser metal, we are still confronted with the difficulty that there is a gradual deterioration in the design itself, whatever be the material; and just in the oldest deposits along the west coast, objects showing elaborate skill have been found. The man who designed the Coll brooch must have derived his skill from many successive generations, and thus beyond the Coll remains, a long indefinite avenue stretches into the history of man upon the earth.

What these Coll remains and their surroundings, fairly examined, teach us is, that the archaeological division of prehistoric times, when man was on the earth, into the stone, the bronze, and the iron age, is one that stands in need of thorough revision. In so far as Tiree and Coll are concerned, we are yet in the stone as well as in the iron age. The ages were contemporaneous, or at least overlapping; and the limits that, in certain localities, mark their beginning and their close, must be abandoned, since the very rudest style of art may be coeval with its highest effort, as it is in Tiree, and since the by-ways of civilisation may be quite different from the crown of its King's Causeway. On the Western Isles I have seen people living in the most primitive way in huts which were not much better than Indian wigwams; and I have known vagrants leading a promiscuous cave-life, probably as primitive as that enjoyed by the refugees of Kent's Cavern. In civilisation it is not always the fittest that survives either in art or human life. The highest effort of moral force and human skill is to defeat the law of the survival of the fittest.

It is probable that Coll was the

permanent home of those old islanders, though it might have been only a place of occasional resort in danger. There they were safe from the ravages of wild animals, and thence they made frequent expeditions to the mainland in quest of food, fuel, and plunder. If Highland folk-lore, early songs, and primitive oral literature in general, have any meaning beyond what is on the surface, that meaning points back beyond the indefinite mist that veils the ages, to a hazy period when the most secure form of habitation was either a sea-girt isle, or a lake-dwelling on an island, and when man had much more sympathy and much more in common with the lower animals than he has now. And that period stretches far back beyond that with which we now deal.

I leave the most striking proof of the immense antiquity of these remains to the last. They are *now* at the bottom of a shifting sand-valley. But is it conceivable that the old colony would have settled down there if the sand were, in the neighbourhood, in anything like the same extent as it is now? Would the lake-dwellers run the risk of a sand-storm? Did the settlers and the sand dispute possession of the field? The only reasonable supposition is, that when the colony did settle down, the sand-hills were not at all in the district, and that what is now a large sand-area, was then a vast morass or boggy marsh, full of small lakes with small islands in their area, as other parts of Coll are still. In other words, before the sand had accumulated in this part of the island, or perhaps even before the snails, whose shells form so large a part of it, had lived and died, there was here a peaty or marshy bog, on whose islands lake-dwellers found shel-

ter. What strengthens this belief is the large number of small lakes in Coll, with the remains of lake-dwellings on them. One of these lake-dwellings was discovered a few years ago on the margin of this sand-area, and the thick end of a beautiful bronze sword, which had been snapped in the middle, was dug out of the morass which lay around it.

One almost shrinks from the conclusion to which all this, and much more like this, forces the careful observer. Far back in the indefinite past, long beyond the bounds of written history, if not without the present reach of archæology, we can espy a vague but still real colony of living, scheming men, moving up and down like unsubstantial shadows at times in one of the wildest of the Hebrides, when the temperature was high, and the climate moist and warm, and when perhaps the Western Isles were aglow with the lurid glare of the great volcanoes of Mull and Ardnamurchan and Skye. That vague colony was a hardy one, full of craft, cunning, and resource. The members of the colony manufactured rude pottery, as the natives of Tiree still do. They scoured the adjoining seas in their coracles or canoes, and they carried on trade directly or indirectly with Cornwall and the south of England.

Some of them were dandies in their small insular ways, and wore garments, perhaps of skins, perhaps of woven fabrics, that were bedecked with jewels, or fastened on with artistic pins. They had, no doubt, caste or social rank, and were under the influence of conventional rules. But their history, and their name, and their very existence, had vanished completely from the memories of living men; their life and its work, and all record of both, lay buried for perhaps countless centuries beneath the recently formed rocks of their native isle, to be brought to light, as if in the shifting scenery of a baseless dream, with their strange and weird story, only in the last quarter of this inquisitive century.

To us now the chief, perhaps almost the only, lesson taught by that weird and strange story is, to exercise caution in research; to pin our expanding theories to no hard and fast rule; to beware of the provincial antiquary and his narrow ways; to refrain from compressing prehistoric time into portable phrases and limits; to recognise the mischief of squeezing the history of human life upon the earth into cramped eras of which our knowledge is very imperfect; and above all, to endeavour never to put a narrow or illiberal interpretation upon the symbols of fact and history.

URBS ROMA VALE!

"Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites."

—VIRG. Eclog. ix. l. 40-42.

"Vester, Camenæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiae."

—HOR., Carm. III. iv. 21-24

"Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avenâ
Carmen, _____"

at nunc, _____"
—VIRG., Æneid, I.

I.

WHILE yet a boy, nor then of dew
Of Castaly a deep imbiber,
I scribbled stanzas "On a view
"Of distant Rome," and of "the Tiber."

II.

That was nigh fifty years ago:
And yet, i' faith, and by our Lady!
Perusing them, methinks they flow
In current smooth, if sometimes shady

III.

But still, although perchance not bad
For a young hand's essay at College,
In Rome herself I fain would add
Some brief results of further knowledge

IV.

For I have stood by Delphi's spring,
And deeply quaffed that pure potation:
So may my Muse propose to sing
With ampler meed of approbation.

V.

Dear Muse! though coy,—nor always kind,—
Say, don't you think it were a pity
To go from Rome, and leave behind
No tribute to the Eternal City?

VI.

First laud we,—what I loved the best,—
Pines, ilex, villas, flowers, and fountains;
The far snow-clad Soracte's crest;
Albano's Hills; Sabina's Mountains:—

VII.

Weird mountains: phantom hills:—now bright,
Now faint, with opalescent changes:
Soft Coan robes of azure light
Half show, half hide those sunny ranges.

VIII.

When Rome's delicious Spring declares
Her advent, in sweet floral flushes,
And nightingales their plaintive airs
Trill from dark brakes and bloomy bushes,

IX.

Seek we, through yon translucent veil,
Lariccia, Nemi, and Genzano,
And, where hoar ilex crowns the dale,
Castel Gandolfo, and Albano.

X.

A boundless scope: ambrosial air:
Campagna, reaching to the ocean:
Idyllic Pastorals dwell there,
And thrill the heart with old emotion.

XI.

Thyme, cytissus, still swathe the rocks:
Still spreads the beech-tree, bloom the lilies:
Still, Melibœus tends his flocks,—
And Tityrus, fair Amaryllis.

XII.

See! in yon murrhine goblet rare
Novennial Alban wine is glancing:
Well, Shade of Horace! may such fare,
Such nectar, set the brain romancing!

XIII.

The planes, white poplars, and huge pines,
Blend grateful shade where streams meander;
The silv'ry olives, golden vines,
Gild the green mazes where we wander.

XIV.

On Tusculum's Pelasgic height
How dawned those old historic ages?
How culminated, in the light
Of him who here discoursed with sages?

XV.

He here discoursed.—Too well he knew
 How crowds and cities poison pleasure :
 Hills, dells, and yon far-stretching view,
 How dear to philosophic leisure !

XVI.

Warm April's sunrise, dewy bright,
 Wakes in thy vocal groves, Frascati !
 All flowers. Rose-red, blue, purple, white,—
 "Fiori freschi: ben amati:—"—

XVII.

While, far beneath those fragrant glades,
 Through all our long Spring-day's progression,
 What lights divine, what magic shades,
 What sun, what clouds, in calm succession

XVIII.

On to cool Tibur! From afar,
 Stern, high Præneste frowns. Lontana,
 We hail, beneath the Evening Star,
 Lone, cypress-girdled Adriana.

XIX.

Too rustic Muse, no further stray!—
 Revert we from those fairy regions,
 By yon sun-bright Prænestine Way,
 To Rome, her smoke, wealth, noise, and legions :

XX.

Her ruins, Catacombs, and holes,
 (Though leading oft to divers lurches) ;
 And,—cynosures of pilgrim souls,—
 Her eighteen score and seven Churches.

XXI.

Choirs chanting, in the morn, or night,
 Soft "Requiem," or loud "Te Deum:—"—
 Blue, red, green fires, and Bengal light,
 Illumining the Colosseum.

XXII.

The Cæsars' pride of "marble halls:—"—
 Their gloom of excavated caverns;—
 Forums:—Basilicas:—St Paul's
 "Hired house:—" "Three Fountains:—"—and "Three Taverns."

XXIII.

The Tiber.—Though its waves may be
 At sunrise, or at sunset, ruddy;
 More often have I chanced to see
 That river brown,—and very muddy.

XXIV.

St Peter's:—and the Papal See.—
 Such themes my Muse at distance passes:
 E'en "Papal Choirs" allure not me
 "To take my pleasure with the Masses."

XXV.

Besides, in that majestic pile,
 So exquisite, so Apostolic,
 Some Popes have monuments so vile
 As to provoke æsthetic colic.

XXVI.

Crypts I affect not much:—but then,
 I've seen but few:—(some ten or twenty):—
 And place among "*The Upper Ten*,"
 Thy lower diggings, San Clemente!

XXVII.

The Pictures.—Galleries, I own,
 Have found, or left me, rather lazy:
 Yet oft I bowed before the throne
 Of "SACRED LOVE,"—in the Borghese:

XXVIII.

Or where Apollo's steeds divine
 Chase bright Aurora's footsteps rosy,
 Till Air, Earth, deep-blue Ocean, shine;
 O Dawn-efulgent Rospigliosi!

XXIX.

Nor failed I to confess the spell
 Of Ludovisi's fair Casino;
 Where Morn and Night, symbolic, tell
 Of twilights,—Life, and Death,—Guercino!

XXX.

The Statues.—How dare I recount
 The wondrous grace of each "Piano"
 Of antique glories, as I mount
 The Capitol, and Vaticano!

XXXI.

Who can describe Laocoon,
 Apollo, or such "ancient stager?"
 So neither will I dwell upon
 Diana, Flora, Meleager,

XXXII.

Or Venus, Psyche, or young Love,
 Pan, Satyrs, Biga-horses prancing,
 Or Ariadne, Bacchus, Jove,
 Or piping Fauns, or Mænads dancing;

XXXIII.

Or where yon stricken Gaul bestows
 No thought on life: but, bleeding, sighing,
 Tells, in those last convulsive throes,
 Of the good fight he fought while dying.

XXXIV.

Antiquities.—Etruscan arms,
 Flint flakes, darts, spear-heads transcendental:
 Nay,—those most rare and mystic charms,—
 Celts of green Jade the Oriental.

XXXV.

Beholding which attractive blades,
 I,—(reconciling "Love and Duty,")—
 Leave Rome with sundry handsome Jades,—
 (One, said to be "a perfect beauty").

XXXVI.

All Cinque-Cento bric-a-brac;
 Gems, lace, majolica, medaglie:
 While he that gathers finds no lack
 Of vases, "rhytons," and "terraglie."

XXXVII.

The Ghetto.—Ere you enter in,
 On either hand are—"MOSES:"—"AARON:"
 Rich offerings,—like those "of Sin:"
 Rich scents,—unlike "the Rose of Sharon!"

XXXVIII.

The Carnival.—It roused my ire
 To most extreme exacerbation:
 Its flowers, "confetti," masques, and fire
 Of "moccili," and of "Cremation."

XXXIX.

The Roman Fox-Hunt.—A vague chase,
 Involving many a fruitless fixture:
 "The Meet," in some old Classic place,—
 Hounds, horses, fox, in friendly mixture.

XL.

Receptions:—Balls.—Faint zest, in sooth,
 Had I for such polite employments:
 Bequeathing to fair Dames, and Youth,
 Those elegant, yet mild enjoyments;

XLI.

But in "Palazzi," welcome frank
 We found, and kindness never chary:
 Sweet music, beauty, fashion, rank,
 Yea,—Envoys Extraordinary!

XLII.

Tobacco.—All sweet herbs, plants, fruits,
 Yields fair Hesperia.—And yet I
 Prefer Manila's fine cheroots,
 To thy least "worthless weed," Minghetti!

XLIII.

The Cats.—How dire their concert rings!
 As tigers roar, at night they bellow:—
 Soon may they yield harmonic strings
 For "Violini" and "The 'Cello!"

XLIV.

Lastly, I praise our good Hôtel,
 "The Angleterre."—Except in "Vino,"
 We fared angelically well:
 Our waiter, too, was "Serafino."

XLV.

Then farewell, Roma!—Farewell, too,
 Thou Plebs Romana, cleric, laic:
 A long,—perchance a last adieu,
 To bronzes, marbles, and mosaic.

XLVI.

Oft in Hyperborean clime,
 While snows perpetuate December,
 And "memory holds her seat," the time
 So loved in Rome, we shall remember.

XLVII.

My "Prehistoric Jades" at home
 Will faithfully and oft remind me
 Of Muses, Graces, left at Rome,—
 (Reluctantly, I vow!)—behind me.

XLVIII.

Dear Graces, Muses, though we part,
 Be "PAX VOBISCU," late and early :
 I can but echo, from my heart,
 "*Al piacer di rivederle!*"

J. P. M.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD RINTOUL made his appearance in the house which his parents had hired in Eaton Place on the day before their arrival, with a mixture of satisfaction and anxiety. He was pleased, for he was a good young fellow on the whole, and fond of his mother and sister; but he was anxious, for he was a Guardsman—a young man about town, "up," as he modestly hoped, to most things—and they were people from the country, who in all probability were not quite dressed as they ought to be, or prepared for the duties of their position. These mingled sentiments were apparent in the young man's face as he walked into the room in which Lady Lindores and Edith were sitting together, working out on their side a programme of the things they were going to do. Notwithstanding Carry, they were both tolerably cheerful, looking forward to the excitement of this unaccustomed life with a little stir of anticipation; for neither mother nor daughter was *blasée*, and the thrill of quickened existence, in a place where human pulses beat

more rapidly and the tide runs fuller than elsewhere, moved them in spite of themselves. Lady Lindores would have said, and did say, that her heart was not in it—and this in perfect good faith; yet when she was actually in London, though her daughter's pale face and lonely life were often present with her, the impression was less strong than when that white face, as poor Carry said, was constantly before her eyes. She was a handsome woman of forty-five, with a liking for all that was beautiful, a love of conversation and movement, much repressed by the circumstances of her life, but always existing; and when thus free for a moment from habitual cares, her heart rose almost in spite of herself, and she was able to believe that things would set themselves right somehow, even though she did not see from whence the alleviation was to come. She was discussing with Edith many things that they had planned and thought of, when Rintoul arrived. Their plans embraced various matters which were not within the range of that golden youth's ideas. When they

had been in London before, they had vexed his soul by the list of things they had wanted to see. The sights of London! such as country people of the lower orders went staring about: Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, even St Paul's and the Tower!—things which he had never seen nor thought of seeing himself, though he often passed the former, not taking any notice, thinking it was "bad form" to show any rustic curiosity. His mother and the girls had scoffed at all he said about "bad form;" but now they were accustomed to their change of circumstances, and everything was different. Would they be reasonable, and acknowledge that there were certain matters in which he was an authority now?

Rintoul himself had made, he was conscious, immense progress since he first stepped upon that platform of rank to which he was now accustomed. At first the elevation had made him a little giddy. Young Robin Lindores, of the 120th, had been on the whole a very simple young fellow, pleased to feel that he had the benefit of "good connections," and an uncle who was an Earl, though they had never been of any use to him. Even in that innocent stage he was, as is natural to a young man, vaguely critical of the proceedings of his "people." He thought it was a pity they should live abroad. Were they at home, it appeared certain to him that he would now and then have been invited to Lindores for the shooting, and been taken some notice of. But on the other hand, he acknowledged that to live abroad was cheap, and that it was better for him on the whole to say, "My people are abroad," than to be obliged to acknowledge that they were living in a little country cottage somewhere, or in

Brighton or Cheltenham, or some shabby-genteel place. And he did his duty very cheerfully, and kept tolerably well within his allowance, and took such pleasures as came in his way, without any very clear outlook towards the future, but always with some hope of active service and promotion. So long as he had "something to do"—a little cricket or boating, a tolerable amount of parties—he neither looked too closely into the pedigree of his entertainers, nor gave himself any airs on the subject of his own birth and connections. For what was he, after all?—not even an Honourable himself, but the son of an Honourable—plain Mr Lindores, no more than Mr Smith or Mr Jones. It never occurred to him that his position demanded anything of him in those days; for what position had he but that of a lieutenant in the 120th? In society, though he would pretend now and then, like the rest, to talk of this and that girl as having money—or "tin," as it was more usually called—such a prudential consideration never went beyond the mere light flutter of talk; and he liked to dance, not with the heiresses, but with the prettiest girls and the best dancers, as was natural and befitting—to marry anybody being entirely out of his *rôle*. He knew himself to be wiser than his mother, and to know more of life than even the governor himself, who (no fault of his) was growing an old foggy in the course of nature; but on the whole, he was respectful enough to these old persons when he was with them, and in his way fond of them all, and even proud of little Edith's prettiness, and the distinguished looks of Carry, who was always like a princess though she was not pretty. When, however, that sudden and unlooked-for advancement came, and Robin Lindores at one

bound became Lord Rintoul, the change that passed over him was something wonderful. It was as great a revolution as that which had converted the gentle and fastidious *dilettante* of former years into the energetic, ambitious Scotch Earl who kept his family in awe and wonder. Robin changed as much, or almost as much, as his father had changed. He left his simple regiment and all its little garrison gaieties, and became a Guardsman, and was introduced into society. He learned the chatter of the drawing-rooms and clubs, and to talk familiarly about everybody, and to think he understood all the motives (almost always supposed to be bad ones) which swayed their conduct. Perhaps it was his familiarity with these tales which drove the young man into such an alarmed state of susceptibility as to the risk of encountering in his own person, or in his family, a similar freedom of comment. He said to himself that he knew "how fellows talked," and he could not bear that his sister should be pulled to pieces among them, and known as a rustic or an *exaltée*—one of the strong-minded sisterhood on the one hand, or a foolish bread-and-butter girl on the other. And Rintoul had become fully possessed by the idea that to get Edith "off" was the first duty of the family. He felt that his pride would be touched if she did not secure a good marriage before the end of the season. "Fellows would talk:" they would say that she had been a failure; that it was no good Lady Lindores hawking her daughter about; that she had tried very hard for this man, or flung herself at the other's head, but it was no use. He knew that he had heard such things said a hundred times—perhaps been moved to echo them himself on the very slightest warrant; but the blood rushed to his

face when it occurred to him that his sister in her turn might be subjected to such comments. And the only way for her to escape them was to succeed. Therefore it was with a conviction of the importance of the crisis, which affected every nerve in his body, as well as all the powers of his mind, that Rintoul appeared in the little morning-room at Eaton Place. Every girl was said to throw herself at somebody's head—to make a dead set at one man or another. Without that purpose no one was supposed to go into society. When she succeeded, and the man was secured, her triumph, it is true, was always discussed in the same way; but that was once for all, and the matter was done with. Therefore it was evident to Rintoul that Edith must succeed. She must secure somebody before the season was out. He could not bear to have it said of her that she was hawked about. At the same time, this anxious young man saw the difficulties. His "people" had not a very large acquaintance. His mother was not half up to her duties as a mother. Edith herself, though a very pretty girl, was not a beauty of the undeniable and all-conquering sort. So much the more grave were all the difficulties of the situation, and so much the more important all the expedients that could be adopted, all the precautions that Rintoul—perhaps, he felt, the only one of the family who fully perceived them—must take. Their appearance, their gowns and bonnets, the places they intended to appear in,—all these were of the utmost consequence—a consequence, he was afraid, which the real head of the party, she who ought to be the chief mover in the matter, could scarcely be got to understand, much less to take into earnest consideration as she ought.

This was why his pleasure in

seeing his people was shadowed by so much anxiety. His smile was only on the lower part of his face—all the rest was clouded with an almost fretful disquietude. He did not even know whether he could make them understand the importance of the crisis. They would receive him, he felt sure, with levity, with minds directed to things of no consequence whatever; and it was natural that this sense, that he was the only person who understood the gravity of the situation, should make Rintoul's countenance serious. As he kissed his mother and sister, he looked them all over, taking in every detail of their appearance, and uttered a mental thanksgiving, and felt an enormous relief to find that there was little to remark upon. "They would not look amiss anywhere," he said to himself. But this gleam of contentment was soon dimmed by the reflection that you never can know how a woman will look till you have seen her in her outdoor costume. The bonnet is such a test! Most likely they wore impossible bonnets. So the contraction returned to his forehead once more.

"So here you are," he said. "I am mighty glad to see you. I thought everything worth while would be over before you came."

"And what is there that is worth while that is not over?" said his mother. "We defer to your superior knowledge. We in our ignorance were thinking of the concerts, and the pictures, and the new play."

"Ah, that's all very well. *They're* not over, of course, nor will be so long as the season lasts," said Rintoul, carelessly. "I was thinking of more important things. I think I've got you cards for the next Chiswick *fête*. It wanted diplomacy. I got Lady Reston, who is *au mieux* with Archy Chaunter, to get them for you; but you must

have very nice toilets for that. The new Irish beauty went to the last a perfect fright in poplin and Limerick lace, all native product, and was the talk of the town. Thank heaven there's nothing but tartan indigenous to Scotland!"

"Let us go in tartan, mamma," said Edith. "It would be a graceful way of showing our nationality, and please the people who are going to elect Robin for the county."

"If you think it would please the county," said the Countess, with much gravity, which almost paralysed Rintoul; but she added, shaking her head, "Alas! the county is not Highland at all, and scoffs at the tartan. We must try some other way."

"I wish you wouldn't speak nonsense to aggravate me," cried the young man. "How am I to know when you're in earnest, and when you are laughing? But one thing I can tell you: unless you are well dressed, you need never think of going at all. Old-fashioned gowns that do well enough for the country—I don't think you ought ever to be careless of your dress——"

"You seem to be an authority," said Edith, laughing. "You will have to tell us if our gowns are old-fashioned."

"Well, I don't suppose I am an authority: I don't understand details; but I can tell on the whole, as well as another, whether a woman looks as she ought when she's got up."

"*Comme il faut*. I thought the phrase was untranslatable, but Robin has mastered it," said Lady Lindores.

"You need not laugh at me, mother; and I wish you wouldn't, all of you, call me by that absurd name. I feel like a shepherd boy in a pastoral—the hero, you know,—like Fidelio or Cherubino. Oh, I don't say you are to call me Rin-

toul—that if you like; but I don't mind Bob——”

“Bob!” the mother and sister cried in one breath. They had all been secretly proud of that pet name of Robin, which he had borne from a child.

“It's not worth talking of,” he said carelessly, feeling something of ridicule involved; for though he was not clever, he was sufficiently sympathetic to be conscious of the sentiment in the minds of the others. “The real question is, what you are going to do while you are in town. I have told everybody you were coming; but, mamma, I hope you won't balk everything by going on about theatres and pictures, and so forth. Society is a hundred times more important. It is not only amusing ourselves we have got to think of. It is all very well to laugh,” he said, with the most solemn air of offended dignity, “but anybody who knew the world would tell you the same thing.”

“My dear boy, I thought I knew a little about the world; but I dare say I am mistaken. I hope, however, you will permit us to amuse ourselves a little now and then. Edith wants to see something and hear something while she is in London. She has not had your advantages——”

“My advantages don't count for very much,” said Rintoul, half irritated, half flattered, “and it's just Edith I'm thinking of. There is more to be taken into consideration for her than either amusement or what you call improving her mind. Edith is the entire question. It is to do her justice that is my whole thought.”

Edith, on hearing this, laughed out, yet flamed crimson, with mingled ridicule and suspicion. “In what respect am I to have justice?” she said.

“You needn't fire up. All that

I want is your good. You ought to be seen: you ought to have your chance like the rest. How are you ever to have that if my mother and you fly about skylarking in all sorts of unlikely places, and keep out of the way of—every opportunity?”

Rintoul, though carried away by his feelings to the point of making this plain statement, was rather alarmed when he had said it, and stopped somewhat breathless. It was alarming to be confronted by his sister's indignant countenance and the angry sparkle in her eyes.

“Do you know what he means, mother?” she cried. “Did you bring me to London to market? That's what he means. Did you come to set up a booth in Vanity Fair? If you did, you must find other wares. Rintoul would make such a good salesman, it is a pity to balk him. But I am not going to be put up to auction,” cried the girl, springing to her feet. Then she laughed, though she was so angry. “I am going to get ready for a walk,” she said. “I think that delightful bonnet that Miss Macalister in Dunearn made for me will be the very thing for the Park——”

“Heaven above! do you let her have bonnets from Miss Macalister in Dunearn?” cried Rintoul, dismayed, as his sister disappeared. “Even in the country I would never consent to that.”

“You must not pour too much wisdom upon us all at once,” said his mother, “especially upon Edith, who is not used to it.” Lady Lindores could not take it all seriously. She was vexed at the bottom of her heart, yet could not but smile at the oracle who had so short a time before been simple Robin—her nice, kind, silly, lovable boy. He had not ceased to be lovable even in his new development as Mentor and man of the world.

“That is all very well, mother; but if you make a joke of it, what

is the good of coming to town at all?" cried Rintoul, with his serious face—too serious to be angry. "Edith may flare up if she pleases—she doesn't know any better; but surely you must understand she has never had her chance. Who is to see her down in the country? There was Torrance of course, but Carry snapped him up."

"Robin," said his mother, her countenance changing, "I desire you will not speak in that heartless, vulgar way. Yes, my boy, it is vulgar, though you think it so wise. Poor Carry, to her sorrow, has snapped up, as you say, a most unsuitable husband and a miserable life. I wish I was free of blame in that matter. We must make the best of it now, since there's no remedy; but to speak as if Carry's marriage was something to be envied——"

"Well, Torrance is rather a brute," Rintoul acknowledged, somewhat subdued; "but what a place and what a position! Carry's boy, with our connection and all that money, may be—anything she chooses to make him——"

"Carry's boy is not half so much to me as Carry herself," said Lady Lindores, gravely; "but that is done, and we must make the best of it," she added, with a sigh.

"A girl may pick up a bad husband anywhere," said Rintoul, regaining his confidence. "It just as often happens in a hot love-match as in anything else. There's Lily Trevor, old Lord Warhawk's daughter, would never rest till they had let her marry Smithers of the Blues—and they say he beats her. Charley Floyd says there never was such a wretched *ménage*; and she might have married half-a-dozen fellows, every one a better match than Smithers. There's no accounting for these sort of things. But, mamma, unless we're all mad together, we must give Edith her

chance. By Jove, when you think of it, she's past her first bloom!" ("and that's mostly the thing that fetches," he added parenthetically, under his breath)—"she's twenty-one, mother! The moment she's seen anywhere, people will begin to calculate when she came out: and it's three seasons back! That does a girl more harm than anything. There's always a little added on to every one's age, and I shouldn't wonder in the least if they made her out to be thirty! She doesn't look it, fortunately; but what are looks, when half the women one sees are made up like pictures? But mind my words, mother—you will repent it all your life if you don't make up your mind now to give Edith one real good chance."

Lady Lindores made no reply. She began to lose her sense of amusement, and to feel vexed and humiliated, sore and wroth, as parents do when their children parade before them sentiments which are unworthy. Perhaps a woman cannot be quite just in such a predicament. It may be all an unconscious fiction, this atrocious precocious cynicism and worldliness of youth. Nothing is ever so cruelly conventional, so shamelessly egoistical, as the young disciple of social philosophy, who is possibly hiding a quivering and terrified youthful heart beneath that show of abominable wisdom. But it is hard for a mother whose whole heart is bent on finding excellence and nobleness in her child, to be tolerant of what appears to be such apparent and unmistakable unworthiness. Lady Lindores felt, while her son was speaking, as if some barbarous giant had got her heart in his hand and crushed it, clinching his cruel grasp. She did not look at him while he pleaded that Edith might have her chance, nor answer him when he had spoken. What could she say

to the boy who could thus discourse to her like an old man learned in all wickedness? There was a poignant sting of injured pride, too, in the sensation with which she listened to him. This from the boy she had trained, to whom she must have given his first conception of life, of women and their ways! Had it been her example, against her will, unconscious of any such possibility, that had taught him to despise them? She looked at the young face so dear to her, and which was now full of all the gravity of conviction, endeavouring to enforce its doctrines upon her mind, with a mixture of hot impatience and hopeless toleration. Poor boy! this was what he really thought, honestly believed, though he was *her* son! His eyes were quite impressive in their sincerity. "She ought to see people," Rintoul said; "she ought to be seen. She has never been hawked about like other girls, so it does not matter so much that this isn't her first season. People may forget it if we take no notice. But in another year, mother, if she does not have her chance now—in another year," cried the anxious brother, with threatening solemnity, "it will be quite another matter. She has kept her bloom pretty well, but it will be gone by that time; and when it's gone, she'll not have half the chance. A girl *must* make hay while the sun shines," he added, more and more dogmatically: "we all of us ought to remember that, but for a girl it's imperative—there is nothing that tells like the first bloom."

Still Lady Lindores did not make any reply.

"I wonder at you, mother," he cried, exasperated. "I should have thought it would be your first object to see Edith happily settled. And when you think how difficult it is—how many there are always

ready, waiting to snap up any fellow with money! I believe," he said, with a sort of prophetic wrath, a visionary anger at what might have been,—“I believe if my father had not interfered, Carry was as likely as not to have married that Professor fellow. By the way, isn't Erskine at Dalrulzian? and I dare say you have had him up at Lindores?”

"Certainly, we have had him up at Lindores. What is your objection to that?" said Lady Lindores, quietly.

And now it was Rintoul's turn to sigh and shake his head with hopeless impatience. Was it impossible to get her to understand? "I don't know what you people are thinking of," he said, with a kind of quiet despair. "Though you know what mischief happened before, you will have that fellow to the house, you will let him be with Edith as much as he pleases."

"Edith!" cried Lady Lindores: and then she stopped short, and added with a laugh, "I assure you, Robin, there's no danger in that quarter. The entire county has made up its mind that John Erskine is to marry Nora Barrington, and nobody else, whatever other people may say."

Now it was Rintoul's turn to be red and indignant. He was so much startled, that he sprang to his feet with an excitement altogether without justification. "Nora Barrington!" he cried; "I would like to know what right any one has to mix up the name of an innocent girl—who never, I am certain, had either part or lot in such wretched schemings——"

"The same kind of schemings—but far more innocent—as those you would involve your sister in," cried Lady Lindores, rising too, with a deep flush upon her face.

"Nothing of the kind, mother—besides, the circumstances are

entirely different," he cried, hotly. "Edith *must* marry well. She must marry to advantage, for the sake of the family. But Nora—a girl that would never lead herself to—to—that never had a thought of interest in her head—that doesn't know what money means——"

"I am glad there is somebody you believe in, Robin," his mother said.

The young man saw his inconsistency, but that mattered little. It is only in other people that we find consistency to be necessary. The consciousness made him hotter and less coherent perhaps, but no more. "The cases are entirely different. I see no resemblance between them," he said, with resentment and indignation in every tone. Lady Lindores would have been more than human if she had not followed up her advantage.

"Yes," she said, "in Nora's case even I myself, though I am no match-maker, feel disposed to aid in the scheme. For nothing could be more entirely suitable. The same position, the same class, the same tastes; and the Barringtons are poor, so that it would be a great comfort to them to see their girl in

a nice house of her own; and she is very fond of Dalrulzian, and much liked in the neighbourhood. I can see everything in favour of the plan—nothing against it."

"Except that it will never come to anything," cried young Rintoul. "Good heavens! Nora—a girl that one never could think of in any such way,—that never in her life—I'll answer for it—made any plans about whom she was to marry. Mother, I think you might have so much respect for one of your own sex as to acknowledge that."

"It is time to appeal to my respect for my own sex," cried Lady Lindores, with an angry laugh. If this was how the tables were to be turned upon her! When she left the room, angry, yet indignantly amused at the same time, Rintoul reflected with hot indignation upon the want of sympathy and fellow-feeling among women. "When they do see a girl that's above all that sort of thing, that it's desecration to think of in that way, they either don't understand her, or they're jealous of her," he said to himself, with profound conviction. "Women don't know what justice means."

CHAPTER XIV.

The present writer has already confessed to a certain disinclination to venture upon any exposition of the manners and customs of the great; and should an attempt be made to thread the mazes of the season, and to represent in sober black and white the brilliant assemblies, the crowded receptions, the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and banqueting-rooms, all full of that sheen of satin and shimmer of pearls which only the most delicate manipulation, the lightest exquisite touch, can secure? Could the writer's pen be dipped in tints as ethereal as

those which fill the brush (if that is not too crude a word) of the accomplished President, then perhaps the task might be attempted; but common ink is not equal to it. Though Lady Lindores was negligent of her duties, and did not give herself up as she ought to have done to the task of getting invitations and doing her daughter justice, yet her shortcomings were made up by the superior energy and knowledge of her husband and son. And as a matter of fact, they went everywhere, and saw a great deal of society. So far were they

from being under the standard at that Chiswick *fête*, as Rintoul nervously anticipated, that the graceful mother and pretty daughter were noticed by eyes whose notice is the highest distinction, and inquired into with that delightful royal curiosity which is so complimentary to mankind, and which must be one of the things which make the painful trade of sovereignty tolerable. Both the ladies, indeed, had so much *succès*, that the anxious young Guardsman, who stalked about after them, too much disturbed to get any satisfaction in his own person, and watching their demeanour as with a hundred eyes, gradually allowed the puckers in his forehead to relax, and went off guard with a sigh of relief. Rintoul was more than relieved—he was delighted with the impression produced by Edith's fresh beauty. "Oh, come! she's a pretty little thing, if you please; but not all that," he said, confused by the excess of approbation accorded to her by some complimentary friend. There was one drawback, however, to this satisfaction, and that was, that neither did Edith "mind a bit" who was introduced to her, who danced with her, or took her down to dinner, whether a magnificent young peer, or a penniless youngerson; nor, still more culpable, did her mother pay the attention she ought to this, or take care as she ought that her daughter's smiles were not thrown away. She was known once, indeed, to have—inconceivable folly!—actually gone the length of introducing to Edith, in a ball-room bristling with eligible partners, a brilliant young artist, a "painter-fellow," the very last person who ought to have been put in the girl's way. "If a girl goes wrong of herself, and is an idiot, why, you say, it's because she knows no better," Rintoul said; "but when it's her mother!" The

young painter danced very well, and was bright and interesting beyond, it is to be supposed, the general level; and he hung about the ladies the whole evening, never long away from one or the other. Rintoul felt that if it happened only one other evening, all the world would say that there was something going on, and possibly some society paper would inform its anxious readers that "a marriage is arranged." On the other hand, that evening was marked with a white stone on which the young Marquis of Millefleurs, son of the Duke of Lavender, made himself conspicuous as one of Edith's admirers, pursuing her wherever she went, till the foolish girl was disposed to be angry; though Lady Lindores this time had the sense to excuse him as being so young, and to add that he seemed "a nice sort of boy,"—not a way, certainly, to recommend so desirable an adorer to a fanciful girl, but still perhaps, in the circumstances, as much as could be expected. Lady Lindores received with great composure a few days after, an announcement from her husband that he had asked the youth to dinner. She repeated her praise with a perfectly calm countenance—

"I shall be glad to see him, Robert. I thought him a mere boy, very young, but frank and pleasant as a boy should be."

"I don't know what you call a boy. I believe he is four-and-twenty," said Lord Lindores, with some indignation; and then he added in a subdued tone, as knowing that he had something less easy to suggest, "I have asked some one else whom you will probably not look on in the same light. I should much rather have left him out, but there was no getting Millefleurs without him. He has been travelling with him as a sort of tutor-companion, I suppose." Here

he seemed to pause to get up his courage, which was so remarkable that his wife's suspicions were instantly aroused. She turned towards him with a look of roused attention.

"I don't hesitate to say that I am sorry to bring him again in contact with the family. Of course the whole affair was folly from beginning to end. But the young fellow himself behaved well enough. There is nothing against him personally, and I am rather willing to let him see that it has entirely passed from our minds."

"Of whom are you speaking?" cried Lady Lindores.

The Earl actually hesitated, stammered, almost blushed, so far as a man of fifty is capable of blushing. "You remember young Beaufort, whom we saw so much of in——"

"Beaufort!" cried Lady Lindores, "*Edward!*" her voice rose into a sort of shriek.

"He certainly was never Edward to me. I thought it best, when Millefleurs presented him to me, to receive him at once as an old acquaintance. And I hope you will do so also, without any fuss. It is very important that it should be made quite clear we have no fear of him, or feeling in the matter."

"Edward!" Lady Lindores said again. "How can I receive him as if I had no feeling in the matter? He has called me mother. I have kissed him as Carry's future husband. Good heavens! and Carry, poor Carry!"

"I did not know you had been such a fool," he cried, reddening; then after a pause, "I see no reason why Carry should be called poor. Her position at home is in some points better than our own. And it is not necessary to tell Carry of every one who enters this house, which is so much out of her way."

"My poor child, my poor child!" the mother said, wringing her hands.

"She divined this. She had a fear of something. She thought John Erskine might invite him. Oh, you need not suppose this was ever a subject of conversation between us!—but it seems that Mr Torrance suspected John Erskine himself to be the man. Edith surprised them in the midst of a painful scene on this subject, and then Carry told me of her terror lest John should invite—she did not say whom. It was not necessary between us to name any names."

"What did Torrance know about 'the man'? as you say; what had he to do with it? You women are past bearing. This was some of your confidences, I suppose."

"It was Carry's own communication to the man who is her husband. She thought it her duty, poor, poor child!—and now, is it I that am to be made the instrument of further torture?" Lady Lindores cried.

"The instrument of—fiddlesticks! This is really not a subject for heroics," said her husband, fretfully. "I ask you to receive as an acquaintance merely—no intimacy required of you—a man against whom I know nothing. These absurd passages you refer to, I had no knowledge of. It was idiotic; but fortunately it is all over, and no harm done. For Carry's sake even, that nobody may be able to say that there was any embarrassment on her account, it seems to me your duty to receive him—especially as his coming involves Millefleurs."

"What do I care for that boy? What do you want with that boy?" Lady Lindores cried. She did not show her usual desire to please and soothe him, but spoke sharply, with an impatience which she could not control.

"Whatever my reason may be, I hope I have a right to invite Millefleurs if I please," said the Earl, with a cloudy smile, "and

his companion with him, whoever he may be."

Lady Lindores made no reply, nor was there anything further said between them on the subject. The intimation, however, almost overwhelmed the woman, who in these last years had learned to contemplate her husband in so different a light. Enough has been said about the tragical unworthiness which tears asunder those who are most closely bound together, and kills love, as people say, by killing respect. To kill love is terrible, but yet it is an emancipation in its way; and no man or woman can suffer for the unworthiness of one whom he or she has ceased to love, with anything approaching the pain which we feel when those who never can cease to be dear to us fall into evil. And love is so fatally robust, and can bear so many attacks! Lady Lindores, who divined her husband's motives, and the unscrupulous adherence to them through thick and thin which would recoil from nothing, suffered from that and every other discovery that he was not what she had thought him, with bitter pangs, from which she would have been free had he ceased to be the first object of her affections. But that he could never cease to be; and his faults tore her as with red-hot pincers. She could not bear to think of it, and yet was obliged to think of it, unable to forget it. That he should not shrink from the embarrassment and pain of renewing an acquaintance so broken up, when it happened to appear to him useful for his own ends, was more to her than even the pain she would feel in herself receiving the man who might have been Carry's husband—whom Carry had, as people say, jilted in order to marry a richer rival. How could she look him in the face, knowing this? How could she talk to him without allu-

sion to the past? But even bad as this was, it was more heartrending still to think why it was that he was invited. She had to explain it to Edith too, who was thunderstruck. "Edward! you don't mean *Edward*, mamma?" "Yes, my darling, I mean Edward, no one else. He must not be Edward now, but Mr Beaufort, to you and me. Your father was obliged to ask him, for he was with Lord Millefleurs." "But what does he want with Lord Millefleurs? I would rather have had nobody in the house till we go home than ask Edward. And what, oh what will you say to Carry, mamma?" "We must say nothing," the mother cried, with a quivering lip. "It must not be breathed to her. Thank heaven, we have no old servants! At all costs Carry must not know." "I thought you said, mamma, that there never was such a thing as a secret—that everything was known?" "And so I did," cried Lady Lindores, distracted. "Why do you remind me of what I have said? It is not as if I could help it. We must stand firm, and get through it as well as we can, and think as little as we can of what may follow. There is no other way." This was how Lady Lindores bore the brunt of her child's inquiries. As for Lord Rintoul, he declared that he understood his father perfectly. "If Beaufort were left out, he'd fill Millefleurs's mind with all sorts of prejudices. I'd rather not meet the fellow myself; but as it can't be helped, it must be done, I suppose," he said. "He will never say anything, that is certain. And what can that boy's opinion be to us?" said Lady Lindores. Her son stared at her for a moment open-eyed. "Mamma, you are the most wonderful woman I ever knew," he said. "If you don't mean it, it's awfully clever; and if you do mean it, you are such

an innocent as never was seen. Why, don't you know that everybody is after Millefleurs? He is the great match of the season. I wish I thought Edith had a chance." Lady Lindores covered her face with her hands, hating the very light. Her boy, too! They pursued their ignoble way side by side with her, scarcely believing that it was possible she did not see and share their meaning, and in her heart approve of all their efforts.

"What is wrong now?" said Rintoul. "I declare I never know what to say. Sometimes you take things quite easily. Sometimes you will flare up at nothing at all."

"Do you think it is nothing at all that your sister and I should be brought into what you yourselves call a husband-hunt?" cried Lady Lindores. "Have you not told me of a dozen women who are trying to catch this man and that? Don't you think it is ignominious to expose us to the same reproach? Perhaps they are just as innocent of it as I."

"Oh, trust them for that," said Rintoul, with a laugh. "Of course it is said of everybody. It will be said of you just the same; we can't help that. But surely you can see yourself—even *you* can see—that when a fellow like Millefleurs actually puts himself out of the way to come after a girl like Edith——"

"Robin!" cried his mother (a little *accès* of passion seized her). "Do you think Edith—Edith, your sister—is not worth a hundred boys like this Millefleurs? What do you mean by coming out of his way? Is it the fashion now that girls like Edith should put themselves at the disposal of a little jackanapes—a bit of a boy—a——"

"Don't lose your temper, mamma," said the young man, with a laugh. "But now you've had it out," said this wise son, "only

just be reasonable, and think a moment. Millefleurs is a great catch. There's not such a big fish to be landed anywhere; and Edith is no better than a hundred others. Do hear a fellow out. She's very pretty and nice, and all that; but there's heaps of pretty, nice girls—and the prettier they are, and the nicer they are, the less they have a penny to bless themselves with," he added, in a regretful parenthesis. "There's a hundred of them, and there's only one of him. Of course he knows that well enough. Of course he knows it's a great thing when he lets a girl see that he admires her; and if her people are such fools as to let him slip through their fingers for want of a little trouble—why, then, they deserve to lose their chance,—and that's all I can say," Rintoul said.

Once more Lady Lindores was silenced. What was the use of saying anything? Indignation was out of place, or anything that she could say of love profaned and marriage desecrated. To speak of the only foundation of a true union to this world-instructed boy—what would be the use of it? She swallowed down as best she could the bitterness, the pain, the disappointment and contempt, which it is anguish to feel in such a case. After a while she said with a smile, commanding herself, "And you, Robin, who are so clever as to know all this, are you too a catch, my poor boy? are you pursued by mothers, and competed for by girls?—not, of course, to the same extent as Lord Millefleurs—I recognise the difference; but something, I suppose, in the same way?"

"Well," said Rintoul, caressing his moustache, "not to the same extent, as you say, and not in the same way perhaps. I'm nobody, of course, when Millefleurs is there; but still, you know, when there's no Millefleurs on the horizon—why,

one has one's value, mother. It's an old title, for one thing, and Scotch estates, which people think better than they are, perhaps. They don't throw heiresses at my head; but still, you know, in a general way——"

As he sat stroking that moustache which was not very mature yet, but rather young and scanty for its age, with a little smile of subdued vanity about his mouth, and a careless air of making light of his advantages, what woman could have helped laughing? But when a mother laughs at her boy, the ridicule hurts more than it amuses her. "I see," she said. "Then don't you think, Robin, you who are so clear-sighted, that this young man will see through our attentions, if we pay him attention, and laugh at our efforts to—catch him (that's the word, is it?), as much as you do yourself."

"All right," said Rintoul; "so he will, of course; but what does that matter when a fellow takes a fancy into his head? Of course he knows you will want to catch him if you can—that stands to reason—everybody wants to catch him; but if he likes Edith, he will never mind that—if he likes Edith——"

"Robin, hold your tongue," cried his mother, almost violently. She felt that she could have boxed his ears in the heat of her displeasure. "I will not hear your sister's name bandied about so. You disgust me—you horrify me—you make me ill to hear you! *My son!* and you venture to speak of your sister so!"

Rintoul, arrested in his speech, stared for a moment open-mouthed; and then he shook his head with a look of impatient toleration, and uttered a weary sigh. "If you will not hear reason, of course it's in vain my arguing with you," he said.

These several encounters, and the heavy thought of what might be to come soon, took away all the gloss of pleasure that had been upon Lady Lindores's first entrance into society. She thought, indeed, there had never been any pleasure at all in it; but this was an unintentional self-deception. She thought that Carry's pale image had come between her and every lighter emotion. She did not herself know how natural she was—her mood changing, her heart rising in spite of herself, a bright day, a pleasant company, the consciousness of being approved and even admired, giving her some moments of gratification in spite of all; but after these discussions, she was so twisted and turned the wrong way, so irritated and disenchanted by her husband and son, that she felt herself sick and disgusted with London and all the world. If she could but get home! but yet at home there was poor Carry, who would ask after everything, and from whom it would be so difficult to conceal the reappearance of her old lover: if she had but wings like a dove!—but oh, whither to go to be at rest! One must be alone, and free of all loves and relationships, to hope for that anywhere by flight. And what was before her was appalling to her: to meet the man whom she had thought of as her son, to keep a calm countenance, and talk to him as if no different kind of intercourse had ever been between them—to avoid all confidence, all *épanchements*, and to keep him at the safe distance of acquaintanceship: how was she to do it? She said to herself that she did not know how to look him in the face, he who had been so deeply wronged. And then she began to hope that he, full of delicacy and fine feeling as he used to be, would see how impossible it was that they should meet, and would refuse to come.

This hope kept her up till the last moment. When the evening came, it was with a quivering emotion which she could scarcely restrain, that she waited to receive her guests, hoping more strenuously every moment, and trying to persuade herself, that Beaufort would not come. He had accepted the invitation; but what was that? He would accept, no doubt, in order to show them that he had got over it—that he bore no malice—and then he would send his excuses. Her eyes were feverish with eagerness and suspense when the door opened. She could not hear the names announced for the beating of her heart in her ears; but it was only when she saw against the light the shadow of a figure not to be forgotten, and heard the doors open and shut, that she realised the fact that he had really presented himself. Then it seemed to Lady Lindores that all her pulses stood still, and that an appalling stillness instead of their loud flutter of beating was in her ears and in the world. He had really come! She became conscious of her husband's voice speaking to her, and the sound of his name, and the touch of his hand, and then she regained her composure desperately, by such an effort as it seemed to her she had never made before. For to faint, or to call attention to herself in any way, was what must not be done. And by-and-by the moment was over, and the party were all seated at table, eating and drinking, and talking commonplaces. When Lady Lindores looked round the table and saw Beaufort's face among the other faces, she seemed to herself to be in a dream. The only other face of which she was conscious was that of Edith, perfectly colourless, and full of inquiry and emotion; and at the other end of the table her husband, throwing a threatening,

terrified look across the flowers and the lights, and all the prettinesses of the table. These three she seemed to see, and no more.

But Lord Millefleurs by her side was full of pleasant chatter and cheerful boyish confidence, and demanded her attention. He was aware how important he was; and it never occurred to him that Beaufort, who was an excellent fellow, but nobody in particular, could distract the attention of those who surrounded him from himself. Millefleurs sat between Lady Lindores and Edith. It was a position that was his due.

"I am so sorry you are not well," he said. "The fact is, it is London, Lady Lindores. I know your complaint, for it is mine too. Was there ever anything so irrational as to carry on this treadmill as we all do—you out of a wholesome country life no doubt, and I out of a wandering existence, always in the open air, always in motion? What do we do it for? Lady Edith, tell me, what do we do it for?—I am asking everybody. Half of it would be very well, you know, but the whole of it is purgatory. I am sure that is your opinion. Is it merely fashion, or is it something in our nature which requires extravagance in all we do——"

"There is not much extravagance in what we do habitually," said Lady Lindores, "which perhaps makes this outbreak of activity less alarming to us. It is a change; and as for Edith, this is virtually her first season——"

"I thought it was your first season," cried the little Marquis. "I knew it must be so." This he said with decision, as if in triumph over some adversary. "There is a look which one is never deceived in. I have seen all my sisters come out, so I am quite an authority. They get to

look at things quite in another way; they get so knowing, as bad—as I am myself,” the youth added in perfect good faith, with a serious look upon his infantile countenance, and a lisping utterance which gave point to the speech. Lord Millefleurs, though he did not need to study appearances, was yet aware of the piquancy of the contrast between his round childlike countenance and the experience of his talk.

“I should not have thought you were so bad,” said Edith, beguiled into smiling. “I think you look as if you were in your first season too——”

“Oh, bad—Bohemian, a waif and a stray,” said Millefleurs; “you cannot think what an abandoned little person I was, till Beaufort took me in hand. You knew Beaufort, abroad somewhere? So he tells me. How lucky for him to be able to renew such an acquaintance! I need not tell you what a fine fellow he is—he has made me quite a reformed character. Do not laugh, Lady Edith; you hurt my feelings. You would not laugh if I were a coal-heaver addressing a meeting and telling how wicked I had been.”

“And have you really been so wicked? You do not look so,” said Edith, who, amused in spite of herself, began to get used to the grave countenance of Beaufort, seated on the other side of the table. Both the ladies were grateful to Millefleurs, who chattered on, and gave them time to recover themselves.

“No,” he said, “that is what makes it so funny, they all tell me. I am a wolf in sheep’s clothing; at least I was—I was, until Beaufort took me in hand. At present I am good, as good as gold. I get up early, and go to bed—when I can. I go out to three parties

every night, and stand about at everybody’s receptions. I even pay calls in the morning. I shall go to a levee soon—I know I shall,” he said, in an accent of deep conviction. “Can you think of anything more virtuous than that?”

“And what has your Bohemianism consisted in, Lord Millefleurs?”

“Good heavens!” said the self-accused, “do you venture to ask me, Lady Edith?—everything that is dreadful. For months I never wrote a letter, for months I never had a penny. It was the best fun in the world. The sting of being poor is when you can’t help it. I believe, for my part, that the most luxurious condition in this world is when you know you can be well off at any moment, and yet are half starving. No, I never was half starving. I worked with these hands;” and he held out a pair of plump, delicate, pink-tinged hands, not without a little vanity. “To feel that it’s quite a chance whether you have ever any dinner again, to be altogether uncertain how you’re to get shelter for the night—and yet to be quite sure that nothing dreadful can happen to you, that at the worst you can always ‘draw a bugle from your side,’ and be surrounded by ‘five-and-thirty belted knights,’—I assure you it is the most delightful excitement in the world.”

It was impossible to resist this baby-faced and lisping adventurer. The mother and daughter both yielded to his fascinations. The conversation became more and more animated and amusing. At the other end of the table they were not by any means so cheerful; but Lord Lindores beheld with a satisfaction far more solid than any sort of amusement, the result of his experiment. Edith, who had been pale and *distracte*, doing herself no sort of justice, when they sat down at table, had roused up, and

was now bright and responsive, interested in all that was being said to her. And Millefleurs, it was evident, was enjoying himself thoroughly. Two such women giving their full attention to him, listening to all his adventures—which were neither few nor small—was enough to raise him to the height of satisfaction. Lord Lindores talked very rationally and agreeably to the lady next him, but it was with an effort that he caught her not very brilliant remarks, so much interested was he in what was going on at the other end of the room. As for Rintoul, he gave himself up to his dinner. Things were going as well as possible, he thought; and though Millefleurs was a little Bohemian, he was the heir of a Duke, and could do no wrong.

It was thus that Lady Lindores was beguiled almost to forget the other guest at the table, whose coming had affected her so deeply. Her interest was easily excited, and the little Marquis was delightful. And it was not till she had returned to the comparative quiet of the drawing-room that the recollection of Beaufort came back to her. Much of the danger seemed over. It would be over altogether in another hour, and the tremor in her mind was not so all-pervading as when she first saw his familiar face approaching. But she was not to get over her ordeal so easily. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, Beaufort came at once towards her. He stood in front of her for a moment, as if claiming his right to be heard, shutting everybody else out. She felt a sort of fascination in his gaze, and could make no attempt to begin any conversation. Her tremor returned: she looked up wistfully at him without anything to say, clasping and unclasping in unspoken appeal her unsteady hands.

"It is a long time since we have met," he said at length.

"Yes—it is a long time, Mr Beaufort."

"And many things have happened since that time."

She raised her clasped hands a little from her lap in mute entreaty, and made no other reply; but it did not occur to her—what was the case—that he was quite as much excited as she was, and did not notice her agitation, being so fully occupied with his own.

"I hope—that all of your family are—well: and happy, Lady Lindores."

"Very well. Mr Beaufort, I know that there is much that must have seemed strange and cruel to you. How can I speak of it now? It is impossible to explain."

He paused a little, replying nothing. Then he said suddenly, "If you would let me come and talk to you—talk of everything—I should feel it a great kindness—when I could see you alone."

She put out her hands now in sudden alarm and deprecation. "Mr Beaufort, it could do no good, it would be very painful. Do not ask me to do it. For me it would be a terrible ordeal—and no advantage to you."

"I think it would be an advantage," he said, gently.

Again she clasped her hands, imploring forbearance. "I do not wish to try to justify—but after so long a time—is it right, is it kind, do you think, to press me so?"

"Let me come and talk to you," he said; "you need not fear my reproaches. May not I know how it was, how it came about? I will not complain. How can I cease to be interested, if that were all? Let me come and talk to you—let me know how it was."

Lady Lindores did not know what to answer or how to hide her emotion. She was trying to form

an evasive answer with lips that faltered, when suddenly her husband came to her relief.

"I should not have expected

you to have had part in adventures such as I hear Millefleurs relating. Where was he really when you picked him up?" said Lord Lindores.

CHAPTER XV.

Lord Millefleurs had given his family a great deal of trouble—not in the old-fashioned way of youthful folly or dissipation, which is too well known in every age, the beaten road upon which young men tread down the hearts of their progenitors, and their own best hopes, in all the wantonness of shortsighted self-indulgence. The heir of the house of Lavender had gone wrong in an entirely new-fashioned and nineteenth-century way. He was devoured by curiosity, not of the modes of pleasure, but about those other ways of living which the sons of dukes in general have no knowledge of. He got tired of being a duke's son, and it seemed to him that life lay outside the range of those happy valleys in which he was born. He had gone to America, that home of all kinds of freedom, and there had disappeared from the ken of ducal circles. He had not even written home, which was the inexcusable part of it, but had sunk out of sight, coming to the surface, as it were, only once or twice in a couple of years, when a sudden draft upon his banker revealed him to his anxious family, whose efforts to trace him during this time were manifold, but always unsuccessful. It was Beaufort who had been the means at last of restoring the virtuous prodigal, who in the meantime had been occupied, not by any vicious tastes or dangerous *liaisons*, but by the most entirely innocent, if eccentric, experiments in living. Beaufort found him, but not before the young man was willing to be found—a fact which, however, the

anxious relations did not take into account, as detracting from the merit of the man whom they described as Millefleurs's deliverer, his better genius, and by many other flattering descriptions. In reality, Millefleurs had set out on his way home, moved thereto by the energetic representations of a strong-minded, middle-aged maiden in Connecticut or California (how can a historian without data particularise?), who told him that a man was no gentleman who kept the women of his family in ignorance of his movements, and exposed them to all the tortures of anxiety. This puzzled the scientific adventurer. He had found out that daily work (which amused him very much) was not at all incompatible with the character of a gentleman; but he felt himself pulled up in his career when this new view of the subject was presented to him. After a little thought, he decided that Miss Sallie F—— was right. And he took off his working clothes, and put on the livery of civilisation, and found Beaufort, who had attacked the continent bravely but vaguely in search of him, on his way. Millefleurs was not proud. He let himself be brought home as if it was all Beaufort's doing, and made his peace with everybody. The consequence was, that the illustrious house of Lavender was ready to do anything in the world for that excellent Mr Beaufort, who had fished their heir out of troubles unknown; and, in respect to that heir himself, were bending all their faculties to the task of getting him married, and so put

out of harm's way. It was a new sphere for the mental vivacity and curiosity of Millefleurs. He devoted himself to a study of the young ladies of the highest civilisation, just as he had devoted himself to the life of the dockyards and the backwoods. (Probably I should say to the mines and the cattle-ranches; but the reader who knows the fashion will here supply the appropriate phrase.) He found the study curious, and not at all unpleasant, and so went about scattering wild hopes about him wherever he moved. Was anything else possible? If the young ladies in our northern county had been (inevitably) fluttered and excited when Pat Torrance fixed his big light eyes upon them, knowing the value of him as, so to speak, an appointment, a post for life which would remove all anxiety about their future comfort from their own minds and those of their parents, how much more when the Marquis of Millefleurs went hopping about the drawing-rooms, carrying on his researches in a far more genial and agreeable manner than Pat Torrance was capable of doing? And it was quite certain that nobody would ever be unhappy with Millefleurs. He was always cheerful, always considerate, ready to do anything for anybody. He was more like a daughter than a son, the Duchess declared, with tears in her eyes—foreseeing what she wanted, watching over her as nobody had ever done before: although it was no doubt very wrong—oh, very wrong!—to almost break her heart, leaving her two years without a letter; but he would not do so to his wife. Thus the—we will not say candidates, rather nominees—possible occupants of the delightful and every way desirable post of Marchioness of Millefleurs had every sort of inducement to “go in” for it, and scarcely any drawback at all.

The drawback was not worth speaking of—it was the most superficial of objections. This enterprising, amusing, good-tempered, quick-witted, accomplished, and lovable hero, was, as the girls said, the funniest little man that had ever been seen. He was shorter than most of the young ladies to whom he made himself so agreeable. He was plump and round, a succession of curves and gently billowing outlines; his eyes were like little black beads, though they were sparkling with life and animation; he had a round face like a boy of ten, with nice little puffy rosy cheeks, and a lisp which completed the infantile effect of his appearance generally. A little air of the most agreeable self-satisfaction hung about him—what the vulgar and detractors generally call vanity and self-conceit, but which indeed was nothing of the kind, being only that confidence of pleasing which his natural temper gave him in the first place, and his position confirmed. For how could he be ignorant that to be Marquis of Millefleurs was enough to make any man charming? It was to escape this that he had fled from society, and been called Tommy by the American labourers, with whom he was just as popular as in Mayfair. It had been intended to keep this little gentleman in the background of this narrative as really a very secondary person in it; but, with his usual determination to be in the front of everything, he has pushed himself forward against the historian's will.

Having thus yielded to his natural tendency to show himself, we may proceed to say what we had intended without this preamble, that the peculiarity of Millefleurs's appearance took all seriousness from the fact of his rapidly increasing intimacy with them, in the foolish and inexperienced eyes not only of

Edith but of her mother. Lady Lindores, though she had been alarmed and startled by the importance attached to his first visit, and the penalty paid for it, could not bring herself to regard him seriously. He seemed to her a boy, notwithstanding that the peerage was produced to her and dates set before her eyes,—and she shut her eyes altogether to any danger that might be involved in the frequency of his visits. She was very glad to see him whenever he came. Never was there a more delightful household retainer; his friendliness and affectionateness and half-feminine interest in all their concerns great and small, made him delightful to the women, who wanted no more of him. He was like a boy at home from school in this friendly house, where no incense was burned before him, and ran on their commissions, and took an interest in their work, and gave his opinion about their dress, with all the freedom of long acquaintance; and it naturally added in no small degree to the brilliancy of their appearance out of doors, and to the effect they produced, that such an attendant should be constantly in their train. Lady Lindores was not insensible to this gratification; and had Millefleurs looked more grown up and less like a friend's son confided to her for the holidays, it is very likely that the chance of seeing her child elevated to the highest level of the social ladder would have been too much for her also, and turned her head a little. But whenever the idea glanced across her mind, as it was bound to do sometimes, if from nothing more than the discourses of Rintoul, she had but to look at the rounded outlines of her little hero, and all these visions dispersed in a laugh. To imagine him a bridegroom, not to say Edith's bridegroom, affected her with a sense of the ludicrous

which it was beyond her power to restrain.

But this was extremely foolish, as everybody will perceive; and it was with a very different eye that Lord Lindores contemplated the frequent presence of this above-all-competitors-desirable young man. It was not only that he was a duke's son, though that in itself was much, but he was the son of a duke who was a Cabinet Minister, and eminently qualified to help on the scheme of ambition which inspired the Scotch Earl. His Grace knew the gain it would be to replace the Tory who had sat for Dee-and-Donshire for years with an out-and-out partisan of the existing Government; and there could be little doubt that he would appreciate the expediency of increasing the importance of any family to which his own should become allied. And then the prospects which would open before Edith were such as to dazzle any beholder. If her father had ever felt that he was to blame in respect to his elder daughter, here was something which surely would make amends for all. Millefleurs was no rustic bully, no compound of a navvy and a squire, but the quintessence of English gentlemanhood, good-hearted, clever in his way, universally popular, the sort of man whom, irrespective of all worldly advantages, a father would be glad to trust his child's happiness to. The idea that any reasonable objection could be grounded upon his appearance would have irritated Lord Lindores beyond all self-control. His appearance! he was not a hunchback, nor deaf, nor dumb, nor blind. Short of that, what on earth did it matter how a man looked? And no doubt Lord Lindores was in the right. But in reality, that which put all idea of him as a lover out of the mind of Lady Lindores and Edith was not any objection to his appearance, but the mere fact

of his appearance, his boyish looks, his contour, his aspect of almost childhood. As has been said, when the suggestion was presented to her mind that Millefleurs might have "intentions" in respect to Edith, Lady Lindores the next time she saw him laughed. "What is the joke?" he had said to her half-a-dozen times; and she had answered, "There is no joke, only a ludicrous suggestion." "About me, perhaps," he said once, reducing her to great embarrassment. But she managed to elude his observation; and to Edith, fortunately, the idea never occurred at all. She declared herself to be very fond of him; she said there was no one so nice; she brightened when he came in, and listened to his chatter with unfailing pleasure. She said there was nobody she would miss so much when she went home. When he complained that he had never been in Scotland, she said, "You must come to Lindores." It was she, indeed, who gave the invitation. The Earl, who had not quite ventured upon this strong step, was present and heard her say it, and opened his eyes wide in admiration. What did it mean? Was it that these two had engaged themselves secretly without saying anything to father or mother? or did it mean nothing at all—the mere foolishness of a girl who did not care for, nay, did not even think for a moment, what people would say?

For the brief little weeks of the season flitted quickly away, and the date fixed for their departure drew near rapidly. By this time Millefleurs had got to be exceedingly intimate with the family. He went and came almost as he pleased, sometimes offering himself, sometimes coming into luncheon without that ceremony,—always with something to do for them, or something to say to them, which linked one day to another. This was

much, but it was not all that was wanted. Rintoul, looking on with eyes enlightened by that knowledge he had acquired of what "the fellows would say," did not feel half satisfied. He was the anxious member of the party. Even Lord Lindores, whose friends at the clubs discussed such matters less perhaps than the young men, and whose interests were more political, was not so alive to all the risks and all the changes of opinion as was Rintoul. He was nervous above measure about this business of Edith's. He even took his mother to task about it during the last week of their stay in town. "Isn't that fellow coming to the point?" he said.

"What fellow, and what point?" said Lady Lindores. It must be acknowledged that if ever a young man anxious for the true interests of his family was tried by the ignorance and stupidity—not to say callousness—of his relations, Rintoul was that man.

"Look here, mother," he said, exasperated; "just think for a moment what people will say, and ask yourself how you will like it. They will say Millefleurs has been amusing himself all this time, and never meant anything. I make no doubt that they say it already. He has been amusing himself—exposing her to all sorts of remarks; and then the end will come, and he will leave her *planté là*."

"Rintoul," said his mother, reddening with anger, "this one idea of yours makes you absurd. Who is it that has it in his power to leave Edith *planté là*? To think that I should be forced to use such words! If you mean to make me uncomfortable about that boy——"

"He is no more a boy than I am, mother. I warned you of that. He knows very well what he is about. He has had the pleasure of your society, and he has enjoyed it all and amused himself

very much. But he doesn't mean to commit himself. Do you think I don't know what people say? I don't mean that it is Edith's fault, or even your fault, mother; only, some women know how to manage. It is a thing that never could happen with some people. You will see, unless you exert yourself, that the last day will come, and you will be just where you were. I don't know whether staying a week or two longer would do any good," he added, ruefully. "If there is the chance that it might bring him to the point, there is also the chance that people would divine your motive, and say that was why you were staying on. Don't you think you could put a little steam on, when the result is so important, and bring him to the point?"

"Steam on! Do you mean to insult me, Rintoul?" his mother cried.

But this was too much for the young man, who felt himself to be the only one of the family to whom the true position of affairs was apparent. "If you cannot understand me, mother, I can't say anything more," he said, feeling as if he could almost have cried over her callousness. Why was it that nobody but he would see how serious the situation was?

All this time, however, while Millefleurs was frequenting the house almost daily, Lady Lindores's perception had been partly confused by the effort it cost her to avoid being drawn into what she felt must be an unnecessary confidential disclosure to Beaufort of the history of the family since they last met. Beaufort did not insist upon accompanying his charge—for such, more or less, Millefleurs was, his family being too much alarmed lest he should disappear again, to leave him without this species of surveillance, which the good-natured young fellow allowed to be perfectly natural, and neither

resisted nor resented; but he came sometimes, and he never relinquished his appeal to Lady Lindores. He was not posing in any attitude of a heart-broken lover. Even to her he expressed no despair. He took his life gravely, but not without cheerfulness, and had, she felt almost with a little pique, got over it, and been able to put Carry out of his life. But he wanted to know: that seemed all that was left of the old romance. He wanted to be told how it had happened—how his love had been lost to him. It did not seem to be resentment or indignation that moved him, but a serious kind of interest. And strangely enough, it seemed to Lady Lindores that he did not want to avoid her, or keep out of hearing of the name of the girl who had forsaken him. He seemed to like herself, Carry's mother, as well as ever, and to regard Edith with the same elder-brotherly air which had pleased her so much in the old days. Between the inquiring countenance which seemed without ceasing to ask an explanation from her, and the prattle of Millefleurs, which ran on in a pleasant stream, and to which it seemed so ridiculous to attach any serious meaning, Lady Lindores was kept in a perplexity and harassment of mind which took away altogether her pleasure in society at the end of their stay in London. After her impatient rejection of Rintoul's counsels, she began to consider them, as was natural; and much as all the particulars of the *chasse-aux-maris* disgusted her, she came at length, against her will, to recognise that there was something in what he said. "I have been imprudent, as usual," she said to herself. Alas that all the natural proceedings of life should be hampered by these rules of prudence!—these perpetual previsions of what might happen,

to which she felt it was impossible she could ever bow her spirit. But the idea that it would be said that a boy like Millefleurs had “amused himself” with her daughter—that he had loved and ridden away—that Edith, her high-spirited, pure-minded girl, had been left *planté là*—broke over Lady Lindores like a wave of passionate feeling: the suggestion was intolerable and odious. This happened when Millefleurs was in the room with her, in full tide of talk, and entirely at his ease. The sudden sensation disclosed itself in a flush of colour mounting in a moment to her very hair. Intolerable! The thought was so odious that she started to her feet and walked to the open window, as if the change of position would throw it off—and also, suffocated as she felt by that sudden fiery breath, to get fresh air, lest she should, as she said, make an exhibition of herself.

“You are ill, Lady Lindores,” cried Millefleurs. Those little beady eyes of his saw everything. He ran forward to support her (he was just up to her shoulder), putting forward a reclining-chair with one hand, picking up a bottle of eau-de-Cologne with the other. He had all his wits about him. “I am used to it. Sometimes my mother *se trouve mal* in the same way. It will pass over,” he said encouragingly to Edith, who, unused to anything of the kind, started up in alarm. “Dear Lady Lindores, put yourself here.”

“I am not ill,” she said, almost angrily. “Pray do not make any—fuss. How rude I am! but there is nothing the matter with me, I assure you. The room is warm, that is all.”

Millefleurs looked at her curiously. He put down the eau-de-Cologne, and took his hand from the chair. For a moment he seemed about to speak, but then stood aside more serious than his wont. In terror lest he should have

divined her thoughts, Lady Lindores returned to her seat, calming herself down with an effort, and made the best attempt she could to resume their easy conversation of the moment before. She was vexed beyond measure when Edith, a short time after, left the room to go and look for something which Millefleurs was anxious to see. He took instant advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him. “Lady Lindores,” he said, with that serious air as of a candid child, going up to her, “you are not ill, but you are vexed and angry, and it is something about me.”

“About you, Lord Millefleurs! how could that be?—you have never given me the least occasion to be angry.”

“That is why,” he said, gravely. “I see it all. You have nothing to find fault with. I am quite innocent and harmless, yet I am in the way, and you do not know how to tell me so. For my part, I have been so happy here that I have forgotten all sorts of precautions. One does not think of precautions when one is happy. Dear Lady Lindores, you shall tell me exactly what I ought to do, and I will do it. I have all my life been guided by women. I have such faith in a lady’s instinct. I might be confused, perhaps, in my own case, but you will hit upon the right thing. Speak to me freely, I shall understand you at a word,” the droll little hero said. Now Lady Lindores was in a strait as serious as she had ever experienced in her life; but when she glanced up at him, and saw the gravity upon his baby face, his attitude of chubby attention, such a desire to laugh seized her, that it was all she could do by main force to keep her gravity. This insensibly relaxed the tension, and restored her to her usual self-command. Still there was no denying that the

situation was a very peculiar one, and his request for guidance the strangest possible. She answered hurriedly, in the confusion of her mingled feelings—

"I don't know what there is to do, Lord Millefleurs, or how I can advise you. A sudden want of breath—a consciousness all at once that it is a very warm morning,—what can that have to do with you?"

"You will not tell me, then?" he said, with an air half disappointed, half imploring.

"There is nothing to tell. Here is Edith. For heaven's sake, not another word!" said Lady Lindores, in alarm. She did not perceive that she betrayed herself in this very anxiety that her daughter should suspect nothing. He looked at her very curiously once more, studying her face, her expression, even the nervousness of the hand with which she swept her dress out of her way. He was a young man full of experiences, knowing all the ways of women. How far she was sincere—how far this might be a little scheme, a device for his instruction, so that he might see what was expected of him without any self-betrayal on the lady's part—was what he wanted to know. Had it been so, he would at once have understood his *rôle*. It is usual to say that simplicity and sincerity are to the worldly-bred much more difficult to understand than art; but there is something still more difficult than these. "Pure no-meaning puzzles more than wit." Though Lady Lindores had far more meaning in her than nine-tenths of her contemporaries, she was in this one case absolutely incomprehensible from want of meaning. She had no more notion than a child what to do, or even what she wished to be done. If this little chubby fellow asked Edith to marry him, her mother believed that the girl would laugh in his face. There

could be no question of Edith marrying him. But what then? Was Edith to be held up before the whole world (according to Rintoul's version) as the plaything of this little Marquis, as having failed to catch him, as being *planté là*. She was in the most painful dilemma, not knowing any more than a child how to get out of it. She gave him a look which was almost pathetic in its incompetency. Lady Lindores was full of intellect—she was what is called a very superior woman; but nobody would have been more stupid, more absolutely without any power of invention in this crisis, which had never come within the range of her calculations, which she had not been able to foresee.

And that same afternoon Beaufort came by himself, and was admitted, no one else being in the drawing-room—no one to shield the poor lady, who could not help remembering that this stranger was the man to whom she had once given a mother's kiss, receiving him as a son. He did not forget it either. He held her hand when she gave it him, and sat down by her with an expression of satisfaction which she was very far from sharing. "At last I find you alone," he said, with a sigh of content. Poor Lady Lindores had already been so greatly tried this morning, that she felt unable to keep up the strain. Why should she be forced to put on so many semblances?

"Mr Beaufort," she cried, "I cannot pretend to be glad to see you alone. Cannot you understand? You have been wronged,—we have treated you badly,—they say it is the injured person who is always most ready to forgive; but do not ask me to go into a matter which I have tried all these years to forget."

"And yet," he said, gently, "I do not mean to reproach you, Lady Lindores."

"That may be; I do not know that *you* have much occasion to reproach me. You were not yourself, perhaps, so much in earnest. No—I mean no reproach either; but you are a man of your century too, according to the usual slang. You don't force events, or do what is impossible. Men used to do so in the old days."

He listened to her in silence, bowing his head two or three times. "I accept your reproof," he said, a faint colour coming over his face. "I am glad you have made it,—it helps me to understand. Lady Lindores, there is something else I want to speak to you about. Lord Lindores has invited me, with Millefleurs, in August——"

"With Millefleurs, in August? Has he asked Lord Millefleurs in August?" Lady Lindores cried.

This was a great blow to Beaufort's self-opinion. He had thought, naturally, that the embarrassment of his appearance as a visitor would have overweighed everything else. He grew more red this time, with the irritated shame which follows a slight.

"Certainly he has asked him. It is ridiculous that a young man so entirely able to take care of himself should have any one in charge of him; but as the Duke has implored me to keep his son company—— Here is my situation, Lady Lindores. God knows I would not thrust myself where I might—where I should be—I mean, to cause the faintest embarrassment to—any one."

"Mr Beaufort," cried Lady Lindores, "do not come, either of you!—oh, never mind what I mean. What is the use of going over that old ground? It would cause embarrassment—to me if to no one else. And Lord Millefleurs—what does he want at Lindores? Let him stay away; persuade him to stay away."

"But that is settled without any power of interference on my part. Of course he thought you were aware. For myself, I am ready to give up my own prospects, to sacrifice anything—rather than give you a moment's anxiety."

Lady Lindores gazed at him for a moment with wide-open eyes, like a creature at bay. Then she let her hands fall on her lap. "It is I that need to be guided what to do," she said, with a sigh; "they are too many for me. Oh, Edward! had we but remained poor and obscure, as we were when you knew us——" She put out her hand instinctively, with a kind of involuntary appeal. He took it, going upon his knees with that movement, equally involuntary, which deep emotion suggests, and put it to his lips. They were both overcome by a sudden flood of old sympathy, old communion. "Has Carry forgotten me altogether—altogether? Is she happy? God bless her!" he said.

It was in this attitude that Edith, coming in suddenly, surprised these two imprudent people. She gave a cry of amazement, and, Lady Lindores thought, reproach. "Mother! Edward!" The old name came to her lips, too, in the shock.

"Edith," Lady Lindores cried, "your father has invited him with Lord Millefleurs to Lindores."

"But I will do nothing save as you advise," said Beaufort, rising to his feet.

Then the mother and the daughter consulted each other with their eyes. "Of course he will—not——" Edith stopped and faltered. She had begun almost with passion; but she was made to break off by the warning in her mother's eyes. Lady Lindores, too, had gone through a shock and panic; but now all the secondary elements came in—all those complications which take truth out of life.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD.

ANY man who will set down on paper, fairly and honestly, his reminiscences of men and things which date back from sixty years ago—provided that he has moved in what we call the world, and is possessed of a faithful memory, good common-sense, and an average intellect—can hardly fail to make an interesting and amusing book. There is nothing which most of us like better to read about than ourselves; and next to ourselves, our friends of early years, or those who were known to us at least by name and reputation, who preceded us in the varied struggle of life, and who have rather been held in abeyance in our memories than have lost their place there. In records of this kind, if they embrace even a tolerably wide circle of observation, most readers will light from time to time on some familiar person or place or event, which comes back to them with all the claims of old acquaintance, yet with something of the charm of novelty. And when such personal reminiscences deal with one of our old universities, and are contemporary with the rise of a great religious movement of which that university was the birthplace and the centre, whence flowed the wave of change, internal and external, which has passed and is still passing over the Church of England,—taking a form and direction which those who set it in motion never contemplated,—then the interest which they excite is far stronger than could arise from ordinary biographical notices or piquant literary gossip.

There is one drawback, a somewhat melancholy one, to the full enjoyment of volumes like these before us. Oxford life sixty years ago! The really fitting audience to which such reminiscences appeal must indeed be few. Even when we get a few years later in the record, the writer who can speak from personal recollection of the days when Beresford Hope could be lightly characterised by the editor of a Church periodical as “a promising young man,” to be “patted on the back” as the author of “a clever prize essay,”—when Lord John Manners could be noticed amongst “New Poets” as a youthful scion of the house of Rutland,” and the venerable Bishop of Lincoln as “a lively young gentleman,” somewhat indignant at the strictures passed on a new edition of his father’s ‘Ecclesiastical Biography,’—will speak to most readers as one of a past generation. The names which we have mentioned are those of men who, happily, still live and move amongst us; but far more numerous are those of whom the writer speaks, from more or less intimate knowledge, who remain to us now as names only—who have “gone over to the majority.” To the elders among us who read these volumes, repeopling so vividly the past, that “majority” becomes a very real idea. It is easy to understand the feeling with which the writer himself notes, in his brief preface, that even during the few months occupied in putting these recollections together, “death after death

removed many whom he had introduced, or who might be specially interested—twenty at the least, in so short a time.”

There is another defect inherent in the very nature of such reminiscences—unless they have been compiled, as does not seem to have been the case with Mr Mozley, from notes carefully taken at the time—they can never be wholly trustworthy. Memory is treacherous, and imagination is active. It is easy to trace in the present compilation the weakness thus imported into the evidence of even the most honest witness. The author himself is quite sensible of it. He has read, he says, “scores of reminiscences and biographies,” and has found them, as all the world knows, very “suspicious matter.” He observes, shrewdly enough, that “they who remember most confidently or most exactly are often the most wrong.” And he believes himself to be like other mortals—fallible. Certainly, a man who cannot remember with certainty, even on reading it over afresh, whether an article in the ‘British Critic’ was written by himself or not, can have no exceptional pretension to infallibility.

However, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, sometime Fellow of Oriel, has every claim to our attention when he gives us these ‘Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.’ He entered that college from Charter-House school as early as 1825, in the days when Copleston (Bishop of Llandaff) was Provost. The tutors were Richard Jelf, Endell Tyler, Hawkins (afterwards Provost), and Dornford. The next year Newman succeeded to Jelf’s office, and Mozley became his pupil. From that time forth he seems to have been on intimate terms with that very remarkable man, and it

was, he tells us, “at his encouragement and urgency” that in 1829 he stood for a fellowship in the college, to which he was elected. An Oriel fellowship had already become a mark of some distinction amongst Oxford men, as there were none of those special preferences to certain counties or schools which—whatever else is to be said in their favour, and there is much that might be said fairly—narrowed the choice of men in the more close foundations. But Oriel had at that time a natural preference for its own children, if deserving, and an out-college man was heavily weighted in the race. It is quite clear, also, that social considerations—questions of character, and temper, and manners—went for something in the election, as well as proved scholarship. How far a man was what Dr Johnson would have called a “clubable” man was taken into account by the electors, as well as his place in the class-list. Mr Mozley will readily excuse us if we gather that such qualifications had their weight in his own case, quite as much as the results of the examination. He had only taken a third class, and he is most modest in repudiating for himself all claim to very high scholarship. Amongst his unsuccessful opponents were Isaac Williams—who seems to have been set aside because he was so sure to be elected into his own college of Trinity, as he soon was—and George Marriott, an old Charter-House schoolfellow and fine scholar, who plainly declared that his rival’s election was a case of favouritism.

The old common-room life of a college in those days was indeed very different from what it has become in these modern days of reform and progress. The “society”—such was the happy name under which the collegiate body of prin-

cipal and fellows was known, expressed indeed by the very term of *socius*, or "fellow"—had very much the character of an old-fashioned club, of the combined social and literary type, with the addition of distinct academic interests and duties. The election of members into this body was by co-optation, limited in very many cases by the claims of schools, counties, or dioceses, with a regard always to classical attainments and academic distinctions, but practically dependent on each member's personal vote, for which he was responsible only to his own conscience, and which was very often given to the man rather than to the scholar.

"With very few exceptions, including notably Balliol, elections to the foundation had become appointments, made almost invariably for personal or domestic reasons. Each college had become a domestic and a social circle, of course working in harmony, always pleasantly, sometimes even usefully. Nay, in Oriel itself, cosmopolitan as it was, there was occasionally a most desperate resistance made to the choice of a meritorious and distinguished candidate, on no other ground than that he would not be found a uniformly pleasant companion."

The fellows dined together, took their wine together, smoked their pipes (when such things were) together, and played whist together, up to a much later date. Each society, no doubt, was liable to have its little cliques and parties, and these things had their influence upon college elections; but on the whole they were sociable and friendly, had a common interest in their college, and an *esprit de corps* which at least kept them from publishing their little domestic feuds in the fashion which has lately been the disgrace of certain colleges in Oxford. Whether round "the

Oriel teapot" (such was the fount of inspiration attributed to the college by slanderous outsiders) or the generous port which flowed freely at Magdalen and Brasenose, there was gathered in those days a band united, in spite of little jealousies and differences, by a spirit of cordiality, good-fellowship, and loyalty. In elections to university offices and honours the college usually threw a "solid" vote, and the votes were perhaps quite as wisely given as now. We have changed all this at Oxford; whether what Oxford has got instead of it is something better or worse is a question not here to be discussed: it is at least something quite different. A college "society" of the present day is an agglomeration of unsociable and often discordant atoms, with no common bond or principle of cohesion whatever. They consist, in most cases, of a certain number of first or "double-first" class men from various colleges, elected simply on their "merits," having no connection with and little interest in their new stepmother except as the source from which they draw a certain annual income; and even this mercenary bond will in many colleges, under the new regulations, be broken (unless the new fellow should become a tutor) after the lapse of a few years. Many even of those who reside seldom dine in hall, and still more rarely visit the common-room. Except in the case of two or three old foundations which University Commissions have as yet partially spared, they have no old associations, where they now find themselves, either of school, or county, or college. Their intimate friends are out-college men, and on them they very naturally still depend for society. There is really no "common-room" life at all.

Oriel was perhaps at the zenith

of its fame when the author's recollections of it begin. It was emphatically a good college, second only to Christchurch, if second at all, whether in social standing or in university distinctions. Amongst its undergraduates were several noblemen and young men of good county families: and it had more than its share of high places in the class-lists. Mr Mozley says, that "a long time ago" the majority in the college were Welshmen, and that "the clan feeling was so strong as to make Oriel the Welsh college, as Jesus has since been." He gathers this, we suppose, from Antony Wood, who says that both Oriel and All Souls were "much troubled with them" in 1587, and that they managed to have things pretty much their own way. Jesus College had been founded sixteen years before, but its revenues and accommodations were as yet very small. During Copleston's reign at Oriel most of the good old Devonshire and west-country families sent their sons there. The college seems to have enjoyed at this time the reputation of being the cradle of thought and progress in Oxford. "The school of speculative philosophy in England," the 'Edinburgh Review' called it. It owed this reputation chiefly to Copleston and Whately. "The new Oriel sect" of which they were the leaders was declared to be 'Noetic,' whatever that may mean,"—says Mr Mozley; and a fellow of the college, when he mixed in the society of other common-rooms, was pretty sure to undergo some "chaff" as to his pretence to intellectual superiority. "Its most prominent talkers, preachers, and writers, seemed to be always undermining, if not actually demolishing, received traditions and institutions." Whately

especially had achieved such a reputation for new-fangled ideas on all subjects, that Cardinal Newman tells us that when he himself was calling on a country clergyman in Northamptonshire (probably Mr Mozley) with some of the early papers connected with the Tractarian movement, he was much amused by his friend's first question, after a pause—"Is *Whately* at the bottom of all this?" *

But we must return to Mr Mozley and his special qualifications for his task. After his ordination, he held for a short time first the curacy and then the incumbency of the small college living of Moreton Pinckney, in Northamptonshire—so small that it did not entail the vacation of his fellowship, which he held until 1836, when he accepted the rectory of Cholderton, on Salisbury Plain. In the same year he married one of Newman's sisters, another of whom was married to his brother John, so that there was a double family connection. Though he only resided permanently in college during the last year of his fellowship, he was a very frequent visitor to Oxford both before and after his marriage, and seems to have been much loved and trusted by his old tutor. In 1838 he relieved Newman of the editorship of the 'British Critic,' at that time the organ of the new High Church party; though it appears still to have received a good deal of Newman's supervision. When, therefore, he gives us his own recollections and impressions of the great theologian with whom he was in every way so intimately connected, what he has to say comes with considerable weight of authority: and no doubt he was well aware that the chief interest of these memoirs would lie in the

* Apologia p. 41.

contribution which he is thus enabled to offer to the inner life and history of one whose name is held in loving reverence—with whatever reservations, regrets, or qualifications—both by the Church of his birth and by the Church of his adoption. We may gather from these pages, in fact, a kind of supplementary ‘*Apologia*,’ written by a loving disciple, it is true, but by a disciple who has stopped short of following his master at a certain point.

Before we proceed to the author’s reminiscences of Cardinal Newman, it may be worth while to notice the view which he here gives us of the state of the English Church when what is known as the Oxford movement began. He considers that the tone of the clergy was, on the whole, apathetic and worldly. He does not believe, indeed, and we suppose no sane man ever did believe, that the cant phrase “three-bottle orthodox” had any foundation in fact; for the simple reason, if for no other, that port wine was too dear to be drunk in that liberal quantity. And he has a word, too, in defence of those old-fashioned orthodox clergy who associated a good deal with their parishioners, and who, as Arnold has remarked, did a great amount of good, “with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of their parishes, devoting themselves to intercourse with men rather than with books,” without any extraordinary pretensions to spirituality. But we think he is somewhat hard upon the Evangelicals (so-called) of the day. No doubt, as he observes, their favourite sphere was the pulpit rather than the parish; and he doubts the efficacy of their preaching, because the congregation, as a rule, sat out with the utmost complacency long sermons which condemned the great

majority of them to hopeless perdition. But preaching is a very important part of a Christian minister’s office; and certainly, whatever impressive preaching there was at that time in the Church was almost exclusively confined to the Evangelical school: and the comparatively small importance attached by a section of modern High-Churchmen to sermons is to be strongly deprecated. On some points, unquestionably, the clergy, High Church and Low Church alike, had sunk—especially in the country districts—into negligence and slovenliness, both in the care of the fabrics of their churches and the maintenance of a decent ritual. Things were plainly worse in that respect than they had been in the previous century. The celebration of Holy Communion was infrequent, and the observance even of such Church festivals as Ascension-Day very generally neglected. Side by side with this, there was no doubt a large infusion of scepticism amongst the educated classes. Yet we can hardly think Mr Mozley justified in his assertion that “all the leaders of thought, all the philosophical institutions, and most of the Liberal statesmen, believe the Bible to be a fabric of lies;” or that every young man that moved in “the world” was expected to avow a contempt for religion. But, undoubtedly, both religious profession and practice were lax and cold and formal: “the interpretation of Scripture was a mass of conventionalisms, not to be touched as you would value your peace and character;” and the acquiescence of ignorance, when once disturbed, led to the rejection of revelation. And one pregnant sentence with which the writer closes his view of the popular religion of that day is not wholly without its bearing on the popular religion of this day,—that “though impiety,

and even immorality, did not signify, Popery *did*; and if a man so much as looked that way, he forfeited his inheritance, his prospects, his popularity, the confidence of his equals, and the loss of his nearest friends."

It was in such a state of things that this Oxford movement began. So far at least as the chief agent was concerned, it had no conscious aim or object—it grew. Newman would have called himself, in one sense, rather a follower than a leader. He felt himself led through every step of his inner life by a higher inspiration. In his 'Apologia' he claims to have been always true to this law which he felt within, and considers his own spiritual history to have been a consistent progress. Such is his own account of himself, and all that his pupil says of him in these volumes confirms the impression that he speaks there with the most transparent sincerity. He had found his earliest religious impressions—he would have scarcely hesitated himself to use the word "conversion"—in the Evangelical school; he had been a subscriber to the 'Record' newspaper, and a contributor to its pages (of letters on Church reform and Church discipline) almost up to the moment of the issue of the 'Tracts for the Times;' had been secretary to the Oxford branch of the Church Missionary Society; and, while curate of St Clement's, attended frequently the little religious meetings held at St Edmund Hall, at that time peopled by undergraduates of the narrowest and most uncultivated Evangelical type, of whom and their "den," as he calls it, Mr Mozley speaks in terms of somewhat too trenchant contempt. His great master was of a gentler spirit and wider sympathies;

and the Evangelical traditions of his youth retained their place in his heart, and may be traced in his thoughts and language even when he was most deeply engaged with the medieval Saints and early Fathers. Men were shy of him, he says himself, in the early days of his fellowship, "because of the marks which he bore upon him of the Evangelical and Liberal schools."*

It may not be amiss to quote the personal description of the man as he appeared fifty years ago to one who knew him so well:—

"Newman did not carry his head aloft, or make the best use of his height. He did not stoop, but he had a slight bend forwards, owing perhaps to the rapidity of his movements, and to his always talking while he was walking. His gait was that of a man upon serious business bent, and not on a promenade. There was no pride in his port or defiance in his eye. Though it was impossible to see him without interest and something more, he disappointed those who had known him only by name. They who saw for the first time the man whom some warm admirer had described in terms above common eulogy, found him so little like the great Oxford don or future pillar of the Church, that they said he might pass for a Wesleyan minister."

Elsewhere we find noted the "thin pale face" (Mr Froude has remarked on the strong likeness to Julius Cæsar), "the large lustrous eyes, ever piercing through this veil of men and things," the careless dress, and especially the long-tailed coat which was adopted (as any other fashion of his would have been) by his faithful admirers. As for the acknowledged charm of his personal influence, that had made itself very early felt at Oxford. To his Oriel pupils "he stood in the place of a father, or an elder and

* *Apologia*, p. 18.

affectionate brother:" a kind of relationship between tutor and pupil not so common in those days, it must be remembered, as it was in earlier university history, or as it has happily become, in less degree, since. One great secret of this personal influence, which had so much to do with this Oxford development from the very first, was the confiding nature of the man. "He seemed to have hope of everybody." His fellow-tutors expressed their wonder at the pains and labour which he expended upon the most ungracious material. He often had undergraduates to his rooms for private talk and advice, who "went away and called it a bore." But, as Mr Mozley observes, the effect of what seemed wasted at the time often revealed itself in after-years. He trusted others even too much—in cases where a keener and more cautious judgment would have avoided the mistakes and disappointments which occasionally fell to his lot. Another great charm of character he had, which drew men to him and kept them his fast friends—his perfect charity, in the best sense of the word: his unwillingness to speak evil or think evil of any one. "Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him," is the testimony of Mr Froude; and this is especially high praise when the nature and temptations of Oxford society are considered.

His first influence upon the rising generation, outside his own college, was through his remarkable sermons at St Mary's Church; not preached officially before the University, though it is in that church that the University sermons are delivered, but in the regular course of his duty as incumbent of the parish, of which Oriel College is the patron. A few shopkeepers and their servants formed the ordinary congregation, and for a time

were probably quite unconscious of the prophet they had among them. But it could not long be hid that there was a great preacher to be heard there. There were many to whom his sermons were "the treat of the week." But it was not only his sermons that were the attraction. Mr Oakeley has spoken of "the indescribable beauty" of his delivery of Scripture—"it was in itself a sermon in which you forgot the human preacher." A few masters of arts dropped in to listen; a few undergraduates of sermon-haunting proclivities—perhaps from St Edmund Hall—swelled the audience; and after a while the academic hearers fairly swamped the townspeople. Even evangelical parents were startled to hear their sons, when they returned home, "talking about nobody but Newman," and were even more disturbed when they learnt that his doctrine had nothing about it of the old evangelical formulas. It began to be whispered that his teaching was dangerous: and some cautious heads of colleges even altered the dinner-hour of their undergraduates to prevent them, if possible, from attending the afternoon sermon at St Mary's. Naturally, under the additional excitement of doing something forbidden, the undergraduates flocked to his preaching all the more, and dined later at the Mitre or the Roebuck, as Mr Mozley may remember. When, in 1834, a volume of these 'Parochial Sermons' was published, the sensation they created was something unusual. "They put all other sermons out of the market," the publishers declared, "just as 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering' had put all other novels."

The winter of 1832 was spent by Newman on the Mediterranean, chiefly in company with his friend and brother-fellow Richard Hurrell

Froude, who was seeking health—in vain—in a warmer climate. He has given a full account of the tour in his 'Apologia.' There is no doubt that in the close intercourse of the two friends were sown the seeds of what was subsequently to take form and shape as little less than a religious revolution. Froude—as those who have read his 'Remains' well know—was of far more "advanced" views in Church matters, and much more uncompromising in his expression of them, than his fellow-traveller. Newman himself states that he found the movement begun in Oxford by Keble, Froude, and others, while he was himself still detained abroad; and he attributes his first impulse in the direction of active agitation to an assize sermon, preached by Keble in the university pulpit in July of the following year, just after his own return to England. "I have ever considered and kept the day," he says, "as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

It is not necessary to repeat here the history of that movement,—a story which Mr Mozley tells somewhat confusedly, and which has been already better told by Newman himself, and by others who took a leading part in it. It was in the long vacation of the same year that the first numbers of the 'Tracts for the Times' made their appearance—the result of a conference with a few private friends, of whom Hugh James Rose was the best known,—a man universally beloved and respected, whose name as a leader of the "Church" party stood at that time higher than any, but who soon found himself left far behind by his younger and more enthusiastic associates. Dr Pusey, whose name (perhaps owing to his more public position) came to be used to designate the party, was "not fully associated with

it," says Newman, until nearly two years afterwards. Mr Mozley observes, that although tracts had long been a popular form of propagandism, "the clergy and educated classes had hitherto enjoyed an exemption from them." They were now to have the familiar weapon turned upon themselves in a somewhat trenchant fashion. In the very first page of the first tract, the writer quietly remarks that he "could not wish the bishops a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom." Bishops are but mortal, and one can excuse their regarding the bearer of a message like this as a prophet of evil. The bookselling fraternity are by no means zealous, as Mr Mozley observes, in "pushing" tracts, and are apt to regard them as litter. Steps were therefore taken to distribute them in the usual fashion of such publications. "They had to be circulated by post, by hand, or anyhow; and many a young clergyman spent days in riding about with a pocketful, surprising his neighbours at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea." Fancy a young modern apostle dropping in upon the easy-going rector's family party laden with such combustibles! Our author himself was one of the most active of these itinerant propagandists; and his account of his visit to a venerable and well-known Northamptonshire rector, then past ninety—riding past his window mounted on a rough pony, early on a winter's morning, while the family were at breakfast, and cutting up the well-rolled gravel—is a highly graphic and amusing sketch, and probably true to the life.

The issue of the Tracts went on—the best and most telling of the series being those written by Newman himself—and contained noth-

ing very startling until the appearance of Isaac Williams's contribution on "Reserve in the communication of religious knowledge." Even this, as Mr Mozley fairly enough remarks, contained very little which was not already practically admitted. Reserve is a distinct characteristic of the Old Testament as compared with the New; and reserve is practised by all parents and teachers in their dealings with the young. It was the word itself, chosen as though to challenge opposition, and taken in connection with the progressive action of this new school, which was the bugbear. Then followed the notorious Tract 90—a number which came to have all the polemical notoriety of Number 45 of Wilkes's 'North Briton'—in which Newman himself proceeded in all seriousness to "drive a coach-and-four" through the Thirty-nine Articles as easily as lawyers are said to do through an Act of Parliament. It threw Oxford, and the Church of England generally, into a fever of excitement. The tract received formal censure not only from the university authorities, but from a quarter which its author held in more profound respect—Bagot, the moderate and gentleman-like bishop of the diocese. Newman, with that respect for legitimate authority which has at all times marked his character, at once discontinued the issue of the series, and withdrew himself after a while from any active ministration in the English Church.

Mr Mozley points out that there were really two forms in which this "catholic revival," as its authors considered it—Tractarianism, as its enemies called it—was going on at the same time. Besides this theological stir in Oxford, in which doctrines and principles of action held the foremost place, there was

a party in the Church working upon lines which ran to a certain extent parallel, of which London was the centre, and Bishop Blomfield the chief exponent. This party, keeping a middle and safe course, as they conceived, took their stand chiefly upon the rubrics. They insisted on the revival of the weekly offertory, of the prayer for the Church militant, of catechising and baptism during the service, and notably on the use of the surplice in the pulpit: and the somewhat dictatorial charge in which Blomfield insisted on this last point stirred up more parochial squabbles than perhaps any step taken since the Reformation, and far more than any Romanising doctrine preached in any Oxford pulpit, or set forth in any Oxford tract. These were points, it must be remembered, for which Newman and Pusey cared not a jot, comparatively; and to the last, in the service at St Mary's, Newman was content with old-fashioned ways which would have shocked a modern ritualist. Mr Mozley contrasts, ably and sensibly, the comparatively easy martyrdom of the Oxford confessor, living "in the midst of cheerful and educated if not always congenial society, libraries, magnificent buildings, frequent services, and, it must be added, all the comforts and elegancies of life," with the difficulties which beset the conscientious young clergymen who tried to carry "Church principles" into practice in some remote country parish.

"He had to invite his parishioners to daily service, when every one of them was all day at work, generally far away from the church. He had to inculcate fasting, when most of them fasted already in the poverty and scantiness of their daily fare. He had to invite to confession those whose practice and antecedents were already well before the eyes of their

neighbours. He had to invite to formal unity persons born and bred in schism, when they could not but prefer a good understanding between all opinions and sects, which it was not easy, if desirable, to interrupt. He had to urge the new doctrine in season and out of season, especially to the few educated neighbours who could understand him, and who soon settled the question by reducing their intercourse to occasional and unavoidable civilities. As often as not he found his own household incapable of going along with him. His wife had children to look after, and his servants were no more than the work absolutely required."

But all this is matter of Church history. Let us pass to some of the less historical but not less interesting details which the author gives us of his old tutor and constant friend. He tells us—what is known, of course, to all who knew his habits intimately—how little part Newman himself took in that external revival of church services, which has had such a deep and natural interest for the mass of those who may fairly claim him for their first teacher. "He left toothers hymnology, though himself a writer of hymns"—hymns which, for true poetical beauty, many would rate even before Keble's: he showed no special interest in church music, though he had considerable musical taste, and played with skill on the violin. And as for church architecture, the pet science of the medieval worthies whom he venerated, and of the modern church-restorers who venerate him,—he built a new church, while curate of St Clement's, which irreverent undergraduates likened in shape to "a boiled rabbit," and might have built one in similar style afterwards at Littlemore, had not Mr Mozley stepped in to the rescue.

His remarkable appreciation of natural scenery struck all those who

accompanied him in his walks; "his admiration of the beauties of earth and sky, his quickness to observe the changes overhead, and the meaning he put into them, sometimes taxed the patience of a dull observer."

"The walk from Oxford to Littlemore, especially if taken every other day, might be thought monotonous, but it never palled on Newman. The heavens changed if the earth did not, and when they changed, they made the earth new. His eye quickly caught any sudden glory or radiance above; every prismatic hue or silver lining, every rift, every patch of blue, every strange conformation, every threat of ill, or promise of a brighter hour. He carried his scenery with him, and on that account had not the craving for change of residence, for mountains and lakes, that most educated people have."

He was a fairly good rider, and fond of the exercise. Riding rather fast one day with a friend to Littlemore, they met a carter, in a narrow turn of the road, sitting, as careless carters are apt to do, on the shafts. The man jumped down hastily to avoid a collision, was jammed between his cart-wheel and a milestone at the corner, and killed on the spot. Newman made to himself a solemn vow never, from that time forth, to pass a man driving without reins or sitting on his shaft, without making him get down. He religiously kept his vow. But some years afterwards, when Mr Mozley was walking with him on the very same road, his observance of it did not prevent a singular recurrence of the accident. A waggoner, whom he had stopped and compelled to get down from his dangerous seat, mounted again as soon as the friends were out of sight, fell off, and was found by them lying dead at a wayside inn on their return.

Many other incidental notices

are to be found, all interesting in the case of such a man. His child-like love for flowers; his remark that the sounds of nature—"the wind, the water, the poor beasts, and even the birds"—were all in the minor key; his habit of writing at least one sentence of Latin every day; his praying aloud in the little room near the college chapel which he had fitted up as a prophet's chamber, and where, during the Long Vacation of 1835, he could be heard, by those who entered the gate of the silent college, "night after night" praying aloud for himself and for the Church. One more characteristic anecdote, and we must part from the man whose memory is here kept green as the Oxford tutor—a higher claim to love and reverence, in the estimate of old friends, than his Roman dignity.

"One of Newman's common interpretations was that such a one had done all the good work he could do or was likely to do. . . . He would warn his young friends who had done something to see that it was not the whole work of their life. They might read in its very completeness the completion of their own career. He had something of the Highland idea of an extraordinary exuberance of spirit before departure, the dying note of the swan. He once gave a humorous illustration of it. My servant drove him in a pony-trap from Cholderton to Salisbury—eleven miles. The poor man, who was a gardener, and always had a good deal to say about the country and things in general, talked the whole way. The next letter from Newman ended with, 'Pony went well, and so did Meacher's tongue. Shoot them both. They will never be better than they are now.'"

These volumes abound with notices of other celebrities of old Oxford days which will have abundant interest for Oxford readers. We are bound to say the author does not err on the side of reticence. Such

is not the fashion of modern autobiographies; and a college is by no means a mutual admiration society. Loyal throughout in his veneration of the chief character in his drama, he is very plain-spoken indeed as to the lesser luminaries of his own era. We are not sure that the few survivors, or the representatives of the vanished "majority," may not have some reason to complain of his revelations. Indeed there have been some expressions of feeling on this point already. Dr Pusey and Canon Liddell have protested against the imputation of ill-temper to Keble. Dr Routh of Magdalen (why should an Oxford man spell it Magdalene?), Archbishop Whately, Dr Hampden, and some others who might be named, would scarcely have been pleased to know what this close observer thought of them; and it would have been well if, in committing to print the results of his observation now that all these have long ago "put off their harness of war," he had seen fit to modify some of his expressions. James Anthony Froude and George Anthony Denison—who have each a short chapter to themselves—are both happily alive, and quite able to take their own parts. But the Archdeacon will not be without excuse if he is inclined to retort upon Mr Mozley the charge here brought against him that "his published reminiscences are a jumble of inaccuracies, absurdities, and apparent forgets;" though he may only smile at learning for the first time that his brother married "a daughter of the Duke of Rutland," or that he had anything to do with keeping the electors of Liverpool drunk for fourteen days together on a memorable occasion. Denison, we are told (we suppose ironically), "had a laudable desire to civilise" the common-room society

by introducing aristocratic amusements, one of which was cock-fighting—in which the combatants were not fowls, it must be understood, but two of Plato's "featherless bipeds," sitting on their heels, their arms trussed behind them by means of a stick, and trying to upset each other—a sport which no doubt most readers have seen, but have not been accustomed to associate with a grave Oxford common-room. Curious scenes, however, did occasionally take place in the lighter hours of the Oriel philosophers: as when William Froude tried experiments with laughing-gas on some of his friends with startling effect. Robert Wilberforce, then fellow, on first imbibing it, laid about him vigorously "with anything he could lay hold of," and considerably astonished a former member of Oriel, strict in his ideas of college propriety, who on entering the room at the moment with a young relative, found himself suddenly belaboured by one of the college authorities whom he only knew by repute.

Bishop Wilberforce, as one of the heroes of those Oriel days, naturally plays his part in these reminiscences. One story of the Bishop's early years (unknown, we are told, to his biographers) sounds highly apocryphal. The young Samuel was at one time the pupil of a Rev. Mr Marsh, who occupied the cottage at Nuneham, afterwards the residence of the Newman family:—

"Samuel was then hardly twelve years old, but he had decided tastes. He conceived a great dislike of his tutor and the whole *ménage*, and one day, after a violent collision, demanded to be sent home immediately. The tutor demurred. Thereupon the lad ran into the road before the cottage, then traversed by a score or two of London coaches a-day, threw himself

flat on the ground, in the very track of the coaches, and announced his intention of remaining there till he was sent home. After he had remained there several hours, the tutor struck his colours, and Samuel was sent home."

It is not unlikely that the pupil, in weak hands, would prove master; but that the boy should be allowed to lie for several hours on the highroad, "in the track of the coaches," is a version of the story which we can hardly accept. It would have been a great loss to the English Church if the future bishop had been run over; but a sound whipping before he was sent home would have done him no harm.

The three brothers, — Robert, Samuel, and Henry, — were all members of Oriel: the two latter being Mr Mozley's contemporaries, while Robert was a few years his senior. Coming up to Oxford from private tuition (for their father, from conscientious reasons, objected to a public school), they found themselves—at least so Mr Mozley thinks—somewhat below the level of social importance to which they conceived themselves entitled. The father had been a man of great wealth—which he had expended with more liberality than prudence—and had been made much of in society; but he had latterly, for various reasons, dropped very much out of political and social life. Robert and Henry, we are told, were unambitious, and content with Oxford life as they found it. With Samuel it was not so. He laid himself out a good deal for "good society," attaching himself very much, we are told, to the "silk gowns"—the noblemen and gentlemen-commoners of good family who at that date were pretty numerous in the college. He had always more

worldly wisdom than either of his brothers. The contrast between him and his brother Henry throws some light both on the Bishop's character and his success in life. Both were often asked to attend meetings, and both were apt to be late. Henry would sometimes have liked to have spoken, feeling that he had something to say, and regretted not having come in time to take a place on the platform :—

"He noticed, however, that his brother Samuel, though quite as likely to be behind time as himself, was always on the platform, and always a speaker. How could this be? Samuel explained it straight. He was perfectly sure that he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that it would be good for them. He was also quite certain of having some acquaintance on the platform. So immediately on entering the room he scanned the platform, caught somebody's eye, kept his own eye steadily fixed upon his acquaintance, and began a slow movement in advance, never remitted an instant till he found himself on the platform. The people, finding their toes in danger, looked round, and seeing somebody looking hard and pressing onwards, always made way for him. By-and-by there would be a voice from the platform, 'Please allow Mr Wilberforce to come this way,' or, 'Please make way for Mr Wilberforce.' Such a movement, of course, requires great confidence, not to say self-appreciation; but any one who is honestly and seriously resolved to do good must sometimes put a little force on circumstances."

The great head-master of Rugby—Thomas Arnold—was no longer a Fellow of the College when Mr Mozley entered it. He had married (Pusey succeeding to the vacant fellowship), and was taking private pupils at Laleham. His bitter hostility to the Oxford movement—his depreciation of Newman and

his friends as being, after all, "nobodies" in Oxford—the eagerness with which he tried to impress his pupils with his own views of the incompatibility of this revived medievalism with modern religion, and the faithful devotion with which his pupils reproduced the opinions of their master, are set forth here by a shrewd and not very partial observer; though at the same time he gives Arnold full credit for "his intense energy of character, his deep sense of a calling which he had to obey, and a work which he had to do." For this reason—because, we suppose, the two men had in common this earnestness of purpose and energy of action which stirred the sleepy current of intellectual and religious life in Oxford—Mr Mozley is of opinion that "it would be contrary to the whole theory of Newman's life to suppose that Arnold had no share in it." This is a sentence the bearing of which we quite fail to understand. Their views were so widely different that their relations and influence could hardly have been other than antagonistic. It is quite true, as the writer observes, that in later years Arnold seems to have regretted his hasty and intemperate strictures on the Oxford "Malignants," as he had termed them; and that when he visited Oxford to deliver his lectures as Professor of Modern History, his being thrown into Newman's company at Oriel had the result which such association with an opponent usually has upon honest minds, and they parted good friends in spite of theological differences.

Of Arnold's system at Rugby, of which the author, as a Charter-House man, could have no "reminiscences," it is a pity that he should have allowed himself to speak only to add to the many

popular misstatements on the subject :—

“Arnold was now conducting Rugby on the principle of selection, adaptation, and careful manipulation. He was sending away every boy not likely to do good to himself or the school. Contenting himself with a general oversight of the rest, he chiefly devoted himself to the twenty boys most qualified to benefit by his instruction.”

In the first place, the extent of the “weeding” to which Arnold did undoubtedly subject the school during the latter part of his reign, is here very much exaggerated; in the second place, no head-master of a large school can possibly do more than exercise “a general oversight” over the mass of boys—and their masters; and in the third place, the statement that Arnold devoted himself to twenty boys is a simple blunder. The sixth form at Rugby was never less than twenty-four in Arnold’s day, and this was the statutory number at which he found it: he very soon raised it to thirty, and latterly to thirty-six. Mr Mozley speaks in another passage of the highest form as “Arnold’s own Twenty,” as though that phrase would be familiar to all Rugbians—the real fact being that the “Twenty” was a form below the fifth, with which the head-master personally had very little to do. The mistake would be of no consequence, but that the author proceeds to build upon it a comparison between the large class, or rather divisions, which came under the personal teaching of Russell at the Charter-House, and (he might have added) of Butler and Kennedy at Shrewsbury. But the great name of Arnold has long been, and we suppose will always be, credited with

educational theories and details of which, whether good or bad, he was entirely innocent.

Other educational reformers, of quite a different stamp from Arnold, find a brief notice in these discursive pages. Edward Monro, who with the aid of a few “confiding college friends” built a college in his parish of Harrow Weald “for the transmutation of raw plough-boys into sweet choristers and good scholars,” only to collapse, like other searches after elixirs, when the supply of money failed; and Thomas Stevens, the founder and first warden of the High-Church college at Bradfield,—were both Oriel men. Bradfield is still at work, and with a fair amount of success; but it was the ruin of its liberal founder. “Every pound in his pocket, every acre, every brick and stone in his ancient patrimony,” was invested by him, we are here told, in this educational venture; with no return at all in a pecuniary sense. The story of poor Dr Sewell and Radley College—a somewhat more ambitious Bradfield—is here told once more; but it is a very painful one so far as the founder’s own fortunes are concerned, and might well have been left to rest, especially as Radley has lived through all its troubles, and still shows a promising vitality. The religious newspapers have long got over the horror which Mr Mozley assures us they expressed when they first heard that the boys went every night to their “cubicles.” But one story of Sewell and Jacobson (now Bishop of Chester), very characteristic of the two men, has at least no painful side, and is too good to omit. Sewell had founded a “Moral Philosophy Club,” which met in each member’s rooms in succession, to read papers and hold discussions.

"In effect, it was he who wrote and he who talked; for the rest were unprepared, and he was always ready—indeed, only too happy to make up for everybody's default. At a meeting of the club in Oriel College, Sewell had made a great *coup*. He had got Jacobson to come. The discussion was desultory; but Sewell had contributed so ample a share that he could justly claim the honours of the day. Turning round, he rallied some of the members on the smallness of their contributions to the day's entertainment. They were used to it, and submitted. He felt emboldened to attack the new member. 'Jacobson, I think you've said nothing to be remembered.' 'Nor heard,' was all the reply; and so began and ended Jacobson's relations to the club."

We have a curious character presented to us, in the person of an Oriel Fellow of those earlier days known to the present chronicler from tradition only. He had become acquainted with this ancient hero in his boyhood at Derby, where he was a constant visitor to the news-room, and was "voted a nuisance," and the old ladies of the town "used to mention as an extraordinary thing that he had once been very pleasant company." This was the Rev. Joseph Pickford, who held a living near Derby, and also the college rectory of Cholderton, in which Mr Mozley succeeded him. We confess the whole story of his election at Oriel, and his subsequent relations with the college, has had a kind of fascination for us—none the less because of what would seem its improbability—only that we know how truth is sometimes less probable than fiction. Here is the story as Mr Mozley heard it, we suppose, from Pickford's lips, when comparing notes with him of Oriel past and present.

The college had received from one of the Leighs of Stoneleigh a

valuable legacy of books—some 30,000 volumes, the writer thinks; and when a new library, long wanted, had been built, the books had to be arranged on the shelves and in the cases there. Who was to do it? It involved spending a good many hours each day in going up and down a set of terribly tall steps to reach a very hot and close gallery. "It was the tread-mill, without its security, its easy rhythm, and its mental repose." "All the Fellows shied the work, and particularly these steps: and then it was not the pleasantest way of spending a long vacation." Certainly not. Why the college authorities should not have engaged a couple of intelligent bookseller's assistants, or some such persons, to do at least the mechanical part of the work, must remain a mystery. They took the extraordinary course of electing a Fellow for the especial purpose. "They fixed their eyes upon the active, tidy, and clever little builder's son from Derby: he seemed to have no special calling, and he had no friends." Certainly most remarkable qualifications for an Oriel fellowship. "They elected him probationer, and immediately set him his probationary exercise, which was to help Beeke (afterwards Dean of Bristol) in the library. The description of poor Mr Pickford's sufferings is sufficiently amusing. The summer was very hot: the books, which had long been lying by disused, were loaded with an acrid and pungent dust, "which brushes and dusters only diffused more thoroughly through the atmosphere:" and Beeke, "sitting quietly below in the cooler stratum of air," calmly making out the catalogue, was a stern task-master, and allowed no pause.

One is not surprised to read that

from that time forth Pickford hated books. Mr Mozley declares that he never remembers to have seen a volume of any description in the ex-fellow's only sitting-room. He used to declare also that the dust had got into his throat, and he found it necessary to be continually washing it down—or rather, trying ineffectually to wash it down, for the necessity increased upon him. “Long past fifty,” says Mr Mozley, “he assured me that he had not quite washed it down yet.” According to his own account, the college had behaved to him most ungratefully. As soon as his dusty work in the library was finished, the society watched for a good excuse to get rid of him; and when the college living of Cholderton became vacant, they intimated to him pretty plainly that he “must take it and be off.” He gave Mr Mozley to understand that he was practically bullied into accepting it. “Happily there was no parsonage, so he was not bound to reside:” and he was lucky enough to get a second living near Derby, which had also the advantage of having no house of residence. But the persecution of the college followed him, after a time, in his retirement. They insisted on building a parsonage for him at Cholderton. “Every step of this process he regarded with horror, as leading to expense, and possibly involving residence.” It came to that at last, after a long battle: and on his way to his new home he called on Mr Mozley at Oriel, dined with him in hall, and joined the common-room circle afterwards, in his “mahogany” top-boots, which somewhat astonished the undergraduates. He had carefully studied the list of livings in the college patronage, and divided them into prime joints, seconds, and offal. He does not

seem to have rated Cholderton as “prime:” and assured Mr Mozley, who was just then offered Moreton Pinckney, that this latter was but an “offal” place.

Pickford's reminiscences of the Oriel of his day would have been as amusing, if not as valuable, as Mr Mozley's. The fellows then dressed for dinner at three o'clock, and after dinner went to the common-room and had pipes and ale. Such was undoubtedly the fashion in many colleges at that date, and in the summer term the pipes and ale made their appearance unabashed on the college grass-plots or in the gardens. We remember that during some alterations at Oriel, subsequent to Mr Mozley's residence there, a whole nest of well-smoked pipes were discovered in a hole in the wall. After their pipes, the resident fellows of Pickford's day walked up and down the High Street until five, when “they read and wrote in their rooms till seven or eight” (the only point in his reminiscences we feel inclined to question), and then “returned to the common-room to play at cards and drink brandy-and-water to a very late hour. . . . He declared he had seen some of them the worse for drink: if he could have been made worse by anything himself, no doubt he was so too.” Mr Mozley does not give implicit credit to his statement that the Oriel common-room at that time had no carpet, and was furnished with Windsor chairs: he thinks that “this simple fashion” could only have been a temporary arrangement, as the new room had been just built; but we can assure him that up to a much later date the old common-room at Pembroke College was furnished in this style, and primitive as it was, it had a

halo of old days about it which did not lessen its hospitable attractions.

A good many anecdotes of the writer's contemporaries are jotted down here and there in these volumes without very strict regard, it must be confessed, to sequence or context, but some of them amusing enough. Here is a good story told on the authority of Archdeacon Berens, once Fellow of Oriel, and an excellent country clergyman of the old school:—

"In those days wills were occasionally proved before the Archdeacon, after the other work of the visitation. A farmer's will was presented and duly spread out. 'What's this?' exclaimed Berens,— 'here's a name scratched out; explain it, please.' The widow stepped forward. 'I tell you how he be, sir. When we comes to look into the will, we sees fifty pound left to John Wheeler. What's he to do with master's money? says I. So I gets a knife, and us scratches he out; and that's just how he be, sir.' The Archdeacon replaced the name, and warned the family party of the consequences of another meddling with a will."

The case of poor "Tony Buller" (the Rev. Anthony Buller, an excellent Devonshire clergyman, lately deceased) will remind many an Oxford reader of the very insufficient data upon which college authorities sometimes ground their estimate of an undergraduate's character. Buller had, in his freshman's term, been invited to a very uproarious supper-party, where he found himself quite out of place, but was too shy to go away before the rest. About midnight, when the fun was fastest and most furious, Hawkins, then tutor, and afterwards provost, made his appearance at the door in full academicals.

"As he was looking round for some one whom he might hope to find sen-

sible of his rebuke, his eye lighted on Tony Buller, the picture of misery, though the Provost might easily put another construction on the blank expression of his face. 'Mr Buller,' he immediately began, 'I am astonished to see you,' &c., &c. (He said whatever might be properly addressed to a young country gentleman suddenly revealing himself as a monster of juvenile depravity.) Buller told his story the next morning to Froude and R. Wilberforce, to their infinite amusement. During the whole of Buller's undergraduateship, whenever he presented himself at the end of term for the 'Collections,' or terminal examination, the Provost invariably began, 'Mr Buller, I hope you've not been again guilty of those disorderly proceedings in which I found you engaged so soon after becoming a member of the college,' &c., &c., &c."

Not the least interesting episode in these personal records is the author's brief sojourn in France in 1843,—when visits to France were not so common an event in a country rector's life as they are now,—when he could hope to cover the expenses of himself, wife, and child, for nearly two months, for fifty pounds obtained in advance from his principal tithe-payer (and when tithe-payers could be found to advance it) and when a railway from Havre to Paris was "in contemplation." He found in France, to his great enjoyment, "all the sights and sounds of a new world." The party spent a fortnight in lodgings at the suburb of Ingouville,—it is true they found the cooking there "rather oily,"—and went thence by sea to Caen, where an English clerical friend, who was staying there with his family, welcomed them to an English ham with peas and boiled potatoes—"a banquet for the Olympian deities,"—washed down with good Bordeaux bottled by the host, which cost him twopence or threepence a bottle. They

finally fixed themselves at Langrune, a little seaside village near Caen, which they found at that time very pleasant, in spite of its flat and unattractive scenery. There Mr Mozley was fortunate enough to get an introduction to the brothers Valroger, two cultivated and intelligent French priests, who, with their sister, were spending their holiday at Langrune. They were most agreeable talkers; had heard much of the religious movement at Oxford, and were eager to hear more; and when they discovered that the English lady was a sister of the great Newman — “some bits of whose writings they knew,” says Mr Mozley, “better than I did” — their interest was naturally increased. The three walked and talked together nearly every day — under considerable difficulties as to the talking; for Mr Mozley confesses he knew very little French, and the priests could neither speak nor understand a word of English. So they had to talk Latin. Now colloquial Latin, of its kind, comes tolerably easy to a French priest, but was not and is not an accomplishment common among Oxford graduates, even though they be fellows of Oriel. They can read it and write it; but in speaking it English scholars have no practice, owing to its gradual disuse in our schools and universities. We well remember paying a visit once, in company with an Oxford tutor who was an excellent Latin scholar, to the fine old library preserved in the monastery at Engelberg. The German monk who held the office of librarian, a gentlemanlike and cultivated man, received us very graciously; but, alas! he could speak scarcely any French, and we very little German. “Could we speak Latin?” he asked politely.

We felt very doubtful of our own powers; but we looked with confidence to our more learned companion, who for the credit of his university was bound to accept the challenge. Now the monk's Latin was not good, as was evident to a very ordinary scholar; but in readiness and fluency he beat the Oxford first-classman out of the field. Mr Mozley admits that his own difficulties were considerable; but he does not mention, and may probably have forgotten, the serious additional difficulty which in such cases arises from difference of pronunciation. Latin from the mouth of a Frenchman or a German sounds like almost a different language from the Latin of our youth; and nothing can probably be worse than our traditional pronunciation of the vowels, now happily undergoing a change in most English public schools. Mr Mozley tells us he was much exercised in his mind as to what one of his Oriel contemporaries would think of him. “G. A. D.” (there is no harm in filling up the initials for the few readers who need it — George Anthony Denison) “will blush for his country at the thought of such Latinity being exhibited even to a French Abbé.” Had our traveller been present when G. A. D., somewhere about this date, in a Latin speech in Convocation, when Latin was imperative, made his amusing slip in grammar (at which no one in the theatre laughed more heartily than the genial Archdeacon himself) and when Charles Marriott, an equally good scholar, abruptly concluded an attempt to hold forth in the same language with the confession “*Plura hard possum*” — he might have been less sensitive as to possible Oriel criticism. But if the Oxford Latin some-

what confounded the good brothers, the Englishman had the advantage of them when it came to Greek. They could hardly believe it possible that he could read the Greek Testament off-hand into English: such a feat of learning seemed to them to denote a scholar whose fame ought to be European; "but they evidently thought it a superfluous accomplishment." The intimacy between the English family and the Valrogers, thus thrown together at the little French watering-place, became so cordial, that Mr Mozley accepted an invitation for his wife to spend a fortnight with some relatives of theirs—the Count and Countess de Polignac. Many readers will be sorry that we have not more details of her visit at the old French chateau—a grand old place, where the family lived in simple fashion, "in the style of our own straitened and old-fashioned gentry." We are told how, when the September evenings grew chilly, and the expense of fuel for the *salon* was not to be thought of, the Countess would rise once or twice in the course of the evening and propose that all the party shall go and warm themselves at the kitchen fire, where they sat talking freely with the old servant. Yet the Polignacs were so critical as to the pure French idiom and accent, that they would not admit that even their own relatives, the Valrogers, could speak the language well: they spoke it correctly, no doubt, "but it was not the language or the pronunciation of the *salons*." Few even of the bishops, they insisted, could speak French as it should be spoken. "You could tell the clergy to be a class of their own." It seemed too evident to Mr Mozley "that the fastidiousness of excessive civilisation had created a bar between the

noblesse and the clergy themselves, now that the latter was drawn more than ever from the *bourgeois* and the peasant classes."

That these members of the old French nobility hated the *bourgeois* King Louis Philippe is what one is prepared to expect. When they understood that he was to return the visit just paid him by Queen Victoria, they said, "Would that he might never get back again! for, going and returning, there were two chances of his going to the bottom." But we were not equally prepared for the slighting way in which they seem to have spoken of the English Queen herself, and of her Anglo-Norman ancestors—"She's descended from one of our country girls." We did not know that the bend sinister of the "Fiz d'Arlette," as the songs of the Falaise peasantry call him, was so unpopular with the Norman nobles.

The Valroger brothers had evidently conceived strong hopes of their English friend's conversion, in due time, to the true faith. "They took it for granted that Newman would join their communion, and that he was only lingering to bring more with him in the end. This they seemed to think a natural and proper proceeding;" and "I should doubt" (continues the writer) "whether there exists a Frenchman capable of thinking otherwise." The tone of thought on the subject was not peculiar, we fear, to MM. Valroger's countrymen. The good priests took it for granted also that their English brother "was considering the great question," and gave him books to assist him in his decision. But Mr Mozley tells us, with his usual honesty, that he had by this time resolved to leave theological questions to those who were more capable or more worthy of them," and

the little controversial volumes remained for the most part unread.

In fact Mr Mozley, though he admits that at one time he entertained serious thoughts of joining the Church of Rome, ended by remaining where he was. He came to the conclusion "that a man is not the worse Christian for being a Christian after the manner of his fathers and those about him." His chief temptation to submit himself to Rome seems to have been a longing for "rest." He was "distracted and wearied with discussions above his measure, his faculties, and his attainments." Newman had advised him, when he contemplated such a step, to wait at least two years, to be assured that he knew his own mind. And this may serve as some corroboration of the Cardinal's own assertion, that at that time "he kept back persons disposed to go to Rome, with all his might."

Mr Mozley goes far to atone for his depreciating remarks upon some of his old acquaintances by the invariable modesty with which he speaks of himself. He is often somewhat garrulous as to his personal history. We could have spared the account of what books he read for a Charter-House prize poem which he did not get, his

theory of open roofs, and the local politics of his native town of Derby. But rarely has a man told us so much of himself with so entire an absence of self-assertion. We have seen that he professed himself "neither capable nor worthy" of examining theological questions. He "had never found it easy to concentrate his attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes."—"The Provost thought sometimes that I was light-headed." He tells us how he tried to speak at the Oxford Union Society: the result was, he says, "one of many like failures." He is taken seriously ill in college: Hawkins, his tutor, calls to see him; "he seemed to detect in me more than usual wandering and inconsistency." Even when he gives us, at some length, the history of the rebuilding of his church at Cholderton—a church built to match an old medieval roof which he picked up "a bargain," at Ipswich, which cost him from first to last £5000, and seems to have been the "Moloch" of his life—he "can honestly say it was not a spontaneous act," and would never have been done "if his kind friends would have let him alone." The church was not completed until after he had resigned the living. We can only wish its restorer may yet live some years to enjoy the rest well earned by an active life.

SPORT IN A GERMAN FOREST-COUNTRY.

FROM the earliest days of literature the pen has been at the service of the sword. Nor have the years since 1870, when Germany burst upon France and the world, been any exception to the rule. Books, pamphlets, and articles have appeared in shoals, celebrating not merely *arma virumque*, but all things German, from the institutions of State to the method of teaching in the village schools. Amidst this mass of information, there is one topic more ancient than States, and more picturesque than schools, that has received little if any notice. Sport is, I am afraid, a subject that seems to the thinker "thin," but I hope that to ordinary mortals, and even to "the other" in his less advanced moods, a few descriptions of German sport may not be altogether without interest.

A little time since I was invited to spend a month with a gentleman who managed a portion of a large estate some fifty miles from the right bank of the Rhine, that we will call Hohenwald. The owner of the estate, the Fürst of Hohenwald, the descendant of an ancient line that had once enjoyed regal rights, lived in a magnificent old *schloss*, within whose precincts was situated my host's house. Under the castle walls nestled a small country town, while on all sides the undulating forest rose and fell, varied by tracts of tilth in the larger valleys.

Sport, of which perhaps *die jagd* is the nearest German equivalent, played a great part in the life at Hohenwald. With the lords of the *schloss* it amounted almost to a profession—Otto the late Fürst having shot, *horribile dictu*, 1500 foxes during his reign. Of

course the good folk of the town were unable to indulge their sporting tendencies to the same extent, but they naturally followed with interest the deeds of their great man, themselves getting a *jagd* of one sort or another from time to time.

This word *jagd* included all the various forms of venery in vogue at the various seasons of the year—stalking deer, driving the forest for "what-nots," shooting partridge and woodcock, and even the pursuit of cray-fish in the little ditches that did duty for streams in the surrounding country. Sportsmen following these various branches of the chase possess a language of their own, and, I believe, many august rites and ceremonies peculiar to their craft—being in Germany more of a guild than in England, where the antagonism of hunting and shooting divides the chase against itself.

The princely hunting ground at Hohenwald was the *wald*, that surrounded the town on three sides, the Fürst possessing either the soil or exclusive sporting rights for a radius of many miles. The *wald* consisted of woods of beech, oak, and fir, covering all the higher parts of the great rolling hills, and intersected by a few regular roads, as well as by grass rides innumerable. The *ober-försters* (head-foresters) in charge had lodges in their various districts, sometimes containing rooms for the use of the Fürst. Here and there were built stone summer-houses, "gazeebos," and towers, for the purposes of shelter, sylvan banqueting, or to command views of special picturesqueness.

At the time of year (September)

that I was at Hohenwald, the Fürst confined his efforts almost entirely to the deer-forest *par excellence*, a tract of wood broken into large glades, and measuring some twelve or fifteen miles round. This was fenced with a high paling of split timber, and preserved with great strictness. Here was the abode of the *hoch-wild*, a red deer much like our Scotch stag, only somewhat more developed, as became the denizen of fatter pastures than the Highland corries. The chase of the *hoch-wild* is surrounded with a good deal of dignity and pomp, no one being allowed to follow it but the great man himself, or persons specially invited. Its difficulties and discomforts, also, are lessened as much as possible for noble sportsmen by the arrangement of the *wald*, which is laid out in a way that to English notions seem a little one-sided. Every glade of any size has one or more curious timber structures called *hoch-sitze*, consisting of a small chamber raised about twenty feet from the ground, and much resembling, except that they are on dry land, the lake-dwellings of our remote ancestors. These erections usually stand near the edges of the glades, but the approach to them is always carefully masked by bushes or hedges contrived for the purpose. Passing between these convenient screens the adventurous *jäger* reaches the *hoch-sitze* by mounting a covered staircase, coated with thick felt. His exertions are now over, for he has nothing more to do but sit in the chamber, as if in his box at the opera, and pot the "beasts" when they come out to feed. Besides these *hoch-sitze*s, various other facilities are afforded to the sportsman, such as masked paths leading to likely openings, loop-holed ramparts, or small embrasures of hornbeam, commanding the ordi-

nary haunts of the game. Paths are also cut converging to points of vantage, where the shooter is stationed when the wood is driven.

Into this territory the Fürst commonly made two visits daily, driving off after breakfast about eleven, or after dinner about five, accompanied by his *leib-jäger* and the *ober-förster* of the district. His carriage would land him near the scene of his sport, and he could then, according to the time of day or his inclination, patronise a *hoch-sitze*, or station himself in a likely place for a drive. When these raids resulted in more venison than was wanted for the *schloss*, the residue was sold to the citizens, and excellent was the *hirsch-ragout* that my good hostess compounded therefrom.

The less strictly preserved *wald*, with the exception of an occasional stray stag and a few wild fallow, only held game of a lower order, such as roe, hares, and foxes. It did, however, only a few days after my arrival at Hohenwald, produce a wild boar (now a comparatively rare animal in that country), which was shot by a *förster* in a garden near the edge of the woods, where he had come to feed. This meant for the fortunate captor a considerable bounty from the Government, the Fürst, and the commune, to claim which he brought his prey in triumph to the castle, where it was laid out in front of the Fürst's apartments. Most suitable the fierce corpse looked upon the old stone steps, framed in a group of servants and *jägers*, with here and there a white-robed cook looking over their shoulders. The carcass was as fat as butter, weighing just sixteen stone, but was, I am sorry to say, considerably mauled about the hind-quarters by the bullets of his destroyer.

Outside the dark edges of the *wald*, where the grey trunks glim-

mered like ghostly sentinels, the cultivated grounds descended to the water-meadows that filled the bottoms, in broad slopes, unbroken by hedge or copse. Vast expanses of stubble and plough, varied by innumerable strips and patches of turnips, beans, vetches, and other growths, gave this region, when viewed from a distance, the appearance of a huge coloured plan of some desirable property to be sold in building lots. Streams there were none, properly so called—only a few muddy runners trickled down to the valleys through little hollows; and shade of any kind was as scarce as in the Sahara. This territory was the haunt of the *hühner* or “hen” *par excellence*, as partridges are styled in Germany, something in the same way as we call them “birds.” My first sight of the word “*hühner*,” which puzzled me not a little, was in a letter from my host that I got before I left England. “Bring your ‘*flinte*,’” he wrote; “the *hühner-jagd* will shortly begin with us.” This advice I had followed, to the great concern of the officials at the Cologne Custom-house, who passed the various parts of Purdy’s “*flinte*” from hand to hand, evidently doubting whether, when united, they would come to an ordinary fowling-piece, or some weapon destined for political purposes. In pursuance of the same design, I had also gone to a gun-maker at Coblenz, and ordered a couple of hundred cartridges to be sent to the hotel. The horror and wonder of the shopman, however, as he gasped out, “Zwei hunderd!” so opened my eyes to the prospects of sport, that I came down at once to fifty. Having stowed these in a yellow leather bag, lined with pink-and-white stripes, and showing a large patch of hair on the outside, I felt fully equipped for

the “*hühners*,” whatever they might be.

I had not long to wait to find out. A few days after the 1st of September, a mysterious affair called a *termin* (whose exact significance I could never make out) demanded the presence of my host at Klosterberg. Now “hens” were reported to abound in the neighbourhood of Klosterberg, so it was considered expedient that I should accompany him, and follow the chase while he did his work. Accordingly, one fine morning we set out for Altenstein in the *einspanner* (a vehicle-of-all-work, like an overgrown pony-carriage), just as the last mists were leaving their couches in the valleys, and beginning to rise lazily along the sides of the woods.

Klosterberg was a great farm, thriving among the silent relics of an old monastery. As usual, the monks had chosen a lovely site—the summit of a hill rising abruptly above the valley of the river B—, whose steep and sunny sides were ridged in a long succession of vineyard terraces.

As the *einspanner* turned into the farmyard that covered the whole plateau at the top of the hill, I was at once struck with its size (which was unique for that part of the country), as well as by the amount of rustic labour going on within its limits. It was indeed more like a small village than a single farm. In one corner a thrashing-machine was in full swing at the corn that was being carted in from the fields by long teams of sleepy brown oxen; in another, men were forking manure; in a third, boys were cutting and stacking logs; while down the broad road in the middle, maidens drove troops of cows and geese to the fields. Here and there stood great dug-out troughs, into which the

sparkling water tumbled from wide-mouthed wooden pipes. At one of these a woman was washing clothes, at another a small child in a speckled blue frock was struggling to get a large pitcher over the brim into the water.

In the whole scene the only idle persons were two men in grey and green, and a sturdy youth leaning against a low wall in an attitude, with a dead partridge arranged on his arm, as if he were going to be photographed. This was a son of the pastor of the place, a student in the "Gymnasium" of the neighbouring town, who, having been fortunate enough to shed "first blood" on his way to the rendezvous, was determined that such good luck and skill should not pass unnoticed by the English stranger. After looking through the buildings and courts of the old monastery, the last beautiful wildernesses of flowers and shrubs, and inspecting the curious church florid with Roman Catholic ornament of the last century, but where the easy Germans hold a Protestant service every six weeks, we started off about 9 A.M., upon the real business of the day.

The two men in grey, who were *försters* of the Fürst's, accompanied the student and myself. One of them was a somewhat sour character, who had seen a good deal of the world from the different stand-points of a German band in England and a dry-store in New York. This traveller had a little English, astonishingly little considering his long residence among Anglo-Saxons, and mainly displaying itself in an inaccurate rendering of the word *hühner* by the term "prairie-chicken." His companion was a good-looking, good-natured *militaire*, with oiled locks, a heavy ring, and a fine beard; evidently a hero to village maidens. Both of

them, as well as the student, carried light roughly-made muzzle-loaders, fastened over the shoulder by a strap, and game-bags with a strip of network on the outer side. The party was completed by two astonishing dogs. One of these animals went by the name of Lambo, the German equivalent to Ponto; the title of the other I could not succeed in catching.

Emerging from the farmyard, we found ourselves launched upon one of those vast deserts of tilth that I have described above. The heat was intense; and by way of encouragement the student told me triumphantly that he had been on the chase three days that year, and had shot two "hens." At this juncture some excitement was caused by the appearance of a ring-dove on a neighbouring apple-tree; but on being stalked by the student she decamped, and we proceeded. Meanwhile Lambo and his companion were working to *quasi*-military words of command, and though slow, manœuvred with great precision—wheeling or standing at ease in corn or turnips, as became well-drilled German dogs. I must say I should have been glad to see them cover more ground, even at the risk of a little wildness—the vastness of our field of operations and the scarcity of the quarry giving our quest something of the "needle-in-the-stack-of-hay" character.

Time, however, will discover even a German partridge (*φνει τ' ἄδηλα*); and at length, during a temporary separation from the student, my arm was jogged by the Americo-Teuton, and I saw two "prairie-chickens" scuttling up a little mound before us. Not yet broken to do at Rome as the Romans do, I was quite unable to fire; and to the disgust and anger of the *förster* the pair disappeared in safety

over the ridge. My guide immediately rushed away after the student and his follower, and I saw him demonstrating the folly of coming on the chase with such an "un-jägerlike" person—their sympathising shrugs fully echoing his opinion. I must say that after a little more experience of the *hühner-jagd* I quite came round to this view, and by the time I left Hohenwald should have as soon thought of sparing a running partridge, as a standing stag in the Highlands. At the time, however, I endeavoured to pacify them by saying that it was the custom in my country only to shoot them "in the air," though their evident disbelief in my power to shoot "hens" at all made me somewhat anxious to clear my character.

Nor was the occasion long wanting. Out of a strip of standing corn arose the familiar "whirr," and a small covey got up within easy distance,—two of which dropped. The effect of this was an instantaneous reaction in my favour. The student leapt about, shouting "*Donner und wetter!*" and laughing wildly. The two *försters* talked at the top of their voices, employing the universal German adjuration; while they hung the quarry to the little strips of net on their game-bags. *N.B.*—Sportsmen always carry their game themselves; and though you may ask a *förster* to bear your spoil, an *ober-förster* you cannot. So when out with one of these, show mercy to the timid hare.

When quiet was in some degree restored, we proceeded on our course; and following up the covey—an easy process in that hedgeless land—I got another, and the student blew a fourth unfortunate from the muzzle of his "*flinte*"—almost severing the head from the body.

This great success—for we had not been walking more than two hours—apparently exhausted the fauna of the country and our own luck, for not another feather did we see all day. Lambo at one time raised our hopes by standing at ease without the word of command, but the cause turned out to be a butterfly. In answer to my smile, his master remarked "that he had an all-embracing intelligence, but he was young and feravid."

At mid-day, or a little after, we came to an anchor under some cherry-trees—an oasis, though without water, in our Sahara. The *försters* had previously sent an old woman, who was drinking coffee, and eating an omelet out of a saucer in the shade of a wheat-sheaf, into the next village for beer. Despatched with some very small coins, she now came back bearing a very large pitcher. Here I was again put to shame through ignorance of the customs of the country, for an offer to pay for the drink was indignantly refused by the head *förster*, who shook his head frowningly, saying, "No, no; that no use (usage) in Deutschland!" I afterwards found that no *förster* would accept a tip except with the greatest reluctance—a bit of manliness that contrasts well with the present demoralisation of English keepers in that respect.

While we were eating our bread and meat stretched upon the dusty grass, a loud croak was heard in the thickest of the cherry-trees. In an instant the student was on his feet, and discharged his piece into the foliage, with no result but a redoubled and evidently receding croaking on the far side, and a cloud of leaves and twigs upon this. Though his shot was manifestly a failure, the eager sportsman bounded into the tree and looked

fruitlessly though hopefully among the boughs.

This little incident gave rise to some jokes at the student's expense; and when these had subsided, my three comrades proceeded to attack the pitcher, dealing out the contents continuously in the cup of my flask. After drinking seventeen cups, the student seemed refreshed, and informed me that the younger *förster* was a poet of great repute, urging me to ask him for a recitation. This I did, wondering how long it would be before I should shoot in England with a poet and a musician as attendants. After a little pressure, this sporting Amyntas yielded to my request, and began to recite a long ballad of an irregular metre, containing occasional rhymes. As far as I could make out any meaning, the tale was of a gay young *förster* who, after unusual successes in the chase, comprising a "*colossal Bock*," was in a fair way to be equally successful in love, when his ardour was quenched in the moment of victory by the chignon of the fair damsel coming off in his hands.

The returned dry-store man now thought it was his turn, and delivered a tirade against his native land, which he said was no place for a poor man, and where he would not stay a day, were he not obliged to support an aged father. It struck me that many a suaver person might have considered this obligation less binding; however, as his platitudes about princes and nobles began to be wearisome, I proposed we should resume our efforts. This we did, but unsuccessfully, as I have already said.

It was four o'clock by the time we got back to Klosterberg, where the farmer, who seemed a sort of squireen, was sitting outside his house with my host and three or

four stout persons in black cloth and straw hats, probably connected with the *termin*. These worthies looked as if they had just disposed of *mittags-essen*, and as soon as we appeared, adjourned with us into the house for coffee. Up-stairs in a low but delightfully tidy room we found the farmer's wife, daughter-in-law, and another maiden. The first was very precise-looking, and wore her front hair drawn back in two wisps, attached to a great comb at the back of her head, like the traces of a carriage to the bar. This good lady, evidently a *haus-frau* of great repute, now proceeded to make coffee, which was handed about with butter-cakes by the two girls, who did not sit down till all the sterner sex had been supplied. After a time the eldest son of the house, a fair, burly young man, came in from the field. His arrival set all the women-folk upon the move again, and once upon their legs, they seized the opportunity to replenish any empty cups or plates they could find. Great stowage accommodation is certainly a prime necessity to a traveller in Germany, incapacity in that respect amounting almost to a personal insult to the entertainer. At length the *ein-spanner* was announced, and after the inevitable glass of wine, we drove off amid a prodigious amount of removing of hats and polite speeches from our kind host and his friends—

"Which was an end of that hunting."

Perhaps sporting readers would like to know my best day after the *hühner*. It happened to be on another part of the Klosterberg farm, when six or seven guns destroyed seventeen *stuck* (*hühner* are not counted by the brace in Germany, a significant circumstance). It must, however, be re-

membered that my fellow-sportsmen were all armed with the light German gun, and were also mostly unaccustomed by their smaller practice to fire quickly enough for long rises or double shots. My worst *jagd* was one *wachel-könig* (a sort of quail), two guns; on another occasion we got one hare with a force of the same strength. On the whole there is not much in the *hühner-jagd* at Hohenwald to tempt any sportsman from Norfolk or Haddingtonshire, who estimates his day's amusement by the weight of his bag. Even as a philosopher, I confess to moments of grievous tedium, specially as the want of water and shady places destroys that poetry of the *al fresco* lunch that is wont to brighten a weary day. Only one oasis worthy of that relic of Eden do I remember in all the partridge country round Hohenwald—viz., a group of lindens over a mineral spring that slowly welled into two stone conduits at the entrance to a small village. Alas! some day, I doubt not, there will be a bandstand under the lindens, and a staring *kur-haus* on the bank down which these two girls came with their cans for water.

With this sentiment in favour of its long continuance, let us bid adieu to the *hühner-jagd*, its pains and pleasures, which last, the reader will doubtless think, are scanty. Would that I could set before him all the little novelties and interests it affords!—the views of the unfamiliar forest-country, the little villages, with their picturesque contents; the labouring peasants, the teams of oxen, the quaint implements of husbandry, the chatter of the *försters*; and last, but not least, the manners and appearance of the accompanying dogs.

These animals were usually the property of the *försters* or *ober-*

försters, and were, to the English eye, referable to the genus “heraldic” rather than to any extant class. I say to the English eye; because, after a short residence at Hohenwald, I became aware that many types of the animal that I had hitherto considered purely decorative, had a recognised existence on the Continent. The fact was, that the Fürst was a great dog-fancier, and possessed a kennel containing about 120 inmates. A most elaborate affair it was,—a terrace of rustic-looking habitations on the edge of the forest, each with its enclosed patch of grass in front, through which ran a stream of water, in a stone gutter. Behind was a large enclosure for exercise, into which all the dwellings opened, and at one end a smaller paddock, where the more ferocious members took their constitutionals singly. In front of the terrace were smaller detached establishments for the mothers of the flock and invalids, the whole being presided over by a man and his wife, who lived in a cottage at the entrance. The collection comprised every variety of animal, from such unknown shapes as the great spotted Austrian boarhounds and French griffons, to the familiar Gordon setter and Irish spaniel. Several of the English dogs were beautiful beasts, which had taken prizes at shows and field-trials. Certain of these the Fürst asked us to try after the *hühner*. I shall not soon forget our first attempt with a lovely cream-coloured setter, called by my good friends “Countess.” Countess had been a great heroine at field-trials: but whether the scent of the foreign partridge was unsatisfactory to her, or whether she had forgotten her own tongue and not learned German, I do not know; the only prowess she showed with us was in plunging about at the end of a long rope, the other

extremity of which was fastened to my unfortunate host.

Besides the collection at the kennels, a colony of *dachs* lived at the *schloss*—black-and-tan, liver-coloured, and dappled like foxhounds. These last were very beautiful, and I believe rare. They were said to have a hereditary feud to the black species, and I have often seen them sweeping round the old courts, in full cry, after my host's terrified pet *teufel*. There was also an aged veteran of the genus "griffon," an unfinished woolly shape, with a head like an early gargoyle, which frequented the kitchen court, and occasionally followed us on our expeditions, being, in spite of his age and slowness, the best nose on the estate.

But enough of this digression,—let us return to our chase that we have now followed alike in the wooded hills of the *wald* and the cultivated slopes of the farmlands. There yet remain the watery bottoms, the haunts of the retiring *krebs*. For the sake, then, of our "brothers of the angle," let us take a day of the only form of *jagd* at Hohenwald that may be said to represent in any shape their "gentle craft."

Close under the great wall of the *schloss* stood the Blaue Dachs, the most fashionable inn in Hohenwald. The garden consisted of a strip of ground, bounded on one side by the grey stone-work, with the ivy pouring over it into all its chinks and crannies, and on the other by the principal street of the town. Most of this space was occupied by a bowling-alley, but at the end near the inn stood a large shed, open at the sides, and covering two fixed tables of considerable dimensions. This shed was every day at noon, or thereabouts, the scene of a characteristic ceremonial, formed by the male society of the

place, and any neighbours of recognised position who were in the town, meeting for the purpose of swallowing beer, and discussing things in general. The capacity they showed for this last pursuit was to an Englishman most astonishing. It mattered nothing that they had, every man of them, been together till 10 o'clock the night before,—at 11.30 the next day they rushed at one another again, pouring out words like friends long parted. No one who has not lived in a small foreign society has any idea of the infinite capacity of subdivision existing in "things in general," or how much we lose by our clumsy handling of them *en bloc*. This rite I attended the second day after my arrival at Hohenwald, determined to try and "do at Rome as the Romans do," even to swallowing long glasses of beer immediately before dinner.

Two or three of the *oberförsters*, in the town from their various districts, were sitting at the table, and their presence, as was natural, soon gave a sporting colour to the conversation. Fishing was not long in coming upon the *tapis*, and I was closely questioned as to how that sport was carried on in England. Such information as I could convey from my experience at home and in Norway was listened to, where understood, with some interest, and I soon began to catch the word *krebs* passing about interrogatively among my audience. There seemed to be something kindling in the word, for in an incredibly short space of time a discussion arose, into which the whole party were quickly drawn, and which, I imagined, must end in blows. Utterance was far too rapid for me to form the slightest notion of the question before the house, had not my host shortly explained to me that it was being

debated whether *krebse* could be caught best by the hand or in a net. The approach of the dinner-hour fortunately put an end to the conflict, and a truce was hastily patched up, under the terms of which the *Fürstlicher Apotheker* (apothecary to the Prince) bet the *Fürstlicher Rent-amt-mann* (rent-collector to the same) five glasses of beer that he, the Apotheker, would himself that evening catch twenty-five *krebse* in two hours, without a net or any other instrument. Sensation, and a general scattering to homes and dinner.

The meet was in the market-place, where, as the shadows of the gate-towers were beginning to stretch themselves over the mass of boulders called a pavement, the *Rent-amt-mann*, accompanied by a second in the shape of the *Ober-Medicinal-Rath* (chief medical counsellor), met his rival, supported by my host and myself. The Doctor was neatly got up in nankeen and brown leather boots, the *Rent-amt-mann* in leather shorts, butcher boots, and spectacles; while the Apotheker had not deigned to alter or add to his ordinary suit of professional "subfusk."

After making sure that nothing had been left, we all clattered off down one of the steep paths leading to the valley, my entertainers chattering and laughing like boys let loose from school. On reaching the low country, mine host, who was leading, cut across some water-meadows to the haunt of the *krebse*, a small stream fringed with flags and willows, running, or rather standing, in a tract of long damp grass. Here a scene ensued the quality of which words can but feebly reproduce. The Apotheker, an enormously burly man, with a shorn bullet-head of the French type, lost no time in getting into action; and when he flung off his coat and

bared two beefy arms to the shoulder, the excitement became intense. In the twinkling of an eye he threw himself down at the edge of the water, and diving head first into the flags, began working violently with both hands under the bank. Meanwhile the Doctor, on his knees, held tightly to one of the colossal legs yet remaining on mother earth, in order to prevent his man disappearing altogether into the water. The flags shook round the struggling tumulus that projected from their midst, and the lightly built Doctor was at times nearly lifted into the air by the convulsive movements of the great limb to which he solemnly clung. In a few seconds a loud exclamation came up from among the agitated water-plants, suggesting that a *krebs* had been viewed, or rather touched, followed by a torrent of vociferation expressive of the changes and chances of the chase, and closing finally with a shout of triumph. This was accompanied by the return of the Apotheker himself to the upper air, his face purple, and the veins of his forehead standing out like cords, but with a *krebs* (which, for the benefit of the ignorant, is something between a large insect and a small lobster) wriggling between his muddy forefinger and thumb. At this juncture the excitement of the spectators, and the mingled air of confidence and triumph in the chief actor, were indescribable. This last, after taking breath, went down again into the deeps, and soon fresh victims came whirling up through the air, and were collected into a canvas bag by the Doctor. When as one hole was exhausted the Apotheker gathered himself up and proceeded to another, these intervals spent in his natural posture probably saving him from apoplexy. After his per-

formance at the outset, I need not say that the odds were largely in his favour; indeed he won his bet in a little over an hour.

Meanwhile the other sportsmen and myself had been following the chase with small circular nets slung upon long wands cut from the willows. In the middle of each net was a piece of offal, sprinkled with some kind of oil, supposed to allure the quarry. The nets we left carefully in likely holes for some ten minutes, and then returning cautiously, twitched them suddenly out of the water. This process was but too often accompanied by the total loss of the *krebs* by his dropping from the edge or under side of the net, or being swept off by contact with the bushes. Nor did fortune favour us as she might have done; so that, on being rejoined by the Apotheker's party, it was found that he had beaten our united bag by some seven or eight head. By this time the mists were beginning to carpet the meadows, and it was agreed that we should adjourn to the Blaue Dachs for the evening meal, to eat what we had caught, and see the Apotheker drink his wager. My host was the only one who at all demurred to this arrangement, on the ground that our hostess would be expecting us for the *abendessen*. Eventually a compromise was effected, by the terms of which we two were to eat *krebse* and then to be allowed to go home to tea. At the Dachs we found most of the company of the morning, who received the Apotheker with great applause. What between exaltation and hard work, that worthy man was quite in a state to make

good use of his victory, and put down two of the glasses of his wager straight off the reel. In due course the *krebse* arrived, and most excellent they were, after once you had mastered the method of extracting the delicate flesh from its protecting shell. At the board, as in the field, the Apotheker was foremost, building up upon his plate a Cyclopean cairn of shells, a fitting memorial of his labours and exploits in the *krebsjagd*.

In this occupation we left him, my host and I, and went on to our second course at home. This turned out to be one of the above-mentioned *hirsch-ragouts*, so that, had only *hühner* followed, I might have concluded this paper with a feast supplied by the three sorts of sports I have endeavoured to describe. As, however, no *hühner* appeared, I must, in deference to facts, forego so apposite an ending, and in conclusion merely express a hope that I have to some extent brought the reader face to face with "Sport in a German Forest-Country." It may be that he will think I have shown him very little of what we call "sport;" but on the other hand he will, I hope, find a certain amount of novelty and picturesqueness, not unaccompanied by a touch of the comic. This it is that has encouraged me to hope that these outlines will not be without interest to those brethren of the craft in England who follow the chase with other feelings than mere bloodthirstiness, and other interests besides the weight of dead matter that they bring home.

REMINISCENCE OF A MARCH.

SEVERAL years ago it fell to my lot to be on the march with a subaltern of my regiment in Ireland. I was taking a detachment into a remote part of the country, where I believe some disturbances were apprehended, and we had been started off at pretty short notice. I have even now a lively recollection of a long railway journey, the dingy stations we passed, the tedious stoppages, occasional splashes of rain against the carriage-windows, and our final exit from the train in a dark draughty shed with a sloppy platform. From here we had a good long march to our halting-place, through a sad-coloured waste, past hillsides of black bog, hardly a fence worth calling one to be seen, now and then a tumble-down hovel by the roadside, and off and on the rain pelting down in the sort of searching cold showers one gets in bleak parts of Ireland in the autumn-time. The town where we were to stay the night was no exception to the general dinginess. After setting the men down into their billets, we "prospected" the principal inn in the place, got a couple of very middling bedrooms, and made up our minds to make the best of the situation. We had divested ourselves of our wet uniform, entered our little sitting-room with its welcome peat-piled fire, examined some hideous sacred prints hung round the walls—amongst them I remember one of St Veronica displaying a large handkerchief with the Saviour's face upon it—and were busy planning what to associate with whisky and the jacketed potato, when a note was brought in and handed to me, with a message that some one was waiting for an answer. It

was addressed to "The officer commanding detachment, — Regiment;" but one saw at a glance it was not an official communication, the envelope being a dainty white one, and the handwriting almost unmistakably that of a lady. It turned out to be a very courteous invitation from a Mr and Mrs M—— of Innishderry Hall (we will call it), who, having heard that some troops were passing through Moynetown to-day, hoped for the pleasure of the officers' company at dinner that evening. This was really a timely as well as a hospitable offer, so A——, my subaltern, and I, at once agreed to accept it.

Fortunately, when evening came round, and the rickety-looking car that was to jolt us to our entertainers clattered up to the inn-door, the weather had cleared a little. Well do I remember the drive: the cold keen air; a pale half-moon lighting up the sombre landscape; dark islands of bog alternating with pools of shimmering water; hill-slopes near but mysterious. As far as I can remember, we entered the grounds of Innishderry Hall about a mile and a half from the town. Already the country had begun to wear a prettier aspect; patches of wood appeared; and after passing the lodge-gate, we began to descend a valley—broken, rocky ground, with clumps of spruce and larch on either side—till, suddenly emerging from this, the drive swept round a corner, and we were in view of the sea. A few minutes more, and we were looking down over a charming little bay shut in by cliffs, with a boat high and dry up the beach; and from this point till we sighted the lights of the house,

copse, park, and heather intermingled one with the other to our left, while on the right great white lines of surf quivered and broke in the moonlight.

It was a beautiful scene as it presented itself to us in the obscurity of the night-time. Possibly by day some of its enchantment might have been missing, but we did not see it in daylight. Such as it was, it probably impressed me and stamped itself in my memory, more on account of the subsequent incidents which ensued than anything else.

The house, as we drew up to it, seemed a large and handsome one. It had a great many windows, a steep-pitched roof, and was partly ivy-clad. Two long ranges of out-buildings were attached to it, one at either end, and from that nearest us as we approached, ran out an old wall matted with ivy-stems, and forming an enclosure screened by a row of thorn-trees, behind which one could just make out the ruined gable-end of a small building. Our driver, who had been most uncommunicative all the way out as to our host and hostess, condescended to tell us this was a very ancient chapel, which some ancestor of the family had pulled down and dismantled, "bad luck to him!"

The fine entrance-hall—I can recall it now—warmed by an ample stove and well lighted up, with a few dressed skins lying about, and a huge ebon cabinet over against the door, made a cheery contrast to the outside car and surroundings we had just left. Round the walls were grouped a splendid pair of stag's horns, a fox's head and brush, a stuffed seal, and other trophies of a sporting life; and a black buffalo's massive frontlet, surmounting a sheaf of assegais, suggested at once what we afterwards

learned to be the case, that our host had been in South Africa. "I wonder what sort of people they are, Major?" were A——'s words to me, *sotto voce*, as he gave his sleeves a final jerk and glanced down critically at his boots, while we followed the butler to the drawing-room. A moment more, and we were face to face with our new acquaintances.

I do not recollect anything very noteworthy about our host. He was a tall and rather handsome man, but of somewhat faded aspect—quiet and genial in his manner. "I am an old soldier myself," was his greeting to us, "and I never like any one in the service to pass our place on duty without our finding him out." But our hostess! As I shook hands with her, she at once engrossed my attention. I am at a loss now, as I was then, to define the nature or cause of the peculiar interest she seemed at once to excite in me. Certainly she was a remarkably handsome woman, but my observation of her at the moment of introduction was quickly diverted by the strange demeanour of A——. I had turned round, and was in the act of presenting him, when he suddenly started, stopped, and, without attempting a salutation or advance of any kind, stared at her. For the instant, the situation was embarrassing. Was the man going to faint, or was he off his head, or what? There he stood, stock-still, facing Mrs M——, till in a severe tone I said, "A——, this is our hostess." "Mrs M——, allow me to introduce Mr A——." This appeared to rouse him a little, for he made a sort of backward movement which might do duty for a bow, though a very poor apology for it, and said, "I—I—I beg your pardon," retiring immediately into the background. If this was bash-

fulness, it was a curious form of it, I thought, and certainly new in my knowledge of A——. This little incident over, I had leisure to look round the room. There appeared to be about a dozen people in all. Mr M—— introduced me to a relation of his, a baronet whose name I forgot; to a parson, who assured me in Hibernian accents that troops had been down here “repeatedly;” and to a niece, whom I was to take in to dinner. I caught a momentary glimpse of A——, and saw to my surprise that he was furtively but intently watching the lady of the house from an obscure corner. I was quietly slipping up to him to ask what it all meant, when dinner was announced.

At the dinner-table I found myself on the left of our hostess, the baronet opposite me. A—— was placed some distance down on the other side, so that I could keep an eye on him, which I soon began to think I must do. I had now an opportunity of noting more particularly Mrs M——’s personal appearance. Her age I should judge to have been somewhere about eight-and-twenty or thirty, considerably under her husband’s. Her figure was faultless; neck and arms of that nameless tint one has so often seen imperfectly described in novels as “creamy-white;” a corona of hair of that deep auburn-red which so sets off a fair woman; and a face of singular beauty, of which you forgot everything but the eyes the moment you looked into them. Such eyes they were! Their particular size, shape, this or that colour, would never occur to one; it was their strange, almost weird, effect when turned on you, that one felt. It was as though they divined what you were thinking of, and could answer your thoughts. Yet it was not a satisfactory or a restful face. I can recall certain half-disagreeable

sensations I experienced as her eyes occasionally rested on mine while we talked, and once or twice a flash as of something almost malevolent seemed to pass out of them.

One incident I recollect. We were discussing pictures, and Mrs M——, pointing to some fine family portraits hung round the dining-room, said, “My husband and I are distant cousins, Major P——, so that you see we are mutually represented here; and yonder is a lady of bygone days, supposed to have been very wicked, and to be like me.” I looked up, and sure enough there gazed down on me from the canvas a woman’s face strikingly like the speaker’s—so like, that except for the quaint costume, the portrait might have been taken for her own. It was a finer specimen than usual of the formal yet fascinating style in which our great-great-grandmothers have been depicted for us—a stately attitude, regular but immobile features, and exuberant charms sumptuously if somewhat scantily draped. The lady’s figure, as it chanced, was turned towards our end of the table; she held a fan in her hand; the lips had a disdainful, almost derisive, smile; and the eyes, which in such pictures usually appear to be contemplating the spectator, and to follow him about, seemed directed full on our hostess. “There is certainly a likeness,” I said, “but the lady on the wall is entitled, I feel sure, to an entire monopoly of the wickedness.” Mrs M—— laughed, and winged a glance at me, and the smile and the eyes were those of the portrait.

Another circumstance I remember discovering in looking round the table, which, had I been superstitious, might not have added to my comfort. We were sitting thirteen. Mrs M——, I rather think, must have noticed me counting the

numbers, for she made some remark, as if in reply to my thought—"So sorry we were disappointed of one of our party at the last moment."

Meanwhile A—— was again attracting my attention by his extraordinary behaviour. His partner, a pretty-looking lively girl, was evidently doing her best to make herself agreeable, and he was answering her in an intermittent fashion; but I could see he was eating very little, and crumbling his bread in a nervous, preoccupied manner, while every now and then his eyes wandered to Mrs M——, with a curious fixed stare that was positively ill-mannered and altogether unaccountable. Instinctively I turned to the same quarter to see what could be the object of this persistent scrutiny, but in vain. There, indeed, was a beautiful woman, dressed to perfection, and with those wonderful eyes; but what right had he to gape at her like that? I began to wonder if she or any other of the guests would observe A——'s rudeness. I tried to catch his eye, but without success. In a little while I lapsed into comparative silence, and set myself to watch A——'s movements more narrowly, as well as I could, across the table. After a time it seemed to me that the direction of A——'s gaze must be at Mrs M——'s head, or a little above it; but there was nothing I could see to account for this. To be sure, she wore, fastened into the thick top coil of her hair, a jewelled ornament of some kind that seemed to sparkle at times with intense brilliancy; but still, why this repeated and offensive contemplation at her own table of a married woman, on whom, so far as I knew, neither A—— nor I had ever set eyes before? Could these two have been known to each other in some bygone love-affair, or was the man

gone out of his wits, or had he taken too much drink?

How this memorable dinner struggled on to a conclusion, I hardly remember. The more fidgety I got, the more irresistibly was I drawn to watch A——. His face wore a pale scared aspect quite foreign to him, for he was ordinarily a cheery, common-sense fellow, not easily disturbed. At length it seemed that our hostess became aware of the intent observation she was being subjected to; and before the ladies rose from the dinner-table, her handsome features had grown very white, there was a visible trembling movement in her hands, and her eyes took an uneasy expression not previously there.

As soon as we men were left alone, and almost before we could reseal ourselves, A—— turned to our host, and in an odd muffled voice announced that he felt unwell, and begged permission to take his departure. Mr M—— glanced at me with a puzzled air—"He was so very sorry. Could he do anything? And, of course, the carriage was entirely at Mr A——'s service." By this time it was evident something was really amiss with A——; so I made some sort of excuse that I feared he had had a hard day's march and got soaked, sent our sincere apologies to Mrs M——, and rejecting the kind offer of the carriage, we found ourselves out again in the moonlight. The moon was well up; and as we passed the old ruinous chapel, you could see, through a little pointed window in the gable, the wall beyond half lit up, and dappled over with long shadows from the thorn-trees alongside. We walked for a little while in silence, I deliberating what to say, whether to be stern or sympathetic, but decidedly inclining to the former. Indeed, whether he were well or ill, the extraordinary

gestures and demeanour of A—— that evening were unbecoming in the extreme, and taking place as they did in the presence of his senior officer, could not be passed over. "Mr A——," at length I began, in an official tone, "I must ask what is the meaning——" He had been hurrying on with his face averted from me; but now, as I spoke, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and grasping my arm, broke in with—"So help me God, Major, the devil stood behind her!" "The devil stood behind her!" I said, in utter amazement; "what on earth do you mean?" "I mean what I say; the devil was standing behind her all the time." His voice fell almost to a whisper, and he looked back towards the house, which was still in sight. I could have no doubt who he meant by *her*; but I was so taken aback, that what to go on saying to the man, I knew not. It was obvious he was under some strange mental delusion. We walked on. Presently he spoke again, as if to himself,—"*Behind her by the mantelpiece,*"—"behind her chair,"—"that fearful thing's face,"—"those fiendish eyes, my God!"

As I said before, I am not superstitious, but it was neither quite comfortable nor canny hearing these queer exclamations under the peculiar circumstances: in a moonlight walk; dark, umbrageous thickets on one side of us; on the other, black, cavernous cliffs, and the melancholy murmuring sea.

As far as my memory serves, we were still a little way from the lodge-gate, when A—— stopped again an instant, and said, "Listen! what's that?" I could hear nothing; but in a few seconds came the distant clatter of a galloping horse along the drive. "Something has happened to her," whispered A——, laying a chill hand on mine. "Anything the matter?"

I shouted to the groom who passed us on the horse. The man called out something which we were unable to catch, and galloped on. We could see him pull up at the gate, and a woman come out to open it; but by the time we reached her, horse and rider were out of sight. She was standing staring down the road after them, and I asked her if anything was wrong. "Jesu save us, sur!" she exclaimed, crossing herself, "the man says meelady is dead—she has taken her life!" "Dead! taken her life!" was my ejaculation. "Why, we've only just left the house." Here was indeed a climax to my bewilderment! But what an announcement! I was utterly unable to realise it—it seemed too monstrous. My first impulse was to run back at once to the Hall and see if we could be of any use; but on second thoughts, it seemed better not. Then, as we hurried out of the park through the tall massive gateway, I heard my companion mutter, evidently still possessed with his hallucination, "Did she see It too?"

About half-way to Moynetown we met our car coming out to fetch us, and mounted it. "I seen M——'s man ridin' by jist now like smoke," was the remark of our whilom taciturn jarvie; "there's somethin' up, I belave. They tells quare tales of that house, an' the ould chapel, an' the lights seen about it o' nights, an' the s'trange noises paople hears thereabout. Och, thin, shure an' there's bad luck in that house, sur!" I was too stupefied to stop the fellow's gabble till his words were out, and they have often recurred to my mind since. When we got back to our inn, the ill news was already in the air. I sent for the landlord, inquired for the principal medical man in the town, and despatched an urgent

message to him intimating what we had heard, and begging him to go out to the Hall immediately. Word was brought back that the doctor had already been sent for, and gone. This done, I felt I hardly dared ask further questions of any one just then. Yet the whole thing seemed like a horrid dream, hardly credible. We two sat up late into the night in the little inn-parlour,—I absorbed in the occurrence of this eventful evening, and in painful anticipation of hearing more; A—— speaking not a word, but glowering into the fire.

Next morning we were to make an early start. Before the fall-in bugle sounded, the little bustling landlady had communicated to us all sorts of rumours concerning the terrible event that had taken place the night before. Clearly the tragic story was all over the town by this time; but the only coherent upshot of the matter we could extract was, that the poor lady down at the Hall had gone up to her bedroom immediately after dinner, and then and there taken poison—that they found her stretched on the floor quite dead, the face turned to one side, as if averted from something, and with an awfully fearsome look upon it.

It may be imagined I was anything but sorry when I and my men mounted the steep hill overlooking Moynewtown, on the road to our next billets, with our backs turned upon the scene of this ghastly and mysterious business.

I never heard of the M—— family again, nor did I ever revisit Moynewtown. I believe there was an inquest, and a verdict of temporary insanity. A few months afterwards I chanced to see something in a local newspaper about Innishderry Hall being to let; and “that dreadful affair down in County ——” was talked of for a while in Dublin in a certain circle of society. As for A——, he too passed out of my observation very soon after, as he applied for leave, and got an exchange. He never told me more than what I have told the reader, and never again spoke to me on the subject.

I suppose some would maintain that A—— was gifted with what in Scotland is called “second-sight.” Be that as it may, the mystery of how or why “the devil stood behind” that singularly beautiful and fascinating woman—an acquaintance of an evening only—will, I suspect, never be cleared up.

LADIES IN ICELAND.

NOTHING shows more forcibly the power of associations than the attraction of Iceland for romantic travellers. The very name is suggestive of inhospitable landscapes; of long winters and short fitful summers; of sterility that is seldom relieved save by the sublimity of savage desolation. It may be dear to the geologist and the student of physical science as the land of frost and fire, where the forces of nature that were embodied in the myths of the Scandinavian mythology have played their wildest freaks and assumed the most fantastic forms. But with the ordinary tourist in quest of amusement and the picturesque, a little lava-bed or boiling-spring goes a long way. The more so when habitations lie widely apart, in monotonous wastes that may be sampled in an hour or two, and when interminable distances must be crossed in the saddle on half-broken ponies and hard commons. Nor are the steamers which establish summer communications with Denmark or Scotland inviting to the sybarite, though they may be more commodious than the half-decked galleys of the Vikings, who often carried their ladies with them on their cruises. But Iceland is the land of legends and traditions, which oftentimes take the shape of authentic history. The pictures of the life of eight hundred years ago stand out with matchless vividness and realism in the pages of the chronicles and the songs of the Scalds; and we find domestic details reproduced as minutely as in any diary of the farming operations of to-day. The

very landmarks of the evidently truthful sagas, in spite of volcanic convulsions, still remain; the lines of the barren scenery are silent witnesses to the wild tales of fire-raising and slaughter—of rapes and elopements, and hot pursuits. There are no flourishing plantations to change the contours; cultivation has scarcely extended its area beyond the natural meadows by the streams and the arable “in-field;” only the Runes are gone that may once have been engraved on the friable lava and crumbling basalt. And so on lovers of the saga, like the lady who writes ‘By Fell and Fjord,’ Iceland, notwithstanding its slight and sparse civilisation, will exercise still an irresistible fascination, offering, even on a first acquaintance, not a few of the familiar features of a friend.

Miss Oswald is an enthusiast; and, as we need hardly say, her delightful book is all the better for that. Enthusiasm harmonises necessarily with romance, and it was romance that sent her on her first Northern pilgrimage, and induced her on two subsequent occasions to repeat the visit. She had been at considerable pains to study the language, that she might read the Icelandic lore in the original; and her linguistic attainments served her more practically in her easy intercourse with the friendly natives. She is an enthusiast; and when the Leith steamer, after a stormy voyage, sighted Iceland far to the eastward of its destined haven, the delay was by no means a disappointment. For the pro-

montory that frowned in front of them was classic ground—no other than Ingolfshöfði, or Ingolf's Head, the first headland sighted by the earliest Norwegian settler, who, having been similarly tossed by waves and tempest, seems to have been driven on a precisely identical course. And as they coasted the rugged shore towards Reykjavik in clearing weather, towards evening they looked up in brilliant sunshine to the almost untrodden wastes of the Vatna Jökull; while beneath, on the low lands at the mouth of the Markarfljot river, were the scenes of the famous Saga of Burnt Njal, made familiar to English folk by Sir George Dasent. But if Miss Oswald had been merely of a studious turn of mind, only caring for poetry and the literature of the sagas, she might most likely have slackened in her adventurous quests. Exposure to drenching rain in a low-lying cloud-land,—fording rivers that rise and fall with the rains, and, flowing from the snow-fields and glaciers in the mountains, break over the saddle-bows of the undersized ponies,—would have come like a chilling *douche* on a sentimentalist's raptures. But she keeps her sentimentalism for the sunshine, or for the evening, when, in some snug farmhouse or in the shelter of a church, she has “shifted,” and made herself tolerably comfortable. When hard work had to be faced, she gave herself over to the business of the moment. She followed wherever the guides would lead, or could pioneer, if needful, a way for herself. Nay, on one occasion, when, thrown upon her own resources, she even undertook the charge of the drove of spare ponies, herding the stragglers through the thickening darkness to their headquarters. In fact, she appears to have a most happily balanced nature; and, to

use a familiar expression, we may say that she is good all round. It was well for her that she has a strong constitution, for sometimes she rode for a dozen of hours or more on a stretch and an early cup of coffee, without otherwise breaking her fast, except perhaps by nibbling a biscuit; though she assures us that the pure air is so invigorating, that exposure to all weathers and the protracted exercise may be beneficial to even a debilitated frame. And it was well for her, too, that she was a skilful fly-fisher, since she often had to rely on the produce of the sport for the staple of a satisfactory supper or breakfast. But the result of her sundry qualifications is an exceedingly delightful book, as fresh in its style as it is varied in its matter. Everything is made so exceedingly real to us—and that is the secret of a fascinating narrative of travel—that we feel as if we had formed one of the party, and were merely refreshing our pleasant recollections. The descriptions are as simple and easy as they are natural, and do the clever author infinite credit, considering the tame sterility of great part of the country. We seem to know the people, their manners, and habitations, as if, like her, we had spent successive summers among them; for Miss Oswald never goes into extremes, and neither blinks their failings nor idealises their virtues. We are taken in due course to the show-places; and there is always something original in her manner of regarding them, if she cannot say much that is absolutely new. While even if we should be stumbling over boulders or floundering through bogs, with the middle distance shrouded in mists and the background blotted out in darkness, we are generally kept moving in that halo of romance which has been

cast over the breadth of the land by its sagas.

Yet she keeps romance in its proper place; and at least as interesting in its way is her account of the present condition of the country and the vicissitudes of its much-enduring inhabitants. They had known freedom and the most popular forms of self-government when the middle classes and lower orders all over Europe were groaning under the tyranny of the feudal system. The snug homesteads on their barren shores, except for occasional neighbourly feuds, were safe from rapine, when their longships swelled the fleets of the Vikings who were ravaging the European coasts. But they were doomed to have their turn of retributive suffering in modern times, when the Danes had become their masters. The Danes found a thriving agricultural population, with a flourishing foreign trade; and they seem to have done their best to destroy commerce and agriculture by a most oppressive system of monopolies and taxation. They sold concessions of the Icelandic trade to certain middlemen, forbidding under heavy penalties bargains even among neighbours. We are told that fish which might have fetched forty dollars in open market, had to be handed over to the foreign concessionaries at less than a fifth of the money. No wonder that the fishings were neglected, that farms were deserted, and that the population declined. But when things had become almost intolerable they began to mend; and the widespread devastation caused by volcanic convulsions compelled the Danes to relax their grinding laws. Latterly restrictions have been gradually removed; and the popularity of the present king is a proof that his Icelandic subjects are prospering and contented.

At the same time, apart from the difficulty of shaking off the evil habits generated by centuries of dependence and hopeless discouragement, they will always have to contend with the inclemency of their climate. Communications with the outer world are cut off through the weary months of the winter. The working hours in winter are short, which is, however, of the less consequence, that there is nothing to be done out of doors. Above all, it is difficult to provide sufficient winter food for the sheep and ponies, which are the wealth of the farmers. There is grazing enough in the meadows and on the wastes through the summer; but formerly numbers of the ponies were slaughtered in the autumn, when nothing was saved but the hides. Now happily, thanks to the enterprise of some spirited Scotch and Danish dealers, the surplus stock is exported in the fine season, and fetch remunerative prices at Leith and Copenhagen.

But if the winters, with their long nights, have material disadvantages, they have not been altogether without their compensations. It is to those long hours that would otherwise have hung so heavily, that Miss Oswald, no doubt, rightly ascribes the excellence of the early Icelandic literature. Iceland was settled by the well-to-do Northern warriors who came from a land of song and legend. The Norse settler was a solitary man, or at least he lived in his lonely homestead, with no society but that of his household and dependants. "He had time to meditate on the deeds of the national heroes and of his own ancestors—time to turn some of his intense energy into the form of poems and histories, and to repeat them to others, who learned them by heart from his lips. His son, very likely, went to Norway; half a warrior, half a poet, he lived awhile

in the king's Court, had his strong imagination yet further excited by change and wanderings, and returned to Iceland—which then, as now, had for her sons an irresistible attraction—able to tell a better story and chant a finer poem than before. And so the light was kindled, and spread from homestead to homestead, and a class of men rose up, the poets or skalds, who could repeat the sagas, word for word, for hours together." Nor had these poetic warriors to draw solely on their reminiscences or on the old Scandinavian sources for inspiration. On the contrary, as we have said, the most spirited of the sagas, which have been immortalised by the intensity of their dramatic realism, were the reproduction of personal experiences or the events of family history. The acts of the drama, with their bloody scenes, might have passed within arrow-flight of the author's windows; while the flames of the farm he had since rebuilt had thrown their ruddy glare on the waters of his own fjord. There was little difficulty in reviving impressions which left their indelible mark on the memory. And we may remember that the warlike Icelandic settler had a double character. At home he was a peaceful cattle-owner and cultivator of the soil, fairly observant of the national laws, and a kindly neighbour, except under provocation. Abroad he was one of those remorseless sea-rovers who were bracketed with famines and fire in the litanies of the suffering coast-Christians. Professional robber as he was, many a wild deed might haunt him in the seclusion of his family circle and the gloom of the Northern winter. He was still probably half a heathen at heart, though he had been held over the baptismal font, and had vowed devotion to the White

Christ. And superstition, which is the child of crime and gloom, was nursed in those long black Northern winters, when the winds, as they howled dismally without, mingled with the sad moaning of the surf. So fancy peopled the shadows with spectres, who mixed themselves up disagreeably in mortal affairs, and often, like the vampires, kept their human shapes. And so some of the best of the Icelandic sagas have a pretty touch of the horrible, which has never been rivalled by modern literary artists, simply because to these is lacking the magic of belief. The terrible story of the vampire Glam, vanquished in one of the most memorable exploits of Grettir the Strong—though the hero paid the penalty of victory in being ever after afraid in the dark—ought to be too well known to be worth quoting. But there is an episode in the *Holmveryja*, or *Iceland Defence Saga*, condensed with much spirit by Miss Oswald, which is so dramatically characteristic, that we must notice it briefly. Those Northern heroes, as is well known, had an embarrassing habit of vowing difficult and desperate vows when warmed in the banqueting-hall with ale and wassail. And so a certain Hord rose from his seat as he was carousing at the Yule feast, and setting his foot by the sacred pillar of the high seat, swore that before the following Yule he should have "broken up the burial-mound of Soti the Viking." Heated as the guests were, a chill of awe seems to have fallen on them; and the earl who was Hord's entertainer remarked,—“A mighty vow, and not easy to keep; for Soti was a great troll while living, and is one-half more so since his death.” But Hord's followers stood manfully by their leader, and they made their way at last to the

mound, though the difficulties of finding it appear to have been aggravated by enchantment. They dig for five days, when at length they arrive at the sepulchral chamber and force its massive doors. And Hord, uniting discretion to foolhardy courage, bids his people stand back till the evil odours had dispersed, though two of them who are reckless enough to disobey are asphyxiated. Then he is lowered with lights by ropes into the darkness, to meet an earthquake which extinguishes the lights. Nothing daunted, he calls for more candles, when he sees Soti sitting in his war-ship, among his treasures, and "fearful to behold." Hord begins gathering the gold, when the vampire-viking grapples him. Again Hord shouts for light; and whenever the gleam of the light fell upon the being of darkness, he loses power and slides downwards. And Hord emerges a conqueror with the gold and splendid arms, to find that some of his band, unsustained by the excitement of the struggle, but hearing the sounds of it from above, had gone mad with horror. And indeed there is a palpable and physical horror about those half-embodied spectres of heroes, that even now makes the reader shudder delightfully. Naturally, as many of the conditions of existence that may have begot such fancies are just as they used to be, superstitions still linger. Ghosts are common: so lately as the end of the last century we have an exceedingly well-authenticated vampire-story; and whether people rest peacefully after death or no, depends very much on the manner of their end, and consequently on circumstances beyond their control. In certain churches on certain festivals, a midnight Mass is celebrated among the corpses in the churchyards, when they have to listen to a dis-

course by a defunct clergyman. The trolls and elves would seem to have disappeared; but corpse-lights, portending a violent death, still flicker over the scene of the coming calamity.

Sagas and superstitions—which, however, after all, as we have said, give its chief charm to the book—have led us far astray over the fells; and we must return to Reykjavik, where Miss Oswald is preparing for her start, that we may learn something of the manner of travel. As yet there have been hardly enough of tourists in Iceland to create a demand for professional guides. The best guides seem to be found among young probationers for the ministry, who are glad to turn an honest penny. They have the advantage of being well educated, intelligent, and companionable; they ought to know English enough to act as interpreters; they have probably personal friends along the routes by which the tourists are to travel; nor are they above turning their hands to anything in the way of driving the ponies and loading them. Sometimes when they accompany travellers so adventurous as Miss Oswald and her friends, they may be as ignorant as their charges of the country they are traversing, which may be specially awkward when rivers are to be crossed. But in Iceland, in the absence of roads and bridges, men and beasts have developed their natural instincts; the most treacherous bogs are generally passed in safety; and, unless with half-drunken men in flooded streams, accidents would appear to be rare. But even before the guides in importance are the ponies, without which all locomotion would be impossible. They are to be seen all over the country where a subsistence is to be picked up; they

even run loose in unkempt groups in the very streets of the capital. One of Miss Oswald's first expeditions from Reykjavik was to inspect a herd of them gathered for exportation by the steamer which had landed her :—

“A splendid sunset lighted the Faxa-fjord and surrounding hills, and the brown stony waste over which we cantered, chasing and driving the ponies, who, with their tumbling hog-manes and wild heads, neighing, kicking, and scouring here and there, were wonderfully picturesque. Then by our watches rather than the sky, we realised for the first time in the north that it was past midnight, broad ‘daylight,’ but hushed and still; the little islets in the neighbouring sea were covered with ducks, asleep on their nests; nothing stirred though all was bright. The red clouds of the sunset still lingered in the north-west, and close by was the clear pale-yellow light of dawn, marking the place where the sun would soon rise again over the mountains. And when he rose, although there had been no intervening darkness, in some subtle way the freshness of a new day succeeded to the weariness of the night.”

These ponies, though “rum uns to look at, are good uns to go,” and wonderful weight-carriers. Their best pace is a swift, gliding amble; but even those that trot “are generally smoother than ours, and keep their easy speed up over wonderfully rough ground.” Of course you give them their heads and leave them to pick out their own footing, so that anything like what we call “riding” may be dispensed with. As a rule, the Iceland pony has to shift for his living, and is kept in winter on very short commons indeed. But these are exceptional animals, carefully tended by their owners, which show their admirable points, combining substance with blood, and which command such high prices as from £18 to £25. They appear

sometimes to attain a wonderful age; and Miss Oswald enjoyed a ride on the favourite of a wealthy farmer, which had seen five-and-twenty summers, though the rider would never have suspected that. It says much for their hardihood and sagacity that they last at all, considering their exposure and the numerous risks they run. Take, for example, the account of one of the rivers that must be forded—the famous Markarfljot, which runs a short and turbulent course down to the Fjord of the Burnt Njal Saga :—

“Volcanoes and glacier-floods have caused it to make a track about three miles across, down which it runs in many changing channels. It is very capricious; sometimes it may be waded, and sometimes it is a serious and even impassable barrier between the south and the east country. . . . Besides the ordinary causes of *spates*, these glacier-rivers have another peculiar to themselves called the *Jökull hlaup*, or glacier-leap. . . . When it accumulates beyond a certain point it overflows, or, it may be, rushes through a glacier-arch deep in the bed of the river, causing a furious short inundation. In a short broad glacier-stream of two to six miles long, the traveller may be surprised by this glacier-leap in mid-stream, converting in a moment a fordable river into a furious cataract, hurling down ice-fragments and boulders.”

And when Miss Oswald had to pass the Markarfljot, though the neighbouring farmer pronounced it safe, “it seemed as if we had miles to ride before reaching the other side of that network of white, wavy currents.” And the passage of the seven branches occupied three-quarters of an hour; while the farmer told stories and quoted poetry in mid-stream, and Miss Oswald “glanced anxiously at the men shouting to the swimming, struggling herd of ponies in front,

and the whirling white water that eddied round the neck of my little steed." As for the appearance of a party of mounted tourists with their cavalcade, we may extract a passage which says something at the same time of the characteristics of Icelandic scenery :—

"The glory of Iceland is its colouring. With considerable experience of the finest scenery in Europe, I could not but feel that even Switzerland, unless perhaps above the constant snow-line, is not so clear and glittering; Italy, with a stronger light, has not its peculiar purity; and Scotland, after it, seems toned down with a damp sponge. The forms of Icelandic scenery are, however, more curious than beautiful, though they had for me a weird fascination. There is often great width of contour; the hills are in long hummocked masses, with perhaps a volcanic cone suddenly breaking the outline; there is a sort of disconnected uncombined effect about the landscape, easy to perceive but difficult to describe. Trees would not suit it; and its wistful melancholy grandeur is partly, no doubt, owing to the absence everywhere of enclosures, square fields, roads—all lines, indeed, save those curves which nature never draws amiss. The road, when there is one, is generally a mere product of the hoofs of a hundred generations of ponies, sometimes worn into a deep ditch or hollow way, sometimes branching into a dozen little tracks, just large enough for their small feet; and it needs some practice to choose the best line. It is merry riding in the pure light air: the loose ponies rattle on before; constantly one or another strays off after some fancy of its own, and has to be chased back by the drivers, who, dashing up and down, cracking their whips and shouting, adjuring the ponies by name to keep the path or beware of the dogs, make the cavalcade lively; and the way must be bad indeed to reduce it to a walking pace, which always causes the loose ponies to stray more. We usually rode at a steady trot, but with many little halts, now to adjust a box, now to mend a rope, or perhaps to

bait our little steeds on some choice bit of grass."

As for night-quarters, in order to be independent, a tent is indispensable as part of the travelling equipments; and the necessity of carrying it, with the night wrappings and cooking utensils—to say nothing of certain *munitions de bouche*, in the matter of which Miss Oswald was meritoriously frugal—explains the necessity for reserves of baggage-ponies. The tent is indispensable, because it must often be impossible to time the halt so as to pass the night under a roof of any kind. But when it rained and blew, no unfrequent occurrence, "biggit walls" were decidedly preferable to the flimsy folds of the waterproof canvas. The Icelanders are essentially hospitable, though indeed, in former days, they were seldom troubled by strangers. And it was often embarrassing to escape their well-meant attentions, when the stuffy chamber that was prepared for the guests, with its hermetically sealed windows and overpowering odours, appeared singularly uninviting. Here was what Miss Oswald reluctantly turned away from, in a homestead that was otherwise excessively comfortable, when the people were specially friendly and the supper unusually varied :—

"It was dusk when we insisted on seeing our room, now ready, and stumbled along the dark passage into a dismal den with a tiny shut window. Two troughs, black with a grimy old age, contained white *duvets* brimming over their dusky edges. If the eyes were amazed, the nose was horrified; and the prospect of a large small population being left behind, although many of the nine children had been just turned out, was certain. Meanwhile, in trotted, with an air of being in his own room, a large sheep."

There was nothing for it but to

remount after supper and ride onward in the starlight in search of better quarters, at the risk of hurting their kind entertainer's feelings. But it must be remembered that wood is scarce and precious, so that, even adding an "eke" to a dwelling that serves its inmates, is a very serious consideration. Some of the parsonages, on the other hand, like that at Reykvolt, with its wainscoted rooms, are exceedingly comfortable residences; for the endowment often takes the shape of an ample glebe, when the priest is a wealthy farmer as well. But the most characteristic feature of Icelandic travel is the practice, when the party is large, of seeking shelter in the churches. *Was* the practice, we ought rather to have said; for it appears that since Miss Oswald last visited the island, the authorities have been compelled to issue an edict closing the church to the laity on week-days. The cause of the prohibition, we are sorry to say, was the indecent misbehaviour of certain English excursionists; and very inconvenient it is likely to prove to their more respectably conducted countrymen. At first, as Miss Oswald tells us, she was conscious of a strange feeling in riding up to a church-door in the darkness, and proceeding to "off-saddle"—as they say in South Africa—in the kirkyard. But use is everything, and the feeling soon wore away; although there must always be an unpleasant contrast between a "mirk" kirkyard and the genial warmth of a well-lighted hotel. Still, on one occasion, and after repeated previous experiences, when Miss Oswald happened to be the sole night-tenant of a chapel, she found the solitude trying to her nerves; and we cannot wonder at it. She tells her story so well that we are tempted to quote from it.

"Now we had slept contentedly in churches before, but till last night we had been together, and our guides in the gallery, and it never struck me that it was an *eerie* thing to do till to-day, when the Scotchman had remarked that nothing would induce *him* to sleep alone in that chapel. And now, when the heavy key turned with a resounding clang, it felt lonely indeed. A round-headed white gravestone seemed, by the light of the candles within, to be peering in from the darkness through the little window, reminding one how all the company of dead folk lay between one and the living. Moreover, as I walked up the aisle, heavy footsteps seemed always to follow me. It was only the wind; but never till that night did I know what pranks a gale of wind could play in the way of mysterious noises—howling, stamping, shrieking in the rafters, and shaking every creaking plank of the little wooden building. I arranged my cork mattress on our boxes, so as to get my head into the comparative shelter of the pulpit floor, and slowly shook out the plaids so as to postpone the bad moment of having to extinguish the candle, which flared in the chilly draught. At last I lay down to try if my couch was firm, and flapped the end of my plaid accidentally into the candle, which went out, and I had quite forgotten where I had put the matches. But with the darkness, and after a short sleep, came a new sensation,—an indescribable sense of utter loneliness, combined with a suspicion of some presence beyond the roaring blast and creaking timbers. Of old, the vampires—the wicked corpses, with some hideous half-animation—were said here to 'walk the roofs.' Was not the stamping overhead just such a noise? The cairn of Glaumr—a vampire of fearful fame—was not so many miles away over the desert waste to the north—he of whom the proverb goes, if any one looks scared or frightened, 'he has seen Glaumr's eyes.' . . . And there are surely footsteps approaching. I can see nothing for the pulpit. *It* is coming round though, and soon *Its* eyes will meet mine. I make a movement, and there is a sudden startling clang. Curiously enough, that culminating crash seemed to restore me

to myself. I guessed with truth that I had knocked over the brass candlestick — went comfortably to sleep; and I spent the following night alone in this church, with no sensations of nervousness.”

Among the sights they saw in their pilgrimages through the scenes of the sagas, one of the most picturesque was that of the Laxdale Saga, of which Morris’s ‘*Lovers of Gudrun*’ “is a versified expansion:”—

“The evening was splendid, and most impressive was that lonely sea rolling in heavy breakers on the lonely shore. A dark purple mountain rose on one side, and it was shrouded above in a cloud blazing with those celestial colours that one can only remember dimly and never describe.”

Striking, too, in its way, but in a very different district, is the valley of Reykholt, sacred to the memory of Snorri Sturlason, the great historian, and in these days the residence of a dean and Church dignitary, though it is only accessible by “desperate bogs.” But once arrived there, the secluded valley lies like a pastoral oasis in the desert, with its waterfalls tumbling from the hills in showers of silvery spray. And there is one of those ancient works of practical utility which seem to have gone out of fashion in modern times, in the shape of a bath of massive stonework, supposed to have been built six hundred years ago. The quiet Reykholt valley has its veritable history in place of a legend, as befits the place of residence of a matter-of-fact historian. For it was there that the immortal Sturlason was murdered “by the men of his own house—cut off in his strong maturity, before his day’s work was ended!” The deed was prompted and directed by his son-in-law, and it was fearfully avenged. The infamous Earl Gisur saw his own

house burned to the ground, and his wife and sons were burned within it, while “he himself had a narrow escape. The old miscreant hid himself in a cask of whey, and though the burners prodded it with their lances, he managed to ward off serious wounds, and was not discovered, and lived not only to avenge his family, but to retire respectably to a monastery to end his days.” Such was life in Iceland in the olden time; though generally, when a fair balance had been struck in the blood-feuds, the survivors were ready to shake hands and condone the past, free to open a new debtor and creditor account when any incident gave fresh provocation.

We need say little of the Geysirs and of the famous Thingvellir valleys, which, being within easy reach of the capital, are the familiar lions of the country. The gorge of the irritable little Strokr rose as usual when his windpipe was tickled with armfuls of sods; and again and again he leaped towards the clouds, scattering showers of mud and pebbles about him, with the parboiled turf which had awakened his ire. But the grander Geysir sulked for long, although sullen rumblings like those of thunder under the thin lava-crust showed that the subterranean forces were active. At last, however, there came the wished-for explosion, preceded, by way of warning, by a spurt and sound like a cannon-shot:—

“With a booming roar, not a mere central jet, but the whole of the water to the very edge of the crater, rose majestically in a great massive dome higher and higher, till it was lost in steam in the sky. The highest was said to be about a hundred feet; but what with the noise and the steaming, the wind swaying the column to leeward, and the torrents of hot water that were pouring down, one did not

know where next, I was thankful to be unscientific, and to confine myself to looking and running out of the way."

Then we have a charming description of the memories of the verdant valley of Thingvellir, shut in between its parallel precipices of lava, where the names have changed as little as the localities, since wise statesmen and warlike heroes inaugurated the constitutional assemblies there.

A word on the fishing, and we must have done with our too brief notice of a book which in moderate compass is most variously and delightfully exhaustive. For the fishing, as we have remarked already, may be of importance to those who appreciate supper as well as sport. The fishing goes with the land, and leave must be obtained from the proprietor or tenant. Some streams in the immediate neighbourhood of Reykjavik are preserved; but for the most part it is very much the reverse, and the salmon are trapped in boxes or hounded into hand-nets in a most unsportsmanlike fashion. One ideal river Miss Oswald describes, though she is selfish enough

to keep the name a secret, where the salmon are seen "lingering in shoals near the mouth," and where "the scenery spoils one for other landscapes, as the sport for other fishing, and the recollection for other memories." The salmon of Iceland are comparatively small; but the char and trout, both in loch and river, run very heavy. They are bright in colour—rose-pink and deep yellow; and the flavour of the sea-trout especially is delicious. Miss Oswald, who went almost everywhere, taking things just as they came, must often, of course, have enjoyed the very best of the sport; though she tells us that the atmospheric conditions, with the temperature of the water, are apt to baffle the expectations which have been raised by experiences elsewhere. And she concludes with a word of warning, which those who are voluptuously inclined will do well to lay to heart. "There are very few places where tolerable lodgings can be found near rivers, so that the sportsman should be prepared to rough it in a tent, and say farewell to luxuries even more emphatically than in Norway."

THE WHIGS' LAST CHANCE.

AFTER half a century of nearly unbroken political power, a great party suddenly finds itself menaced with extinction. The thunderbolt out of a clear sky, or the ship foundering in a calm sea, are hackneyed but appropriate similes which may be applied to the dangers which at this moment threaten the life of the Whig party. From 1832 to 1859 Radicalism scarcely existed as a factor in political life. The Willis Rooms Compact, which overthrew the late Lord Derby's Administration, officially recognised the formation of a Left Wing in the Liberal camp; but the demands of this section at that time were held to be satisfied by the concession of a minor Cabinet office to a thenceforward mute malcontent.

Ten years sufficed to demonstrate the increasing power of Radicalism; and Mr Bright's acceptance of Cabinet office in 1868 showed the progress of democratic ideas. But the significance of the fact was obscured to some extent by the circumstance that Mr Bright proved a veritable King Log at the Board of Trade; and the Whig party, whilst retaining their full belief in his empire over the working classes, conceived that the acceptance of office continued to be the panacea for the conversion of a Radical agitator into a Ministerial hack. Whig influence predominated with ever-increasing strength in the Gladstone Ministry, and as it developed power, the hostility or indifference of the Radical party towards the Government increased. Then came the election of 1874, and the Liberal overthrow. No one will deny that the Administration had rendered itself unpopular by Lord Aberdare's attack on the Licensed Victuallers—by its failure to settle the Irish

University question—by its reckless disregard of the first principles of political economy, as shown by the Land Act of 1870—and by its pusillanimity in suffering Russia to tear up the Black Sea Treaty, and the United States to present their Indirect Claims case at Geneva.

But though these and other matters had effectually alienated for the time the floating margin of moderate electors, the triumph of the Conservative party would have been far less decisive had it not been for the internecine quarrels of Whigs and Radicals. Setting aside Liberal and Home Rule contests in Ireland, a reference to the Parliamentary Poll-Book shows that in 1874, for 46 seats in Parliament there was a plethora of Liberal candidates—no fewer than 81 gentlemen seeking to represent these boroughs in the Liberal or Radical interest. The immediate effect was to hand over some dozen seats to the Conservatives—but the real significance of the struggle was to show the width of the breach that was opening between the two representative sections of Liberalism. The Radical revolt was temporarily unsuccessful in the majority of instances, and the more moderate politician defeated his Radical competitor, even though he often succumbed in his turn to a Conservative. But the demonstration was a significant one, and should have warned thinking men of the changed relations that were becoming inevitable in the relative positions of Radical and Whig. The stars, however, in their courses, fought against the latter party. In the first place, Mr Gladstone's withdrawal from the leadership of the party, whilst retaining his seat on the front Oppo-

sition bench, placed Lord Hartington in a position of the utmost difficulty. The Radicals, who attributed the rout of 1874 to the fact that the late Liberal Government had not been Radical enough, were not prepared to take a retrograde step by changing an emotional and impressionable Whig-Radical chief for a phlegmatic Conservative-Liberal leader. Mr Chamberlain, Sir C. Dilke, and other rising men amongst the Radicals, paid little more than lip-service to their ostensible head—calculating (as the event proves with accuracy) that Mr Gladstone's self-effacement would only last till the golden apples of power should be once more placed within reach of his arm. Still, the fact remained, that a typical Whig was nominally at the head of the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament; and the Radicals seldom defied Whig authority openly, save where Lord Hartington's patriotic scruples tended to cause him to neglect an opportunity for "getting up a cry" against Lord Beaconsfield's Administration.

In the second place, the pronounced and avowed Radicals in the last Parliament only amounted to about 30 in number. Excluding the Home Rule party, we should be inclined roughly to tabulate the Liberal force in 1874 as follows: about 55 Whigs *pur sang*, or ex-officials committed to a practically unwavering support of the party leader; 85 Liberals, with more affinity to Whiggism than to Radicalism; 75 the reverse; and about 30 pronounced Radicals. In making this calculation, Mr Gladstone's name is included amongst the Whigs as an ex-official, as well as the names of one or two other gentlemen who nowadays bear little love to plain Whig principles. The composition of the present Parliament is far different, as we shall show

hereafter; but the above figures may be of interest as showing the relative forces of Whiggism and Radicalism in the last Parliament; and it is further to be borne in mind, that although a voting strength of 75 is allotted to the Advanced Liberals, that estimate represents merely the strength of those presumably inclined to move more rapidly than the Opposition leader in the late Parliament, and does not imply that any active demonstration by so large a section ever actually occurred.

Lastly, the position of the Whig party appeared to be strengthened, incongruous as it may appear, by the seemingly impregnable ground on which the Government of Lord Beaconsfield stood. Supported by majorities in both Houses of Parliament, far exceeding its nominal Conservative strength, and sustained, up to the very moment of the dissolution of 1880, by such apparent marks of popular favour as the Liverpool and Southwark elections, the late Administration was a formidable foe to grapple with. And the Whigs held that they, as heretofore, were the only possible adversaries to so strong and popular a party. Fearing, however, that their own force was inadequate, they lent too ready an ear to the Radical charmers, who proffered active and unscrupulous aid and momentary effacement of their distinctive political creed, for the sake of electing a strong Radical *personnel* to Parliament. Even so typical a Whig as Lord Hartington stooped to coquetry with Home Rule to buy the Irish vote at Liverpool; and the Cavendishes, Russells, and Gowers marched to battle side by side with the Chamberlains and Bradlaughs, and without despising the aid of the Parnellites. Retribution was swift and certain. The Tories, indeed, were ousted, and with their down-

fall Whig humiliation began. Lords Hartington and Granville were contemptuously told that the days of Whig ascendancy were over, and that a Radical Premier was a necessity. Nor was even the Mid-Lothian idol left unfettered. It was plainly intimated to him that he was not free to choose his Cabinet for himself. High office for Sir C. Dilke and Mr Chamberlain was a *sine quâ non*; and a seat in the Cabinet for one or other of these gentlemen was exacted. The Radical strength certainly warranted this concession. In the present House of Commons, exclusive of members of the Administration, we may set down the pure Whig strength, roughly speaking, at about 40, the Whig-Liberal at 70, the more advanced Liberals at 125, and the Radical forces at 55. As regards the *personnel* of the Government, as originally formed, the fact that Mr Gladstone has crossed the Rubicon, by tendering Cabinet office to Mr Chamberlain as well as to Mr Bright, and places on the steps of the throne to such advanced politicians as Sir C. Dilke, Mr Fawcett, Mr Trevelyan, Mr Courtney, Mr Osborne Morgan, Mr Mundella, &c., should sufficiently indicate the character of the incoming Administration. Against the influence of these men the protests or cautions of a few superannuated Whig peers weigh little with the Prime Minister; nor, it must be owned, are the names of Lords Granville, Selborne, or Kimberley, potent spells to conjure with. The only strong man in the Lords was the Duke of Argyll—the purity of whose Radicalism was held to be undoubted—and in whom the existence of a political conscience had not come to be suspected by the Radical party.

With a light heart the Prime Minister of England applied him-

self to the task of destroying the traditions of his country, and of political economy. In the former operation, he certainly met with no opposition from the Whig party; and they witnessed unmoved the Premier on his knees to Austria—the “scuttling” out of Candahar, and the breach of England’s plighted word—the Transvaal surrender—and the Dulcigno farce.

There were some faint murmurs on behalf of the principles struck at in the Hares and Rabbits and Employers’ Liability Bills; but on the whole, the session of 1880 passed away without seriously arousing Whig susceptibilities.

But they were not long destined to remain in a fool’s paradise. The Government having scoffed at Lord Beaconsfield’s warning as to the critical condition of Ireland, and having suffered the Peace Preservation Act to lapse, found themselves face to face with almost open rebellion in that country, and commenced their extraordinary remedial measures. The reception given to the Compensation for Disturbance Bill recalls Lord Palmerston’s saying, that “whenever he saw a man laughing in the street, he found he was laughing at Mr Disraeli’s India No. 2 Bill.” The unfortunate bantling, adopted by Mr Forster from a Home Rule member’s hands, was indeed promptly extinguished by the votes of the Liberal peers alone on its appearance in the House of Lords; but a winter’s lawlessness and outrage in Ireland demonstrated to the Radical party the necessity of bribing agitators and incendiaries to be of better behaviour. The Whigs had sufficient influence—supported as they were by the Conservative party—to prevail on the Government to introduce a Peace Preservation Act; but the Radicals, in their turn, found no difficulty in putting such pressure on Mr Forster as

to hinder his making the Act a reality.

Meantime the Land Act came like a thunderclap upon the Whigs. Political economy was relegated to Saturn by the Prime Minister, and the Duke of Argyll left the Cabinet to observe its transit; whilst the defection of minor officials, such as Lords Lansdowne and Zetland, bore testimony to the dislike with which the Whigs regarded the measure. Some murmurs were heard in the House of Commons, and on at least one point in Committee; the Government were only saved by the Home Rule vote from a serious defeat. The caucuses thereupon were set to work, and some obscure Birmingham gentlemen took upon themselves to reprove and threaten with condign punishment the representatives of moderate Liberalism, should they ever again venture to display an independent spirit.

Unfortunately for themselves, the Whigs cried "*Peccavimus*;" and, it is not too much to say, destroyed thereby three-fourths of their prestige in the country. They showed they could be bullied; and ever since the Radicals have made full use of the knowledge.

The Land Act passed, and crime steadily increased in Ireland. Still the Radicals held to their creed of buying tranquillity at the hands of rebels; and ultimately the Prime Minister of England went as a suppliant to the doors of Kilmainham jail to entreat the man whom he had imprisoned six months before on the gravest charges of sedition, to come out unrepentant and become the saviour of Irish society. Mr Parnell—the luckier Arabi Pasha of Ireland—laid down his terms very plainly: unconditional release for himself and his friends, a further slice of the landlord's property for the tenant, and the virtual abandonment of the

Coercion Act, on the one hand, and support of the Administration on the other. The terms were too strong for the Minister specially charged with the government of Ireland; and Mr Forster, against whom a Radical cabal had long been agitating, left the Ministry. The Government promised, indeed, a Prevention of Crimes Bill to take the place of the Coercion Act, and to proceed *pari passu* with the Arrears of Rent Bill; but it may fairly be doubted if any adequate measure would have even been introduced—and certainly if it would have been carried un mutilated through Committee—but for the assassinations of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr Burke in broad daylight, and within a few paces of Dublin Castle. This fact, however, did secure a strong measure; but the blind and incurable vanity of the Prime Minister led him personally to seek to modify, in deference to the Parnellites, some of its most important provisions.

No amount of evidence seems sufficient to shake Mr Gladstone's belief that he can by argument, by fair words, or by legislative concessions, overcome the parliamentary hostility of men who are sent to, and supported at, Westminster, avowedly for two purposes: firstly, to wring from Government as much public or private money as Mr Gladstone can be induced to extract from the pockets of the British taxpayer or the Irish landlord, for the purpose of subsidising or bribing the tenant-farmer agitators; and secondly, to propagate the doctrine aimed at by Mr Parnell and his followers—viz., separation from English rule by bringing English parliamentary government into contempt. It is in the vain hope of satisfying such men that the Prime Minister sacrifices colleague after colleague, promise after promise, principle after principle.

The country at this moment looks on in amazement, whilst Mr Gladstone appropriates the whole national fund of Ireland—the Irish Church surplus—to the demands of a single class of Irishmen. He will not even, by substituting a loan for a gift, secure the re-establishment and permanence of this national fund, which might be of such vital benefit in a future political rainy day. It is to go at once and for ever in one fell swoop, and with it is to go in all probability some hundreds of thousands of pounds of the British taxpayers' money. Will the English and Scotch, ay, and the loyal Irish elector, when next he goes to the polling-booth bear this in mind, that in voting for the Gladstonian candidate, he votes for a man who is presenting *millions* of public money as a gratuity to a class of men, amongst whom (to put it in the very mildest possible terms) agrarian murder and outrage lurk absolutely secure from detection and punishment?

The question then arises, Will the Whig party sanction this style of government? If they will do so, they are doomed. If they throw in their lot with the Radicals, it is clear they must share the fate that attends all moderate individuals who place themselves at the head of democratic movements. A more advanced demagogue arises, and the moderate man disappears for ever.

Are the Whigs to amalgamate with the Conservative party? We sincerely hope not. The Whig has no affinity with us in Church principles, and in many other articles of our political creed. And even if we wanted a fusion, it would be unreasonable to expect that one of the great hereditary parties in the State should go over, bag and baggage, to its enemy's camp.

But Whig influence need not

become extinct if the party has the courage of its opinions. Let them steadily bear in mind these few salient points—firstly, that the Radicals hate them more than they do the Conservatives. Let a modern Whig read the provincial Radical press with attention, and study the language applied to the Duke of Argyll—and still more to Mr Forster—after their resignations, and to Mr Goschen nowadays,—and he will see how slight is the esteem advanced politicians have for his views.

In the second place, the Whig should remember that the present Prime Minister yields much to pressure, and little or nothing to reason. Compare his attitude towards the Conservative Opposition and the Parnellites. Ex-Ministers of the Crown may urge in temperate language points of the gravest importance, but their opposition is constitutionally conducted, and terminates with a parliamentary defeat. The Healeys, the Sextons, and the Biggars will reiterate arguments (?), use and abuse the forms of the House, &c., until the Government, like the unjust steward, yield to much persistence. Or if further specific proof be wanting, the recent Ministerial defeat on the Prevention of Crimes Bill supplies it. Mr Gladstone stormed at the Whigs—threatened resignation—was nevertheless defeated, and ate his leak contentedly.

Thirdly, the constituencies like political courage. If a party poses as the Whigs now do, as discontented with many Ministerial proposals, yet afraid to risk their seats by voting against them, then members of Parliament who habitually take that line cannot hope to retain the seats for which they sacrifice their convictions. The Radical voter wishes for a "thorough" representative, and the moderate elector becomes weary

of being taunted with supporting a man who dares not give effect to his own opinions. How different is the position of a courageous M.P. ? To take instances from both sides of the House. The occasional mutiny of such men as Sir W. Lawson, and extreme Radicals of his stamp, passes unhidden seriously by Ministers, the Ministerial press, or by their own constituencies. On the other side, sheer courage has placed Lord R. Churchill in a position of comparative importance. Frequently his views do not commend themselves to the judgment of any section of the House beyond a portion, it may be, of the so-called Fourth Party. Yet the courage of their convictions place men of such varying opinions in a distinctly favourable light before the country.

Finally, the Whig party should remember that they are in some respects in an exceptionally favourable situation for a bold effort to regain their pristine influence in the Liberal party. The country is discontented with the present Administration, whilst not yet perhaps thoroughly roused to the pitch of replacing the late Ministry. The great difficulty in the way of the formation of a third party in the State is always the want of experienced officers. No Cabinet Minister, on leaving office, likes to formally enlist forthwith under a new flag. Personal apprehensions that he may or will be taunted with abandoning colleagues for the sake of office naturally restrain him. But the Whigs, though numerically weak, are strong in experienced officials. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Derby, and Lord Sherbrooke, are of Cabinet rank; and Mr Goschen and Mr Forster are trained to office in the Lower House. It is, of course, impossible at the moment of writing this to predict what will be the fate of the Arrears Bill. Should

it be materially altered by the Lords we may have a general election at once, and a Radical dictatorship (possibly) more firmly than ever established.

But failing this, we may assume that Mr Gladstone's active political life will hardly survive the present Parliament. The rot has set in; for the third time within two years a Cabinet Minister leaves his colleagues, and twelve months hence we believe an undoubted success would await the Conservatives at the polling-booths. If the Whigs throw in their lot with Mr Gladstone, what is their position? Avowed grumblers, taking for their motto, letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," as their attitude towards the Government; they have aroused the suspicion and contempt of the Radicals, who plainly tell them their teeth must be drawn and their claws clipped. Such will be their situation *vis-à-vis* to those whom they will be supporting electorally. But what towards the country? They will present themselves as acquiescent in the long and unbroken link of Ministerial muddles. Plain Whig principles under Lords Palmerston and Russell would scarcely have embraced the "scuttle" from Candahar or the surrender to victorious rebels in the Transvaal. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill and many of the chief provisions of the Land Act and the Arrears of Rent measure are simply abhorrent to the politico-economical principles a Whig sucks in with his mother's milk. The paltering way in which the Government has dealt with Irish crime cannot commend itself to the descendants of the party who have habitually advocated and carried most stringent measures for repression of crime in Ireland; whilst the details of the Treaty of Kilmainham must bring a blush to the cheek of every honest man.

Yet it is for the authors of these measures that the Whigs are asked to sacrifice themselves at the polls.

It may be that they will do so—and share the fate of the Peelites—some drifting into the Radical and others into the Conservative ranks. The bulk of the parliamentary Whigs will disappear.

Such may be their fate, and Whiggism henceforth be but a historical name. But, opponents though we are, we would have it otherwise. Ere it be too late we would say to our Whig adversaries, "Show that you have a creed and opinions of your own—rather than forfeit power, Mr Gladstone's whole action proves that he will listen to you; but, if otherwise, show that you prefer your principles to your places."

Now that Mr Gladstone has had to come forward to ask a vote of credit to redeem the results of his previous subserviency and blundering, the men who strengthen his hands against the peace-at-any-price Radical party will not fail to do their duty to their country by pointing out in clear and unmistakable language that it is the criminal anti-Tory, anti-Whig, anti-English policy of the Liberal Administration which has necessitated the present increased taxation now impending over the heads of the British taxpayer. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*, was our empire built up and maintained. The Whigs have helped in its erection. Its basis is menaced, and to preserve its foundations the present staff of workmen may have to be dismissed. Their dismissal may involve a temporary triumph to gentlemen who are not sympathetic with Whiggism. Can the Whigs sacrifice temporarily a political prejudice on the altar of their country?

Their future hangs on their reply; but with or without them the star of the Conservative cause waxes daily in the ascendant.

It is possible that in publishing this article we shall be supposed to be simply endeavouring for the sake of party purposes to sow discord between the sections of the Liberal party. We have no such purpose. Were England divided into two camps, Constitutional and Radical, the inevitable effacement of the Whigs would strengthen the former party. But we stand towards the Whigs in the position of a duellist who sees his adversary's second prepared to stab his principal in the back. He may warn him of his danger without mitigating his own honourable hostility. As Conservatives we utterly deprecate all Whig alliances; but we see the benefit to our country that results from the conduct of its affairs being alternately intrusted to statesmen who, however divergent their views may be on many points, are agreed on the elementary maxim that law, order, and the rights of property must continue to exist—and who will not prefer the gratification of a moony sentimentality to the direct material interests of the nation.

Hitherto the Conservative and Whig parties have alike upheld these simple doctrines. We are still strong and still ready and able to maintain them. But they are gravely menaced by the present Executive. That Executive is still partly amenable to Whig control. We have the right and duty to ask if that control is to be exercised? Upon the response depends the question whether the great Whig party is or is not to write "*Finis*" at the end of its long and in many respects illustrious political career.

OUR FRENCH ALLY IN EGYPT.

THE longer a storm takes to gather, the more violent may we expect it to be when it comes ; and as we watch the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, slowly extend and creep in sullen masses over the sky until the last speck of blue has disappeared, it requires no weather-prophet to predict what may be expected. The dumb animals scent the approaching tumult of elements often more quickly than man does, and indicate by their restless movements the danger they fear, when he is still hoping it will blow over, and has not yet begun to take the necessary precautions. It was not so long after Arabi appeared upon the political horizon in Egypt, that the poorer classes of the foreign population began to exhibit such signs of uneasiness, and, while the "statesmen" in Downing Street showed by their answers to questions in Parliament that they were still unsuspecting of the impending peril, were whispering their fears of a possible catastrophe. When the riot broke out in Alexandria, they recognised that the danger was upon them, and fled with a precipitation which utterly confounded the British public, and the Government which represents its ignorance. To them it was an unreasoning panic, as unexpected as it was incomprehensible and unnecessary. Street rows, involving the deaths of several hundred individuals, have taken place before this in towns, but without producing a general and instantaneous stampede. Certainly there has been no instance on record when two fleets, containing an armed force of some seven or eight thousand men, remained looking calmly on while a massacre was taking place under the

mouths of their cannon. But their very presence had chiefly contributed to the previous alarm, and had hastened the catastrophe. One is reminded of the village of Elm in Switzerland, where the inhabitants live in hourly dread of the mountain toppling down upon them, and where cannon are exploded to precipitate the rupture of the rocks by their concussion,—the inhabitants having been previously warned off the neighbourhood. In this case, the brilliant idea of Anglo-French diplomacy was to assure the unfortunate inhabitants that the moral concussion produced by the arrival of the fleets would prevent the upheaval which it was expressly calculated to create, and which resulted in such dire disaster. It is the righteous retribution which has overtaken the hypocritical cry of "sheer blood-guiltiness," and made him the most blood-guilty man in England who is responsible for it, and for the torrents of blood of which it may be the insignificant precursor.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the Egyptian question was an insoluble one from the beginning. Those who are the real authors of the mess cannot take refuge in the convenient phrase, "Oh, it is easy now to say what ought to have been done," for there was no lack of urgent remonstrance from the beginning as to what ought to have been the proper policy. Nor can they argue, that if the course then proposed had been followed, it would have been no better. It is certain that no conceivable policy could have made matters worse ; for it is impossible to imagine an *imbroglio* more hopelessly desperate or preg-

nant with greater disaster; and those who have shown such an utter incompetence as to bring it about, have proved themselves too ignorant on the whole question to be judges on such a subject. The presumption is, that as no other imaginable line of policy could have resulted more fatally, other and better alternatives existed. These have been so often suggested that we will not weary our readers by recapitulating them at length; it is at least a painful task to recur to what might have been done, and point out how the whole crisis might have been averted, by the simple pursuance of our traditional policy at Constantinople, in frank opposition to the French, and in cordial alliance with the Sultan, from the moment when we found, two years ago, that the original intention of the Anglo-French control, which was of a purely financial character, was being departed from, and that our allies were actually endeavouring to work themselves into every branch of the administration of Egypt, and to obtain that "preponderating influence" in its internal affairs, which M. de Freycinet honestly admitted it was his object to gain. It is to this miserable subserviency to an alliance, by which England has been victimised, ever since the Crimean war, that we may attribute all our present troubles in Egypt. In '56 we owed to France the loss of Kars, the premature close of the war, and a peace that patched up, without finally settling, the Eastern question, while it injured the *prestige* of England in the East. In China we had to do the greater part of the fighting, for which France got the credit, and for her co-operation, in which Mr John Lemoinne and other French writers consider that we have come under an eternal debt of obligation to her,

when she only proved an embarrassment to our military and naval operations. In Mexico she departed from the understanding in regard to the strength of the force to be employed, and the objects of the expedition, which she converted from one of reparation for just demands, to one of conquest. And now her action in Egypt has been characterised by a want of good faith quite in accordance with these experiences, and supplemented by a policy to which, in our weakness, we became a party, calculated to compromise the honour and dignity of both nations. We now know from the revelations contained in the Blue-book, that it was France who first suggested the *brutum fulmen* of the dual note—the demands of which she was, equally with ourselves, powerless to exact, except with the aid of Turkey, which she rejected. It was France who proposed the fatal expedient of a joint naval demonstration, the consequence of which was to deluge the streets of Alexandria with blood; and it is France who, having committed both this country and herself to a policy against Arabi and the National party, so strenuous that we could not depart from it without dishonour, was all the while privately temporising with Arabi, and latterly openly offering him her friendship and alliance against his imperial master. Fortunately we may congratulate ourselves upon any circumstances which should rid us of such an ally; but had we depended upon France for that support which she was bound to give, after having forced upon us the policy which has led to the bombardment of Alexandria, the climax of perfidy would have been found in her refusing to join in operations which would never have become necessary had we not acceded as an amiable ally to her suggestions.

But her responsibility in the matter lies further back than this. What has contributed more than any other circumstance to the prevailing sentiment in Egypt against foreigners, has been the practical annexation of Tunis, undertaken under the flimsy pretence of chastising Khroumirs who have long since been forgotten, and have remained unchastised, while the Beylick itself has been fraudulently acquired. The fear of a like fate, stimulated very naturally by the growing influence of the French in Egypt, and the intrigues of which that country became the theatre, enabled Arabi to create the National party which has thus suddenly sprung into existence; and although he has invariably endeavoured to persuade the French diplomatic agents with whom he has maintained intimate relations, that it was annexation by England which he really feared; and though he has subsequently made use of this cry as a means of exciting the popular feeling against foreigners generally, he knows as well as we do, that we have never had any aggressive designs upon the country, and that France has; while he has hoped, by directing his animosity especially against England, to derive support from the French, who saw the danger, and desired to conciliate him for her own ends in his action against the Khedive. The relations of Arabi with both the Baron de Ring and M. Sinkiewicz — especially with the former, who was recalled for showing his hand too soon, but has since been sent to assist the Marquis de Noailles at Constantinople—are no secret. During the last two years the French have been persistently carrying on a policy of their own, while ostensibly co-operating with England; and the British Government, too indifferent to foreign politics generally to at-

tend to the warnings it received, and too enamoured of an *entente* which had for its basis the common Republican sympathies of Sir Charles Dilke and Monsieur Gambetta, went blindly in tow of an ally whose political objects were essentially opposed to those of England, and whose means of achieving them were precisely those which England should have been most careful to shun.

No doubt it will be charged against the Conservatives that they were in the first instance responsible for this alliance, and for the introduction of the French into Egypt jointly with England; but it should never be forgotten that, under the guarantees which Lord Beaconsfield had been careful to secure against the possibility of French preponderance in Egypt, it never could have culminated to the point of stirring up a national anti-foreign sentiment in that country. When France was invited to enter Egypt with England, the latter country was firmly allied to Germany, Austria, and Turkey; and with the four Powers thus united, there would never have been any difficulty in dealing with French pretensions. She might have objected as much as she pleased to a Turkish expeditionary force six months ago, when the whole difficulty could have been settled by the military intervention of the Sultan; but no one would have paid the slightest attention to her objections. If Germany, Austria, England, and Turkey considered such an expedition desirable, it would have been sent, and the matter would have been put an end to in a week, as every one conversant with the condition of affairs in Egypt is perfectly well aware. From the time that Sir Edward Malet, who was an advocate of Turkish intervention, visited Constantinople with

reference to this subject, downwards, this would have been the result of the Conservative policy ; and the French share in the financial control, thus fettered, would never have become dangerous, though it would doubtless have been far better had it never been permitted in the first instance. Still better would it have been if, in addition to making the Cyprus Convention, we had obtained by special treaty with the Porte at the time of the Congress of Berlin, a strip of land ten miles broad, from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, including the Suez Canal ; our claim to which would have been then recognised without question by every Power represented at that assemblage. Admitting, however, that it was unfortunate that France should have been introduced into Egypt, even hampered and restrained as she was by the consciousness that her financial ally there was supported by Germany, Austria, and Turkey, ten times more unfortunate was it for England deliberately to cut loose from that support, by a policy of insult and defiance to the three great Powers, and to place herself unreservedly in the hands of France, actively engaged as that Power was at the time in carrying out a policy of annexation of Muhammadan territory in North Africa. It is scarcely possible to conceive an act more short-sighted, more fatal to the interests of England, or more certain in the end to lead to the disastrous results from which we are now suffering. The sooner the British public comes to estimate these facts at their true value the better. The time is past for polite phrases or French compliments. We are face to face with a great danger. That danger can be met by promptly cutting adrift from the influences which produced it, and by realising the fact that England

must be the final judge of the best method of protecting her own interests, and must not allow any feeling of sentiment to arise which may cause her to shrink from the only policy by which the integrity of the empire may be preserved.

Had the present Ministry understood the true position of affairs from the beginning, it should have realised that it was not alone the insecurity of the Suez Canal, and the enormous danger to our commerce which that insecurity would involve, or the risk to European life and property which we had to fear from the deposition of the Khedive, and the predominance of the National party. It was the blow to the *prestige* and authority of the Sultan which was the greatest danger to us, and it was therefore of the utmost consequence that that authority should be maintained in the only manner possible to a sovereign desirous to chastise rebellious subjects by the expedition of troops. It was entirely due to France that the invitation to exercise his sovereign right was delayed until the Conference had been sitting nearly a month, and the bombardment of Alexandria occurred simultaneously with the decision arrived at by the ambassadors to make his Majesty a communication on the subject. Meantime his action, in his representative capacity as Khalif, had been paralysed.

Arabi had established his position throughout the East as the champion of Pan-Islamism, and the Sultan had no alternative but to recognise him, and decorate him, and even approve of him in that capacity. Indeed, the feeling among the Moslems in Constantinople had pronounced itself too decidedly in favour of the Egyptian adventurer for the Padishah himself to ignore it.

Until—thanks to the policy of the Western Powers, to which he owes his success—he had attained the position he has now acquired through their vacillation and delay, nothing would have been more easy than for the Sultan to have crushed Arabi. The National party did not exist but in name; the military party were not popular in the country. The feeling against Europeans had not been roused; the elements of religious fanaticism still slumbered. But the very notion of a Turkish intervention has been from the first so intolerable to France, that the British Government scarcely dared to suggest it. On the contrary, they were politely coquetting, in ambiguous phraseology, with M. Gambetta's proposal of a joint military expedition, and earning for themselves anew that character for perfidy which, it must be admitted, they are far too stupid to deserve.

It must be said for the French that they have shown as remarkable an ignorance of their own interests as we have. It is not an uncommon tendency, when we find that one ally is working secretly against another, to suppose that because the one that is duped gets into hopeless trouble, the other, though perfidious, has been sagacious and far-sighted. This is very far from being the case in the Egyptian question. Had French statesmen been more prescient, they would have recognised the fact that their best ally throughout the whole business would have been the Sultan, as he was ours. Prince Bismarck has realised this fact early in the day, and seeing that a cordial understanding between the French and the Sultan would be fatal to his plans, has worked with admirable skill to prevent any such possibility, and during the last two or three years has so

managed as to acquire a supreme influence at Yilding Kiosk. But a wise French statesman, after perpetrating the *escamotage* of Tunis, would have sought by all means to reconcile the despoiled sovereign to the theft, by taking the first opportunity of conciliating him by favours and concessions in other directions; and when Arabi made the military movement which amounted to a mutiny, in February 1881, would have pronounced decidedly in favour of the Turkish element in Egypt, instead of intriguing with the Arab adventurer to get rid of it. The French from the first saw in the National party their allies, because they made the mistake of fearing them less than they did the Turks. "If Egypt succeeds in releasing itself from Turkish military influence," said they, "she becomes a more available field for the extension of our control; and in the degree in which she becomes independent of Turkey, will she become more easily prepared, first for a French protectorate, and finally for annexation, as we intend shall be the fate of Tunis: whereas if, on the other hand, the Sultan strengthens his military hold on Egypt, he is indirectly collecting an army with which, aided by the forces in his province of Tripoli, he may some day or other threaten our Tunis acquisition, which we know it is his darling wish to regain." This chain of argument has formed the basis of the whole French policy in Egypt; it inspired the objection to Turkish military intervention, to which we yielded, and has been the underlying motive of French diplomacy at Constantinople. It is founded upon an entire misapprehension of the real facts of the case, so far as their African interests are concerned; and they were far more likely to lose Tunis by making an

enemy of the Sultan, and preventing a Turkish military occupation in Egypt, than by making an enemy of Arabi and the party he controls. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that they should have fallen into this blunder. So far as oriental affairs are concerned, M. Gambetta's knowledge of them is about equal to that of Mr Gladstone, and M. de Freycinet's to that of Mr Chamberlain. And it would be difficult to convey an idea of greater ignorance than this. It is not difficult to show why France possesses a better guarantee for the security of her African possessions, by cultivating the friendship and goodwill of the Sultan, than by any other means she can devise ; but it involves a knowledge of the relations which subsist between Turks and Arabs, and of the feelings of jealousy and suspicion which the former entertain for the latter, and which are reciprocated by an animosity to which Arabi, in his moments of expansion, has not failed to give expression. So long as the Khalifate is vested in the Ottoman sovereign, Islam is represented spiritually by its most civilised power—by a race the most advanced in Western ideas of all Moslem peoples,—the most versed in the arts of diplomacy, the most conversant with European modes of thought, and the most capable of appreciating the true interests of the Eastern nations of which it is the head. The very fact that Turkey is a European, as well as an Asiatic power, is to a certain extent a guarantee of moderation and stability in its policy. It is not possible for a Sultan of Turkey to proclaim a *Jehad* or religious war, or to indulge in those excesses of religious fanaticism which characterise Moslem enthusiasts in the remoter parts of Asia. Of all the countries in Islam,

European Turkey is the least fanatic ; and of all its cities, Constantinople is the most civilised. The consequence has been that, little by little, the religious element has waned there, and transferred its centre to other and more congenial localities.

The Moslem race in all respects most strongly opposed to the Turks by temperament, by intense national feeling, and by religious fervour, is the Arabs ; and as, owing to the disasters which have recently overtaken the Ottoman empire, the *prestige* of the Khalif has become impaired, a feeling of disaffection has been engendered towards him, and his hold upon the religious sentiment of Islam has diminished. Hence we have had within the last few years risings in Yemen and the Hedjaz ; the holy cities of Medina and Mecca threatened ; an Arab army at Bozra, within a few days' march of Damascus ; mutterings of discontent in Syria ; the Grand sherif of Mecca assassinated, under Turkish inspiration, because he was becoming too dangerous as a partisan of this new movement ; a new Khalif proposed ; and an anti-Turkish demonstration in Egypt. This agitation has been stimulated by Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive, who has been unceasing in fanning it into flame, by means of emissaries, and the wealth which he still controls : and all through Arabia and the north of Africa an active propaganda is in progress of Arab against Turk. When French operations in Tunis involved resistance on the part of the natives, the latter were too glad to profess devotion to the Sultan, in the hope of assistance, just as Arabi has done later, and for the moment a common hatred of the Giaour has had a tendency to unite the opposing races by the exigencies of a common necessity ; but a Power which is

threatened as France is, in her African possessions, by Arabs and not by Turks, should naturally endeavour to control the former by the latter, instead of pursuing a policy calculated to produce an alliance between them against herself. If the Turk is her enemy, so to a tenfold greater extent is the Arab. And her interest is to widen the breach between them, by making a friend of one, and supporting that one in maintaining its supremacy over the other. For this reason, the true policy of France, in the interest of her African possessions, should have been to have cordially acted with England in inviting the Sultan to send troops to Egypt, when the military *émeute* against the Turks first broke out. And the true policy of Turkey should have been rather to ally itself with England and France than with Germany, as it was evident that the latter Power could have no other object in supporting Turkey, except as against France, and so to bring about that collision with France which it was the interests of Turkey to avoid for fear of the consequences which might ensue. For the danger which threatens England, France, and Turkey, is in one respect identical. It is the supremacy of Arabs over Turks. The Arabs have really far more influence throughout Islam, taken as a whole, than the Turks. If once the spiritual supremacy was removed from one race to the other, the consequences would be almost as disastrous to the Western Powers as to the Turks themselves. For, instead of having a Khalif holding his court in a large civilised European city, himself a relatively enlightened and civilised ruler, accustomed to contact with foreigners, to the forms and amenities of European diplomacy, and living under

influences more or less in accordance with the spirit of the age, England and France may,—if this Egyptian movement takes the dimensions which, owing to accidental blundering, it threatens to do,—be indirectly responsible for a religious convulsion which shall shake Islam to its foundations, and the final result of which would be to transfer the Khalifate from Constantinople to Mecca, or some city of the Desert, where an Arab representative, as enthusiastic and fanatic and reckless as Arabi, might control the policy and fate of Islam.

Up to this time neither England nor France has realised what a religious war really means, or what a danger exists of its breaking out. The Conference was assembled at Constantinople to consult how the *status quo ante* should be restored; but their labours were predestined to be in vain, for at the time they were convoked there was absolutely no way under the sun for the *status quo ante* to be restored. The former condition of things was already ruined irretrievably, and no conclave of gentlemen at Constantinople, however able, or conciliatory, or ingenious they might have been, could perform the impossible; and the European Concert is as completely shattered as the *status quo* it attempted to restore. The Turk, under the fearful pressure of the alternatives now presented to him, may choose the one which seems the less fatal of the two, and throw his lot in with certain Powers of Europe, in the hope that with them at his back he may survive the crash; but it is a question whether even then he can so influence Islam, as to retain his spiritual supremacy over it. The very fact that he leans upon Christian Europe for support at such a crisis, will prove the strongest

weapon in the hands of his religious adversaries—or he may choose the other alternative, and place himself in despair in the vanguard of Islam, and be compelled by the fanatical, reckless, and ignorant forces which threaten to control it, to defy England. Neither alternative is promising, so far as the destiny of the Ottoman empire is concerned. Arabi is in the position of a man who is standing at the end of a train of gunpowder which leads to a vast magazine. He has the match in his hand with which he can light it at any moment, and he has not shrunk from proclaiming to Europe and to his imperial master that at the first shot fired, no matter by whom, he would do so. This train he knows leads to Arabia and Syria; it leads through all the provinces of North Africa, wherever foreigners are to be found; it leads to Central Asia, and possibly to Judea. Wherever Sunni Moslems acknowledge the Sultan as their Khalif, or secretly or openly repudiate him as the unworthy head of their religion, the name of Arabi is extolled as the champion of Islam. And as the weeks and months passed, and he was known to have massacred the Giaours with impunity in the streets of Alexandria, and to have defied their fleets, and laughed at the Conference of united Christendom at Constantinople, called expressly to discover a means by which he was to be got rid of, but without arriving at a result, has his *prestige* increased, and do fanatics exalt his prowess, and burn for the day when he will give them the signal to prove their devotion to their religion by exterminating the Giaours wherever they may be found?

If the first gun fired at Alexandria should indeed prove the match which has set fire to the Eastern powder-magazine, England may

soon find to her cost that she is at war, not with the National party in Egypt alone, which she could easily crush, but with all Islam. It would be crediting the Radical party in England with too much knowledge of oriental affairs to suppose that they have had any perception of this danger; but they may find it useful to account for the change of front which they seem to be making at the eleventh hour, and which is leading them to abandon their cherished leader at the time of his greatest need. Without perceiving, probably, the whole extent of possible conflagration, they awoke, at the moment when it became inevitable, to the consciousness that there was likely to be fighting of some kind; and no sooner did it become apparent to them that the fleet was not going to demonstrate for ever, than they have discovered the inconsistency of their political fetish. It has begun to dawn upon them that Moslems as well as Christians may have national aspirations; and that to stimulate Bulgaria and Roumelia to revolt against the Sultan, and to take sides with the latter against a movement in favour of independence on the part of an Arab "oppressed nationality," involves a manifest want of logic. But they should have thought of this before. It would not have been the right policy; but it would have been a policy. It would have implied, however, that they possessed some knowledge of the subject. It would perhaps be too much to expect of a party who sympathised with the Slavs in Bosnia on the ground that they were all Christians, in ignorance of the fact that more than half of them were Moslems, that it should at once grasp the fact of an Arab national movement against the Turks, much less perceive its full significance; but it is the climax

of imbecility to suppose that a Government which has sent in an ultimatum, with a fleet to enforce it, demanding the exile of Arabi, and received for answer the wounding of its consul, the massacre of its subjects, and the prohibition of its sailors to land for their protection, should have been able to turn round and court his favour with any chance of success. Whatever was to be said in behalf of a policy of concerted action with Arabi as against the Turk, it would have led to nothing but humiliation and disaster. Since the massacre at Alexandria, thanks to the French alliance, we have allowed the question to drift to a point where it became almost as impossible to act with the Sultan as with Arabi. If, in order to avert the danger of a religious war, we had so completely compromised the national honour and dignity as to treat with the Egyptian adventurer, and accept the humiliating terms which he would doubtless have imposed as the conditions under which foreigners might return in safety to Alexandria,—in the first place, foreigners who know the fanatical spirit which has been roused, better than the Radical party in England, would not have returned; and in the second place, if they had, and Arabi himself was inclined to keep faith, the leading spirits behind him have been too much elated with success, and too much worked up with religious fervour to have permitted any such settlement of the difficulty. The proclamation of an independent Egypt under such auspices—and they are the only terms which the National party would accept—would mean the downfall of the Ottoman empire, the transference of the Khalifate to an Arab, and a religious war, just as surely as the first soldier landed, be he Turk or Christian, will in all probability

precipitate that catastrophe. There can be no doubt that the real sentiment at the bottom of the change of front on the part of the Radicals has not been loyalty to their political principle, which compels them to sympathise with every movement, on the part of an alien race, against the Government by which they are governed; but the sudden discovery that the policy which they have hitherto pursued has led them into a trap from which there was no escape but fighting of some kind or other, and they have hastened to range themselves with Arabi, so that should disaster follow, which is not unlikely, they may be able to escape the responsibility of it.

No doubt the bombardment of Alexandria may ultimately lead to the stoppage of the Suez Canal, to immense commercial losses, to an amount of ruin in Egypt from which that country will take years to recover, and possibly to a religious war, involving consequences disastrous to more than one European country; and it will be convenient for the opponents of the Government to say, "All this would not have happened had you followed the advice of M. de Lesseps, and made friends with Arabi at the last moment." But the only result would have been, that we should have sacrificed the national honour and dignity; that after basely humiliating ourselves, we should have failed utterly in restoring order in Egypt; that in India and all through the East we should have incurred the contempt of the natives; and no Englishman would have been safe from insult where a green turban was to be found; until at last, with cheeks tingling with shame, we should have been compelled, for the very safety of our empire, and with a damaged *prestige*, to face a con-

dition of affairs which, owing to our concessions and delays, would be even more serious than that with which we are now called upon to contend. At such a moment as the present, when the country is apparently entering on warlike operations, which will be successfully carried through just in the degree in which the nation is whole-hearted and united in its determination to protect its interests and preserve its dignity, it is more than a grievous error to seek to weaken the hands of the Government for party purposes. The Government is half-hearted enough in the matter already,—it is almost certain to blunder in its military, as it has in its diplomatic operations, and it will be time enough then to relieve it from the responsibilities for which it has proved itself unfit; but to adopt the timid cry of the Radicals as a weapon of Conservative warfare, and become a party to that perfidious policy which would betray the Khedive who has trusted in us, and which has been advocated by our French allies in their own interests, would be unworthy of a great political party. Indeed there can be little doubt that the impetus to this new departure has been given by France. It has already been shown that from the first, French policy has been based upon the idea of supporting the Arab element against the Turk. M. de Freycinet somewhat modified the energy of French diplomacy in this respect on his accession to office, but the cardinal principle of that of M. Gambetta was hatred and suspicion of the Turk, and intrigue and conciliation with the Arab. The latter was destined ultimately to be absorbed, and therefore now to be cajoled. There is a Turkish proverb to the effect that toast should be buttered before eaten;

and the process of buttering Arabi was undertaken with the best intentions when he was first considered a possible instrument for French designs. Hence the whole effort of French diplomacy has been to ignore Turkish intervention, and even the right of Turkish sovereignty, and to treat with the forces in Egypt on an independent basis. It is from no nationality principle that they are disposed to recognise Egyptian independence *de facto*, but it chimes in happily with the Radical doctrine. The ordinary Birmingham wire-puller does not look into such details as the possible future of the new nationality he is so anxious to construct, and how the interests of his own country may be affected thereby, provided it serves the interest of his party. Bulgaria may be freed from the oppression of Turkey to be transferred to that of Russia; Egypt may be severed from the Ottoman empire in order to be annexed by France: these are trifles. The main object is to be able to say, "We have sympathised with the aspirations of a rising nationality, and whatever disasters accrue will arise from your having ignored those aspirations." If, then, France could only have persuaded the ally who has followed her into a series of blunders to take one plunge more, into the biggest of all, on the pretext that fighting would have been avoided, and a nationality aided to its independence, what more convincing proof of the wisdom of his leaders would the ignorant British voter have required? For he knows as little about a *Jehad*, or its possible consequences, as those leaders themselves. If the French alliance must be maintained, it can only be justified by the fact that the statesmen of France have been

made to understand that in their own interests they have pursued a fatal policy throughout. That they will not succeed with the Arabs on the lines proposed by them. That if they want to keep Tunis, it will not be by exciting Arab against Turk. That the weapon they desire to employ is a two-edged one, and that while one edge is directed against the supremacy of the Ottoman empire in Islam, the sharpest and most dangerous is directed, not against France, but against Christendom, and that of all the countries in Christendom, France and England have the most to fear from it. If they thoroughly accept this view,—if they are prepared, if need be, to recognise the absolute control and authority of Turkey in Egypt, and will co-operate diplomatically with England and Turkey towards that result, while they abandon all idea of a military intervention themselves,—there might be a possibility of so dividing the forces in Islam that the danger might be postponed—though it is doubtful whether any policy can now altogether avert it. Should they, as it is certain they will, refuse to work with us for this end, and under conditions dictated by us, and take advantage of our independent action at Alexandria to repudiate any further alliance with us, we should only be too thankful for the opportunity thus furnished of ridding ourselves of an encumbrance which has brought us nothing but disaster, and pursue our own ends alone. Our every effort should be directed towards showing the Sultan that we are fighting his battle, and that the destruction of the National party in Egypt and extinction of Arabi, who is really his most powerful religious rival, is the only hope for the preservation of his own religious supremacy. It is not likely that he could be in-

duced to send troops now to co-operate with ours; but if such a result could be accomplished, one of the greatest dangers would be removed both for Turkey and England. There have been periods during the late events, when it is probable that a joint expedition of this kind—which could scarcely have failed to succeed—might have been accomplished; now the only chance is to propose to the Ottoman Government such conditions, as the result of our own success, which may be accepted by them. To this end negotiations should be undertaken upon somewhat the following basis: A modification to suit the views of the Ottoman Government in some respects of existing firmans regarding Egypt, maintaining, however, the Khedivate, with its present occupant; and in return the cession to England of a tract of land five miles in width on each side of the Suez Canal, including the town of Damietta, as a point at which waterworks should be erected for the supply of fresh water, and including the towns of Port Said, Ismailia and Suez, which should be permanently garrisoned by British troops,—the whole strip forming a territory under exclusive British control, and which should either be purchased outright, or leased for a long term of years, with special guaranties of free transit for Turkey. We should then be rendered independent of the fate of Egypt; and the introduction of Italy, Germany, or any other European Powers who might put forward a claim to share in a financial Board of Control, would furnish the necessary security for the bondholders, while it would neutralise French influence. But the functions of any such Board should be very clearly defined, and no excuse furnished for that administrative

interference, and infusion of foreigners into the whole bureaucracy of the country, which has been the prime cause of the present trouble.

If the Governments of England and Turkey could be brought once more to realise the fact that their interests in the East were absolutely identical, and the Sultan be made to see that the only method of averting the danger which threatens the transference of the Khalifate from the head of the Ottoman empire to an Arab nominee, was an ally who would spare neither blood nor treasure to aid him to consolidate his spiritual supremacy, it is just possible that the great perils arising from a religious war might be, at all events, postponed, and that the interests of Turkey and England alike in the East might once more be placed upon an assured basis; but if, owing either to the unwillingness of the present Government to make concessions and overtures to the Porte, arising from inveterate anti-Turkish prejudice, or the suspicion entertained by the Sultan of the designs of England, and the indignation against her which may have been excited in his breast by the bombardment of Alexandria in spite of his urgent remonstrances, it becomes impossible to arrive at any common understanding with him, then there can be no doubt that, although the perils looming in the future are less serious than they would have been had France joined us in the last phase of our Egyptian policy, they are very great. Military action against Egypt, independent of the Sultan, should almost at all hazards have been avoided, for fear of forcing him against his will and his own interest into the arms of the

Egyptian adventurer, and that section of the Pan-Islamic party who, in their secret souls, are traitors to his spiritual supremacy. By the independent action which has been forced upon us by France, we have, as it were, given the last impetus to the loosening foundations of Islamism, which may come crashing down upon Christendom with the force of an avalanche; and who can set limits to the ruin and desolation which it may spread? It is useless either for the French or their Radical friends in England to tell us now that a policy of conciliation with Arabi would have averted this. They themselves rendered that conciliation impossible by the dual note and the naval demonstration. But we need not on that account shrink from looking the dangers that threaten us in the face,—and these lie far beyond the probable obstruction of the Suez Canal, the pecuniary losses it will involve, and the risks from climate and other causes of a military expedition to Cairo. They lie behind the European complications likely to spring from an occupation of Egypt by England, and the international questions to which they may give rise. We are on the verge of such a conflict between Christendom and Islam as history has never known. The Egyptian thunder-cloud has overcast the firmament of the entire Moslem and Christian world; while we, like mariners ignorant of the signs of the weather, have mistaken the brewing tornado for a slight squall. The question for British statesmen—if there are any—to consider is,—how the ship of State is to be made snug before it bursts upon us with its overwhelming fury.

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RACHEL.

It is already rather more than twenty-four years since all that was mortal of Rachel was laid to rest in the Jewish cemetery at Père la Chaise. The streets through which the funeral procession passed were thronged; and around her grave on that bleak, dark, showery January day (11th Jan. 1858) were gathered all the Parisian men and women of distinction in her own art. There, too, might be seen all the leaders in literature and the fine arts, whom Paris held most in honour, come to pay the last sad homage to one whose genius had often thrilled their hearts and stirred their imaginations as no other actress of her time had done. How many blanks in that brilliant array can even now be counted! Of these, Rachel's great teacher, Samson, to whom she owed so much, Monrose, the elder Dumas, Villemain, Scribe, Sainte Beuve, Alfred de Vigny, Mérimée, Jules Janin, Halévy, Théophile Gautier, Baron Taylor, Emile de Girardin, are but a few of the most conspicuous. As one reads the

record, the old, old question starts up, "Where are they all, the old familiar faces?" Fading fast away, like the fame of her whom they had met to mourn, into that dim twilight of memory, which for most of them will soon deepen into unbroken night.

"*Pauvre femme! Ah, la pauvre femme!*" were the words that broke again and again from the old but ever-young Déjazet, as she tried in vain to make her way through the dense crowd in the cemetery to throw a huge bouquet of violets into the grave. They are words which were often used in Rachel's life by those who knew its sad story. They are the words that rise naturally to our lips, as we lay down the volume just published by M. Georges d'Heylli, '*Rachel d'après sa Correspondance*,' in which it has been told in fuller detail and with a kindlier spirit, than in any of the numerous biographies by which it has been preceded. What a strange sad story it is! The years of childhood and girlhood spent in

poverty, in squalor, and privation, passing suddenly into a blaze of European fame,—the homage of the leaders of society and of thought laid at the feet of one whom they looked upon as “a thing inspired,”—wealth pouring in profusion into her lap,—the passionate aspiration of the young spirit after excellence in her art, and the triumphs there, which were more to her than either wealth or the plaudits of the theatre. Then the melancholy reverse of the picture! A life, wherein that which makes the main charm and glory of womanhood is sought for in vain,—the practice of her noble art, continued not from delight in its exercise, or with purpose to raise and to instruct, degenerating into a mere mechanical pursuit, swiftly avenged by the decline of that power which had once enabled her to move men’s hearts to their inmost fibres, and by the break-up of her constitution, taxed, as it was, beyond endurance in efforts to make as much money as possible in the shortest possible time. Then disease—acute bodily suffering—anguish in the retrospect of a mistaken life, and in forebodings of the eclipse of a fame which was the very breath of her nostrils, yet which she knew too well she had not laboured honourably to maintain—death drawing nearer and nearer, with none of the consolations either in looking backward or forward that rob it of its bitterness, and relentlessly closing its icy hand upon her heart, while that heart still yearned after the scene of her former glories, and felt some stirrings of the old power which had won them. A sad life indeed, and anything but noble. It is not, however, without instruction, either for artist or critic; for it brings strongly home the too often forgotten truth, that to rise to the level of great art, and to keep there, the inner life and the habits of the

artist must be worthy, pure, and noble.

Let us try, with the help of M. d’Heylli’s volume, and some others which bear upon the subject, to present some of its leading features.

In an *auberge* called the *Soleil d’Or*, in the small village of Mumpf, near Aarau in Switzerland, Elizabeth Félix, the Rachel of the French stage, first saw the light on the 28th of February 1820. Thither her mother had come a few days before, unaccompanied by her husband, Jacob Félix, a Jewish travelling pedlar, with whom she had for some time been moving about in Germany and Switzerland. The kindness of some of the Israelites of the village helped her over her time of trouble; and a few days afterwards she left the place, taking with her the baby who, she little dreamed, was to bring back Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire to the French stage. Years passed in wandering up and down with her parents, who plied their vocation of pedlars with indifferent success,—were not favourable either to the education or to the health of their gifted child, or of their other children—for they had several,—and probably laid the seeds of that delicacy of chest which ultimately proved fatal to Rachel. This is all the more probable, if we remember that at Lyons, where her parents went to reside in 1830, and subsequently in Paris, to which they removed in 1832, her elder sister Sophie (afterwards known on the stage as Sarah Félix), and herself used to eke out the scanty means of the household by selling oranges and by singing at the *cafés*, upon the chance of earning a few sous from the visitors. It was while plying this vocation that they attracted the notice of M. Choron, a musician, who devoted himself to

the training of pupils for the musical profession. Rachel's voice was a contralto, but Choron soon found that the organ was of too thin a quality to give hopes of turning it to any good account. But in the course of her training the young girl had shown qualities as a declaimer, which induced him to recommend her to the notice of M. St Aulaire, of the Comédie Française, who, although an indifferent actor himself, was esteemed as an admirable instructor in declamation and the technical business of the stage.

Under M. St Aulaire the young Rachel made rapid progress. She had a quick and retentive memory, and was soon grounded in all the old tragedies and comedies of repute. Her master was in the habit of exercising his pupils upon the stage of an obscure *bourgeois* theatre, called the "Théâtre Molière," in the Rue St Martin, where performances were given upon Sundays. It was here, as M. Samson mentions in his delightful Memoirs,* that he first saw the young girl, whose subsequent success was in a great measure due to his instructions.

"She had been," he writes, "for some time making attempts in tragedy at the theatre of M. St Aulaire, who, although a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française, only occupied a modest place there. He made his pupils perform, and gave them tickets, which they undertook to dispose of for money. This was the way he made his income. The performances in which Rachel took part were the most lucrative. She was frequently brought before the inhabitants of this part of Paris, and she was applauded and made much of by this homely public, and her renown had even spread beyond the narrow sphere where she paved the way for more serious successes. Some of my pupils, struck

by her abilities, spoke of her to me, and inspired me with the desire to judge of her for myself. I went to hear her one day that she played in the 'Don Sanche' of Corneille. She astonished me, I admit, in the character of Isabella, Queen of Castille: I was struck by the tragic feeling which she showed. The sacred fire burned in this young and feeble breast. She was then very little; and yet, having a queen to represent, she dwarfed by her grand manner the actors who surrounded her. These were tall young men unaccustomed to the stage, and her ease of deportment threw their awkwardness into stronger relief. Although forced by her lowness of stature to raise her head to speak to them, the young artist seemed to address them as from above. Still there were here and there, if I may use the phrase, *lacune* of intelligence; the character was not perfectly understood—of this there could be no doubt—but all through one felt the presence of the tragic accent: the special gift was manifest at every point, and one already saw by anticipation the great theatrical future of this wonderful child. Between the pieces I went upon the stage to congratulate her. By this time she had donned a man's dress for Andrieux's comedy, 'Le Manteau,' which was to follow. As I arrived, she was playing at some kind of game in which it was necessary to hop on one foot, and it was in this attitude that I surprised the ex-Queen of Spain. She listened to my compliments with one leg in the air, thanked me very gracefully, and resumed her game."

A talent of so much promise was sure to attract the attention of those whose business it was to find recruits for the great national theatre. M. Vedel, the treasurer, and subsequently the director, of the Comédie Française, saw her play *Andromaque* at the same little theatre, and was so deeply impressed by a distinction of manner which triumphed over every

* Mémoires de Samson de la Comédie Française : Paris, 1882.

disadvantage of an undeveloped figure and shabby costume, as well as by the correctness and purity of her elocution, that he procured for her an admission into the Conservatoire. She was then only fifteen years and a half old, but when she appeared before the Areopagus of that great school—Cherubini, d'Henneville, Michelot, Samson, and Provost—she excited their warmest admiration, producing upon them, says M. Samson, "the same happy impression which she had been in the habit of producing upon less competent hearers." Samson recorded on the books of the school his opinion of her in the words: "Physique grêle, mais une admirable organisation théâtrale." From some cause not well ascertained, the young girl remained at the Conservatoire for only four months, and was soon afterwards engaged upon liberal terms at the Gymnase. Here she made her *début* in a new drama called 'La Vendéenne,' on the 4th of April 1837. The piece failed, and the young actress shared its fate. A fresh attempt at the same theatre as *Suzette* in the 'Mariage de Raison,' was equally unsuccessful; but here she was contrasted to disadvantage with Leontine Fay, whose personal charms and flexible grace of style were already identified with the part. Rachel's appearances at the Gymnase showed that a theatre devoted to drama of everyday life was not suited to the severe and impassioned tone, and the large style in which her genius found its natural vent. Accordingly, her manager, whose faith in her remained unshaken, recommended her to resume her studies for the higher drama, with a view to appearing upon the stage of the Théâtre Français. Then it was, says M. Samson ('Mémoires,' p. 306), "that I again saw her, and in my own

house, to which she had come once before to bid me good-bye"—no doubt, on her hasty withdrawal from the Conservatoire. "I had preserved," continues M. Samson, "a recollection of her full of regrets, and was very glad to see her again. I became her professor, and eight months afterwards she made her *début* at the Théâtre Français in the part of *Camille* in 'Les Horaces.'"

M. Samson was the means of securing her an engagement at this theatre so early as February 1838, but she did not actually appear till the 12th of June. In his journal he records (6th February 1838) that as she was "ignorant in the extreme, owing to the poverty of her parents," he told her father to put her into the hands of Madame Brouzet, the teacher of his own children, for tuition in language and history. That lady offered to undertake her instruction for twenty francs a month, and M. Samson continued as before to give his own lessons gratis. Of the value of these some estimate may be formed from the fact that, among the great number of distinguished pupils whom he guided to a successful career, were such artists as Mesdames Plessy, Allan, Favart, Madeleine and Augustine Brohan, Rose Chéri, Judith, and Jouassain. Samson was not the man to allow his pupil to venture on the stage of the great theatre of the Rue Richelieu, until he was assured that she would prove herself worthy of its traditions, and an honour to her instructor. Besides, she had not only to bear the always heavy ordeal of the candidate before an exacting audience for the honours won and worn by the favourites of the past, but also to win back their attention to the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, which had been thrown for some time into the shade by Victor

Hugo and the other writers of the Romantic School. The art of interpreting the great works of the classical drama had for some years fallen into disuse, and they were voted slow by those who had never seen their beauties developed by the histrionic genius, to which, more than any other, dramatic work of the highest order must always be in a great measure indebted for success. Let us hear what M. Samson says on this point:—

“Talma, dying in 1826, seemed to have carried classic tragedy away with him. Old gentlemen mourned at this; but their regrets were not shared by the new generation, whose wish was that ruin should overwhelm what they regarded as having had its day. At the moment when the crash of political storms was making itself heard, a literary revolution was carried out. What have been called ‘the battles of Hernani’ set all minds on fire, and the stage had also its 1830. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were only played at long intervals, and to empty houses; and these isolated representations only served to show more clearly the public indifference for works of this class, which, after two centuries of triumph and glory, saw themselves relegated for the future to the silence and the dust of libraries. But in 1838, twelve years after the death of our great tragedian, an unexpected event occurred: a reaction, which surprised even those by whom it was desired, brought back to the great classic works a crowd that could not be accommodated within the theatre of the Rue Richelieu, which only yesterday had been so unpeopled. The young and great artist to whom this miracle was due was Rachel.”

The time fixed for Rachel’s *début* was by no means favourable, even if a tragedy of the old school had been as attractive as at that epoch it certainly was not. It was high summer. Consequently, writes M. Samson—

“She had to show herself for the

first time amid the solitude habitual on such occasions. The only people there were a sprinkled few in the orchestra-stalls, regular subscribers, and those who had free admissions, either as a rule or for the occasion. Besides the spectators of this class, there were of course the never-failing loungers of the *foyer* and the side-scenes. This by no means numerous assemblage is composed of actors who are not playing, and of certain friends of the establishment, who, having nothing to do in the evening, drop in to enjoy behind the curtain the pleasure of a chat and of the *far niente*.”

The languid interest with which the audience had entered the theatre hung upon them for a time. But, according to M. Samson, it was soon dispelled:—

“In the first three acts the part of *Camille* contains nothing remarkable, except one scene between her and Julie. The young *tragédienne* was listened to with interest. People noticed the appropriate emphasis of her elocution, the clearness of her articulation, and, in her action as in her speaking, a noble simplicity to which they had long been unaccustomed. In the fourth act her success was brilliant; and at the end of the celebrated curse, she was covered with applause loud enough to have come from an audience of 2000 spectators. She repeated the part several times, and always with increasing success. The receipts, however, did not increase.”

At first, indeed, they were most miserable; on the first night 753 francs, and on subsequent repetitions of the play, 373, 303, and 595 francs respectively. The last sum was reached on the 18th of August, even although attention had by this time been called to the exceptional qualities of the young actress by her appearance in four other important parts of the classical drama. The enthusiasm, however, says M. Samson, “made up for want of numbers.”

"Her second part," he continues, "was *Emilie* in 'Cinna.'* I remember well the amazement of the audience. As I write I see before me all their eyes bent upon the young girl, all their ears strained, the better to enjoy this utterance which seemed so novel, and of which the originality consisted in its being at once natural and grandiose. Her third part was *Hermione*, then *Eriphile*, then *Amenaide* in 'Tancrède.' Always the same success, but success without rebound, since all the leaders of Parisian society were still at the watering-places, and the few journalists who were left in Paris, appalled by the word 'tragedy,' could not screw up courage to cross the threshold of the Théâtre Français. At length came the month of October, the number of spectators increased, and my young pupil continued her representations to splendid houses. Oh those glorious evenings! Never shall I forget them, any more than the mornings consecrated to the stage education of my marvellous scholar. I number them among the most delightful hours of my life. What quickness of perception! What nice accuracy in feeling and tone! Bear in mind that this child knew nothing; that I had to explain to her the character of the personage she had to represent, and in a manner to go through a little course of history with her before our lesson of declamation; but when once she understood me, she entered thoroughly into the spirit of the part. Nothing was vague, nothing left to chance. We noted every point together. From the very first her elocution was of the highest order, and worthy to serve as a model. For Mademoiselle Mars, who—being, as she was, the daughter of Monvel, an actor renowned for truth and perfect intonation as a speaker—was an excellent judge, came, after hearing Rachel, to compliment me in the warmest terms, adding these words: 'This is how tragedy ought to be spoken; this was the way my father treated it.'"

Rachel's greatest success with the public in these early perfor-

mances was in *Amenaide*, which she performed for the first time on the 8th of August. The house had been filled by free admissions of people to whom her very name was unknown. They soon felt that in her they saw no ordinary novice. She was greatly applauded throughout the piece, and was recalled at its close, when a bouquet and wreath were flung to her—these were days in which such recalls and floral tributes had a real significance; but still the receipts showed no symptoms of improvement. On this night they only reached 625 francs. Upon this, the lady who was entitled, by her position in the theatre, to claim the parts in which Rachel had made her trial performances, importuned the director to bring them to a close. But M. Vedel was firm. He believed that his novice possessed the sacred fire which must ere long attract the worship of the Parisian public, and the representations were continued. As the shortening days of autumn brought people back to Paris, they heard of the new star that had begun to shine in the theatrical firmament. The leading critics resumed their labours. Chief among them, Jules Janin, the theatrical critic of the 'Journal des Débats,' was persuaded to see her (4th September) in *Hermione*, the character of which the best judges had spoken as her masterpiece. He entered the theatre expecting to see only the merely respectable promise, of which he had already seen too much; he left it convinced that the French stage possessed in this young girl a genius worthy of its best days. His enthusiasm was expressed in his next weekly *feuilleton* in the 'Débats' with so much fervour, that public

* This was played on the 16th of June, four nights after Rachel's first appearance. She repeated the part on the 11th of July, but not again till the 27th of September.

attention was arrested. Encouraged by this criticism, those who had seen the *débutante* were emboldened to give voice to the admiration which they had felt, but had hitherto feared to express. The effect was seen in a great increase of the receipts the next night. Another article by Jules Janin a fortnight later (24th September 1838), written in still more enthusiastic terms, effectually roused the Parisian public. The theatre became thronged to an extent hitherto unknown. People spent hours in waiting for the opening of the doors. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The new idol became the one great topic of conversation in all societies.

From this moment the receipts of the house ran up to a figure calculated to make every member of the Comédie Française happy. £25 a-night was the average return of Rachel's first eighteen performances. For the next eighteen it was within a fraction of £200 a-night,—a sum of which nothing would now be thought, but which was then regarded as a magnificent return. In fact, M. Vedel, the director of the theatre, himself described it as "colossal;" and he proved his sincerity by raising Rachel's salary, at the end of October, from 4000 to 20,000 francs. Her father, ever thinking less of his daughter's art as art than as a valuable commodity for sale, two months afterwards demanded that it should be raised to 40,000, or exactly ten times the modest £160 a-year which in June, when they were living *au sixième* in the Rue

Traversaire St Honoré, had been regarded by the family as wealth. The demand was resisted, but only for a time. The theatre found it could not get on without Rachel, and she could therefore dictate her own terms,—an advantage which neither she nor those around her were likely to forego. The 40,000 francs demand soon rose to 60,000, and had to be conceded.* But while papa and mamma Félix were thinking only of making up for the privations of the past by raising the family income to the highest possible figure, Rachel herself was straining every nerve to gratify and to maintain the admiration she had excited, adding several new parts to her *répertoire*, and augmenting her reputation by them all. Among these was *Roxane* in Racine's 'Bajazet,' a character which it wanted no small courage in a girl so young, and, of necessity, so inexperienced in the passions by which it is inspired, even to think of undertaking. But courage was never a quality in which Rachel was deficient; and with the precepts of M. Samson to enlighten her, she yielded to M. Vedel's request, and allowed herself to be announced for the part on the 29th of November. The house was crammed with an audience prepared to admire. But when Rachel came to grapple with the part upon the stage, she lost her nerve, her declamation showed none of its wonted fire, her gestures none of their wonted appropriate and spontaneous grace, and the sullen silence which reigned through the house on the fall of the curtain was only too significant

* This was the sum stipulated for by Rachel in 1840, when she attained majority, and was free to act for herself. The exorbitance of her demands then and subsequently made her very unpopular with her associates of the theatre; for although the receipts upon the nights she acted were very great, they fell off so much on the nights she did not act, that the balance for general distribution was kept very low indeed. So completely, in fact, did the public reserve itself for Rachel, that the general interests of the establishment suffered rather than profited by her success.

of a hopeless failure. Anxious to mitigate the censure of Rachel's staunchest friend in the press, M. Vedel visited Jules Janin the next day. They were discussing the disaster of the previous night, when Rachel herself was announced. "She was greatly agitated and embarrassed," writes M. Vedel, who told the story years afterwards. "She hung down her head, said nothing, and looked for all the world like a culprit before her judge." Janin received her most kindly, and tried to cheer her, but told her plainly—for he was a man true to his responsibilities as a critic—that notwithstanding all the interest and affection he felt for her, he could not speak favourably of her performance. "Poor Rachel wept scalding tears, like a scolded child. We did our best to comfort her, Janin sparing no pains in this direction, but insisting nevertheless that she should not repeat the part." On this point he and M. Vedel were by no means at one, for Vedel was satisfied that Rachel would quickly retrieve her failure. Accordingly, as he drove her home he told her that, despite M. Janin, the play should be repeated the next night but one; and she promised to be ready. This her father tried to prevent; but M. Vedel's resolution was not to be shaken. After a stormy scene, in which papa Félix found his threat that his daughter should not play fell upon deaf ears, M. Vedel wrote to Rachel, urging her in the kindest terms not to listen to her father, or to put her future in peril by violating the terms of her engagement. This brought the following reply:—

"Ne suis-je à vos ordres? Quand on aime les gens, on fait tout pour leurs plaisirs. Tout à vous.*—RACHEL."

The next morning Jules Janin's article appeared. It was remorseless:—

"What," it said, "were people about in making her play *Roxane*? How could this child divine a passion of the senses, not of the soul? . . . This delicate girl, this puny overtasked frame, this undeveloped bosom, this troubled tone—could these suffice to represent the stalwart lioness whom we call *Roxane*? Mdlle. Rachel appeared, and in an instant the house felt she was unequal to the task: this was not the *Roxane* of the poet, it was a young girl astray in the seraglio."

No pleasant reading this for the director, still less for the young actress. Putting the best face on matters which he could, M. Vedel went to her dressing-room before the play began. He found her ready, and looking superb in her sultana costume. "Well, child," he exclaimed, "how do you feel?" "Oh, well," she answered, smiling; "I have done what I wished to do, but it has cost me no small trouble. I had a terrible struggle to face; but I believe things will go better to-night." "You are not afraid, then?" "No." "I like this confidence: it augurs well. You have read Janin's article?" "Yes; he pays me out finely. I am furious, but so much the better. It has strung me up. Anger is sometimes a useful stimulant."

However this may be, Rachel's performance that night completely effaced the impression of her former failure. It even threw all her previous successes into shade. The audience were in raptures. She was recalled at the end of the play with frantic applause, and an avalanche of bouquets descended upon her in such profusion that they had to be removed by the servants of

* Rachel's grammar, as it appears in her letters, like her spelling, was often very shaky.

the theatre. After the play *M. Vedel* repaired to her dressing-room, when, making her way through the crowd of voluble admirers that filled it, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Thanks! thanks! I felt sure that you were right." From this point Rachel's position as the foremost actress of her class was secured; and as she gained in physical strength and in experience, her hold upon her audiences became greater and greater—for in these early days she prosecuted her studies with enthusiasm, and her heart was filled with high aspirations after an exalted ideal.

M. Samson's description of her person and style in her early and best days, between 1840 and 1845, will recall her vividly to those who had then the good fortune to see her:—

"Rachel," he says, "was over the middle height; her forehead was arched, her eyes deeply set, and, without being large, very expressive; her nose straight, with, however, a slight curve in it. Her mouth, furnished with small teeth, white and well set, had an expression at once sarcastic and haughty. Her throat was perfect in its lines, and her head, small and with a low forehead, was set gracefully upon it. She was very thin; but she dressed with an art so subtle as to make of this thinness almost a beauty. Her walk and gestures were easy, all her movements supple, — her whole person, in short, full of distinction.

She had, to use a common expression, the hands and feet of a duchess.* Her voice, which was a contralto, was limited in its compass; but thanks to the extreme accuracy of her ear, she made use of it with exquisite skill, and drew from it the finest and most delicate inflections. When she began to speak, her tones were a little hoarse, but this soon went off.

"When she first appeared at the *Comédie Française*, her figure had not reached the development which it subsequently acquired: there was in her small features, in her close-set eyes, a sort of confusion, if I may be allowed the expression, and people said she was ugly. Later on they said she was beautiful. In point of fact, she was neither the one nor the other, but both, according to the hour, the day, the expression which dominated her face.

"Ah," he continues, "how to give an idea of this admirable talent to those who have not heard her? I, who taught her for so many years the secret of the art, am forced to avow how impotent are my attempts to make her known. . . . The talent of the actor descends to the grave with him, and the recollections which he has left with his admirers — recollections always imperfect — fade away by degrees from the memory, and perish at last with the generation that loved and applauded him."

We find an account of her, in what was the most interesting period of her history, in a letter written in May 1839 by Alfred de Musset to a female friend, which appeared in the volume of his posthumous works published in 1867. It is

* This description may be compared with that given by Mrs Fanny Kemble in her '*Records of Later Days*,' vol. ii. p. 99, where she speaks, writing in June 1841, of Rachel as "of a very good height, too thin for beauty, but not for dignity or grace. . . . Her face is very expressive and dramatically fine, though not absolutely beautiful. It is a long oval, with a head of classical and very graceful contour, the forehead rather narrow and not very high; the eyes small, dark, deep set, and terribly powerful; the brow straight, noble, and fine in form." As we write, we have before us a medallion profile, life-size, of Rachel, and a cast of her hand, closed upon a dagger, — both gifts of the great actress in 1841. To beauty, in so far as that consists of finely balanced symmetry of outline, Rachel could lay no claim; but her features had pre-eminently that "best part of beauty," due to play of expression, which, as Bacon has said, "no art can express." Her hand was small and beautifully formed, and even in the cast shows how intense was the nervous force which she threw into her action.

one of those vivid sketches which only a poet could have written, and which places the young artist before us in lines never to be forgotten. The "noble *enfant*," as De Musset calls her, had played *Amenäide* in 'Tancrède' that evening superbly; and in the great scene of the fifth act she had seemed to De Musset to surpass herself. She told him that she had herself been so much overcome by emotion, her tears falling thick and fast, that she had been afraid she would have broken down. Emotion so strong, all great actors have said, is generally fatal to true artistic effect.* But Rachel was then young in her vocation, and had not learned the self-control of the practised artist. She was on her way home from the theatre, with a train of young friends of both sexes, when the poet met her under one of the arcades of the Palais Royal. "Come home and sup with us," she said; and home to her father's homely apartment in the Passage Véro Dodat the party went. They had scarcely sat down when Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theatre. The maid-servant—the household had but one—was despatched to fetch them. Mamma Rachel was famishing—others of the guests were conscious of a void that cried

aloud to be filled. But, alas! there was no servant to get the supper ready or to serve it up. Rachel solved the difficulty.

"She rises," writes De Musset, "goes off to change her dress, and repairs to the kitchen. In quarter of an hour she returns in a dressing-gown and night-cap, a handkerchief over her ears, pretty as an angel, holding in her hand a plate, on which are three beefsteaks, cooked by her own hand. She sets down the dish in the middle of the table, saying 'Fall to!' Then she returns to the kitchen, and comes back holding in one hand a soup-tureen full of smoking *bouillon*, and in the other a *casseroles* with spinach. Behold the supper! No plates nor spoons, the maid having carried off the keys. Rachel opens the buffet, finds a salad-bowl filled with salad, seizes the wooden spoon, unearths a dish, and sets herself to eat alone.

'But,' says mamma, 'there are pewter plates in the kitchen.'

Off goes Rachel in search of them, brings them, and distributes them to the guests. On which the following dialogue begins, in which you have my assurance that I have not changed one word:—

Mamma. My dear, the beefsteaks are overdone.

Rachel. Quite true; they are as hard as wood. In the days that I did our housework I was a better cook than that. Well, it is one talent the less. What would you have? I have lost in one way, gained in another. Sarah, you don't eat.

* Thus Talma writes: "Acting" is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution." So again, M. Samson says ('Mémoires,' p. 39): "An actor who should regard his own emotions in any other light than as materials to be made use of, or make the passions of his part his own, would run the risk of a *fiasco*. Emotion stammers and sobs. It makes the voice broken and unsteady. Indulged, it would cease to be articulate. The natural effect of passion is to deprive us of self-control. The head goes; and why should you suppose that one should do a thing well rather than ill when one has ceased to know what one is doing at all?" The truth seems to be, that to be great, an actor or actress must, in studying a part, feel all the emotions proper to it, be shaken by passion, weep tears over it, live through its agonies, be transported by its joys, and do this so completely that on the stage the right tone of feeling shall pervade the impersonation, but be all the while held in check by the controlling power of art.

Sarah. No; I can't eat off a pewter plate.

Rachel. Oh! and so it is since I bought a dozen plated dishes out of my savings that you are too fine to soil your fingers with pewter! If I grow richer, you will soon be wanting one servant behind your chair and another before it. (*Pointing with her fork.*) I will never banish these old plates from our house. They have served us too long. Isn't it so, mamma?

Mamma (*with her mouth full*). What a child it is!

Rachel (*turning to me*). Just fancy! when I played at the Théâtre Molière, I had only two pair of stockings, and every morning—

Here Sister Sarah began jabbering in German, to prevent her sister from going on.

Rachel. No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of. At that time I had but two pairs of stockings, and, to play at night, I had to wash a pair of them every morning. That pair was hanging up on a cord in my room whilst I was wearing the others.

I. And you did the house-work?

Rachel. I rose every day at six; and by eight all the beds were made. I then went to market to buy the dinner.

I. And did you take toll upon the purchases? (*Faisiez-vous danser l'anse du panier?*)

Rachel. No: I was a very honest cook; wasn't I, mamma?

Mamma (*going on eating*). Oh, that's true.

Rachel. Once only I played the thief for a month. When I bought for four sous, I counted five, and when I paid ten sous, I charged twelve. At the end of a month I found myself at the head of three francs.

I. (*severely*). And what did you do with these three francs, mademoiselle?

Mamma (*seeing that Rachel was silent*). Monsieur, she bought Molière's works with them.

I. Indeed!

Rachel. Indeed yes! I already had a Corneille and a Racine; a Molière I sorely wanted. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes."

This kind of talk bored the majority of the guests, and three-

fourths of them got up and left. De Musset continues:—

"The servant returns, bringing the rings and bracelets. They were laid upon the table. The two bracelets are magnificent—worth at least four or five thousand francs. They are accompanied by a crown in gold, and of great value. The whole lie higgledy-piggledy on the table with the salad, the spinach, and the pewter plates. Meanwhile, struck with the idea of the housemaid's work, of the kitchen, of the beds to make, and the toils of the needy life, I fix my eyes upon Rachel's hands, rather fearing to find them ugly or injured. They are delicately small, white, dimpled, and tapering off into fine points—a true princess's hands.

Sarah, who does not eat, continues to grumble in German. . . .

Rachel (*replying to the German growls*). You worry me. I want to talk about my young days."

Supper ended, Rachel brews a bowl of punch for her guests, amuses herself by setting fire to it; has the candles—much to the horror of the Argus-eyed mamma, who obviously had her doubts as to what De Musset might do in the dark—put under the table, so as to heighten the effect of the blue flames; and when they are put back, and the punch distributed, takes the little poignard from De Musset's cane, and uses it for a toothpick.

"Here," says the poet, "the common talk and childish pranks come to an end. A single word is enough to change the whole character of the scene, and to bring into this picture poetry and the artistic instinct.

I. How you read the letter to-night! You were greatly moved.

Rachel. Yes. It seemed as if something within me were going to break. But that is nothing. I don't like the piece [Voltaire's 'Tancrède'] much. It is false.

I. You prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel. I love Corneille dearly, and

yet he is sometimes trivial ; sometimes stilted. There is not the ring of truth in these passages.

I. Oh, gently, mademoiselle !

Rachel. Let us see. When in 'Horace,' for example, Sabine says, *Ou peut changer d'amant, mais non changer d'époux* ; I don't like that. It is coarse.

I. You will admit, at any rate, it is true.

Rachel. Yes ; but is it worthy of Corneille ? Talk to me of Racine ! Him I adore. Everything he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble !

I. *Apropos* of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter, which contained a suggestion about the last scene of Mithridate ?

Rachel. Perfectly ; I followed the advice given to me, and ever since I have been greatly applauded in this scene. Do you know who it was wrote to me ?

I. I do ; it is the woman in all Paris with the largest mind, and the smallest foot. What part are you studying just now ?

Rachel. This summer we are going to play 'Marie Stuart' and then 'Polyeucte,' and perhaps——

I. Well ?

Rachel (*striking the table emphatically*). Well, I want to play *Phèdre*. They tell me I am too young, too thin, and a thousand other absurdities. But I answer, it is the finest part in Racine ; I believe I can play it.

Sarah. Perhaps, dear, you are mistaken.

Rachel. That's my affair. If people say that I am too young, and that the part does not suit me, *parbleu !* they said heaps of things about my playing *Roxane* ; and what did they all come to ? If they say that I am too thin, I maintain this is sheer nonsense. A woman who is possessed by a shameful love, but who dies rather than abandon herself to it ; a woman parched up with the fire of passion and the waste of tears,* such a woman cannot have a chest like Madame Paradol. It would be contrary to all nature. I have read the part ten times within

the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know, but I tell you that I feel it. Let the papers say what they please, they shall not change my mind on the subject. They are at their wits' end to find things to annoy me, when they might help and encourage me ; but I shall act, if it comes to that, for three people. (*Turning towards me.*) Yes ! I have read certain articles that speak out frankly and conscientiously, and I know nothing better, more useful ; but there are people who use their pen to lie, to destroy. They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the mind by pin-pricks. Oh, I feel as though I could poison them !

Mamma. My dear, you do nothing but talk ; you are tiring yourself. This morning you were up by six ; I can't imagine what you are made of. You have been chatter-chattering all the day, and played to-night, besides ; you will make yourself ill.

Rachel (*with vivacity*). No ! I tell you—no ! All this gives me life. (*Then turning to me.*) Would you like me to fetch the book ? We shall read the play together.

I. Would I like it ? You could not please me more.

Sarah. But, dear, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel. Very well ; what prevents you from going to bed ?

Thereupon off goes Sarah to bed. Rachel rises and leaves the room. Presently she returns with the volume of Racine in her hand ; her look and bearing have in them something not to be described—something solemn and devout, like that of an officiating priestess on her way to the altar, bearing the sacred vessels. She seats herself near De Musset, and snuffs the candle. Mamma, with a smile on her face, drops off into a doze.

" Rachel (*opening the volume with marked respect and bending over it*). How I love this man ! When I put my nose into this book, I would like

* Rachel was thinking of the line, "*J'ai languï, j'ai séché, dans les feux, dans les larmes.*"

to stay there two days without drinking or eating.

"Rachel and I began to read the 'Phèdre,' with the book placed on the table between us. All the guests go away. Rachel, with a slight nod, salutes them one by one as they leave, and goes on reading. At first she recites in a kind of monotone, as if it were a litany. By degrees she kindles. We exchange our remarks, our ideas, on each passage. At length she comes to the declaration.* She stretches out her right arm upon the table; with her forehead resting upon her left hand, which is supported on her elbow, she gives full vent to her emotion. Nevertheless she only speaks in a suppressed voice. All at once her eyes sparkle—the genius of Racine illuminates her face; she grows pale, then red. Never did I behold anything so beautiful, so interesting; never, on the stage, has she produced such an effect upon me.

"The fatigue, a little hoarseness, the punch, the lateness of the hour, an animation almost feverish on her small girlish cheeks, encircled by the night-cap, a strange unwonted charm diffused over her whole being, those brilliant eyes that read my soul, a childlike smile, which finds the means of insinuating itself through all that passes; add to this, the table in disorder, the candle with its flickering flame, the mother dozing beside us,—all this composes at once a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter of romance worthy of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and a souvenir of the artist's life which shall never fade out of my memory.

"This went on till half-past twelve, when her father returns from the opera, where he had been to see Mdlle. Judith make her first appearance in 'La Juive.' No sooner is he seated, than he addresses to his daughter two or three words of the most churlish kind, ordering her to cease reading. Rachel closes the volume, saying, 'Disgusting! I shall buy a matchbox, and read in my bed alone.' I looked at her; great tears were standing in her eyes.

"It was indeed disgusting, to see

such a creature treated thus. I rose and took my leave, filled with admiration, with respect for her, and profound sympathy."

Years were to elapse and the young actress to rise to the height of her fame, before she realised her dream of impersonating *Phèdre*. It was well that it was delayed until her powers were fully matured, and she was able to present it to the world as her masterpiece. Meanwhile the public of Paris were content to see her again and again in the parts in which she had first won their regards, with the addition of a few others—such as *Esther* (Racine), *Laodice* in 'Nicomède' (Corneille), *Pauline* in 'Polyeucte' (Corneille)—from the old classical pieces, which had so recently been thought to have completely lost their hold upon the stage. The favourite of the theatre became also the favourite of the saloons, and the doors of the most exclusive houses, even of the Quartier St Germain, were thrown open to her. At none was she more welcome than at that of Madame Recamier, where she held her own with distinction amid the brilliant circle which clustered round that fascinating woman. What Rachel was then, Madame Lenormand describes in her Memoirs of Madame Recamier, with an accuracy for which those who met her in society at this period can vouch.

"Whoever," she writes, "has not heard and seen Mdlle. Rachel in a *salon* can have only an incomplete idea of her feminine attractions, and of her talent as an actress. Her features, a little too delicate for the stage, gained much by being seen nearer. Her voice was a little hard; but her accent was enchanting, and she modulated it to suit the limits of a *salon*

* That is, the fine scene, act ii. sc. 5, in which *Phèdre* makes confession to *Hippolytus* of her love for him.

with marvellous instinct. Her deportment was in irreproachable taste; and the ease and promptitude with which this young girl, without education or knowledge of good society, seized its manner and tone, was certainly the perfection of art. Deferential with dignity, modest, natural, and easy, she talked interestingly of her art and her studies. Her success in society was immense."

What wonder! In the poetical world in which her imagination was then and had for years been working, she had lived in the society in which the simplicity, courtesy, and absence of self-assertion which go to produce distinction of manner are best learned.

The echo of Rachel's fame, confirmed as it was by the great cities of France, in the course of successful but most exhausting tours in 1840, greatly excited public curiosity on this side of the Channel; and when she appeared at her Majesty's Theatre in May 1841, she was received with a warmth for which she was not prepared. In a letter quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume (17th May 1841), she writes:—

"Here I am in London,—my success most brilliant,—for everybody says they never witnessed anything to equal it. I made my first appearance as *Hermione* in 'Andromaque,' and I assure you that, when I went upon the stage, my feet shook under me, and I believe I should have dropped down with fright, had not a tremendous volley of applause come to sustain me, and to rouse me to fuller consciousness of all it behoved me to do to merit this reception, which was mere kindness, and nothing but kindness, since they had not yet heard me. The bravos and plaudits accompanied me to the close of my part, and then I was recalled. Hats and handkerchiefs waved from the boxes, and a number of bouquets fell at my feet. A magnificent engage-

ment has just been offered me for next season."

A few days further on (31st May), she writes to the same friend: "The English journalists say quantities of fine things about me, and all unsolicited (*sans cartes de visite*). On Wednesday I am engaged to the Queen (Dowager) at Marlborough House. All the Court will be there! I am so frightened!" All was not sunshine, however. A bad attack of illness interrupted her performances, and she was surrounded exclusively by strangers. Her sister Sarah came over from Paris. "Ah," Rachel writes (15th June), "how glad I am I made her come to London! I was so sad far away from all those I love, and without the power even of speaking of them! I assure you this contributed greatly to my eight days' illness."

In the same letter she speaks of her triumphant success in *Marie Stuart*, which was certainly not one of her best parts. "Ten bouquets and two chaplets fell at my feet with thunders of applause. The receipts mounted to 30,000 francs (£1200) and a few guineas. . . . 13,000 (£520) were sent to me next morning. I am content."

In England Rachel was received in the best society with no less cordiality than she had been in Paris. She still bore an unblemished reputation as a woman, without which in those days her admission into good society would have been impossible.* The houses of the leading nobility were opened to her, The Dowager-Queen Adelaide paid her marked attention. She performed at Windsor Castle, and was presented by the Duchess of Kent to the Queen, from whom she re-

* Our fine ladies had not as yet been so completely educated out of the simplest rules of propriety as not to be startled by the announcement of an actress admitted to their drawing-rooms as "*Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt et son fils*."

ceived a handsome bracelet, with the inscription, "*Victoria Reine à Mademoiselle Rachel.*" The parts in which she appeared were not of a kind to endear her to our English tastes, for they had in them little of the womanly tenderness and charm which Shakespeare has led us to look for in our dramatic heroines, and for which neither her voice nor powers of expression were well suited. But these were of a kind that penetrated even when they pained; for not in our time had been seen such thrilling delineations of the passions enumerated by Mrs Fanny Kemble as "the haunt and main region" of Rachel's genius — "scorn, hatred, revenge, vitriolic irony, concentrated rage, seething jealousy, and a fierce love, which seems in its excess allied to all the evil which sometimes springs from that bitter-sweet root."

The English critics complained of this want of the more attractive feminine qualities in Rachel's performances. It was a want which no actress, no young one at least, would be willing to own; and in the hope of disproving the charge, Rachel, in the following year, essayed the character of *Chimène* in Corneille's '*Cid*,' and of *Ariane* in the same author's tragedy of that name. But these impersonations only confirmed the judgments of those of her critics, in Paris as well as in London, who denied to her the power of touching "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Still, within her own peculiar province she stood alone; and when she returned to England in 1842, she established that supremacy even more firmly by an obvious improvement not merely in physical power, but also in the resources of her art. Not the least in Rachel's estimation of the trophies which she carried away from this visit, was a letter from the Duke of Wellington,

assuring her of his great anxiety to be present at her benefit, for which he had secured a box, which he will not fail to occupy "*si il lui devient possible*"—the French, it will be observed, is rather of the "Frenche atte Bowe" kind—"de s'absenter ce jour là de l'assemblée du Parlement dont il est membre. Il regrettera beaucoup *si il se trouve impossible ainsi d'avoir la satisfaction de la voir et l'entendre encore une fois avant son départ de Londres.*"

The enthusiasm of Paris and London was, if possible, surpassed by that of the principal cities of France and Belgium. Some of Rachel's letters from Rouen, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, quoted in M. d'Heylli's volume, give a vivid picture of the heavy cost to the strength and to the emotions of the young artist at which her successes in the provinces were purchased, at the time when she ought to have been seeking repose. Thus, on the 11th June 1840, she writes from Rouen to a friend: "True, I have success, but not one friend. Here I never stir out: I write all day long; 'tis my only distraction. It seems to me death were preferable to this life, which I drag along as a convict drags his chain." Everywhere the fatigue had to be encountered of receiving all sorts of admirers, who quite forgot to consider whether their compliments compensated for the inroads they made upon the artist's hours of study and repose. "I am interrupted every minute," she writes from Bordeaux (4th August 1841) to Jules Janin, "by people who constantly ply me with the same phrases, and this without ever altering a syllable." The odes and sonnets from young poets, which rained upon her, provoked more of her mirth than of her sympathy. "To-day," she writes a few days

later, "I received another set of verses from a young *avocat*; they are warm in the South, and declarations abound. These amuse me, when they are written; but, *par bouche*, my tragic air comes in to my assistance, and I make short work of them." In the midst of all these distractions, Rachel reads and studies, and dreams of the new part of *Judith*, on which Madame de Girardin is at work for her.* But the strain was too heavy, and on the 19th of August 1841, we find her writing from Bordeaux: "Sooth to say, I know not if I can live long in this way. I am exhausted, sad, and were I to write longer, I should weep hot tears." Rachel was still under age, and at the disposal of her parents. They seem to have taken no account of her fatigue. The receipts she brought in were superb. What more could their gifted daughter desire?

Deeply and fatally as Rachel became infected in after-years with the same greed of gain, it is obvious from her letters that in these early years it had not deadened in her the instincts of the artist. When playing in Marseilles in June 1843, she read her audience a lesson which our English audiences would be all the better of having occasionally read to them. Writing to Madame de Girardin, she says:—

"Let me tell you of a little stroke of audacity, which fills me with alarm when I recall it in cold blood. In the middle of one of the most stirring scenes of 'Bajazet,' some one took it into his head to throw me a wreath, to which I paid no heed, desiring to keep in the part (*réster en situation*), while the audience shouted, 'The

wreath! the wreath!' *Atalide*, thinking more of the audience than of her part, picked up the wreath, and presented it to me. Indignant at a barbarous interruption of this kind, truly worthy of an opera audience, I seized the unlucky wreath with indignation, and flinging it on one side, went on with *Roxane*. Fortune loves the bold. Never was there a stronger proof of this axiom; for this movement of unstudied impulse was hailed with three salvoes of applause."

So again, when writing to her young brother, Raphael Félix, from Lyons (7th July 1843), her words of excellent advice show that her heart still burned with the enthusiastic reverence for her art, from which she drew her inspiration, and by which Alfred de Musset had been so deeply fascinated.

"Now, my dear brother," she writes, "tell me something of your pursuits, your plans for the future, for it is time you were up and doing. You will soon be a man, and you ought to know, '*Que l'habit ne fait pas le moine*.' If, as I foresee, your inclinations carry you towards the stage, try at least to look upon the actor's vocation as an art; treat it as a matter of conscience, not as something merely to make a position for you—as one does with a girl, who is married off when she leaves the convent, in order that she may have the right to dance at a ball six times instead of three—but rather out of love, out of passion for those works which feed the mind, and which guide the heart. . . .

"It is possible for a woman to attain an honourable position, where she is esteemed and respected, without very possibly having that polish which the world rightly calls education. Why? you will ask me. It is because a woman does not lose her charm, but the reverse, by maintaining a great reserve in her language and demeanour. A woman answers questions, she does not ask them; she never

* It was produced in April 1843, but played only nine times. Even if it had been a stronger play than it was, it had no chance in competition with the 'Phèdre,' in which Rachel had recently appeared, and about which all Paris was in ecstasy.

initiates a discussion, she listens. Her natural coquettishness makes her long for information; she retains what she learns, and without having a solid foundation, she thus acquires that superficial culture which may upon occasion pass for real culture. But a man! what a difference! All that the woman cannot know, the man should have at his finger-ends, he has occasion for it every day of his life; it is a resource with which he augments his pleasures, diminishes his pains, gives variety to his enjoyments, and which, moreover, makes him be regarded as '*un homme d'esprit*.' Think of this, and if the early days seem to you somewhat hard, then reflect that you have a sister who will feel pride and pleasure in your success, and who will cherish you with all her soul. I venture to hope that this letter will not have appeared to you too long to read, but on the contrary that you will often find time to re-read it,—and if not often, why, then, at least every now and then."

It is in this and other letters to her family that Rachel as a woman shows at her best. There is abundance of good sense, of sprightliness, and of *esprit* in her other letters—but in these she lets us see that she has a heart. Love of kindred is no uncommon phenomenon even in the most selfish, and it certainly does not deserve a place among the higher virtues. But where a life is in all other ways tainted with selfishness, we hail this as a saving grace, and are fain to think that under happier conditions it might have blossomed into qualities of a more generous strain. Her father's name rarely appears in Rachel's letters; but both to and of her mother she always speaks with the

filial devotion of her race.* She was warmly attached, not only to her brother, but also to her four sisters, all of whom had their way to success upon the stage paved by her;† but Rebecca, the youngest and most gifted, was her especial favourite. Over her she watched with a mother-like care; and when the young girl was taken from her by early death in 1854, just as she had begun to give promise of becoming an ornament to the stage, the blow struck home. Thus when urged, after she was herself fatally touched by the same malady, consumption, to go for her health to Eaux Bonnes in 1856, Rachel wrote, "I should never regain my health there, where I saw my poor darling sister Rebecca die." And within a few hours of her own death, she found comfort in the thought of their reunion. "Ma pauvre Rebecca," she exclaimed, "ma chère sœur, je vais te revoir! Que je suis heureuse!"

From the glimpses which have been furnished to us of the home in which Rachel was reared, there could have been in it little to refine or elevate the moral nature. There is a charming passage in Rabelais, where, borrowing from Lucian, he makes Cupid tell his mother Venus, that those who were wedded to the Muses were so absorbed in their noble pursuit, that he unbandaged his eyes, and laid down his quiver, and, in very reverence for their high and pure natures, sought not to infect them with the sweet poison of his shafts. The apologue sprang from a juster

* In a letter to her mother, written 9th June 1857, a few months before her death, Rachel says, very charmingly,—"*On ne remercie pas une mère des ennuis, des fatigues qu'on lui cause; on l'aime, et jamais on ne s'acquitte vers elle . . . et voilà!*" Both father and mother survived her, the former dying in 1872, the latter in 1873.

† Sarah, the eldest and least capable as an actress, left the stage, and made a fortune by the sale of the *Eau de Fées*, which still keeps its place on many toilet-tables. She died at Paris in 1877. Dinah and Lia Félix still survive; and the latter, we believe, appeared till quite lately upon the stage of the Comédie Française.

and nobler appreciation of the qualities of the true artist, than the modern belief that to indulge the sensuous appetites and passions is a characteristic and a necessity of the artistic temperament. In the early days of her triumphs, Rachel's heart seems to have been kept pure amid many temptations by "the holy forms of young imagination;" and had they continued to be cherished there, her career would have gone on brightening to the close. But it proved not to be of the kind which the Cupid of the fable spares. To her infinite loss, she gave the jewel of her honour to a man who, when she found him worthless, and discarded him, took the incredibly base revenge of making her weakness known to the world by publishing her letters to himself. Straightway society turned its back upon the erring sister whom it had believed to be spotless; and she, made reckless apparently by what had happened, was at no pains to retrieve her damaged reputation. Her "tragic air" no longer kept suitors at bay, and she became twice a mother of sons: first in 1844, and again in 1848,—Count Walewski claiming, and being accorded, the honours of pater- nity in the first case; while in the second, the boy received, and now bears, only his mother's name. Rachel, the great *tragédienne*, still reigned supreme on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she was no more seen in the *salons*, where to be admitted was an honour; and good men there, who had admired her genius and the charm of her manner in her early days, spoke of her with a sigh as "*pauvre Rachel!*"

No cloud had as yet overshadowed her personal character when, on the 24th January 1843, she made her first appearance as *Phèdre*. The character, like Juliet on our

stage, has always been regarded in France as the touchstone of an actress's tragic powers. Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dumesnil, Clairon, Raucourt, Georges, Duchesnois, all regarded it as trying their skill to the uttermost; and Clairon, who alone of them all was able not only to act but to write well, says of herself in it: "I am forced to admit that, even when I spoke and acted my best, I always fell far short both of the author and of my own ideal." How true was young Rachel's conception of the part is apparent from De Musset's description. But in having M. Samson's guidance in this, as in her other most important characters, she was peculiarly fortunate, for he had heard Talma read it at the Conservatoire.

"I see him," he writes (*'Mémoires,'* p. 79), "I hear him still. Destitute of all the means of illusion, without theatrical costume, a chair between his legs, and an eye-glass in his hand, he was as tragic as upon the stage, and made us thrill as he spoke to us the verses of *Andromaque* or of *Phèdre*. In the declaration of *Phèdre* to *Hippolytus*, I hear the rising passion of his tones, as he delivered the words, '*Mais fidèle, mais fier, et même un peu farouche.*' The way also in which he said, '*Cette noble pudeur colorait son visage,*' made the line stand vividly out, and gave it a grace not to be expressed. 'No straining for effect! Let not a trace of anything of the kind be seen!' he said to a *Phèdre* of his class who did not appear to comprehend him. 'Bear in mind that *Phèdre*, who has been consumed for a long period by her passion, has passed three days without food and three nights without sleep. Does not *Enone* say to her—

"Les ombres par trois fois ont obscurci
les cieux,
Depuis que le sommeil est entré dans
vos yeux,
Et le jour a trois fois chassé la nuit
obscur,
Depuis que votre corps languit sans
nourriture"?

" ' *Phèdre's* life is the fever that burns her up and the dream that haunts her: she is not on the earth, she is in the clouds,' and the voice of the great professor grew muffled, like his look, as he made the wife of Theseus speak."

To an artist of Rachel's intelligence, a record such as this, enforced by voice and action as M. Samson would enforce it, must have been of priceless value. Those who saw her play *Phèdre* in her best days—for it lost much of its weird charm in the later part of her career—will remember the same shrinking look and the same muffled voice throughout the avowal of her love for *Hippolytus*, which so impressed her master in Talma's reading. But, indeed, the whole performance, from her entrance upon the scene up to her death at the close, was a thing never to be forgotten. There was something appallingly true and terribly beautiful in this woman wasting away by inches in the consuming fires of a passion which she abhorred, but which Venus herself was fanning in her veins with pitiless persistency. It was real as life itself, but it was reality steeped in the hues of poetry. The outlines of the conception were broad and large; but every word, every look, every movement, had a specific value. Not all at once, however, did this fine impersonation reach this pitch of excellence. Rachel, on the night she played it first, lost her nerve, as she had done on her *début* as *Roxane*. Her performance was without inspiration, and the audience saw in her only the skilful artist, who had calculated her effects with care, but who left their hearts and sympathies untouched. Nevertheless the ideal was clear in her mind. Nor did she rest until she had found the

true means of expressing it. Each time she played the part she grew nearer its embodiment, till in about two years it became, what many like ourselves must remember it, all that Racine himself could have desired.* To this hour it stands out in solitary splendour; for the attempts of Ristori and of Sarah Bernhardt in the part are unworthy to be named in the same breath. They only served to mark how wide is the difference between the merely picturesque and practised actress, and her in whom the intuitions of genius are disciplined and fortified by the resources of art. The same contrast was no less apparent between the *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of these ladies and the *Adrienne Lecouvreur* of Rachel. In 1849, when it was produced, Rachel's power had visibly declined; yet her treatment of this striking but painful character furnished a standard, by which to measure the capabilities of those who ventured to enter into competition with her, that told severely against them.

Of the plays written for Rachel—fifteen in all—'Adrienne Lecouvreur' alone has kept the stage. The others, either from being poor in themselves, or affording little scope for her peculiar qualities, lived for but a few nights. To this the 'Lady Tartufe' of Madame de Girardin is scarcely an exception. The *Madame de Blossac* of Rachel alone saved this unpleasant play: and yet it was not until the fifth act that it afforded any scope for the display of her best powers. It was performed for thirty-five nights; but the fact that it had no vitality beyond what Rachel gave it, was made apparent when it was revived in 1857 at the Comédie Française, with Madame Plessy in the part.

* In 1845 she writes to M. Samson: "I have been giving a deal of study to *Phèdre*; I will call to-morrow to ask you what my profound researches have come to."

For although that most attractive actress brought to the performance all the charms of a beautiful person and a most refined talent, the play was performed to empty benches, and for only six times. Two graceful little pieces—Armand Barthes's 'Le Moineau de Lesbie' and the 'Horace et Lydie' of Ponsard—which Rachel made peculiarly her own by exquisite grace of manner and subtle beauty of utterance, still survive in the recollections of Parisian playgoers. But they are well content to forget her *Thisbe* in Victor Hugo's 'Angelo,' her *Messalina* and *Lisiska* in Maquet and J. Lacroy's detestable 'Valéria,' and other parts wholly unworthy of her powers, which she made the mistake of accepting.

Rachel had the idea that she could play comedy, and even hankered, it seems, after the parts known on the stage as *soubrettes*. The opinion was not shared by M. Samson or her best critics; and although she played Molière's *Célimène* in England and elsewhere, they prevented her from perilling her reputation by doing so in Paris. She was not by any means the only eminent tragic actress who has failed in comedy. Mrs Siddons's *Rosalind* was at once commonplace and lachrymose; and Miss O'Neill's *Lady Teazle* so lacked breeding, that although she was then in the height of her reputation, she was not allowed to repeat it. The woman as she is in herself, pure and good, humorous and refined, or the reverse, as it may be, speaks out in comedy. If she be wanting in essential ladyhood, the flaw is sure to make itself felt. It was felt in Rachel's performances, where the incidents and passions of the scene came near ordinary life, and seemed to bring to the surface the hard and *tant soit peu* Bohemian elements of her nature. The free play of movement, the flexibility, the agile grace,

the playfulness veiling depth of feeling, which make the charm of comedy, were not within her command. She measured her own strength perfectly when, writing to M. Legouvé to explain why she would not act his *Medea*, she said:—

"I see the part is full of rapid and violent movements; I have to rush to my children, I have to lift them up, to carry them off the stage, to contend for them with the people. This external vivacity is not my style. Whatever may be expressed by physiognomy, by attitude, by sober and measured gesture—that I can command; but where broad and energetic pantomime begins, there my executive talent stops."

Rachel, as an artist, stood at her best between the years 1843 and 1847. From that time she sensibly fell off, and the reason of her doing so is obvious. She had set her mind more upon the improvement of her fortune than of her skill as the interpreter of the great dramatists of her country. Her physical strength, never great, was lavishly expended on engagements in all quarters where money was to be picked up, and where she went on reiterating the same parts until they lost all freshness for herself, and, as a consequence, that charm of spontaneousness and truth which they had once possessed. It was in vain that wise friends like Samson and Jules Janin warned her against the ruin she was causing to her talent and to her health. The simple, self-centred life which they urged her to cultivate, of the true artist, to whom the consciousness of clearer perceptions and of finer execution, developed by earnest study, brings "riches fineless," was abandoned for the excitement of lucrative engagements constantly renewed, and of new circles of admirers serving up the incense of adulation in stimulating profusion.

To this there could be but one end, and that a sad one. The strain upon the emotions of a great tragic actress, under the most favourable conditions, is enough to tax the soundest constitution. She must "spurn delights, and live laborious days" to maintain her hold upon an inexorable public, before whom she must always seem at her best. As Rachel herself says in writing to Madame de Girardin (2d May 1851), "*On ne mange pas toujours quand on veut, lorsqu'on a l'honneur d'être la première tragédienne de sa majesté le peuple français.*" Long seasons of rest for both body and spirit could alone have enabled her to be true to her own genius. These Rachel would not take until too late. Thus we find her in 1849 playing during three months that should have been given to repose in no fewer than thirty-five towns from one end of France to the other, and giving seventy performances in the course of ninety days. "*Quelle route,*" she writes, "*quelle fatigue, mais aussi quelle dot!*" The day was not far off when she was doomed to feel in bitterness of heart how dearly this "dot" was purchased.

The temptation of wealth, which her European fame brought her, was no doubt great. The sums she received in England, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were enormous, and the adulation everywhere paid to her might have made the steadiest head giddy. At the staid Court of Berlin she was received in 1853 with courtly honours. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia approached her, after a private performance at Potsdam, with all the chivalrous gallantry which sate so gracefully upon him; and when she offered to rise as he accosted her, took her by both hands and pressed her to remain seated,

saying as he did so, "*Asseyez vous, mademoiselle; les royautés comme la mienne passent, la royauté d'art ne passe pas.*" And when, in the following year, she went to Russia for six months, she not only brought back £12,000 as the solid gains of her visit, but such recollections of courtly homage paid to her, as she describes with admirable vivacity in the following letter from St Petersburg to her sister Sarah:—

"Yesterday evening your humble servant was entertained like a queen—not a sham tragedy queen, with a crown of gilded pasteboard, but a real queen, duly stamped at the royal mint. First of all, realise to yourself the fact that here the Boyards all follow me, stare at me as if I were some strange animal, and that I cannot move a step without having them after me. In the street, in the shops, wherever I go, or may be caught a glimpse of, I am marked and pointed at. I no longer belong to myself.

"To sum up all, the other day I was invited to a banquet, given in my honour at the Imperial Palace—a fact, oh daughter of papa and mamma Félix! It came off yesterday. What a regale! When I reached the palace, lo, there were gorgeous footmen, all powder and gold lace, just as in Paris, to wait upon and escort me: one takes my pelisse, another goes before and announces me, and I find myself in a saloon gilded from floor to ceiling, with everybody rushing to salute me. It is a grand duke,—no less,—the Emperor's brother, who advances to offer me his hand to conduct me to the dinner-table—an immense table, raised upon a sort of dais, but not laid out for many—only thirty covers; but the guests, how select! The imperial family, the grand dukes, the little dukes, and the archdukes—all the dukes, in short, of all calibres; and all this tra-la-la of princes and princesses, curious and attentive, devouring me with their eyes, watching my slightest movements, my words, my smiles,—in a word, never keeping their eyes off me. Well! Do not imagine that I was in any way embarrassed. Not the least in the world!

I felt just as usual—at least up to the middle of the repast, which, moreover, was excellent. But everybody seemed to be much more occupied with me than with the viands. At that point the toasts in my honour begin; and very strange indeed is the spectacle which ensues. The young archdukes, to get a better view of me, quit their seats, mount upon the chairs, and even put their feet upon the table—I was about to say into the plates!—and yet nobody seemed the least surprised, there being obviously some traces of the savage still even in the princes of this country! And then the shouts, the deafening bravos, and the calls upon me to recite something! To reply to toasts by a tragic tirade was indeed strange; but I was equal to the occasion. I rose, and, pushing back my chair, assumed the most tragic air of my *répertoire*, and treated them to *Phèdre's* great scene. Straightway a deathlike silence; you might have heard the flutter of a fly, if there be such a thing in this country. They all listened devoutly, bending towards me, and confining themselves to admiring gestures and stifled murmurs. Then, when I had finished, there was a fresh outbreak of shouts of bravos, of clinking glasses, and fresh toasts, carried so far that for the moment I felt bewildered. Soon, however, I too caught the infection, and excited at once by the odour of the wine and of the flowers, and of all this enthusiasm, which had the effect of tickling what little pride I have, I rose again and began to sing, or rather declaimed, the Russian national hymn with no small fervour. On this it was no longer enthusiasm, but utter frenzy; they crowded round me, they pressed my hands, they showered thanks upon me; I was the greatest tragedian in the world, and of all time past and future,—and so on for a good quarter of an hour.

“But the best things have an end, and the hour came for me to take my leave. I effected this with the same queenly dignity as I had managed my arrival, reconducted even to the grand staircase by the same grand duke, who was very gallant, but maintained at the same time all ceremonious respect. Then appeared the gorgeous footmen

in powder, one of them carrying my pelisse. I put it on, and was escorted by them to my carriage, which was surrounded by other footmen carrying torches to illuminate my departure.”

Triumphant, however, as in one point of view was Rachel's visit to Russia, it had its heavy drawbacks. She returned to Paris more shaken than ever in health, and the failure in vigour was quickly perceived when she resumed her place upon the stage there. The public, moreover, were out of humour with her for having forsaken them so long—she had been away a year—and they marked their displeasure by leaving her to play to comparatively empty houses. A new piece, ‘*Rosemonde*,’ in which she sustained the principal part, was coldly received; and an epigram of the day tells the tale both of her broken health and of the eclipse of her popularity:—

“Pourquoi donc nomme-t-on ce drame
Rosemonde?
Je n’y vois plus de rose et n’y vois pas de
monde.”

The ‘*Czarine*,’ written for her by Scribe—the last of the characters created, as the phrase is, by Rachel—in the following year, was not more successful. The wrong she had done to her body and to her great natural gifts was now to be avenged. “*Glory*,” she writes to a friend even in 1854, “is very pleasant, but its value is greatly lowered in my eyes, since I have been made to pay so dearly for it.” Years before she had been warned. In 1847 she had written, “I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! This intoxication with which an admiring public inspires me, passes into my veins and burns them up.” But this alone would not have wrought the havoc which by 1855 was visible in her person and in her general powers. Things

had come to a serious pass with her, when in that year she wrote to M. Emile de Girardin :—

“Houssaye told me it was he who gave you the little Louis XV. watch, which you have arranged so daintily by replacing the glass, through which one could see the entrails of the beast, by the enamel in which they have had your humble servant baked. I think, and so does Sarah, the lower part of my face too long. But enamels (*émaux*) or rather *émaux*—for everywhere there are *des maux*—cannot be corrected once they have gone through the fire. In any case I think it is a thing not to be worn except after my death. I am so shaky that perhaps this is not very far off. If Madame de Girardin would write for me the part of some consumptive historical personage, if such there be—for I delight in a part with a name to it—I believe I should play it well, and in a way to draw tears, for I should shed them myself. It is all very fine to tell me this is only my nerves; I feel very surely there is a screw loose somewhere. We spoke of the watch; when one turns the key too strongly, something goes *crack*! I often feel something go *crack* within me when I screw myself up to act. The day before yesterday, in ‘Horace,’ when I was giving Maubant his cue, I felt this *crack*. Yes, my friend, I cracked. This quite *entre nous*, because of my mother and the boys.”

Conscious though she was of this perilous state of health, Rachel was still so bent on making one more grand effort to augment her fortune, that she entered upon an engagement to play for six months in the United States. After performing in Paris during the summer all her great classical parts, she gave seven representations in London, and sailed on the 11th of August from Southampton for New York. Her success, however, fell far short of what she had anticipated. Corneille and Racine were not attractive to American audiences; and although she supplemented them with ‘Ad-

rienne Lecouvreur,’ ‘Lady Tartufe,’ and ‘Angelo,’ she did not establish any hold upon the public. In the course of forty-two representations, the total receipts were a little over £27,000, of which Rachel’s share was about half; a very handsome return, but most disappointing to Rachel, who had counted on gains even beyond those which Jenny Lind had shortly before been making across the Atlantic. So feeble was the impression she produced, that it is quite certain Rachel would have lost money had the engagement gone on. But her progress was cut short by a bad cold, followed by such an aggravation of her pulmonary weakness, that she was compelled to return to Europe at the end of January 1856. To be back with those she loved—and with whom she felt her stay could not be long—was all her wish. “J’ai porté mon nom aussi loin que j’ai pu,” she writes from Havannah (7th January 1856), “et je rapporte mon cœur à ceux qui l’aiment.”

Next winter was spent in Egypt with no abatement of the fatal symptoms. She returned to France, feeling that her work in life was done, and that she would be “doomed to go in company with pain” for whatever term of life might be vouchsafed her. In October she left Paris for Cannet, a few miles from Cannes, where the father of M. Victorien Sardou had placed his villa at her disposal. Before quitting Paris she wrote to her friend and fellow-worker, Augustine Brohan: “Patience and resignation have become my motto. I am grateful to you, dear Mdle. Brohan, for the kind interest you express; but let me assure you, God alone can do anything for me! I start almost immediately for the South, and hope its pure and warm air will ease my pains a little.” Very touching are the

words of a letter to another friend, written at the same time :—

“It sometimes seems as though night were settling down suddenly upon me, and I feel a kind of great void in my head, and in my understanding. Everything is extinguished all at once, and your Rachel is left the merest wreck. Ah, poor me ! That *me* of which I was so proud, too proud, perhaps. Behold it to-day so enfeebled, that scarce anything of it is left. . . . Adieu, my friend. This letter will perhaps be the last. You who have known Rachel so brilliant, who have seen her in her luxury and her splendour, who have so often applauded her in her triumphs, what difficulty would you not have in recognising her to-day in the species of fleshless spectre which she has become, and which she carries about with her unceasingly !”

The end, which she clearly foresaw, was not far off. The mild air of the South somewhat lightened her pains, but could not arrest the disease. Many sad thoughts of powers wasted and unworthy aims pursued, must have darkened the solitary hours when she was face to face with those questionings of the spirit that will not be put by. Her art, and all it might have been to her, were among her other thoughts. How much greater glory might she not have achieved, to how much higher account might she not have turned her gifts, how much more might she not have done to elevate and refine her audiences, had she nourished to the last the high aspirations of her youth ? Very full of significance is what she said to her sister Sarah, who attended her deathbed : “Oh, Sarah, I have been thinking of ‘Polyeucte’ all night. If you only knew what new, what magnificent effects I have conceived ! In studying, take my word for it, declamation and gesture are of little avail ; you have to think, to weep !”

Rachel died upon the 3d of Jan-

uary 1858, conscious to the end. She was fortified in her last moments by the very impressive ceremonial of the Jewish Church, of which she was a stanch adherent, and died in the humble hope of a blessed immortality. As we turn away from the contemplation of a fine career, so sadly and prematurely closed, let us think gently of Rachel’s faults and failings, due greatly, it may be, to the unfavourable circumstances of her life, and the absence of that early moral training by which she might have been moulded into a nobler womanhood. *Pauvre Rachel !*

As an artist, the want of that moral element prevented her from rising to the highest level. Had she possessed it, she must have gone on advancing in excellence to the last. But this she did not do. Even in such parts as *Phèdre* and *Hermione* she went back instead of forward. Impersonations that used to be instinct with life became hard and formal. They were still beautiful as studies of histrionic skill, but the soul had gone out of them. A low moral nature—and such assuredly was Rachel’s—will always be felt through an artist’s work, disguise it how he will, for, as Sir Thomas Browne says, “The brow often speaks true, eyes have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations :” and, as we have already said, it shone through the acting of Rachel whenever the part was one in which the individuality of the woman came into play. It was this which made her range so limited. Attired in classical costume, and restricted to a style of action which masked that natural deportment which is ever eloquent of character, her hard and unsympathetic nature was for the time lost to view ; and the eye was riveted by motions, graceful, stately, passion-

ate, or eager, and the ear thrilled by the varied cadences or vehement declamation of her beautiful voice. But when her parts approached nearer to common life—when the emotions became more complex and less dignified—the want was quickly felt. If, instead of Corneille and Racine, Rachel had been called upon to illustrate Shakespeare, with all the variety of inflection and subtlety of development which his heroines demand in the performer, she must, we believe, have utterly failed. We in England thought too little of this—and it is a mistake which we have made, not in her case alone—in our admiration of a style which to us was new and only half understood, and we placed her on a pinnacle above our own actresses higher than her deserts. We fell into the same mistake, and less excusably, in the case of Ristori, an artist of powers in every way inferior. The Parisians, wiser than ourselves, found out their mistake in this respect many years ago, so soon as they saw Ristori in *Lady Macbeth*.* Rachel was too accomplished an artist, and knew the limits of her own powers too well, ever to risk her reputation by subjecting it to such a test. She was essentially a declamatory actress; she depended but little on the emotions of the scene; she cared not at all how she was acted up to. She could not listen well; she did not kindle by conflict with the other

characters. Nothing to our mind more clearly indicates the actress of a grade not certainly the highest. The classical French drama demands this power less than our own, but it does demand it in some degree. To excel on our stage, however, it is indispensable that the actress should possess the power of kindling, and, as she kindles, of rising, naturally and continuously, through the gradations of emotion and passion, which our more complex dramatic situations demand, and of sustaining these, so as to retain her hold upon the audience, after the voice has ceased to speak. But to do this, something more than the accomplishment of art is necessary; and this something is a deep and sincere sensibility, and a moral nature which answers instinctively to the call of the nobler feelings, that constitute the materials of tragedy, and also of comedy of the highest kind. It is easy to see that Rachel, with her lack of high intellectual culture, and her undisciplined moral nature, could never have met the demands of the Shakespearian drama. Nor, seeing what she was as a woman, how little she possessed of the finer and more tender graces of her sex, can we wonder that she failed, as she did, in parts in which Mars or Duchesnois had succeeded, and erred so frequently in accepting others from which true taste and right womanly feeling would have made her recoil.

* This lady has recently opened the eyes of the English public at Drury Lane to the same fact, by playing this character in English. A trial of the public patience so ill-advised and disastrous has rarely been witnessed. It served, however, to show, even to the uncritical, how much of Madame Ristori's success was due, not to truth or refined art, but to mere technical artifice.

B I R N A M.

THE station between Murthly and Dalguise, on the Highland Railway, is marked in Bradshaw "Dunkeld;" but the inquisitive tourist, narrowly examining the old trucks and lamp-posts, will discover upon them the word "Birnam:" and in truth the station is at Birnam, and not at Dunkeld, which is a mile off, across the Tay, and in another parish. It is generally believed that this misnomer, which at times occasions inconvenience to travellers, is the result of some condition imposed by the late Duke of Athole on the railway company; if so, it were much to be wished that the present Duke should release the company from it, and allow the station to reassume its proper name. Having thus, in due tourist form, landed our readers with a grievance at the foot of Birnam Hill, we will lose no further time, but—requesting them to send their luggage to Mr Pople's excellent hotel, or to one of the prettily built and comfortable lodgings in the little town—lead them at once up the historic hill immortalised by the genius of Shakespeare.

Should the ascent take place in September it is probable that the tourists will witness a sight which will make them fancy that the natives are roughly enacting the bough-bearing scene in the well-known drama: they will encounter, apparently, a procession of green trees winding slowly down the hill—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*; not a tree will they see attempting the ascent. On meeting the first moving mass of green the mystery is explained, and the procession turns out to be the old women and young

people of Birnam, thatched and padded behind and before with the still green bracken, which they have cut and are carrying home as litter for their pigs and cattle. This sight suggests a curious question. Was Shakespeare ever at Birnam? and did he derive the idea of Birnam Wood appearing to march to Dun-sinane, not only from local tradition, but from what his eyes saw? or was he indebted for it—as Mr William Fraser, in his interesting 'Red Book of Grandtully' surmises,—to old Andrew of Wytoun's ancient chronicle?—

"Of yat Wode yare ilka man
Intil hys hand a busk tuk yan
Of all hys Ost was na man fre
Dan in his hand a busk bare he;
And til Dwnsynane also fast
Agayne yis Makbeth yai past
For thai thowcht wyth swylk a wyle
Dis Makbeth for til begyle."*

Rumour has it that there is, or was, in one of the libraries at Aberdeen, a playbill of the time of James I., announcing that the king's players intended, on such a day, to act one of Shakespeare's plays; if so, what more likely than that the player-bard himself should be of the company, and that, halting at Perth on their way, he should, hearing the local tradition, visit Birnam and see, as is still to be seen, the living masses of greenery marching down the wooded slopes of Birnam? Ben Jonson, we know, was at Hawthornden; why should not Shakespeare have penetrated still further north? But at this rate we shall never reach the summit of Birnam; so leaving this Shakespearian question to those whom it may more properly con-

* Red Book of Grandtully, p. 35.

cern, let us hasten onwards and upwards. Through a grove of natural weeping birches, oak copse, and juniper, a winding path leads up the west side of the hill, immediately below which the pretty Inchewan Burn dashes through its wooded valley to join the Tay. Nothing can be more in keeping with poetry and romance than these relics of Birnam Wood; but, alas! we soon enter a gloomy, formal, view-excluding larch plantation, the work, in an ill-advised moment, of the late Sir William Stewart, to whom, in all other respects, Birnam is so deeply indebted. Indeed, if it can be said of Sir Walter Scott that he invented Scotland, it may with equal truth be said of Sir William Stewart that he invented Birnam, so much does the district owe to his daring and munificent improvements. But these luckless larches—fie upon them! before they rose to darken the scene, this side of Birnam Hill was the noblest purple heather-bed in the country, and offered the most charming contrast of colour to its wooded rivals of Craigievenean, Craigie Barns, and Newtyle. But as we reach the lower cairn, we emerge from this mistaken grove, and breathing once more freely, gaze upon the beauteous scene below. But a description of what we gaze upon had better be reserved till we have reached the actual cairn, to which another quarter of a mile's gradual ascent takes us. Formerly the height was said to be 1500 feet, but those ruthless levellers, the Ordnance Surveyors, have reduced it to 1324 feet; and accepting, as we need must, those figures, it may safely be said that from no other such humble altitude in the three kingdoms is so varied, so grand, and so charming a panorama to be viewed. Be it a bright summer day, from beyond

Dunkeld to Perth the broad and rapid Tay is winding its sparkling way through wooded banks of brightest green, and

“All the pomp
Of cultivated nature,”—

opening out here into pools as still and large as lakes, narrowing there into deep and headlong currents, and making a long detour to receive at Kinclaven its tributary Isla,—while far away to the south-east, beyond the light cloud of smoke which marks or hides the city of Perth, rise against the horizon the dome-shaped Lomonds. But stay! What is that line of hills to the east, and what that cleft in their southern extremity which attracts the eye? Those are the Sidlaw Hills, and that cleft marks Dunsinane. It was, then, down this side of Birnam that Malcolm's soldiers marched, “busk” in hand, and so local tradition and local nomenclature abundantly testify. Just below us is “Duncan's Hill,” and on its southern slope are “Duncan's camp” and “Duncan's bed.”

To the south we gaze over the valley of the Earn up to the range of the Ochills; while on the west, over the lower summits of Obney and Tullybeagles, and the hills which bound Strathbraan, tower in the far distance the great bulk of Ben Lawers, and the sharp lofty peak of Schiehallion. To the north, over the vale of Athole and the Forest of Cluny, rise the Grampians, with Farragon, Ben Vrachie, and Ben-y-Gloe pre-eminent along the line. In this direction too, the eye lights upon the curious chain of lakes in the elevated valley of Clunie, running from Cardney, above Dunkeld, to Blairgowrie. But beautiful as all this is, viewed in the clear sunshine of July or August, it is perhaps seen to still greater advantage in October or

November, when the bright greens of the woods and ferny knolls have given place to red, russet, and golden tints, and on all the distant hills lies shimmering in the waning sunlight new-fallen snow—a glorious picture, to which the dark pines and firs on Craigievenean and Craigie Barns form a perfect foreground.

Many a scene indeed embraced within this bird's-eye view has been transferred to canvas, to the delight of thousands. Just below, in the wild park at Rohallion, took place John Leech's encounter with the large-headed, shaggy-maned animal immortalised in the next week's 'Punch' as the meeting of Mr Briggs and the bison. Where are the bisons now? Dead, sold, eaten! and rumour has it that their walled enclosure is to be turned into a—rabbit-warren! Succeeding Leech comes his friend and comrade, John Everett Millais; and from this coign of vantage we look down upon, unless we err, the sites of not less than seven of his best known pictures. Let us accompany him, on a bright autumnal morning, from the foot of Torwood Hill, up the Birnam Glen, to the scene of "Over the Hills and Far Away." Can painter or poet find a prettier walk in all Scotland than those two miles up the dell down which the Inchewan Burn is sparkling, with the naturally wooded shoulder of Birnam Hill towering to the sky on the left, and the dark firs of Ladywell Wood on the right? We turn aside to admire the picturesque, if miniature, Birnam Falls,* and then, leaving the romantic glen behind us, strike across and up the heathery brae until we reach the

spot which found favour in the painter's eyes. What a prospect! Right into and up the vale of Athole, with the glorious Tay winding down it till the sight is bounded by "the long wavy line of the blue" Grampians? But why attempt to describe in colourless words the scene which the great painter has committed to radiant immortal canvas?

From this point a short walk takes us past the ruinous hamlet of Tomgarrow, down to the falls of the Braan at the Rumbling Bridge. Short as the walk is, it may well set the pedestrian moralising "on the decay," not of "Scottish strength," but of Scottish people, "in modern day." Many a green oasis in the heathery desert, with here and there a lonely tree, marks where stood a dwelling. That depopulation of the Highlands which attracted the attention and the condemnation of Dr Johnson in his days has continued ever since; and even the last census bears witness to it.† That there is a compensation for it in Strathbraan, in the well-built, comfortable farmsteadings which have been erected during the last half-century, is abundantly evident; but the race of stalwart Highlanders who once peopled these upland glens, though not extinct, is sadly diminished in numbers. Let us hope that "agricultural depression," which is not unfelt, even in the Highlands, will not still further thin its scanty ranks. But we are standing on the Rumbling Bridge, and admiring the wild whirl of the water as it foams over its rocky bed. There, on that rock in the stream on the right,

* The traditional scene of the murder, two centuries ago, of a stern and dour Commissary of Dunkeld, by one of his victims.

† In the account of the Highland clans laid before Louis XIV., it is stated that the Stuarts and Robertsons of Athole could bring into the field 1000 good men. Could they now bring 100?

did the painter of "The Sound of Many Waters" pitch his tent, or rather build his hut; and never a summer has passed since then without some artist occupying that or an adjacent rock, and giving to the world a representation of "How does the water come down at" the Rumbling Bridge; but none, so far as the present writer knows, have attempted to portray the narrow gorge through which the river dashes under the bridge from the rocky basin on the other side. Crossing the bridge, and passing by the comfortable farmhouse of Kennacoil, one of those Strathbraan improvements mentioned above, a short scramble takes us to the sequestered hollow from which "The Fringe of the Moor" was painted. The "moor" is the commencement of one of the finest shootings in the county—that of Drumour, the lodge of which, perched high above the Braan on a wooded hill, is in itself a most picturesque object. How shall we return? Under Craigievenean and by the Hermitage Falls, or on the other side of the Braan under Dundonachie? By the latter we pass, and, by the courtesy of Mr Macgregor, the Duke's accomplished forester, are enabled to examine the extensive nurseries of the Duke of Athole, by which the vast woods and plantations in Athole as well as at Dunkeld are maintained and renewed: from 600,000 to 1,000,000 trees are planted every year, and this season has seen the completion of one plantation of 2000 acres. From these figures, and from the disastrous fact that upwards of 80,000 trees on the estate were blown down during the Tay Bridge storm, some idea may be obtained of the magnitude and importance of this forestal department. It is difficult to realise these great hills without their wooded clothing; but an old print of Dunkeld, in the

possession of Mr Murray at Stenton, shows them almost bare of trees; and it was not till 1774 that the then Duke began planting on a great scale, and planted during his life upwards of 15,000 acres, the number of trees amounting to 27,431,600. These and many other interesting details regarding the famous Athole plantations are to be found in the little guide-book, 'Dunkeld: Its Straths and Glens,' to which we refer the inquisitive reader. In those days larch and Scotch fir were almost exclusively used, but now *Nobilis* and *Excelsa*, Douglas and *Nordmanniana*, are largely mingled with them. To see the Douglas pine in perfection, at least a day must be devoted to Murthly—its pine avenues, grassy terraces, and hanging woods. A beautiful green drive, in continuation of the road down the Birnam Glen, leads by the bank of the Tay to the raised ground on which stand in a line, separated by garden and avenue, the Chapel, the Old Castle, and the New Palace; the latter, like its rival at Dunkeld, unfinished, and a "sermon in stone" against the vanity of building. But curious and interesting as these buildings are in their respective ways, it is with the grounds of Murthly we are now concerned. Their avenues and terraces remain an evergreen monument to the far-sighted genius and indomitable perseverance of their creator, the late Sir William Stewart. Curving gracefully down from the gentle eminence on which the castle and chapel stand, the broad green avenues allow each noble pine to exhibit its luxuriant branches to the greatest advantage, and its leading shoot to cut clear against the sky-line; while every little runlet, bank, and rock in the vast domain is assisted by the art which conceals art to embellish nature. What is it, the stranger

asks in amazement, which enables foreign trees of nearly every kind, not only to grow, but to flourish thus in this valley of the Tay? Is it climate, or soil, or both in happy combination? As to climate, no doubt, of late years the Faculty have discovered, and are acting on the discovery, that the air of Strath Tay and its lateral valleys is eminently salubrious — an admirable mixture, as we have heard it called, of honey and quinine; but the storms and frosts and snows of winter are, to say the least, as severe as those of England, and yet, with the exception of broom, hardly a tree or shrub suffered during the severe winter of 1880-81 in this valley. Is it soil? let the geologists answer. On this point one of the most eminent of English gardeners, Mr W. Ingram, writes from a midland county: "I wish it were possible to transport some of the soil from the Tay banks to this locality. Clay and ironstone are difficult materials to fertilise and make fit for plants. The more I see of Scotland, the more convinced I am of the immense advantages she possesses in her matchless accumulations of soil, which, in some instances, go far to counteract the influences of ungenial climate, by giving vitality and vigour not only to vegetation but to man and beast." It may be so, but whatever the cause the fact is undoubted; and a walk up the valley of the Tay, from the Caputh entrance to Murthly to the furthest extremity of the Dunkeld grounds, never fails to excite the surprise as well as admiration of the English gardener or forester. Nay, we remember hearing Sir Joseph Hooker describe his astonishment at counting from the bridge at Killiecrankie twenty-one different kinds of trees growing naturally in that famous Pass.

Before leaving Murthly, a few words must be devoted to its build-

ings. Next to the river, and approached from the castle by funeral avenues, is the Chapel of St Anthony, added on, by Sir William Stewart, to the old mortuary chapel, in which repose many of his ancestors. The architect was Mr Gillespie Graham, and the paintings and decorations were designed by Mr Alexander Christie. The old castle is a picturesque rambling pile, with a new wing, containing a noble dining-hall, music and billiard rooms, added by Sir William. The tower, five storeys in height, is said to be as many centuries old. Large pictures representing Sir William's adventures among the American Indians, painted by a Spanish artist who accompanied him, formerly adorned the entrance-hall and passages; but, together with many interesting objects, they were dispersed at the sale of Sir William's effects after his death. The beautiful portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, purchased from the Jesuits' College in Paris, is, fortunately, still there. Passing from the castle through the quaint old-fashioned garden, with its yew and box walks, we arrive at the new house, a cyclopean pile, suggesting the idea of an exaggerated Heriot's Hospital; though roofed in and weather-tight it possesses neither staircase nor window, and the flight of steps by which the main entrance should be approached is absent. It is the ghost of a palace. Up to it leads an unusually broad avenue of lime-trees — all transplants, over the opposite end of which towers a vast stone archway, inhabited by a couple of families. From these architectural extravagances the pedestrian turns with pleasure to the river-banks, along which, for the space of some seven miles from the Caputh entrance to Ferniehaugh, beyond Dunkeld, with the moun-

tains facing him, a walk of unrivalled beauty is open to him. Skirting the Tay, he passes under Torwood Hill, crowned by Erigmore and St Mary's Tower, the birthplace, unless we mistake, of the remaining four of Mr Millais's Birnam pictures, "The Deserted Garden," "Winter Firing," "Scotch Firs," and "The Princes in the Tower,"—and halts to admire and measure the girth of the two relics of the old forest of Birnam—a gigantic oak, and an equally gigantic sycamore. Each measures upwards of 19 feet in circumference at 6 inches from the ground, and the space shadowed by their branches is enormous. From them the drive leads up a beech avenue to the Birnam hotel, the dining-hall of which—apart from the good cheer therein provided—is well worthy of a visit. It is one of Sir William's most successful works, marred perhaps by the hyper-ecclesiastical narrowness of the windows. Here let us leave Birnam and Murthly for a short excursion over the famous Dunkeld Bridge, set free from its burdensome toll by the Act of 1879, for which inhabitants and tourists alike ought to bless the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. From its crown the view looking up-stream is enchanting. On the left, the Braan is seen joining its waters to the parent river; on the right, the old cathedral seems to stand sentinel over and hallow the green banks and stately trees which fringe the Tay, while in front the scene is bounded by the varied and beautifully wooded crests of Craigievenean. Of the cathedral and the Duchess's grounds, as they are called, little need be said here; they are open to the travelling public, and are sure to be visited by all who halt

at Birnam. In connection, however, with them, the heights of Craigie Barns should not be neglected, as, owing to their being cut off by the Highland road, they too frequently are. In these days of engineering skill, it is matter of surprise that one or two viaducts have not been thrown over the road, and the beautiful walks and drives extending for miles beyond Craigie Barns, as far as Loch Ordie, so brought within the actual grounds of Dunkeld. Romantic paths lead to the summit—three or four in number—of this long line of hill, and from each of them the view, though not nearly so extensive as that from Birnam, is charming. From the westernmost you look up Strath Tay to Pitlochrie and the chain of the Grampians, and in the other direction, down upon Dunkeld and the meanderings of the Tay in its "happy valley" as far as Murthly. In the vast woodlands behind, the traveller will be struck by the absence of animal life, unless perchance a capercailzie, the king of Scotch birds, flies out of a fir-tree, or a wild fallow or roe deer bounds across his path. Those who have wandered in this direction will probably agree with Duke John, the planter, who, towards the close of his life, made entry in his journal one day: "Drove up to Loch Ordie, and home by the back of Craigie Barns, very much gratified by the growth of the larch and spruce—a very fine, grand, picturesque drive, not to be equalled in Britain."* In the little book from which the above extract is quoted will be found much interesting and instructive matter relating to the art and mystery of Highland planting.

It will surprise most people to learn that the whole expense of

* Dunkeld : Its Straths and Glens, p. 74.

this Loch Ordie plantation, covering nearly 3000 Scotch acres of mountainous land, was only £7330, or at the rate of £2, 10s. per Scotch acre. On the other side of Dunkeld, overhanging the Caputh road, rises another fine hill, Newtyle, approached at the back of one of the Duchess's farms, through a wood of magnificent Scotch firs. Crossing the brow of Newtyle, and descending upon Stenton, we light suddenly on a sequestered, one-storeyed, green-shuttered, French-windowed house, with some fine old trees about it, and an old half-deserted walled garden in front. Inaccessible by carriage, Dungarthill, with its old-world surroundings, has obviously a story to tell if a tongue could be given it. Indeed vague traditions still linger in the neighbouring cottages; and it is said that to this hidden out-of-the-way spot was carried, and deposited by her Highland husband, the unfortunate heiress of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, while he dissipated elsewhere her princely fortune. A little beyond this strange relic of other days is Stenton rock, the botanist's happy hunting-ground. Here he may find rare ferns and wild flowers, and from its summit explore the windings of the Tay and the rich expanse of Strathmore. On returning by the road to Dunkeld, let him not fail to halt in front of Deanscross Cottage, and enjoy the singular view of the Tay commanded by St Mary's Tower, which is afforded by an opening cut in the wood of firs and beech which there clothe the Newtyle bank of the river. A little further on, the farm of Haughend, in the occupation of the Duchess-Dowager of Athole, is passed; the famous dairy of Ayrshire cows is, however, not there, but at Dunkeld; and to the experienced dairy farmer's eye, perhaps, the sight of those forty-six high-bred, sym-

metrical milkers, marching into their byre about 5 P.M., is more pleasing than all the views we have been feebly endeavouring to celebrate. A few miles up the Highland valley, on a commanding knoll, are perched the house and buildings of St Columba, the Duchess's principal farm. The view up the valleys of the Tay and the Tummel from the Duchess's private rooms in the north angle of this great pile is delightful; let us hope that the enterprise which has converted these steep hillsides into arable land has been rewarded by financial success. There is, we fear, no doubt that the two or three last severe winters have told heavily against sheep-farming, which had latterly received a great development in this district.

It is time now for us to recross the Tay, and devote a few parting words to Birnam. On a line with the hotel and the post-office stands what ought to be the pretty Episcopal chapel of St Mary, built from designs by the late Mr Slater. Its proportions were good, and its elevation graceful, but it lacked a tower, and the pious generosity of a lady a few years ago supplied that lack, to the great disfigurement of the edifice. On Sundays, during the summer and autumn, the church is crowded; and those religious disputes which vex the Church on the other side of the Border do not appear to have reached the Highlands. Nevertheless an old and curious misapprehension still survives here and there as to the Romeward tendency of the doctrine and ritual of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. This is possibly owing to the existence of a separate Communion office; but in ninety-nine out of a hundred Churches the English office is used, and any one carefully reading the Scotch form will discover the un-

reality of the accusation that it approximates more nearly than the English to the Roman doctrine. No doubt the prevalent spirit of the Episcopal Church is High,—it would be strange, viewing its past history and sufferings, were it otherwise; but in ritual it clings, somewhat tenaciously, to the decorous dress and practices of orthodox Anglicanism. In St Mary's, Birnam, at any rate, the travelling would-be-aggrieved parishioner will find neither vestments nor incense to offend him. A charming Sunday stroll between the morning and evening services (either at kirk or chapel, for the hours are the same) may be taken to the slate-quarries on the east shoulder of Birnam Hill. Leaving the Perth road at Loch Green we pass under the railway, and gain a romantic path skirting the hill-side. If a botanist be of the company let him keep his eyes open: hereabouts alone in Perthshire may be seen the *Anthemis cotula*, and here is the habitat of the *Peplis portula*, and, just inside the Murthly grounds, of the *Paris quadrifolia*. The quarries themselves supply a most interesting field of inquiry to the geologist. Some years ago, when Birnam was the terminus of

the railway, and no Sunday trains vexed its hebdomadal repose, we remember Sir Roderick Murchison spending many hours of a Sunday in the adjacent tunnel, and declaring he had seldom, if ever, found more varied underground entertainment. Another easy walk of rare beauty, seldom discovered by tourists, is by the mill-stream at Inver to the Tay, and then up its southern bank; but a bare catalogue, let alone a description, of the walks and drives round Birnam, would

“as tedious grow
As ancient Hollinshed or Stow.”

There remains a succession of railway excursions, easily convertible into picnics, at spots of rare beauty, or historical interest. But we will venture to say, that whether the expedition be to the north, east, south, or west,—whether to romantic Killiecrankie, princely Taymouth, the fair vale of Tummel, or stern Glen Tilt,—the traveller, returning to his temporary home at the foot of Birnam Hill, will own that the picture there presented of river, mountain, wood, and valley, is, in its perfect combination of varied form and colour, if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed, even in bonny Scotland.

THE COMING OF THE MAHDY.

THE recent news that a false prophet had arisen in the Soudan, and, after defeating the Egyptian forces, commenced to advance with 7000 followers on Cairo, calls attention to a question which cannot fail to have considerable importance as influencing the course of political history in the Levant. For this leader, whether enthusiast or impostor, is one of the numerous fanatics who, in Arabia, Egypt, Syria, or North Africa, have lately claimed to be the expected "guide" of Islam, the Mahdy foretold by Mohammed.

The doctrine of the appearance in the last days of this religious leader is not found in the Koran itself, but it is noticed in the early traditions of the sayings of the Prophet's companions, which are inferior only in authority to the written word of revelation granted to himself.

Aly Ibn Massud is reported to have heard the Prophet predict that a deliverer should be born from his descendants, and bearing his own name, Mohammed Ibn Abdallah. The famous Imam Aly, the son-in-law of the Prophet, husband of Fatima, was told, according to tradition, that his future champion should rise from the descendants of Hussein; and in the fatal day of Kerbela, Aly comforted Hussein with the assurance that their blood should be avenged in the future, when God should raise up El Mahdy to stand in their place, the Lord of mankind.

The details of this expected interference in favour of Islam approach very closely to those which are again and again repeated in the Jewish apocalyptic literature, and

especially in the Sibylline books written at Alexandria, whence Virgil borrowed the language of his remarkable Eclogue. The connection with the name of Aly, the famous Imam, whose martyrdom divided Islam by an irremediable schism, indicates a Persian origin for a dogma which is nevertheless commonly believed by Sunnees; for even the wild Anazeh Arabs, who roam the deserts east of Damascus, have for years looked forward to the great catastrophe: and as the Bedawin are not conspicuous for piety or fanatical feeling (many tribes, indeed, being quite unaccustomed to the performance of the ordinary prayer called the Fathah), it seems clear that either the expectation of the Mahdy must be very widely spread, or that it has been industriously disseminated by a Moslem propaganda.

The coming of the Mahdy is to be preceded by a time of great and general trouble. Gog and Magog, in whom the faithful recognise (as do many among ourselves) the Russian power, must first burst the bounds set for them by Iskander Abu el Karnein, "the two horned" Alexander the Great, who has become in popular tradition a hero of Islam. The loss of the Khalif's dominions, swallowed up by the infidels, is expected to follow, and many Moslems believe that the present year (1300 of the era of the Hegira) is the appointed time. The hostile forces are to assemble in the vicinity of Homs, or, according to others, of Aleppo; and it is here that the great battle—the Moslem Armageddon—is to be fought between the faithful and the combined powers of heathenness.

The latter are to be assisted by the anti-Mahdy and the beast of the earth, a mysterious monster (the old Aryan earth-cow) who appears in most Asiatic mythologies. According to the Arab version, the earth is held in the hand of a mighty angel standing on a foundation-stone (like the Jewish stone of foundation floating over the abyss and supporting the Temple), and this foundation-stone is again supported on the back and horns of the beast of the earth. The final result of the battle is decided by the appearance of El Mahdy, who will rally the dispersed Moslems, and put the infidels to flight. A long reign of peace is to follow, and is only terminated by the Yom-ed-Dîn, when Mohammed himself will descend to bestride the pillar which juts out of the great eastern wall of the Haram at Jerusalem, while at the same time Jesus, son of Miriam, will stand on the summit of the tall eastern minaret of the Damascus mosque.

The great gathering in the valley of Gehenna will then take place; the great scales (the very same in which Thmei and the Monkey-god weighed the heart of the Egyptian of old) will be set up to weigh good and evil deeds; and the elect, whose souls were won from the Deity by the Prophet when playing for them with dice in heaven (just as Thoth played dice with Isis for the lost days of the solar year), will safely pass the bridge Sirat to enjoy the endless pleasures of the celestial paradise, the company of the black-eyed houris, the sweet songs of the angel Israfil.

But, although the coming of the Mahdy as above described is without doubt generally discussed by Moslems, and devoutly believed by those who are inclined to delight in mystic expectations, it can-

not as yet be said to have exerted any important influence over the conduct of the masses—at all events among the Turkish subjects of Egypt, Syria, and Anatolia. It has rather created a mild millennial hope, which, among a fatalistic race, consoles for present failure and decay, and gives excuse for the postponement of energetic action.

The tyranny of the Turk, the cruel hardships resulting from the war with Russia, the great and increasing poverty of the peasantry, have given rise to a feeling of hopeless and abject despair, from which it seems impossible to rouse the minds of the oppressed. "If the Mahdy should come to-morrow, I would not go a step to meet him, for he could do nothing for me." Such is the answer of the Fellah, even to a Christian interrogator. It is in a time of trouble that such anticipations are usually most ardently entertained; for it is natural that the devout Moslem should expect divine interposition to rescue a condition of affairs which he believes to be against the established intentions of Providence, but which he yet sees to be beyond hope of human remedy. Yet in the dominions of the Sultan despair has seemingly so laid hold of men's minds, that even a hope in Providence is at length lost; and the wild fervour with which the Jews clung to a belief in the sudden appearance of the Messiah, whose feet should stand on the Mount of Olives, even in the last days of the great siege, when the Temple was in flames and the great towers fell sapped by Roman mines, is a feeling which finds no parallel in the apathetic minds of Turks and Syrians, who no longer turn with hope to either Khalif or Mahdy. "Give us," they have been heard

to say, "even a Jew to govern us, but save us at least from the Osmanli."

Fanaticism is indeed not an attitude of mind natural to the Arab character. The doctrine of the Koran, and the practice of the early Khalifs, were alike notable for a tolerance which contrasts most remarkably with the narrow spirit of crusading Christianity. It was the cruelty of the Tartar invaders of Syria which gave rise to that oppression of pilgrims on which the great "atrocity agitation" of Peter the Hermit was founded. Charlemagne and Harûner-Rashid were as good friends as were the Princes of Antioch and the Sultans of Damascus; and when poor Saint Willibald, in the eighth century, was imprisoned in one of the Syrian towns as a vagrant and suspicious character, because his dress and language were alike outlandish, he was nevertheless soon released as a harmless lunatic, by the governor of the place, who had seen a few like him before.

The same spirit reigns among Arabs of the present day, and results in scenes hardly to be expected in a Moslem country. The visitor to Jerusalem may see the young Rabbi, who believes himself to be the true Jewish Messiah, walking unhurt in the streets, although he has not yet succeeded in gathering disciples of his own. Some years since he might watch the poor sailor (once lightning-struck) who, dressed in white, and staggering beneath a wooden cross some fifteen feet high, announced himself as Jesus of Nazareth, and inscribed men's names in his book of life; but that troubled brain now lies at peace in the English graveyard, while at the grave-head the cross he carried has been fixed

with touching propriety, and is surrounded with that crown of thorns which he at one time actually wore. An American prophet driving a waggon, and married to an Arab wife to the disgust of his lawful spouse, who has appeared unexpectedly to claim him, has taken the place of the Englishman, and is equally tolerated by the Moslem population. Within the city itself, close to the Moslem quarter, fifteen American devotees await the appearance of the Messiah on Olivet, and pass their time in prayer and song. Yet these people are suffered to live unmolested, and can walk the streets without fear of being stoned.

Nor are these quiet and solitary enthusiasts the only Christians whose proceedings might be expected to attract the jealousy of Moslems. The inhabitants of Hebron—a city which retains more of the old-fashioned hatred of Christians than perhaps any town in Syria—have recently seen our Royal Princes honourably escorted by the Pasha to the interior of that sacred sanctuary, which is still, as a rule, unprofaned by the curious infidel; yet no voice of protest was raised by the crowd, which gaped with open mouths, anxious only to see the grandchildren of the great English Queen who rules more Moslems than the Padishah himself.

Not long afterwards the peasantry witnessed again a religious ceremony, which alarmed even the Turkish Government so much as to induce them to make counter-demonstrations. They saw a thousand pilgrims from France—women, men, priests, and monks—file slowly down the narrow and filthy street which leads to the Holy Sepulchre, — clothed mostly in white pilgrim cloaks, marching two

and two, with embroidered banners, the stout peasant side by side with the dainty Parisienne, the grey-bearded devotee with the *calotin* youth of sixteen, the best blood of France with the poorest village *curé*. The deep bass of the men, the sweet full voices of the women, united in a pilgrim hymn which echoed through the dingy streets; yet no curses were heard from the Moslem crowd which looked on, nor was any attempt made to break the order of the procession, protected merely by two French *cavasses* at its head.

A few days later a Moslem counter-demonstration was indeed organised; but it was by the local officials, not by the native population, that it was set on foot. The eldest son of the military governor, with some other boys, was taken to the Haram to be circumcised. He was mounted on a gaily dressed camel, carrying a *mahmal* or closed quadrangular tent, such as is annually sent to Mecca with the Haj, adorned with green silk hangings, and surmounted by a wooden crescent on the pyramidal roof. Behind him other children were mounted on horses, and dressed in military uniforms, with diamond ornaments and tiny swords. Before him a barbarous band of drums and cymbals headed the procession; and a convict who had been painted over with tar and then rolled in cotton, was led by two chains from his neck, to increase the effect of the spectacle. Yet this strange ceremony seemed to the apathetic populace equally uninteresting with the Frank pilgrimage, concerning the political meaning of which they had been just speculating; and the Government, having failed to excite enthusiasm, appeared to think it prudent, by an unusual parade of the garrison, and by the pompous

entry of two rusty field-guns, dragged up from Jaffa along forty miles of execrable road, to remind their subjects of the military force at the disposal of the Pasha.

Jewish families from Russia have also recently poured into Palestine, and have settled at Gaza, where they will find little competition in trade, but at the same time few customers to enrich them. The peasantry have not even objected to the installation of this new tribe—unpopular as are, nevertheless, the Hebrews among the modern Canaanites. The Fellah, in short, like the widow of Sarepta of old, seems to say in his despair, “I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress for me and my son, that we may eat, and die.”

So far, then, as can be judged by an observer not admitted into the confidence of the more strict Moslems, who belong to the ancient families attached to mosques, or to old Arab school foundations in the principal towns, there is no formidable recrudescence of fanatical expectation among the mass of the people in the Levant. Nor is such a spirit to be found among the nomadic tribes which roam over the desert districts. Recent explorers have shown that the Bedawin can scarcely be classed as Moslems at all. Their usual religious beliefs appear to be connected with the primeval stone-worship which was the Arab religion before Mohammed. Aly Ibn Abu Taleb has become to them a mythical character like Zeid, Zîr, Antar, or any of the heroes of the Beni Helal. Legends which seemed based on the history of Moses, Joshua, and Samson, are attributed to the mystical Imam. Persian folk-lore has been found to exist among the 'Adwan Arabs, and the cromlech has been discovered still in use. The Bedawin of the

Belka are a prayerless people, with a superstitious belief in the power of their dead ancestors; but they are at the same time sharp politicians, who look forward to deriving benefit for themselves in the confusion which would accompany the disruption of Turkish rule. They might gather round a political Mahdy for purposes of plunder and revenge, but they could never be attracted by religious zeal to fight for the faith of Islam as a losing cause.

We may turn again to inquire whether among the Derwish sects a spark of fanatical fire may exist, capable of setting Islam in flames; but it must be confessed that, unless utilised for a political propaganda, there does not appear to be any symptom of spontaneous zeal among these mysterious brotherhoods. There are twelve original orders of Derwishes, each vowed to obey its chief, and each initiated into mystic doctrines. Of these, the Malawiyeh or dancing derwishes, whose Persian founder Hazret Moulana is buried at Koniah in Lycaonia, are perhaps the most venerated. They are recruited from the respectable shop-keeping class, and have monasteries not only at Koniah, but also at Aleppo, Tripoli, and other places: they are distinguished by the sugar-loaf hat of tawny felt, round which the green turban of a Hajji is sometimes wound. Those who have seen the solemn ceremony of their dance, when, clothed in white skirts flying disc-like round their waists, they rotate like great human tops round the central figure, and who compare their movements with the sacred spectacles of India, can hardly doubt that the original meaning of the ceremony was a symbolic representation of the movement of the planets in their orbits, round the centre, which,

according to the Ptolemaic system, is represented by earth itself.

The Rifi'aiyeh sect, followers of the "Saint of God, Rifi'ai," wear black turbans in Egypt, and are remarkable as eaters of scorpions and serpents, piercing themselves like the Baal priests with swords and knives, and drawing snakes from their holes by a magic power not understood by others. The ceremony of the Dôzeh, in which the chief rides on horseback over his prostrate disciples, is performed by this sect, who are found wandering over Egypt and Syria. A third famous order is that of the followers of Seiyid-el-Bedawi, who claim divine powers for their chief, and tread unhurt on fire, or eat live coals, serpents, and scorpions. They perform also the *Zikr* or "remembrance," standing in a circle and vociferating the formula "No God but God" until they sometimes fall into an epileptic fit. A fourth sect is that of the Ahmediyeh, who wear red turbans and carry red banners, and among whom still lingers the worship of the ass, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the oldest cults in Asia, and is said still to exist among the Anseiriyeh north of Lebanon. The Barhamiyeh derwishes are distinguished by green banners and turbans; and the Kadiriyeh (who adore the sacred shoe of their founder), carry fishers' nets in procession—a survival of a very ancient Egyptian custom. Many other orders, varying in power and respectability, from the rich dwellers in monasteries to the ragged wanderers with shaggy locks and gleaming spears, are scattered throughout the Moslem East; but all are grouped round their respective chiefs, forming secret societies vowed to unquestioning obedience.

It is nevertheless not improbable,

though at first it may sound like a paradox, that the sympathies of the mystic sects may be more closely allied to the free thought of the West than to the commonplace orthodoxy of exoteric Moslem teaching. It is at least an accusation which has been brought against many secret sects, that the highest degree of initiation consists in the negation of all religious doctrines. It was with such infidelity that the Templars were charged in the acts of accusation which are still extant. It was with the neglect not only of religious, but even of the most elementary moral principles, that the Gnostics were to all appearance sometimes justly reproached; and we know that in the Buddhist system the highest truth includes repudiation of the deterrent dogmas by which lower and coarser minds are sought to be influenced. It is, moreover, very suggestive, that in an Arab account of the gradual and Jesuitical persuasion of converts among the Ismaileh—one of the earliest mystic sects of Islam—the disciple is described as advancing to final scepticism with respect to all religious systems. He is first taught the ordinary dogma of the Imamatus, or successive reincarnation of the Divine power. He is told that the spirit of the future Imam, who, like the Mahdy, is to come in the last days, has already appeared—a spark of the Divine essence, under the forms of certain historic personages, just as Zarathustra himself, again and again, born to convert the world, is once more, according to the Persian faith, to precede as a herald the future universal monarch. In the next stage, the Shi'ah novice is taught the value of such tricks of sleight-of-hand and magic formulæ as shall win respect from the ignorant, to whom

they are made to appear signs of supernatural power: he learns the secret gesture of the sect, like the Gnostic handshake, the mason's grip, or the quiet passing of the fingers across the beard, whereby members of the Derwish orders recognise one another. In the final and most confidential initiation, the Ismaileh novice is taught to laugh at his own faith in Imams, not less than at the superstitions of the most ignorant of pagans; and is told that all historic systems are alike but symbols of one truth, of the worship of *life* under its two aspects, male and female, which have existed from the unknown eternal past, and will exist for a limitless future. He is thus brought back to the basis of the very earliest and rudest ideas of the Asiatic races, to the meaning of fire and water worship, Agni and Indra, Siva and Vishnu, the *lingam* and the *yonî*. The great prophets, he is taught, merely repeated what was shadowed forth in the rough stone monuments of the early Arabs, dedicated to Allah and Allat; and the hope of a future Imam gives place to a scepticism in which the existence of the Divinity Himself is finally denied.

As far, then, as it is possible for the uninitiated to speculate on the arcana of the Moslem esoteric teaching, it seems highly probable that among the Derwish leaders no real belief in the coming of any future Imam or Mahdy exists; and that although the lower grades may be taught the ancient dogma of successive incarnations of the Deity, and may through vows of obedience be bound to follow their chiefs in any course of action which they may dictate, it is improbable that these organisations will be carried away by any fanatical enthusiasm, unless selfish motives, personal or political, should lead to the recog-

nition of some Moslem champion as the Mahdy of popular tradition.

But between these two classes—the untaught and the philosophical—there is a middle class of the orthodox inhabitants of cities and towns, whose religious tenets present a far more dangerous narrowness of view, and among whom fanaticism has a real existence. Such are the white-turbaned youths who study in the Moslem schools, the venerable elders whose green turbans bear witness to their performance of at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. Such are the doctors of the Tenzil, or plain exoteric interpretation of the Koran, who take the Scripture literally, without seeking for any mystical hidden meaning. They do not, indeed, represent the mass of the nation, and their voices might be silenced by the popular enthusiasm for a Western protecting power; but their presence, their hatred of all that is non-Moslem, their eager dissemination of scandalous misrepresentations of Christian dogmas, their zealous attempts to win the peasantry to the side of Islam, must not be for a moment forgotten by those who would understand aright the tendencies of modern Moslem thought. Comparatively few in numbers, these narrow-minded orthodox believers are, nevertheless, very much in earnest; and their power lies in the veneration with which they are regarded, and in the prestige resulting from ancient birth and high social position.

It is among this class—Sokhtas, Ulemmas, Kadis, Sheikhs, and Imams of the great mosques, gentlemen of old family, living in houses which have belonged to their ancestors for many centuries,—that a real belief in the coming of the Mahdy, and in the future triumph of Islam, exists. It is by such

doctors of the Hanifeh school of Sunnees that the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is supported, and the propaganda of Pan-Islamism (or, more properly, Pan-Sunneeism), with the Padishah as religious head, is vigorously fomented. Among them are found men sincerely devout and completely convinced, no less than hypocrites who look forward to the good things which may be obtained through the re-establishment of the old order, uncontrolled by the public opinion of the Western infidels. If the care of the Moslem lands bordering on the Mediterranean should pass into the hands of men selected from such a class, there can be little hope, not only of the spread of civilisation and progress, but even of the just government of the various races who are so inextricably intermixed in all parts of the Levant.

With the origin of the doctrine of the Mahdy's advent we are not at present specially concerned. In India, the appearance of a universal king and of an independent religious teacher, to be born in future days, dates back at least three thousand years. In Persia, the coming of Sosiosh is first mentioned about 300 B.C.; and the dogma is developed so fully in the works of the Sassanian period, that it seems to have been probably from Persia that the Moslems first derived the idea of the Mahdy. The Messiah of the Jew, the Mahdy of the Samaritan, cannot fail to be recalled to our minds when we read the details of the eschatological expectations of Islam; while, among the Druses, the Indian idea is fully developed, and the future incarnation of Hakem as a universal monarch is to be accompanied by a similar appearance of Hamzeh as a religious teacher.

The sudden development of a

system like that of the Druses—a faith which has only existed for about eight centuries, and which, nevertheless, is now held by at least a hundred thousand souls—is, however, an historical fact which, at the present time, is eminently instructive. A Hakem or a Hamzeh might spring up in our own times quite as easily as in the year 1000 A.D., and they would find in the East a condition of things at least as favourable as that existing when the Persian heretics, Hamzeh and Darazi, proclaimed the Fatimite Khalif Hakem to be the expected Imam or incarnation of the Deity.

Those who have studied the Druse religion by itself are not always aware that it was but a natural outgrowth of the older Ismaileh heresies which resulted from the influence of the Mazdeism of Sassanian Persia on the young religion of Mohammed. They have supposed that some mystic teaching of high importance is concealed by the silence of the Akkals, or initiated caste, among these strange people, and have, perhaps, hardly given enough attention to the indications observable in the prayerlessness of the Druses, in their disregard of all ritual, and in their licence as regards the denial of their faith,—indications which go to prove that the highest initiation amongst their leaders is to a scepticism like that of the Ismaileh or of the Buddhist philosophers.

The followers of Hakem and Hamzeh were at first distinguished from the Moslems of Egypt only by one tenet, that the incarnation generally expected had actually taken place in the birth of the then reigning Khalif, Hakem bin Amr Illah. As a descendant of Fatima, his claim was by no means unnatural; and whether or not he believed in his own supernatural

character, there can be little doubt that he found, in the assumption of a religious pretension so august, a very powerful political weapon, with which, had he been a wiser and less extravagant man, he might have hoped to revolutionise Islam, and to obtain general recognition as a universal Moslem ruler.

If, then, in our own days a man of real genius should arise—a man not hampered by too narrow an orthodoxy, or hindered by scruples such as prevent the truest and the best from advancing the interests of personal ambition by trading on the follies or the feelings of the untaught; if, at the same time, he were an Arab by birth (a fellow-countryman, at least, if not a supposed descendant of the Koreish Prophet), a prince or a sherif, well versed in the Koran, learned in the subtleties of the traditional interpretation, of ready wit and eloquence, a popular hero in short, and a shrewd politician as well,—such a man would find in the expectation of the Mahdy, and in the present condition of all Islam, an opportunity for the attainment of widespread power, and for the indulgence of the most unbounded ambition, such as has not arisen for many centuries. He might revolutionise the history of the East, and make the religion of Islam, which seems already to show symptoms of decrepitude and disintegration, an enthusiastic faith, uniting the various scattered races and sects which now turn to Western Christian states for deliverance from Moslem rulers.

Of such a leader we have not yet heard. The Turkish Sultan, whatever may be the value of his claim to the Khalifate—practically or theoretically—is quite incapable of pretending to the character of Mahdy. The military adventurer

whose intrigues and boldness have given so much trouble in Egypt, has not yet dared the master-stroke of proclaiming himself to be the expected prophet, although he has been represented as a descendant of Fatima, — a claim which was doubtful even when advanced by the so-called Fatimite Khalifs, and which must nowadays be regarded as extremely apocryphal. Perhaps Arâbi Pasha is too sincere and devout a Moslem to have ever thought of so trading on the religious feelings of his fellow-religionists; perhaps he is aware that he has not the qualities required to play such a part. At all events, he has not announced himself to be the Mahdy, although he had much to gain by so doing.

The Nejed chief, concerning whom we have heard so much from Mr Blunt, has as yet given no very evident symptoms of political genius or wide ambition. He would probably shrink from the impiety of aspiring to the sacred character of a reincarnation of the ancient Imams; and many who know the Arab character well are forced to doubt the capacity of the Bedawin for political union or sustained effort. The Turks despise the Arab tribes, which they break up at will by intrigue, or defeat with inferior force in the field; and the Turks are perhaps the best authorities we have in the matter, although to some of our politicians at home the Arab races appear to be considered as invincible as they believe the Boer or the Zulu to have proved themselves.

Mr Broadley, in his work recently published on Tunis, gives an interesting account of the Senoussia, a sect founded by Mohammed Senoussi, the father of the present Senoussi el Mehdi, in regard to whose appearance he gives the

following prophecy: "On the first month of Moharrem in the year 1300 (12th November 1882) will appear El Mehdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed, his brother's Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestation." In spite, however, of the scope which the agitation in Northern Africa has afforded his pretensions, it does not appear as if this personage were to make his mark more than other impostors.

As we scan the political horizon, we fail, then, to discover at present the future leader who might make the millennial dream an actual reality, and successfully assume the character of the Mahdy. Solitary enthusiasts spring up from time to time, and disappear after a brief interval of celebrity. The coming man of genius is as yet unrevealed, and is perhaps never destined to come at all. If so, the tendency of political history seems to point clearly to the decay of Moslem influence, and to the extension of Christian power in Egypt, in Syria, and in Anatolia. The Pan-Islamic scheme must perish through the weakness and artificiality of its character, through the disunion of Moslem tribes and sects, and the evident contradiction between the Sultan's pretensions and the plain words of the Koran, unless fresh life is inspired into the movement by a really able and impetuous leader, venerated as a sacred person, and idolised as an Arab hero.

We are just at the present moment approaching a crisis in the history of this Moslem expectation. The Sunnees hold that the Mahdy will come in the year 1300 of the Hegira. That year will in a few

months dawn upon us. The Druses say that Hakem will come in the ninth century after his disappearance. Some signs of the end are, it is true, not yet fulfilled. Gog and Magog have not yet drunk dry the Sea of Galilee. Ed Dajjal, the one-eyed anti-Mahdy, marked on his forehead with the word *Kaffir* ("infidel"), has not yet been reported to have rallied the Jews in the East previous to riding on his ass from Irak to Syria; the sun has not yet risen in the West; the patient earth-beast still supports his ordinary load; the smoke which is to fill the earth has as yet only been seen in our great manufacturing cities; the Sultan of Turkey still awaits the discovery of treasures in Euphrates, which would be so valuable just now; the Kaabah at Mecca has not been destroyed as yet; and beasts and birds have not begun to speak like men. Yet, on the other hand, there are signs already fulfilled to which the pious may turn for edification. Faith and truth have of a surety decayed among men in the East, if not in the West; unworthy persons have come to honour; slaves have been promoted above princesses of birth; tumults and seditions have been stirred up; war between the Turk and other Moslems has commenced in Arabia; and distress so great has spread over the Moslem world, that men envy the dead who can suffer no more. If ever there were a time when the Mahdy might be expected to appear, surely it is the present year.

The signs whereby the Mahdy is to be known are, it is true, very specially enumerated. In India, in like manner, the requisites to be fulfilled by a Buddha before he could be acknowledged, were more numerous than the marks which denoted an Apis. Yet believers

have never proved themselves very exacting in inquiring into such details, when once convinced of the general appropriateness of character in their leader. The Mahdy should be an Arab, and his name should be Mohammed Ibn Abdallah; but he might easily assume the first name, and the second ("servant of God") might be regarded as an appellation only, and as evidently appropriate to the father of so illustrious a son, whatever were the name by which he was more commonly known. The descent from Fatima might be proved without difficulty to an uncritical public. Eloquence and knowledge of religion are possessed by most men in the East, and such qualities are apt to be extolled beyond their deserts in those who have become popular. Genius is almost the only necessary quality for an actual Mahdy; and who shall say that a genius may not yet manifest himself?

The important question for the present is, therefore, the course that England should pursue in face of the present temper of the Moslem world in the Levant. Since the days of the Bulgarian agitation, Englishmen have no doubt learned much concerning the ideas and habits of the Turkish and Arab Moslems; but they have yet much to learn. That the recent massacres at Alexandria should have been thought, even for a short time, to be the result of a widespread fanaticism, argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the feeling of the lower classes in Egypt. Had the massacre taken place twenty years ago in the interior—as at Damascus in 1860—it might perhaps have been due to religious hate; though even in the instance mentioned, the lower classes were incited by their rulers, who were actuated mainly by

motives of local political origin. But that in a city where the Christian element is so strong, where the nationalities are so mixed and so numerous, and where the original severity of Moslem life has been so entirely undermined by intercourse with the West, a genuine religious outbreak should take place, while Cairo and Damascus, Hebron and Hamah, remained undisturbed in their usual tolerance of the infidel, was a supposition which no one acquainted with the character of the population in the Egyptian seaport could easily entertain.

The phantom of a national Moslem party in Egypt is not less the creation of minds unfamiliar with the thoughts and lives of the lower classes in the Levant. The natural quickness of the Arab enables him easily to acquire a superficial acquaintance with the ideas and phrases of Europeans, a knowledge as rapidly and imperfectly attained as is that of European languages. The Egyptian donkey-boy will very soon make himself understood in broken English; but the Arab who can speak correctly any language, even including his own, is not easily to be found. Thus with the control and with the establishment of native newspapers, the terms "freedom," "nationality," "constitution," "patriotism," became familiar to mouths which glibly repeated what was never felt at heart. With grim irony the military despots, who have presumed on the weakness of recognised rulers, paid back the foreigner in terms newly imported by his own representatives; and the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" was at once so clever and so impudent, as to deceive many who did not consider by whom it was raised.

When once we pause to reflect

on the position of Arabi and his followers, it must seem clear that they cannot represent the feelings of the masses of the nation, whom by their insolence and short-sighted self-sufficiency they have ruined. It is impossible to suppose that those who have increased the useless army of Egypt from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and thereby added a quarter more to the military burdens, and to the petty tyrants of the country, can really represent the wishes of the poor and timid peasantry, who are bound to a compulsory service which they hate. It is impossible to think that it is the will of the people that they should be left without that employment which has so largely depended on European direction and capital, and subjected to hostile attack from European nations, with whose colonists they had so long maintained cordial and useful relations.

If England only appreciated the advantages which she really possesses, she would become aware that her influence with the oriental populations is such as to place her in a far better position than is enjoyed by any other European nation. English firmness, justice, tolerance, and good-nature are extolled by the Arabs above all qualities of the Germans, whom they dislike, and the French, whom, as a rule, they cordially hate. The English Queen is known as a great Moslem ruler. English Protestantism is favourably contrasted with the degradation of the Greek Church, and the cunning of the Latins. English power, as evinced happily in recent events, has caused our name to be respected, while our toleration and patience are equally appreciated. It is not mere national conceit or Arab flattery which gives rise to

such impressions, for the facts are admitted even by foreigners, and the native exhibitions of opinion are too genuine and too spontaneous to be doubted.

So long as the real Mahdy does not actually appear, England has no cause for fearing the intentions of the Moslem Arab races. The peasantry are favourable to her, and the wiser heads of the upper classes see clearly the benefits of her rule, and contrast them with the miseries of Moslem mismanagement. If such a leader as has been suggested in the preceding pages should appear, we should hope to find in him also a man of sufficient breadth of view to be above the religious hatred of the fanatical class; and in such a case an alliance natural and powerful would result.

It is not our business, as some have proposed to us, to manufacture such a Moslem revival, but if it comes upon us spontaneously we have no real reason to fear it. Our

time-honoured duty has been to work for the freedom of other peoples, and to strive against the tyranny of unjust governments. Our misfortune has been of late to take the opposite side against our will, and to abet unjust despotism taking the guise of patriotism. So long as we avoid the errors of French intolerance in North Africa, and go on in the work we have begun, we need not fear the harm which the Pan-Islamite propaganda would do us, because it will fail to convince the mass of the Moslem races against the evidence of their senses.

The actual Mahdy will be, if he comes, a man of genius, with whom we might hope to be able to deal; the traditional Mahdy is a myth with which we have little to do; but we must never forget that, though his coming is but a dream, it is nevertheless a dream which in the devout East may any day become a reality, and give rise to new forces as yet dormant in the Moslem world.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PATRICK FERGUSON.

A CAREER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"HAD Cleopatra's nose been but a trifle shorter, how different might have been the destiny of the world!" is a well-known remark of Pascal's; and at least one incident in the experience of the almost forgotten individual whose name heads this article might afford food for somewhat similar reflections. The sword that menaced Damocles hung on a hair, and on the fate of comparatively obscure persons have sometimes turned the fortunes of nations. Some years ago, the pages of 'Maga' contained a sketch of Sir Banastre Tarleton, the famous partisan, whose exploits furnished the negro nurses of the Carolinas with a name of terror, as effective for quieting troublesome children as that of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was found to be by the Saracen women of the days of the Crusaders, or the Black Douglas's by English mothers of the northern marches. That notice of Tarleton we now propose to supplement by a short survey of the career of his equally dashing companion Colonel Ferguson, who, unlike him, laid down his life on the scene of their combined efforts and achievements. The story is an interesting one, for it gives a picture of the life which might be led by a younger son of a Scottish family in the eighteenth century, and shows that even in what we are accustomed to consider as the artificial age and jaded generation on which there shortly burst the deluge of the French Revolution, it was possible to illustrate the truth so well expressed by Lord Beaconsfield, that "to believe in the heroic makes heroes."

Patrick Ferguson, who was born in 1744, was the second son of an Aberdeenshire laird, James Ferguson of Pitfour, and Anne Murray, a daughter of the fourth Lord Elibank. His elder brother became in later years an attached supporter and boon companion of the younger Pitt, representing his native county in the Tory interest for thirty years. Their father had followed the legal profession, and after being for some time Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, was in 1764 raised to the Scottish Bench as Lord Pitfour. A good story is told of him, which manifests the same readiness of resource as was in widely different circumstances displayed by his son. When the unfortunate followers of Prince Charles Edward were put on their trial at Carlisle before an English jury, Ferguson and his friend Lockhart went up from Edinburgh for the defence. The panic in England had been great, and the severity of the jurors was commensurate. The tartan was a sure passport to conviction, and those who wore it got but short trial. The two advocates determined on a bold stroke,—dressed up one of their servants in Highland dress, and sent him in with the next batch of prisoners. The case for the Crown went on as satisfactorily as in the other instances, but they were of course able to prove conclusively that the man had been attending to his duties with his master during the whole rising, and could not possibly have been "out." The artifice is said to have had a very salutary result in influencing all concerned to

be more discriminating and merciful.

There is in existence a brief but interesting biographical sketch of Colonel Ferguson, written by Dr Adam Fergusson, the eminent historian of the Roman Republic. It was originally intended for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' but the editor thought it too long, the author would not curtail it, and it was not inserted. A few copies were printed in 1817, and it is from one of them that we take most of the incidents we are about to narrate.

An interesting glimpse into the influences which helped to form his character, is afforded by a letter printed by Dr Fraser in his work on the Earls of Cromarty. It is from a brother of his mother, Brigadier-General James Murray, who was known in after-years as "old Minorca," from his gallant defence of that island against the combined forces of France and Spain, and who at this time had just succeeded the gallant Wolfe in command of the army which had triumphed on the heights of Abraham. He dates from "Quebec, Oct. 11, 1759," and after observing that he had too great a share in the battle to condescend to particulars, says:—"I left orders to send Petty Ferguson to the accadamy at Wolich: I hope it was done. I mean to push him in my own profession. I am sure, if I live, I shall have it in my power; and if I die, it will not be the worse for him that I had the care of him." The auspices were good; and the time—that *annus mirabilis* in which the imperial policy of Chatham was illustrated by victories and conquests in every quarter of the globe—was an inspiring one for a young soldier entering on his career.

Young Ferguson, according to his biographer, "having early chosen

the life of a soldier, was sent to finish his education at a military academy in London, where he acquired the elements of fortification, gunnery, and other arts subservient to his intended profession. Of these he afterwards pursued the study in real situations in action as well as on paper; and was sagacious, original, and inventive in the application of expedients to actual service. . . . Those who associate ferocity with the military character will hardly believe in what degree a person so fond of the military life was humane and compassionate to his enemies, as well as affectionate and generous in his friendships." He certainly proved himself in later life to be a scientific soldier as well as a brave officer; but one would scarcely think that he could have obtained much practical knowledge at this academy, as he was only fourteen years old when he got his first commission in the Royal North British Dragoons—the famous Scots Greys. With them he served through some of the German campaigns, and two episodes are recorded which illustrate his spirit. The first occurred in Germany before he had completed his sixteenth year. He and another young officer were out on horseback a few miles in front of the army, when they fell in with a party of the enemy's hussars, who gave chase. In passing a ditch, Ferguson dropped one of his pistols; "but thinking it improper for an officer to return to camp with the loss of any of his arms, he leaped the ditch in the face of the enemy, and recovered his pistol." They halted, and he completed his retreat in safety and with honour. The next occurred at Paris some years after. An officer in the French service "spoke reproachfully in his presence of the British nation. The insult he not

only resented on the spot, but surprised his antagonist next morning with a visit before he was out of bed. 'This is well, young man,' said the other; 'I have paid such visits—seldom received them: but it is fair to tell you that I am reputed one of the best swordsmen in France.' 'That is not the question now,' said Ferguson; 'you are in my debt—let us find a fit place to settle our accounts.' They accordingly went to the Boulevards together; Ferguson considering how he might deprive this swordsman of the advantage of his superior skill, and the other regarding with security and contempt so young an antagonist. As soon as they had drawn, Ferguson rushed within his adversary's point, seized the hilt of his sword, and in the scuffle was so fortunate as to get possession of it. 'You are a brave fellow,' said the other; 'and I shall certainly do you justice whenever our affair is mentioned.'"

As, however, has been the case with more than one naval and military hero, Ferguson had to struggle with the disadvantages of a delicate constitution, and he had scarcely finished his first campaign when he was disabled by sickness, and after being some time in hospital, was sent home when in a state to be removed. He did not himself take so serious a view of his condition, and was anything but resigned to circumstances. Writing to a friend, he said: "I am now entirely recovered, and might serve the next campaign with ease, had not the fears of my parents prompted them to apply for an order for my joining the light troop; by which means I am deprived for these many years to come of the only chance of getting a little insight into my profession." But though not in the field, he was by no means idle. "Being much at home," we are told, "from

the year 1762 to the year 1768, he entered warmly into the question which was then agitated, relating to the extension of the militia laws to Scotland. He saw no difficulty in combining the character of a soldier with that of a citizen, so far as was necessary for the defence of a country in which citizens enjoy such invaluable privileges; and some of the ablest and most intelligent publications which appeared in the public prints of the time were of his writing."

In 1768, a company was purchased for him in the 70th Regiment, and he joined his detachment at Tobago, where "he was of great service in quelling very formidable insurrections of the negroes." In the West Indies, however, he suffered much from bad health, and after a short visit to North America, returned to Britain in 1774.

Always on the outlook for opportunities of action, he regarded with attention the aspect of affairs; and the outbreak of war with the revolted colonies found him intent on the invention of a new species of rifle, with which to counteract the superiority as marksmen of the American backwoodsmen. Curious, that a century ago a breech-loading rifle, which enabled those armed with it to seize every advantage of cover, should have been invented, brought into use, and then lost sight of. American writers note that, during the Revolution war, Ferguson's rifle "was used with effect by his corps;" and the biographer of Washington says of its inventor: "The British extolled him as superior to the American Indians in the use of the rifle—in short, as being the best marksman living." An account of its exhibition before Lord Townsend, then Master-General of the Ordnance, is to be found in the

'Annual Register' of 1st June 1776. "Some experiments were tried at Woolwich before Lord Viscount Townsend, Lord Amherst, Generals Hervey and Desaguiliers, and a number of other officers, with a rifle-gun, upon a new construction, by Captain Ferguson of the 70th Regiment; when that gentleman, under the disadvantages of a heavy rain and a high wind, performed the following four things, none of which had ever before been accomplished with any other small arm: 1st, he fired during four or five minutes at a target, at 200 yards' distance, at the rate of four shots each minute; 2d, he fired six shots in one minute; 3d, he fired four times per minute, advancing at the same time at the rate of four miles in the hour; 4th, he poured a bottle of water into the pan and barrel of the piece when loaded, so as to wet every grain of powder, and in less than half a minute fired with her as well as ever without extracting the ball. He also hit the bull's-eye at 100 yards, lying with his back on the ground; and notwithstanding the unequalness of the wind and wetness of the weather, he only missed the target three times during the whole course of the experiments. The Captain has since taken out a patent for the said improvements."

The invention attracted a good deal of attention, and before long was exhibited before the King at Windsor by some private men of the Guards. But in the presence of majesty the marksmen were shy, and shot wild. "They would not," said the Captain, "be so embarrassed in presence of your Majesty's enemies." Ferguson "then took a rifle himself; and of nine shots which he fired at the distance of a hundred yards, put five balls into the bull's-eye of the target, and four within as many inches of it. Three

of these shots were fired as he lay on his back, the other six standing erect. Being asked how often he could load and fire in a minute, he said seven times; but added, pleasantly, that he could not undertake in that time to knock down above five of his Majesty's enemies."

Now, however, he was to enter upon that scene of action where his greenest laurels were gathered, and where, in course of time, his life was to be laid down. He volunteered for service in America, and obtained special instructions to the commander-in-chief to have a corps of volunteers drafted from the various regiments, armed in his own way, and put under his command. He thus had an opportunity of independent action, so dear to every aspiring spirit, and particularly prized by the soldier, who, in ordinary circumstances, would see nothing before him for a long time to come but the weary routine of regimental duty. "He gave," it is said, "a signal specimen of the services of his corps at the battle of Brandywine, when, being advanced in the front of the column commanded by General Knyphausen, and supported by the Rangers under Colonel Wemyss, he scoured the ground so effectually that there was not a shot to annoy the column in its march." His practical genius and scientific study of the art of war led him to excel in these very branches of military skill on which most stress is laid nowadays in the changed conditions of modern warfare. But although his "spirited conduct" was acknowledged in a special letter from the commander-in-chief, Sir William Howe was jealous of the rifle corps having been formed without his being previously consulted, and took advantage of Ferguson's being wounded, to reduce it and return the rifles to store. When,

on receipt of the 'London Gazette,' it appeared that Sir William Howe had, in his official despatch, ignored the services for which he had sent the letter of thanks, Ferguson immediately forwarded a copy of that document to the Secretary of State.

But before leaving the battle of Brandywine, an episode of peculiar interest must be noted, which more than justifies the observation made at the outset. Ferguson, in a letter home, thus narrates an incident which took place while he lay with some of his riflemen on the skirts of a wood in front of General Knyphausen's division.

"We had not lain long," he says, "when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green or blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably large cocked-hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and fire at them; but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed again within a few hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. On my calling he stopped, but after looking at me proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him, but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which I could in the quickest firing have lodged half-a-dozen of balls in or about him before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine: but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the

same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was. Further this deponent sayeth not, as his bones were broke a few minutes after."

What might have been the course of American and European history, had this captain of riflemen been less chivalrous or more practical, it is impossible to imagine; but the story is a romantic one, and the legal phrase which concludes Ferguson's narrative of it, is suggestive of old Edinburgh associations, and his father's conversation, who had died at Gilmerton scarcely three months before.

He had "received a ball in the right arm, which so shattered the joint of the elbow as to render it doubtful whether amputation would not be necessary. He was for some months disabled from service, and although he preserved his arm, never recovered the use of that joint; but with a spirit peculiar to himself, so assiduously practised the use of the sword and the pen with his left, that he scarcely seemed to have incurred any change but a difference in his handwriting."

In consequence of the reduction of the rifle corps, Ferguson, whose regiment was then in Nova Scotia, found himself on his recovery with no recognised post in the army, and it depended upon the commander-in-chief's inclination whether he should see any service at all. He was, however, very popular among his brother officers, and it is recorded that he showed

"an ardour for distinction and eminence without exciting proportional envy." He "was the friend of every man's merit, and had no enemy to his own;" and one of his comrades, who kept a journal of the war, mentions that although "careless of his own life to a fault, he was ever attentive to the means of preserving these under his command."

In the autumn of 1778, he had command of the land portion of a combined military and naval force, which was despatched from New York to root out a nest of rebel privateers, which preyed upon the trade of that city from Little Egg Harbour in the Jerseys. His troops only amounted to 300 men; and as the armament was delayed by contrary winds, the enemy managed to get away with some of their larger vessels. The remainder, however, were burnt, to the number of ten or twelve, by the sailors; while the soldiers destroyed the haunts and storehouses of their crews on shore. Meanwhile a deserter brought intelligence that Pulaski, a Polish adventurer in the service of the Congress, lay up the country with three companies of foot, three troops of horse, a detachment of artillery, and one field-piece, and that he had neglected to occupy a narrow bridge over a gully or creek about half a mile in his front. This news immediately decided Ferguson to attempt a surprise, though the enterprise was beyond the scope of his instructions. In his report—in forwarding which Sir Henry Clinton described him as "that very zealous and active officer"—he says, that although an immediate return had been ordered, "as the wind still detained us," and so tempting a prize lay near, "I prevailed upon Captain Collins to enter into my design, and em-

ploy an idle day in an attempt that was to be made with safety, and with a probability of success. Accordingly, at eleven last night, 250 men were embarked, and after rowing ten miles, landed at four this morning within a mile of the defile, which we happily secured, and leaving 50 men for its defence, pushed forward upon the infantry of this legion, cantoned in three different houses, who we almost entirely cut to pieces. We numbered among their dead about 50, and several officers, among whom, we learn, are a lieutenant-colonel, a captain, and an adjutant. It being a night attack, little quarter could of course be given, so that there are only five prisoners. As a rebel colonel, Proctor, was within two miles, with a corps of artillery, two brass twelve-pounders, one three-pounder, and the militia of the country, I thought it hazardous, with 200 men, without artillery or support, to attempt anything further, particularly after Admiral Gambier's letter.

"The rebels attempted to harass us in our retreat, but with great modesty, so that we returned at our leisure, and re-embarked in security.

"The captain who has come over to us is a Frenchman named Bromville. He and the deserters inform us that Mr Pulaski has, in public orders, lately directed no quarter to be given; and it was, therefore, with particular satisfaction that the detachment marched against a man capable of issuing an order so unworthy of a gentleman and a soldier. . . . We had an opportunity of destroying part of the baggage and equipage of Pulaski's legion by burning their quarters; but as the houses belonged to some inoffensive Quakers, who, I am afraid, may have sufficiently suffered already in the confusion of a night's scramble, I

know, sir, you will think with us that the injury to be thereby done to the enemy would not have compensated for the sufferings of these innocent people." An American historian, in treating of this expedition, declares that the British, "cumbering themselves with no prisoners, killed all they could," but takes no notice of the consideration shown by troops flushed with success for the votaries of the unpopular doctrine of peace-at-any-price.

When Sir Henry Clinton advanced in the following spring to dislodge the enemy from the posts of Stony point and Ver Planks Neck, Captain Ferguson was detached with a special command before the army, and became a busy actor in the subsequent operations. Stony point was more than once taken and retaken, being apparently easy to carry, but difficult to hold; and as it appeared that these vicissitudes in its fortunes were due to a defect in the works, the charge of reforming or supplying that defect was intrusted to Ferguson,—“an appointment unusual, as he did not belong to the corps of engineers, who, nevertheless, do not seem to have taken umbrage at it.”

He was now major; and that he might erect what works he thought proper, “it was proposed that he should remain in the defence of the place. Flattered with this opportunity to execute what he had often been meditating, he proceeded to realise some of his favourite ideas; and while he looked for an attack with all the anxiety of a person who waits the result of an interesting experiment, he had the mortification to receive an order to evacuate Stony point and join the army at New York, now destined to carry the war into a different quarter of the continent. In a letter to a friend on that occa-

sion, full of regret, he says: “Never did a fond mother leave her favourite child with more reluctance than I did that place.” He had, however, the consolation of promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in America, and the prospect of employment elsewhere. Although his engineering activity was put a stop to, his energies were to find another and even more congenial field for exercise.

South Carolina had been decided on as the sphere of the principal operations of 1780, and a powerful army was despatched from New York by sea for the reduction of Charleston. A small force, under Major-General Paterson, was landed at Tybee, in Georgia, with orders to penetrate into South Carolina, it being desired that his advances should receive the attention of the enemy, while the rest of the army again put to sea, and suddenly appeared before the city, which was the objective of their operations. Paterson's route lay through a very difficult country, and on his flanks moved Major Ferguson with a corps of riflemen, and Major Cochrane with the infantry of the British legion. Their duties were to reconnoitre the districts round, clear them of enemies, and collect boats and waggons for the use of the main body. One incident of this advance indicates how it was that Ferguson contrived to obtain such an ascendancy over the hearts of those with whom fortune brought him into contact, and testifies to his courage and composure. He and Cochrane had taken different routes, when they heard that one Macpherson was in command of a large body of rebels at his own plantation on the road to Charleston. Both determined simultaneously to surprise the place; but Ferguson reached it first, found it evacuated, and took up his quarters

there. In the night Cochrane arrived, and immediately attacked, while Ferguson's detachment prepared to repulse what they believed to be an attempt of the Americans to retake the post. "Ferguson—as usual at the head of his men—attempting to parry a bayonet with his sword, received a thrust in the only arm of which he had any use ; but while he raised his voice to encourage his men, he was known to his friend Major Cochrane, who put a stop to the conflict. Ferguson called for the man who had wounded him, and giving him a piece of money, commended his alacrity, saying : "We should have known our friends sooner from their mode of attack."

This wound, in the climate of the Southern States, for some time threatened him with the loss of his other arm. But he continued his march, riding between two orderlies, and often obliged, to hold the reins in his teeth ; and as soon as the wound improved, he again took the field. During the siege of Charleston, he was employed, along with Colonel Tarleton, in clearing the country of parties of the enemy, who endeavoured to harass the besieging army ; and on one occasion, falling in with an American convoy, he took 200 horses, 40 waggons, all their baggage, spare arms, and accoutrements, with 50 prisoners, without the loss of a man. It was owing to their association at this time that Ferguson and Tarleton have frequently had their names coupled as the most dashing leaders of light troops and irregulars that the contest with the revolted colonies produced. Tarleton was unequalled as a wielder of cavalry, Ferguson unrivalled as a commander of riflemen ; and by the rapidity of their movements and the valour of their attack they

became a terror to the disaffected. "Ferguson," observes Washington Irving in his 'Life of Washington,' "was a fit associate for Tarleton in hardy scrambling partisan enterprise : equally intrepid and determined, but cooler, and more open to impulses of humanity."

The American generals had established a chain of posts to keep up the connection between the beleaguered city of Charleston and the districts in which they were supreme, to enable them to communicate with the garrison, and to afford supplies and reinforcements. These the British commander determined to destroy ; and the surprise of the strongest and most distant of them, that commanded by General Hager at Monk's Corner, was intrusted to Tarleton and Ferguson. It was completely successful ; large captures were made, and the rebel force put to the sword, made prisoners, or dispersed. In the course of the marauding, some dragoons of the British legion broke into a house and insulted some ladies residing there. The ladies were rescued, and despatched in a carriage to a place of safety, and the dragoons apprehended. "Major Ferguson, we are told, was for putting the dragoons to instant death ;" but Colonel Webster, a superior officer, who had by this time arrived, did not think his powers went that length, and they were sent to headquarters and flogged. "We gladly record one instance," says Washington Irving, who narrates the incident, "in which the atrocities which disgraced this invasion met with some degree of punishment ; and we honour the rough soldier Ferguson for the fiat of 'instant death,' with which he would have requited the most infamous and dastardly outrage that brutalises warfare."

After the surrender of Charles-

ton, dispositions were made to consolidate and organise the recovered province, and Ferguson was chosen for a service for which he had peculiar qualifications, and which gave a curious practical illustration of the views he had expressed in early years on the militia question. Under widely different conditions, and in a far-distant scene, he was to exhibit some of those qualities which, more than a century before, had enabled the great Montrose to achieve such astonishing results with materials previously neglected or regarded with contempt. Among the inhabitants of the Carolinas, where not a few Scottish Highlanders had settled, there were many loyalists or "Tories;" for, by a strange coincidence, the old English party names had been applied to the two great sections into which American society was then divided. Ferguson's genius inspired him to utilise the military force which here lay dormant; and when the scheme of "arming the well-affected in their own defence" took shape, he was appointed major to the 71st Regiment (Fraser's Highlanders) on the British establishment, and with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in America, intrusted with the duty of marshalling the militia over a large tract of country. In the proclamations he issued in his new character of administrator, he called upon the people of South Carolina to restore the civil government of their country under the favourable conditions then offered by the King and Parliament of Great Britain. A numerous militia was soon enrolled, who "followed Ferguson with the utmost spirit and confidence." They were allowed to name their own officers, who also acted as civil magistrates; and every endeavour was made to secure that these appointments should

only be given to fit and proper persons.

"Ferguson," says his biographer, "exercised his genius in devising a summary of the ordinary tactics for the use of this militia; and had them divided in every district into two classes—one of the young men, the single and unmarried, who should be ready to join the king's troops, to repel any enemy that might infest the province; another of the aged and heads of families, who should be ready to unite in defending their own townships, habitations, and farms. In his progress among them he soon gained on their confidence, by the attention he paid to the interests of the well-affected, and by his humanity to the families of those who were in arms against him."

"The precise point," remarks Lord Bolingbroke in a striking passage, "at which the scales of power turn, like that of the solstice in either tropic, is imperceptible to common observation; and in one case as in the other, some progress must be made in the new direction before the change is perceived." But when in after-years events are traced back to their causes, and the period of equilibrium between the opposing forces is narrowed by diligent investigation, the interest heightens as the crisis is approached. It is emphatically so in the case of the events we are about to trace; for competent judges have expressed the opinion, that on the success of the Southern campaign of 1780 depended the integrity of the British empire. "We are come," says Bancroft, the American historian, in dealing with this phase of the great struggle, "to the series of events which closed the American contest, and restored peace to the world. In Europe the sovereigns of Prussia, of Austria, of Russia, were offering their media-

tion; the United Netherlands were struggling to preserve their neutrality; France was straining every nerve to cope with her rival in the four quarters of the globe; Spain was exhausting her resources for the conquest of Gibraltar; but the incidents which overthrew the ministry of North, and reconciled Great Britain to America, had their springs in South Carolina."

In the second week of September Lord Cornwallis commenced his march towards North Carolina, having detached Ferguson to the western confines of South Carolina. The latter had with him his own corps of light infantry, and a body of royalist militia, his force being variously estimated at from 400 to 1200 men. "His orders were," says Washington Irving, "to skirr the mountain country between the Catawba and the Yadkin, harass the Whigs, inspirit the Tories, and embody the militia under the royal banner. . . . He had been chosen for this military tour as being calculated to gain friends by his conciliating disposition and manners, and his address to the people of the country was in that spirit: 'We come, not to make war upon women and children, but to give them money and relieve their distresses.'" From other sources we learn that he added, "he hoped they would excuse him, if meeting with their husbands or brothers in the field, he should use them a little more roughly." "Ferguson, however," continues the American author, "had a loyal hatred of Whigs, and to his standard flocked many rancorous Tories, besides outlaws and other desperadoes; so that, with all his conciliating intentions, his progress through the country was attended by many exasperating excesses."

Moving on Cornwallis's left, he had advanced to Ninety-six, "act-

ing with vigour and success against different bodies of the rebels," when he was informed by Colonel Brown, who commanded the royal forces at Augusta in Georgia, that a body of rebels under one Clark, who had been repulsed in an attack on that post, were retreating by the back settlements of Carolina. Brown added that he was going to hang on their rear, and if Ferguson would cut across their route, they might be intercepted and dispersed. As this was consistent with his general duty, he "gave way to his usual ardour," and pushed on into Tryon County. He was more adventurous than his comrade, and meanwhile the clouds were gathering thick about him. Near the Broad River his party encountered a body of Americans, "pursued them to the foot of the mountains, and left them no chance of safety but by fleeing beyond the Alleghanies." They spread the account in these regions of Ferguson's force, its distance from its supports, and the possibility of overwhelming it before succour could arrive. Numerous bodies of backwoodsmen and others were already in arms, with the intention of seizing presents intended for the Cherokees, which were understood to be but slightly guarded at Augusta. The leaders of this "western army" sent expresses to their friends in south-western Virginia and North Carolina, who soon joined them. This formidable gathering made Brown discontinue his pursuit of Clark, and return to his station at Augusta; but of this Ferguson at first had no intelligence, and continued his advance into the lion's jaws. When he became aware of the state of affairs, he halted, and began to fall back towards Cornwallis. "Threatened," says Washington Irving, "by a force so superior in numbers and fierce in hostility, Ferguson issued

an address to rouse the Tories. 'The Backwater men,' said he, 'have crossed the mountain; Macdowell, Hampton, Shelby, and Cleveland are at their head. If you choose to be trodden upon for ever and ever by a set of mongrels, say so at once, and let women look out for real men to protect them. If you desire to live and bear the name of men, grasp your arms in a moment and run to camp.' He at once determined what course to pursue. Of the parties opposed to him he wrote thus to Cornwallis:—

"They are become an object of consequence. I should hope for success against them myself; but, numbers compared, that must be doubtful. Three or four hundred good soldiers, part dragoons, would finish the business. Something must be done soon. This is their last push in this quarter." On receipt of this letter, Cornwallis at once set Tarleton in motion with the light infantry, the British legion, and a three-pounder; and it is easy to imagine with what alacrity that dashing officer would press forward to the succour of his friend. But unfortunately a previous despatch, in which Ferguson had "earnestly expressed his wish to cover a country in which there were so many well-affected inhabitants," and for that purpose announced his intention to make a stand on King's Mountain—the name ought to have been a good omen—fell into the enemy's hands, and they hastened to overwhelm him. At Cowpens, on Broad River, the western army was joined by Williams, another American leader, who with 450 horsemen had been acting against Ferguson. The combined force has been described as "a swarm of backwoodsmen, the wild and fierce inhabitants of Kentucky, and other settlements westwards of the mountains, under the

Colonels Campbell and Boon; with those of Helston, Powell's Valley, Barclay, Bottetourt, Augusta, and Fincastle, under the Colonels Cleveland, Shelby, Siver, Williams, Brand, and Lacy." They mounted a large proportion of their force on fleet horses, and hurried on in hot haste. King's Mountain was a strong position; but it had the fatal defect of Majuba Hill, for the sides were clothed with wood, which afforded cover to the assailants, and specially favoured their style of fighting. The trees were lofty forest ones, and among them were strewn large boulders and rocks. "As the Americans drew nearer, they could occasionally, through openings of the woodland, descry the glittering of arms along a level ridge forming the crest of King's Mountain. This Ferguson had made his stronghold, boasting that 'if all the rebels in hell should attack him, they would not drive him from it.'" The Americans formed themselves into four columns, and proceeded to attack from all the points of the compass. For ten minutes "a furious and bloody battle" was kept up, with the two central columns alone; then the others chimed in, and for fifty-five minutes more there was an almost incessant fire, while "the regulars with their bayonets could make only a momentary impression." Ramsay, the American historian of the Revolution in Carolina, who was himself a member of Congress, and wrote soon after the events he describes, and before the passions of the great struggle had subsided, but who yet speaks with the highest respect of the British commander, relates how, when the picket was driven in on the main body, "Colonel Ferguson with the greatest bravery ordered his men to charge;" how that charge had no sooner been successful than another

body of Americans, "from an unexpected quarter, poured in a well-directed fire;" how "the British bayonet was again successful, and caused them also to fall back;" and how, when another relay of adversaries "ascended the mountain, and renewed the attack from that eminence, Colonel Ferguson, whose conduct was equal to his courage, presented a new front, and was again successful; but all his exertions were unavailing." He is said to have encouraged his men with a silver whistle, "which was heard sounding everywhere through the din of the conflict." But Washington Irving's description is so graphic that we cannot resist quoting it: "Ferguson, exasperated at being thus hunted into his mountain fastness, had been chafing in his rocky lair, and meditating a furious sally. He now rushed out with his regulars, made an impetuous charge with the bayonet, and dislodging his assailants from their coverts, began to drive them down the mountain, they not having a bayonet among them. He had not proceeded far when a flanking fire was opened by one of the other divisions: facing about and attacking this, he was again successful, when a third fire was opened from another quarter. Thus as fast as one division gave way before the bayonet, another came to its relief; while those who had given way, rallied and returned to the charge. . . . Ferguson found that he was completely in the hunter's toils—beset on every side; but he stood bravely at bay, until the ground around him was strewn with the killed and wounded, picked off by the fatal rifle. His men were at length broken, and retreated in confusion along the ridge. He galloped from place to place, endeavouring to rally them, when a rifle-ball brought him to the

ground, and his white horse was seen careering down the mountain without a rider."

"Resistance," remarks Ramsay, "on the part of Colonel Ferguson was in vain, but his unconquerable spirit refused to surrender. After repulsing a succession of adversaries pouring in their fire from new directions, this distinguished officer received a mortal wound."

"He had," says Dr Adam Ferguson, "two horses killed under him, while he remained untouched himself; but he afterwards received a number of wounds, of which it is said any one was mortal, and dropping from his horse, expired while his foot yet hung in the stirrup. The spirit which thus refused to be subdued, being now no more, the officer on whom the command devolved, though brave and equal to the trust, was compelled to accept of quarter for himself and the few men that remained under his command."

Poetic fantasy might find a subject for meditation in the fact that the device of the house of Hanover, the riderless white horse, should have been the emblem of victory to the rebel host on this well-contested field! "The army of mountaineers," observes Washington Irving, "were little aware of the importance of the achievement. The battle of King's Mountain, inconsiderable as it was in the numbers engaged, turned the tide of Southern warfare. . . . It changed the aspect of the war. Cornwallis had hoped to step with ease from one Carolina to the other, and from these to the conquest of Virginia: he had now no choice but to retreat."

Ferguson's famous companion, the redoubted Tarleton, has left a narrative of the campaigns of 1780 and 1781; and as he was in command of the force sent too late to Ferguson's relief, and had special

opportunities of investigating "the mortifying news" of his "melancholy fate," it is important to notice that he substantially corroborates the hostile annalists in their account of the battle, and wholly in their estimate of its importance. "Ferguson occupied the most favourable position he could find, and waited the attack. The action commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon on the 7th of October, and was disputed with great bravery near an hour, when the death of the gallant Ferguson threw his whole corps into total confusion. No effort was made after this event to resist the enemy's barbarity, or revenge the fall of their leader. . . . The mountaineers, it is reported, used every insult and indignity after the action towards the dead body of Major Ferguson, and exercised horrid cruelties on the prisoners. . . . The destruction of Ferguson and his corps marked the period and the extent of the first expedition into North Carolina."

Dr Ferguson corroborates Tarleton's statement as to the conduct of the victors. "The body lay stripped on the ground, while the men lately under his command, now prisoners of war, desired leave to bury his remains with what they termed the honours of a soldier's grave; but this request, addressed to the recent feelings of a ferocity which resented the opposition even of the most generous enemy, was refused. This token of respect and affection, however, was paid to the deceased by the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, who, having experienced his humanity, gave the body a decent interment in their own burying-ground." And we have come on a curious confirmation of these accounts in the far-back pages of an American magazine ('*Harper's Monthly*,' xxiv., 1862), in an article on "American Histori-

cal Trees." The writer is describing a visit to King's Mountain in 1849, and says: "I arrived near the battle-ground in the afternoon when the clouds were breaking, and on horseback, attended by a resident in the neighbourhood, ascended the pleasant wooded hills to the memorable spot. . . . In a little dell at the northern foot of the hill, whereon most of the battle was fought, was a clear brook laving the roots of an enormous tulip-tree, whose branches were widespread. 'That,' said Mr Leslie, my companion, 'we call the Tory tulip-tree, because after the battle here ten Tories were hung upon these two lower branches.' 'Were they not prisoners of war?' I asked. 'They were taken in battle,' he replied, 'but they were too wicked to live.' . . . Near that tree in the lonely hollow of the solitary mountains is a humble monument to mark the spot where American officers and Ferguson the leader of the Tories were buried. One inscription reads: 'Col. Ferguson, an officer belonging to his Britannic Majesty, was here defeated and killed.'"

The death of Ferguson was fatal to the scheme into which he had thrown himself so heartily; for the loyalists, deprived of the leader whom they trusted, dared no longer rise, and the republicans were everywhere inspirited by the event, and their intercepted letters showed them as exulting over the fall of "the famous Ferguson." The tone of jubilation which naturally enough pervades the American despatches shows that the significance of the victory was appreciated by their generals, if not by those who won it; and some of the expressions in official documents are more suggestive of the delight than dignity of those who wrote them. General Davison thus notifies the event to General Sumner:—

"*Camp, Rocky River, Oct. 10.*
—SIR,—I have the pleasure of handing you very agreeable intelligence from the West. Ferguson, the great partisan, has miscarried. That we are assured by Mr Tate, brigade-major in General Sumpter's late command. The particulars from that gentleman's mouth stand thus." Then follows an account of the action, after which the General continues. "This blow will certainly affect the British very considerably. The brigade-major who gives this was in the action. The above is true. The blow is great. I give you joy upon the occasion."

General Gates, in enclosing Davison and Sumner's despatches, wrote of "the great and glorious news" they contained, and observed as to the effect of the battle, "we are now more than even with the enemy."

When the report of Ferguson's death reached his friends they were not surprised, and scarcely required confirmation. "If not now," they said, "it must be soon, in the continual danger to which he exposes himself." "He had estimated the part which became him to act as the leader of such parties as were hitherto put under his charge: in such services he conceived that he was not only to project what should be done, but to lead in the execution of it. His courage was considerate and calm. He says in a letter to a friend, 'I thank God more for this than for all His other blessings, that in every call of danger or honour I have felt myself collected and equal to the occasion.'" And replying to some expostulations of his parents, he wrote: "The length of our lives is not at our own command, however much the manner of them may be. If our Creator enables us to act the part of men of honour, and to conduct ourselves with spirit, probity, and humanity, the

change to another world, whether now or fifty years hence, will not be for the worse."

Montaigne, writing of his friend De la Boétie, says, in his quaint but expressive manner, "His was a full soul indeed, and that had every way a beautiful aspect: a soul of the old stamp, and that had produced great effects had fortune been so pleased;" and that the observation is not inapplicable to the subject of our sketch is perhaps borne out by the following estimates of his character. One of his brother officers wrote of him in after-years: "In private life his humanity and benevolence were conspicuous, his friendship steady and sincere. To a distinguished capacity for planning the greatest designs, he added the ardour necessary to carry them into execution: his talent for enterprise attracted the notice of the whole army. Military tactics had been his early and favourite study: considered as a scholar, his genius was solid, his comprehension clear, and his erudition extensive."—('Mackenzie's Strictures.') And General Stewart of Garth, in his book on the Highlanders and the Highland Regiments, quotes thus from Dr Jackson: "He possessed original genius, was ardent and enthusiastic, and considered as visionary by the disciples of the mechanical school of war. By zeal, animation, and a liberal spirit, he gained the confidence of the mass of the people, and laid foundations on which the loyally disposed, who were numerous in the southern provinces, would have been organised and disciplined, and greatly outnumbered the disaffected. No man in that army was better qualified for such a task; his ardour was not to be checked by common difficulties. Directing the conduct of men unaccustomed to strict discipline; in-

stead of commanding obedience, silence, and close attention to the routine of duty, he, with an address which none but a man who studies and applies the principle which regulates the actions of the human mind could be supposed to possess, led them step by step to accomplish the duties of experienced soldiers. At King's Mountain he was overwhelmed by numbers, and fought and fell like a Spartan."

In all his utterances it seems as if we hear "the ringing of the Roman tread." Yet in his character classic fortitude was blended with the softer spirit of medieval chivalry, science co-operated with valour, and study came to the aid of genius. If Tarleton—*si parvos licet componere magnis*—might be called the Claverhouse of the Carolinas, Ferguson was the Montrose of the American Revolution. Had his life been spared, he might have been of great service to his country at a time when she was sorely in want of military genius, for there was a long series of failures at the outset of the great war, before a capable commander arose. But he was

"Snatched in manhood's prime,
Though not before the goal of honour won;
Swift was the course but short the time
to run!
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine!
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy
line!"

The Washington episode at Brandywine, and the decisiveness of the action at King's Mountain, open a wide field for reflection. Had the events been different, would the opportunities vouchsafed have been met by the policy of North or the policy of the Pitts? But what a foundation might have been laid of that great scheme of imperial federation, which has been the dream of the best of British statesmen! Such musings, however, are far beyond the scope of this sketch, and we bid farewell to one whose life once promised to be more than an eddy in the stream, and who, from his first display of boyish spirit on the plains of Germany, down to the mournful but not inglorious close in the shade of the Tory tulip-tree on the slope of King's Mountain, maintained the character of a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*."

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE party at Tinto was increased by Dr Stirling and his wife, which made six, instead of four as the master of the house had intended. His meaning, so far as it was a meaning at all and not a mere impulse, was to get John Erskine by himself, and with skilful art to worm himself into the confidence of that open-hearted young man. Torrance had a great opinion of his own skill in this way. He thought he could find out from any man the inmost thoughts of his mind; and John seemed an easy victim, a young fellow without suspicion, who might without difficulty be led into betraying himself. Torrance had been overawed by the presence of Edith, and forced into conviction when his wife appealed to her sister on the subject of John; but he was without any confidence in the truth of others, and after a time he began to persuade himself that Lady Car's denial was not final, and that probably he should find out from John himself something that would modify her tale. When he heard that his wife had added to the party, he was furious. "I never said I wanted more people asked," he said. "If I had wanted people asked, I should have let you know. What do I want with a country parson, or minister, or whatever you call him? When I'm ill you can send for the minister. I've got nothing to say to him at present. It is for yourself, of course, you want him. When there's nobody better, he does to try your arts on, Lady Car."

"Yes," said Lady Car, with a faint smile, "I allow that I like to talk to him—for lack of a better, as

you say." Sometimes she had spirit enough to be what he called aggravating, and Torrance grew red with a sense of scorn implied. He was not stupid enough, seeing that he was so little clever. He knew so much as to be constantly conscious that he was below the mark.

"Confound it!" he said, "if you were to talk to your husband, it would show more sense; but of course that would not answer your purpose." Why it would not answer her purpose he had not any idea; but it is not always necessary, especially in controversy, to know what you yourself mean, and Carry did not inquire. Sometimes she was aggravating, but sometimes she showed the better part of valour, and held her peace. That was always the wise way. And accordingly there were six people who sat down to the banquet at Tinto. It was truly a banquet though the party was so small. The table was covered with plate, huge silver epergnes, and loads of old-fashioned metal,—not old-fashioned, it must be recollected, in the right way, but in the wrong way—monstrosities of the age of William IV. or of the last George. Lady Caroline's taste had been quite inoperative so far as these ornaments were concerned. Her husband knew that she made light of them, and this usually influenced him in the long-run. But he knew also what they had cost, and would not yield a hair's-breadth. The table groaned under them as on the greatest feast-days; and Mrs Stirling, if nobody else, was always deeply impressed. "I tell the Doctor it's as good as reading a book upon the East to see

that grand camel and the silver palm-trees," this excellent lady said. She thought it became a minister's wife to show a special interest in the East.

"Well, it's not often they're seen in the east—of Scotland, Mrs Stirling," said Tinto, with his large laugh. He had made the joke before.

"Oh fie, Mr Torrance! ye must not be profane," Mrs Stirling said: and they both laughed with a certain zest. Very few of Lady Car's guests admired the palm-trees; but Mrs Stirling, by a blessed dispensation of Providence, was always capable of this effort. "I hear they are not much in the way of art," Torrance said—"people are ill to please nowadays; but they're pure metal, and if they were only valued at so much an ounce——"

"You may well say they're ill to please. Bless me, Mr Torrance! one of them would be a fortune—just a fortune at that rate. When my little Jeanie is of an age to be married you must lock up these fine things, or there's no saying what I might be tempted to; but you never would miss one when there's so many," Mrs Stirling said. It was a dispensation of Providence. The Doctor himself devoutly wished he had his wife's faculty of admiration, when, after keeping her host in good humour all the evening, she withdrew with Lady Car, giving him a warning glance. All three of the ladies addressed warning glances to the gentlemen left behind. Even Nora, who had not spoken three words to John, and had, as she said almost spitefully to herself, nothing whatever to do with him, could not help warning him with her eyes to keep the peace.

Now this was the time which Torrance had looked forward to, when he should cross-examine the new-comer, and get to the rights of

the story respecting John's previous acquaintance with his wife. He was balked and he was angry, and all at once it became apparent to him that this was Lady Car's design, and that she had done it to screen herself. "Doctor, you like a good glass of wine," he said; "all parsons do, whatever be the cut of the cloth. Here's some stuff that will soon lay you under the table—unless you're seasoned like Erskine here, and me."

"I must take care, then, to give that stuff a wide berth," the Doctor said gravely, yet with a smile.

"Ay, ay, but you must drink fair. We'll be having you take shelter with the ladies. I don't mean to let Erskine off so easy. This is his first dinner in my house. It ought to have been a state dinner, you know—all the big-wigs in the county; but Erskine and Lady Car are old friends. I think you knew the family intimately at—where was the place?"

"I met Miss Lindores, as she was then, in Switzerland," said John, curtly. "It was to you that I was to apply, Dr Stirling, for particulars about the asylum Lord Lindores is so much interested in."

"And a most important work," said Dr Stirling. "It is a strange thing to think of in a country so well gifted as this by Providence, and with so much intelligence, what a balance we have on the other side! You'll have noticed almost every village has a 'natural' as the people call them,—a half-witted innocent creature like Davie Gellatley in 'Waverley.'"

"What did you say was the name of the place?" said Torrance. "I'm bent on making notes of all the places Lady Car's been in. She's a poet, you know. Some time or other they will be wanted for her biography, don't you see?"

"I have observed," said John,

answering Torrance only with a little bow — “I have noticed already one or two. Could nothing be done for them?”

“But you don’t answer me,” said Torrance, “and when I tell you my motive! That’s my father-in-law’s last fad. What is he so anxious about the daft folk for, Dr Stirling? Is it a fellow-feeling?” he stopped to laugh, making the table ring. “He was at me for my support, and to write to the convener. Not I! I told him they had done well enough up to my time, and they would do well enough after my time. What are we to put ourselves about for? can you tell me that?”

“It is a disgrace to the county,” said Dr Stirling. “No wonder the Earl was horrified, that has seen things managed so differently. Mr Erskine, if you will come and see me, I will tell you all about it. Sir John stands out, just because the idea is new to him, not from any real objection—for he’s a good man and a charitable man at heart.”

“You don’t wonder at me, Doctor,” said Torrance. “Do you think I’m not a good man or a charitable? I’m standing out too. I’m saying, what should we put ourselves about for? It’s not us that makes them daft. And what’s done for the county up to our time may do now. Little Tam, he can see to that: let him have the paying of it; it is not an amusement I’m fond of——”

“And yet, Mr Torrance,” said the Doctor,—“and yet—you’ll excuse me—here’s what would almost build the place——”

This was an exaggeration. It was founded upon his wife’s *naïve* admiration of the Tinto plate; but it did not displease the proud owner of all those pounds of silver. He laughed.

“You may take your word, it will never build the place, nor any

such place,” he said. “No, Doctor, that’s not my line—nor the Earl’s either, trust me. If you think he would strip his table or empty his purse for all the idiots in Scotland, you’re mistaken. You think it’s all benevolence and public spirit. Not a bit! He means to run Rintoul for the county, and it’s popularity he’s wanting. There’s always wheels within wheels. My father-in-law thinks he’s a very clever man,—and so he is, I suppose. They’re a clever family; but I can see through them, though they don’t think much of me.”

Torrance had already consumed a good deal of wine. He had been crossed in his purpose, and his temper roused. His dark face was flushed, and his light eyes staring. Both his companions were men entirely out of sympathy with him, who were there because they could not help it, and who listened rather with angry shame that they should be parties to such discourse, than with any amiable desire to cover his shortcomings. They did not look at each other, but a slight uneasy movement on the part of both was as good as a mutual confidence, and both began to speak at once, with an anxious attempt to put an end to these unseemly revelations.

“What fine weather we’ve been having for the crops!” said Dr Stirling. And, “I wish you’d tell me what flies you use about here. I have had no luck at all on the river,” cried John.

But their host was on his mettle, and felt himself a match for them both. “As for the weather, I’ve no land in my own hands—not such a fool! and I don’t care a—— that for the crops! Flies! you may have the finest in the world, but without sense you’ll make nothing of them. Come with me, and I’ll let you see how to make

them bite. But as I was saying," Torrance went on, elevating his voice, "if you think his lordship is bent on the good of the county, you're mistaken, I can tell you. He means to get the seat for Rintoul. And who's Rintoul, to represent a county like this? A boy, in the first place—not fledged yet; what I call fledging. And knows nothing about what we want. How should he? He never was in the county in his life till four or five years ago. You would have thought a man like old Lindores, that has been about the world, would have had more sense. That's just it; a man knocks about these little foreign places, and he thinks he knows the world. Now there's me. I would not take the trouble of Parliament, not for any inducement. It's no object to me. I prefer quiet and my own way. There's nothing that any Ministry could give me, neither office nor rise in life. I'm content to be Torrance of Tinto, as my father was before me: but at all events, I am one that knows the county and its ways. I could tell them what's wanted for Scotland. But no! a boy like Rintoul that knows nothing—without sense or experience,—he's the man. My father-in-law, for so clever as he is, has awful little sense."

"There is no seat vacant as yet," said Dr Stirling; "we might leave that question, Tinto, till the time comes."

"That's your old-fashioned way," said Torrance; "but his lordship is a man of his century, as they call it. He'll not wait till the last moment. He'll get himself known as the friend of Liberal measures, and all that. All his tools are in the fire now; and when the time comes to use them, they'll be hot and handy." Then he laughed, turning his eyes from one to another. "You're his tools," he said.

It was not possible for either of the listeners to conceal the irritation with which they received this sudden shot. They looked at each other this time with a sudden angry consultation. Dr Stirling touched his empty glass significantly with the forefinger of one hand, and held up the other as a warning. "It seems to me," he said, "that it would be an excellent thing about this time of the night to join the ladies. It will very soon be time for my wife and me to go."

"He is afraid of his wife, you see, Erskine," said Torrance, with his laugh. "We're all that. Keep out of the noose as long as you can, my lad. You may be very thankful for what you've missed, as well as what you've got."

"I suppose you mean something by what you are saying, Mr Torrance," said John, "but I do not understand what it is."

Upon this Torrance laughed louder than before. "He's confounded sly—confounded sly. He'll not let on he knows—that's because you're here, Doctor. Join the ladies, as you say—that is far the best thing you can do—and Erskine and I will have a glass more."

"A great deal better not, Tinto," said the Doctor; "you know it's not the fashion now: and Lady Caroline will wonder what's become of us. It's a little dark down the avenue, and my wife is nervous. You must come and shake hands with her before she goes."

Both the guests rose, but the master of the house kept his seat. "Come, Erskine, stay a bit, and tell me about—about—what was the name of the place? Let the Doctor go. He has his sermon to write, no doubt, and his wife to please. Go away, Doctor, we'll join you presently," Torrance said, giving him a jocular push towards the door. "Come, Erskine, here's a

new bottle I want your opinion of. If you ever drank a glass of claret like it, it will be a wonder to me."

John stood hesitating for a moment. Then he took his seat again. If he was to quarrel with this fellow, better, he thought, to have it out.

"You want to question me," he said; "then do so simply, and you shall have my answer. I am unaware what the point is; but whatever it is, speak out—I do not understand hints. I am quite at your service if I can furnish you with any information."

"Go away, Doctor," said Torrance, with another push. "Tell them we're coming. I'll be in time to shake hands with Mrs Stirling: join the ladies—that's the right thing to do."

The minister was in a great strait. He stood looking from one to another. Then he went out slowly, closing the door softly behind him, but lingering in the anteroom, that if any conflict of voices arose, he might be at hand to interfere. Torrance himself was sobered by the gravity of the proceeding. He did not speak immediately, but sat and stared at the companion with whom he was thus left *tête-à-tête*. He had not expected that John would have courage to meet this interrogation; and notwithstanding his pertinacity, he was disconcerted. Erskine met his gaze calmly, and said, "You wanted to ask me some questions. I am quite at your disposal now."

"Question?—no, not so much a question," faltered the other, coming to himself. "I'm sure—I beg your pardon—no offence was meant. I asked—for information."

"And I shall be glad to give you any I possess."

Torrance made a pause again; then he burst out suddenly—"Hang it, man, I didn't mean to give you

any offence! I asked you—there couldn't be a simpler question—what was the name of the place where—you met my—you met the Lindores——"

"The place was a mountain inn on the way to Zermatt—a very secluded place. We were there only about six weeks. Mr Lindores (then) and his family were very friendly to us because of my name, which he knew. I suppose you have some ulterior meaning in these questions. What is it? I will answer you in all respects, but I ought to know what it means first."

Torrance was entirely cowed. "It means nothing at all," he said. "I daresay I am an idiot. I wanted to know——"

"We were there six weeks," repeated John—"an idle set of young men, far better pleased with mountain expeditions than with our books. We did little or nothing; but we were always delighted to meet a family-party so pleasant and friendly. There we parted, not knowing if we should meet again. I did not even know that Mr Lindores had come to the title. When I found them here it was the greatest surprise to me. I had never even heard——"

"Erskine," cried Torrance—by this time he had drank several more glasses of wine, and was inclined to emotion—"Erskine, you're an honest fellow! Whoever likes may take my word for it. You're an honest fellow! Now my mind's at rest. I might have gone on suspecting and doubting, and—well, you know a man never can be sure: but when another fellow stands up to him honest and straightforward—" he said, getting up to his feet with a slight lurch towards John, as if he would have thrown himself upon his shoulder; and then he laughed with a gurgle in his breath, and thrust his arm through that of his

reluctant guest. "We're friends for life," said Torrance; "you're an honest fellow! I always had a fancy for you, John Erskine. Letsh join the ladies, as that old fogey of a Doctor said."

The old fogey of a Doctor, who had been hanging about in alarm lest he might be called upon to stop a quarrel, had no more than time to hurry on before them and get inside the drawing-room door, before the master of the house pushed in, still holding John by the arm. "Here," Torrance cried, depositing his unwilling companion suddenly with some force in a chair by Lady Caroline's side—"here, talk to her! You can talk to her as much as you please. An honest fellow—an honest fellow, Lady Car!"

Then he made a somewhat doubtful step to Mrs Stirling, and stood over her diffusing an atmosphere of wine around him. Poor ladies! in the drawing-room, even in this temperate age, how often will a man approach them, and sicken the air in their clean presence with fumes of wine! The minister's wife was tolerant of the sins of the squires; but she coughed, poor soul, as she was enveloped in these powerful odours.

"Well, Mrs Stirling," Torrance said, with cumbrous liveliness, "your husband here, we could not get him away from his wine. We've been doing nothing but talk of coming up-stairs this quarter of an hour; but get the Doctor to budge from his wine—no! that was more than we could do," and he ended with a loud guffaw. The Doctor's wife coughed, and smiled a sickly smile upon the great man, and shook her head with a "Fie, William!" at her husband. "Dear me, dear me!" Mrs Stirling said after, as she walked down the avenue with her Shetland shawl over her head, hold-

ing close by her husband's arm, "when I think of poor Lady Caroline, my heart's sore. That muckle man! and oh, the smell of him, William! You're not so particular as you should be in that respect, the best of ye—but I thought I would have fainted with him hanging over me. And that fragile, delicate bit woman!" "She should not have married him," the Doctor said, curtly. But his wife was a merciful woman; and she did not feel sure how far a girl would have been justified in refusing such a marriage. She shook her head, and said, "Poor thing!" from the bottom of her heart.

"I am glad I have met with Mr Torrance's approval," John said; but Carry gave him so wistful a deprecating look, that he was silent. And he had not yet escaped from his uncomfortable host. When Mrs Stirling went away with her husband, Torrance, whose sole idea of making himself agreeable to a woman was by rough banter, transferred himself with another lurch to Nora. "And how's the old soldier?" he said. "I suppose he's going over all the men within fifty miles to see who will make the best husband, eh? It was all I could do to keep out of their hands when I was a bachelor. If they had had their will, Lady Car would never have had the chance of me; no great harm in that perhaps, you will say. But you must not be saucy, Miss Nora. Men are not so easy to get when all's said."

"No, indeed," said Nora—"men like you, Mr Torrance. I could not hope, you know, to be so lucky as Lady Car."

Upon this, though his head was not very clear, the uneasy Laird grew red, fearing satire. It was perfectly true, to his own thinking; but he was enlightened enough to

know that Nora had another meaning. He would have liked to punish the little saucy chit, who held up (he thought) her little face to his so disdainfully in his own house. As lucky as Lady Car, indeed! She should have no luck at all, with that impudence of hers. It would serve her right if she never got the offer of any man. But he dared not say exactly what he thought. Conventional restraints, in such a case, were too much for the free-born wit even of Pat Torrance of Tinto.

"That's a great compliment to me, no doubt," he said; "but never be down-hearted. There is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of the net. There's our neighbour here, for instance," he said, stooping to speak confidentially, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder at John, with one of his usual bursts of laughter. "Now, what do you think of him, Miss Nora? A real honest fellow, I can testify, and a nice little property. What do you think of him?"

The tone was meant to be confidential, but it was loud enough to have reached any ear in the room; and it was Nora's turn to redden with anger intolerable. She jumped up while he stood and laughed, shaking his sides. "I've given her a poser there," he said. "I've given her her answer there." He could not help returning to it, as, much against Nora's will, he accompanied her to the door and put her into the little pony-carriage which had come for her. "You must think of what I say, Miss Nora. You would be very comfortable. You'll see that's what the old soldier is driving at. And I don't think you could do better, if you'll take my advice."

John, who had followed downstairs, not wishing to have any more than he could avoid of his host's

society, saw the indignant countenance of Nora looking out wrathfully upon himself as the carriage turned from the door. What had he done to deserve the angry look? But the other, standing somewhat unsteadily on the steps, greeted the departure with a laugh that was loud and long.

"One good turn deserves another," he said. "I've put her against you, Erskine, and that's the best thing I could do. Mind what you're about, my fine fellow, or you'll fall into some snare or other. I would not marry, if I were you. You have enough for one, but it wouldn't be enough for two. If you manage Dalrulzian well, you may be very comfortable as an unmarried man. Take my advice. Of course they will all be setting their caps at you. There's Aggie Sempill—she thought she had got me: but no, I knew better. Truly in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird. There! you've Scripture for it. And now here's Nora Barrington——"

John grasped his arm violently. "Be silent!" he cried in his ear. The butler stood on the steps behind laughing decorously under his breath, as in duty bound, at his master's joke. John's new groom at his horse's head grinned respondent. What he would have given to take the big clown by the collar and fling him into the midst of the bushes! But this was not to be thought of. Such violent impulses have to be repressed nowadays.

"Well, well, we'll name no names," said Tinto. "They'll all be after you; no need to name names. And I'll tell them all you're an honest fellow. Don't you be led away by his lordship, no more than the women. Keep your vote to yourself, and your heart to yourself, that's my advice. Good night to you, John—you're

a very decent fellow," cried the big voice in the darkness. Torrance had found out that this epithet annoyed young Erskine, and he liked it all the better in consequence. He shouted it after him into the night, as with another great laugh he went back into his house to Lady Car. Alas, poor Carry! The others went away, shook off the disagreeable presence, got out of the atmosphere of his wine and the roar of his laugh; but Carry, than whom there was no more fastidious, delicately nurtured woman—Carry sat helpless, scared, awaiting him. Whatever happened, she could not run away.

As for John, he flew down the avenue in the dark, taking that turn on the top of the scaur, which was allowed by everybody to be so dangerous, without knowing anything about it, guided by instinct and rage; for he had never been there before. When they had passed the danger, Peter, the groom, drew a long breath. "That's past, the Lord be thankit!" he said. It was natural that Peter should suspect his master of sitting long after dinner, and sharing the excitement of his host.

"What's past?" said John, angrily: he had nearly taken an inner gate, dogcart and all, as if it had been a fence. His horse was fresh, and his mind ablaze with irritation and impatience. "What's past?" he repeated, angrily, when the man clambered up again to his side.

"That corner, sir, they call the Scaur. There used to be a paling, but it fell to pieces, and this Laird—I beg your pardon, sir—young Tinto, that is a perfect deevil when he's on a horse, would never let it be mended. It's a' cleared away, and there's a grand view when there's daylight to see it, and doun-bye the sound o' the river

roaring. If it weren't for the horse's feet and the rate we're going, you would hear it now."

"You think we're going too fast——"

"Na—no me," said the groom, cautiously, "now that I see, sir, you ken what's what. But it's a fickle corner in the dark. Not to know is maybe the best way. When you ken, you're apt to be ower cautious or ower bold—one's as bad as the ither. A wrang step, a bit swing out on the open, and there would be no help for ye. Neither you nor me, sir, would have seen a freend belonging to us again."

"It is unpardonable," said John, "if this is so, to leave it without protection or notice."

"Well, sir, you see it's no just the richt road. It's a short cut. You take the left hand at thae lily-oaks. I thought you bid to ken, as you took it so bold, without a moment's thought. I wouldna advise you to do it again. Tinto, he's a perfect deevil on horseback, as I was saying. He's aye riding that way. They say he'll break his neck sometime or other, he's so wild and reckless—ower that scaur——"

"And no such great loss either," cried John, in his indignation. He hoped the words were not audible, in the rush of his horse's hoofs and jingle of the harness, the moment they had left his lips; and he was annoyed by the confidential tone of Peter's reply.

"Maybe no, sir, There's plenty is of that opinion. There was mair tint at Shirramuir."

John felt as if he had condescended to gossip with his servant about his neighbour, and was ashamed of himself. But as he reviewed the events of the evening his pulses beat higher and higher. That he should have pleased this big bully, and received the offer of

his friendship, was something half humiliating, half ridiculous. But what could he do? The bonds of neighbourhood are stringent: that you must not, if possible, quarrel with, or markedly avoid, or put any slight upon, the man whose lands march with your own, is a self-evident proposition. And the husband of Carry Lindores! When John thought of this part of it, there escaped from him an almost groan of horror and pity. The rest of the party had dispersed, and were free of the big laugh, the rude jests, the fierce staring eyes; but Carry remained behind.

Peter the groom did not feel so sure that his new master had partaken too freely of the wine at Tinto, which everybody knew to be better and stronger than wine

anywhere else, by the time they got to Dalrulzian. But he announced that he was "just one of Tinto's kind, a deevil when he's behind a horse," as he took his supper. This, however, was a suggestion which brought down upon his head the indignant displeasure of Bauby, who regretted audibly that she had kept the potatoes hot for such an ill-speaking loon—and of Rolls, who, accepting the praise implied, put down the superficial judgment of this new-comer as it deserved. "There will no man beat an Erskine for clear head and steady hands," he said, "if that's what you ca' being of Tinto's kind; but you'll observe, my lad, that we're a' of a reasonable age, and I'll have nane o' your rash opinions here."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh yes, that's true—I'm an old Tory. I'm proud of the name," said Sir James, with his genial countenance. "If you'll believe me, my young friend, most changes are for the worse. When I remember, before I went to India, what a cheery world it was—none of those new-fangled notions were so much as thought of—we were all kindly one with another, as country neighbours should be. The parish school—that was good enough for me. I got the most of my schooling there. We had a grand dominie—there was not a more learned man out of St Andrews or Aberdeen. Old Robert Beatoun the blacksmith was at the school with me. We've been great friends ever since, but I cannot say that he ever took anything upon him in consequence. That's one of your new-fangled notions too—to part all the world into classes, and then, when their habits are formed

and their ways of living settled, to proclaim they're all equal. No, no—they're not all equal; you may take my word for it, though I'm no Solomon."

"I don't think so, either, Sir James; but pardon me, if you found no evil in going to the same school as the old blacksmith——"

"Not a pin, sir—not a pin!" cried the old general. "We respected each other. We were great friends, but not associates. I had my own cronies, and he had his: but we always respected each other. And do you think to sit on the same bench with a wholesome country lad in corduroy breeks was worse for me than being packed up with a set of little dandies, taking care of their books and keeping their hands clean, and sent out of their own country till they're made strangers to it, as comes to pass with your Eton, and the rest of them—— I ask your pardon,

Erskine. I forgot you were there yourself——”

“There is no offence,” said John. “I think I agree with you so far; but, Sir James, your theory is far more democratic, far more levelling——”

“Me democratic and levelling!” said Sir James. “That will be news. No, no; that was all in the course of nature. When a lad was to be pushed in the world, his friends pushed him. You cannot do that now. When you saw your friend with a houseful of children, you would say to him, ‘What are you going to do with those fine lads of yours?’ and if you knew a director, or had influence to hear of a writership, or a set of colours.—Now, ye cannot help on your friend’s boys, and ye cease to think of them. What little ye might do, ye forget to do it. Robert Beatoun’s grandson, you’ll tell me, got in high on the list for those competition-wallahs, as they call them. Well, I say nothing against it. The lad is a good lad, though he was never brought up in the way of having men under him, and he’ll feel the want of that when he gets to India. The like of me—we were poor enough, but we had always been used to be of the officer kind. That makes a great difference; and if you think we did our work worse for having no bother about examinations——”

“That has proved itself, Sir James. Nobody pretends to say it did not work well.”

“Then why change it?” said the old man. “And about your hospitals and things. When there was a poor natural, as they call it, in a village, everybody was good to the creature; and do you think the honest folk that had known it all its life would not put up with it, and feel for it, more than servants in a hospital? When

we had a burden to bear, we bore it in those days, and did the best we could for our own. We didn’t shuffle them off on the first person’s shoulders that would take them up.”

All this John had brought upon himself by his reference to Lord Lindores’s scheme. Whatever might be well with respect to the election, he had felt that there could be but one voice in respect to a hospital; but John had soon been convinced that in that respect also there certainly was more than one voice.

“But I suppose,” he said, feeling somewhat confused by this style of reasoning, for it was not a subject upon which the young man had thought for himself,—“I suppose, for the suffering and miserable—for those out of the common line of humanity, more badly off, less capable than their neighbours—hospitals are necessary.”

“Let those that belong to them care for them, sir,” cried Sir James. “I’m saying it in no hard-hearted way. Do you not think that when a trouble is sent upon a family, it’s far better for the family to make a sacrifice—to draw close together, to bear it, and take care of their own? That’s always been my opinion—that was the practice long syne. If ye had a thorn in the flesh, ye supported it. When one was ill, the rest took care of him. There were no hired sick-nurses in those days. When ye had a fever, your mother nursed you. If you were blind or lame, every one would give you a little, and nobody grudged your meat or your drink. And that was how Scotland was kept so independent, and the poor folk hated debt and beggary. Once you give your own duty over to other folks, you sacrifice that,” the old soldier said, with conviction. Sir James was of the class of men who are never more entirely at home than when they are exer-

cising the duties of beneficence—the sort of men who manage hospitals and establish charities by nature. Had the county hospital been existing, he it was, and not Lord Lindores, who would have given time and trouble to it; but Sir James was as full of prejudices as a hearty, healthy old gentleman has a right to be. He would not give in to the new thing; and his arguments were shrewd, although he himself would have been the last to be bound by them. He would have taken the burden off a poor man's shoulders and carried it himself without a compunction. Saying is one thing and doing another, all the world over; only it is usual that people profess not less, but more, benevolent sentiments than are natural to them. Sir James took the other way.

"You must excuse me saying," the old general went on, "that you must not trust too much to Lord Lindores. Part of it is political, there is no doubt about that. He's wanting to get a character for being public-spirited and a useful member of his party. They tell me he's thinking of bringing in his son in the case of an election, but that would never do—that is to say, from my point of view," said Sir James, laughing; "you're on the other side?—ah, to be sure, I had forgotten that. Well, I suppose we're all meaning the same thing,—the good of the country; but depend upon it, that's not to be procured in this way. The Lindores family are very excellent people—very worthy people; but they're new-fangled—they have lived abroad, and they have got foreign notions into their heads."

"Benevolent institutions are, above all others, English notions—or so, at least, I have always heard," John said.

This brought a slight flush on

the old man's cheek. "Well, I believe you are right—I think you are right. I will not go against that. Still it is a great pity to bring foreign notions into a quiet country place."

They were walking up and down the lawn at Chiefswood, where a party of country neighbours were about to assemble. It was a kind of gathering which had scarcely been acclimatised in the North; and the pleasure of sitting out, though the seats were comfortably arranged in the most sheltered spot, was at the best an equivocal one; but fortunately the drawing-room, with its large bright windows overlooking the scene of the gentle gaieties provided for, was behind, and there already some groups had collected. John Erskine, without being aware of it, was the hero of the feast. He was the new-comer, and everybody was willing to do him honour. It was expected that he was to be the chief performer in those outdoor games which were not yet very well known to the young people. And it was somewhat disconcerting that he should have chosen this moment to discourse with old Sir James upon the county hospital, and the poor lunatics and imbeciles of the district, for whose benefit Lord Lindores was so anxious to legislate. Had it been any other subject, the old general would have dismissed the young man to his peers, for Sir James had a great notion that the young people should be left to entertain each other. But as it happened, the theme was one which had disturbed his genial mind. He was vexed at once in his prejudices, and in his honest conviction that the county, to which he was so glad to get back after his long exile, was the best managed and most happy of districts. He had found nothing

amiss in it when he came home. It had been welcome to him in every detail of the old life which he remembered so well. There were too many changes, he thought, already. He would have liked to preserve everything. And to have it suggested by a new gingerbread, half-English, half-foreign intruder, with all the light-minded ways that belonged to the unknown races on the Continent, that the beloved county wanted reorganisation, almost betrayed the old man into ill-humour. The guests kept arriving while he talked, but he talked on, giving forth his views loosely upon general questions. "We're going the wrong road," he said, "aye seeking after something that's new. The old way was the best. Communistic plans are bad things, whatever ye may say for them; and shuffling off your sick and your poor on other folk's hands, and leaving them to the public to provide for, what's that but communism? You'll never get me to consent to it," Sir James said.

"Where is the general?" Lady Montgomery was saying in the drawing-room. "Bless me! has nobody seen Sir James? He cannot expect me to go out without my bonnet, and get my death of cold setting all the young people agoing. No, no, I told him that. I said to him, you may put out the chairs, but if you think Barbara Erskine and me, and other sensible women, are going to sit there in a May day and get back all our winter rheumatism, you are mistaken, Sir James. But now, where is the general? Nora, you must just go and look for him, and say I'm surprised that he should neglect his duty. When I yielded to this kind of party, which is not my notion of pleasure, I told him plainly he must take the lawn part of it upon his own hands."

"And where's my nephew John?" said Miss Barbara Erskine, who sat in one of the seats of honour, within pleasant reach of a bright fire. "Nora, when you look for Sir James, you'll look for him too. I'm affronted, tell him, that he was not the first to find me out."

"I hear Mr Erskine is a great friend of the Lindores," said Mrs Sempill. "Having no son at home, I have not had it in my power, Miss Barbara, to show him any attention, but I hoped to make his acquaintance to-day. They tell me he knew the Lindores well in their former circumstances. That is, no doubt, a fine introduction for him to the county."

"If an Erskine of Dalrulzian wanted any introduction," said Miss Barbara, "it would be a very ill one, in my opinion. For there are as many that think ill of them as there are that think well of them, and they're not our kind of people. But John Erskine wants nobody to introduce him, I hope. His father's son, and my father's great-grandson, should have well-wishers enough."

"And a well-looking, well-spoken young man. He minds me of your uncle Walter, the one that went abroad," said old Mrs Methven of the Broomlees. She was older than Miss Barbara, older than the imagination could conceive. Her memory slipped all the recent generation, and went back to heights of antiquity unknown. Miss Barbara Erskine was still a young person to this old lady, and Sir James a frisky young soldier. "Walter Erskine was the first person I ever saw that wore his own hair without so much as a ribbon. It had a terrible naked look, but you soon got used to it. This one is like him. But you'll scarcely mind him. He was young when he left the county. I cannot remember if you were born."

"He's like his father, which is not so far back," Miss Barbara said.

"Bless me, bless me! where is the general?" cried Lady Montgomery. She was standing in front of the great bow-window which looked upon the lawn, with her beautiful Indian shawl on her shoulders. Grouped upon the grass were several parties of the younger people, not quite knowing what to do with themselves. Some of the ladies, wrapped in warm cloaks and shawls, were seated round, waiting for some novelty of amusement with which they were unacquainted, and wondering when it was going to begin. It seemed to Lady Montgomery the most dreadful neglect of duty that there was no one to set the young people agoing. "Will anything have happened to Sir James?" she said, in anxious Scotch, and cast a glance back at the pleasant fire, and wrapped her shawl more closely round, with a sense that Providence might require of her the heroic effort of stepping outside. But just then she perceived in the distance that her general had been captured, and was being led back in triumph to the lawn by Nora and Agnes Sempill, two of his chief favourites. John followed after them, looking by no means triumphant. When Lady Montgomery saw this, she gave a nod of satisfaction, and returned to the fire. "Whatever they're going to do, it'll begin now," she said. "If it's worth looking at, we can see it from the window; but for my part, I'm very anxious about putting folk to sit on the grass at this time of the year. I would not wonder to hear of bronchitis or inflammation after it—but it's none of my doing. Sir James is just daft about all the new-fashioned ways of amusing young people. For my part, I say there's nothing

like the old way. Just to clear out the rooms, and get the fiddlers, and let them dance. But that would be a daftish thing too, in daylight," the old lady said; for she was not at all up to the current of events.

It was, I believe, the venerable game of croquet which was the "new-fashioned thing" in question, and which all the people outside crowded round to see, while a few highly instructed young persons, who had brought the knowledge from "the South," proceeded, with much modest importance, to exhibit for the benefit of their neighbours. "It's quite easy," they said, each feeling a sort of benevolent missionary. John Erskine was one of these *illuminati*, and he was the partner of Agnes Sempill, the girl who had trembled for a moment lest Mr Torrance of Tinto might be going to select her from the many that smiled upon him. She would have married him had this been; but it must be said for her that she was unfeignedly glad to have escaped. This having been the case, it will be apparent that poor Agnes was no longer in her first youth. She was five or six and twenty—young enough, yet not altogether a girl; and she knew, poor young woman, that she must marry the next man who offered himself,—they were so poor! and her mother did not fail to impress upon her that she was losing all her chances. She looked upon John Erskine, accordingly, with more critical interest than is ordinarily felt. He was about her own age, but she decided that he was too young; and she hoped, whatever he was going to do in the matrimonial way, that he would show his intentions at once, and not force her mother into unnecessary efforts. "Too young—but he might do very well for Mary," she said to herself; and then she turned to him to talk

about croquet, as if there was no such important subject.

"It is such a thing to have something that can be played out of doors!" she said. "Well, not so much in Scotland, that is true, but still we want a little variety. Do you play golf, Mr Erskine? The ladies' golf is very nice; it is only *Putting*—but you won't understand what that means. At St Andrews there is the Ladies' Links——"

"Which sound romantic and picturesque, at least."

"Oh, it is not at all romantic—picturesque after a sort. Seaside slopes—what you call downs in England; but I can't describe it. Is it my turn? You should be able to get me nicely through that hoop next stroke you make. Sir James is always the first to get us any novelty that is going. He is always on the outlook for something. This is the very first in the county. They have not got croquet yet even at Lindores."

"Does Lindores generally set the fashion?" said John indiscreetly, not knowing what to say.

"The fashion! oh no, certainly not," cried Miss Sempill. "Of course they are the highest rank, and walk in and out before us all; but for anything else—— You used to know them, I hear, Mr Erskine. Tell me something about them. Oh, we are neighbours, but not great friends. We do not move about very much; we are humble people, without carriages and horses. I suppose *they* lived very quietly before——"

"I only knew them," said John, learning to employ the universal formula, "abroad; and as the way of living is so different——"

"Ah! is it really so?" said Agnes, with quick interest; "do people really live so much cheaper abroad? I suppose you are not expected to keep up appearances in the same way; and then you get all your

amusements so cheaply, and you can do a great deal, and go about a great deal, on very little. I have always heard that. But when you're a large family, the mere travelling must be a large item. I should think it would swallow up all the savings for the first year."

The question was one which interested her so much that she scarcely left time for a reply.

"I have often thought of it," she said. "The girls, poor things, get so little to amuse them here. Abroad, so far as one hears, there is nothing but amusement. Concerts and operas for next to nothing, and always a band playing some where—isn't it so? And you get houses quite cheap, and servants that will turn their hand to anything. I suppose the Lindores lived in quite a humble way out there?"

"They moved about a great deal, I believe," said John. "In summer, in the mountains, whether you are rich or poor, it does not make much difference."

This was all the young man knew. Miss Sempill interrupted him with an eager light in her eyes, "Doesn't it, really? Then that is the ideal place I have been looking for all my life—a place where, to be rich or poor, makes no difference—— Oh, is it my turn again? what a nuisance! Mr Erskine is telling me of a place I have dreamt of all my life."

"But you must bestir yourself—you must bestir yourself," cried the old general. "Reflect, my dear; you're one of many—you must not mind your own enjoyment for the moment. Ay, my young friend, so you've been telling a lady of a place she's dreamed of all her life?—that's better than bothering your head about hospitals or my lord's schemes. Come, come, John Erskine, put your heart into it: here are some of the bonniest faces in the North waiting to see you play."

John was not dull to this inducement. It was a pretty group which gathered round as spectators, watching every stroke. All the Sempill girls, an eager group of pretty portionless creatures, eager for every kind of pleasure, and getting very little, envious in a sisterly way of Agnes, who knew the new game, and who had secured the new gallant. They were envious yet proud of her. "Our Agnes knows all about it," they said; "she has tried to teach us; but one person can never teach a game: when you see it played, you learn in a moment." They looked over each other's shoulders to see John play, which he did very badly, as was natural; and then they dropped him and followed the next player, Willie Montgomery, Sir James's grand-nephew, who, they all agreed, did a great deal better. Our young man, in spite of himself, felt a little discomfited. He came back to his partner to be consoled,—though, as he had failed to do her the service with her ball which she expected, she was a little dissatisfied too. She was disposed to be cross because her play in the new game had failed of its triumphant effect through her partner's fault. "You have not played much, Mr Erskine, I suppose? Oh, it does not matter—when nobody knows, one style of play is just as good as another; but I thought no one could have missed that ball. Never mind, it is not of the least importance. Tell me more about—abroad."

"If you will tell me," said John, much mortified by these remarks, "what you understand by abroad."

"Oh, it is all a little the same thing, isn't it? The first place you can think of—where the Lindores lived. I daresay it was just as important to them then as it is to us now to be economical, and spend as little as they could."

"The interest that people take

in the place where I met the Lindores is astonishing," said John. "I had to go through a catechism at Tinto the other night."

"Ah! then you have been at Tinto. Do you think, Mr Erskine, they are so very unhappy as people say?"

"I do not know what people say," was all the answer John could make.

"There is nothing they don't say," cried Miss Sempill; "that he beats her—I have heard as much as that. I wonder if it can be at all her fault? I never cared for Pat Torrance myself, but nobody thought *that* of him before he was married. Do you think, perhaps, if she had taken a little more interest at first—— One can never tell; he was always rough, but not such a savage as that."

"I have no opinion on the subject. I am only a stranger, you know," John said.

"Ah! but I can see your opinion in your face. You think it is he that is to blame. Well, so he is, no doubt; but there are generally faults, don't you think, on both sides? And then, you see, she was brought up abroad—one always feels that is a little risky for a girl. To be sure, you may turn upon me and say, why ask so many questions about it if you hold such an opinion of it? But there is a difference: we are all grown up but Lucy; and if mamma and five of us cannot take care of Lucy—— Both of the Lindores have that disadvantage. Don't you think Lady Edith is a little high and mighty? She thinks none of us are good enough for her. They are not very friendly, neither the one nor the other. They don't feel at home among us, I suppose. No doubt it is our fault as much as theirs," this candid critic said.

Thus John heard nothing but the same sentiment over and over again repeated. His friends were

not popular, and he himself stood in some danger of being reckoned as of their faction. There was no one so bold as to undertake the defence of Torrance; and yet there was a certain toleration accorded to him, as if his case had extenuating circumstances. John did not distinguish himself that afternoon as his friends expected him to do. His play was feeble, and did no credit to his training in "the South;" and as he continued to be interrogated by every new-comer about his own antecedents and his former acquaintance with the Lindores, it was difficult for him to repress all signs of impatience. There was not very much variety in the talk of the county, to judge by these specimens. They all asked how he liked the North, what he thought of the society, and something or other about the absent family. The monotony was broken when he was taken into the drawing-room to be surveyed by the old ladies. Old Mrs Methven, in her old yellow lace and shabby feathers, who looked to him like a superannuated cockatoo, pronounced once more that he was the image of Walter Erskine, who was killed in the French war, and who was the first man she ever saw in his own hair, without even a ribbon. "It looked very naked like," the old lady repeated; "no just decent, but you soon got used to it." When these greetings and introductions were over, Miss Barbara took his arm, and declared her intention of taking a turn on the green and inspecting the new game. But it was not the game which interested the old lady. She had a word of warning to say.

"John, my man! at your age you think little of good advice—above all, from an old woman; but just one word. You must not bind yourself hand and foot to the Lindores. You have your own place

to uphold, and the credit of your family. We've all formed our opinion of *them*; and if you're to be considered as one of them, a kind of retainer of theirs——"

"Retainer!" cried John, deeply piqued. Then he made an effort to recover his temper. "You must see how unreasonable this is," he said, with a forced smile. "They are the only people I know. I have the greatest respect for them all, but I have done nothing to—identify myself with the family."

He spoke with some heat, and reddened, much to his annoyance. What way but one was there of identifying himself with them? and what hope was there that he would ever be permitted to do that? The mere suggestion in his own bosom made him red, and then pale.

"You take up their opinions—you support their plans; you're a partisan, or so they tell me. All that is bad for you, John, my man! You'll excuse me speaking; but who should take an interest in you if it's not me?"

"All this is absurd," he cried. "Take up their opinions! I think the Earl is right about a county hospital. I will support him in that with all my heart. Your favourite minister, Aunt Barbara——"

"I have no favourite minister," said Miss Barbara, somewhat sharply. "I never let myself be influenced by one of them. You mean the Doctor, I suppose?—he's far too advanced for me. Ay, that's just the man I'm meaning. He tells me you're taking up all the Lindores's plans—a great satisfaction to him, for he's a partisan too. Mind, I say nothing against the hospital. What other places have, we ought to have too. We have the same needs as our neighbours. If Perth has one, I would have one—that's my principle. But I would not

take it up because it's a plan of Lord Lindores's. And I hear you and that muckle lout Pat Torrance were nearly coming to blows——"

"Is that the minister too?" John cried, angrily.

"No, it's not the minister; the minister had nothing to say to it. Don't you take up a prejudice against the minister. That's just as silly as the other way. It was another person. Pat Torrance is just a brute; but you'll make little by taking up the defence of the weaker side there. A woman should hold her tongue, whatever happens. You must not set up, at your age, as the champion of ill-used wives."

"So far from that," said John, with fierce scorn, "the tipsy brute swore eternal friendship. It was all I could do to shake him off."

But Miss Barbara still shook her head. "Let them redd their quarrels their own way," she said. "Stand you on your own feet, John. You should lay hands suddenly on no man, the Apostle says. Mr Monypenny, is that you? I am reading our young man a lecture. I am telling him the old vulgar

proverb, that every herring should hang by its ain head."

"And there's no a truer proverb out of the Scriptures, Miss Barbara," said Mr Monypenny, a man of middle age, and grizzled, reddish aspect. It irritated John beyond description to perceive that the new-comer understood perfectly what was meant. It had evidently been a subject of discussion among all, from Sir James to the agent, who stood before him now, swaying from one leg to another, and meditating his own contribution to the arguments already set forth.

"Miss Erskine is very right, as she always is. Whatever her advice may be, it will carry the sympathy of all your well-wishers, Mr John, and they are just the whole county, man and woman. I cannot say more than that, and less would be an untruth."

"I am much obliged to my well-wishers, I am sure. I could dispense with so much solicitude on their part," cried John, with subdued fury. Old aunts and old friends may have privileges; but to be schooled by your man of business—that was more than flesh and blood could bear.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It happened after this that John Erskine, by no will of his own, was drawn repeatedly into the society of the somewhat lonely pair at Tinto. Torrance had never been popular, though the county extended to him that toleration which a rich man, especially when young, is apt to receive. There were always benevolent hopes that he might mend as long as he remained unmarried; and after his marriage, his wife bore the blame of more than half his misdeeds. To tell the truth, poor Carry, being so unhappy, did not take pains to con-

ciliate her neighbours. Some she took up with almost feverish eagerness, and she had two or three impassioned friends; but she had none of that sustaining force of personal happiness which makes it possible to bear the weariness of dull country company, and she had not taken any particular pains to please the county: so that, except on the periodical occasions when the great rooms were thrown open to a large party, she and her husband, so little adapted as they were to indemnify each other for the loss of society, lived much alone in

their great house, with none of that coming and going which enlivens life. And since what he called the satisfaction which John had given him, Torrance had experienced a sort of rough enthusiasm for his new neighbour. He was never weary of proclaiming him to be an honest fellow. "That's the way to meet a man," he would say—"straightforward; if there's any mistake, say it out." And Erskine was overwhelmed with invitations to "look in as often as he pleased," to "take pot-luck,"—to come over to Tinto as often as he wearied. Sometimes he yielded to those solicitations out of pity for poor Carry, who seemed, he thought, pleased to see him; and sometimes because, in face of this oppressive cordiality, it was difficult to say no. He did not enjoy these evenings; but the soft look of pleasure in poor Carry's eyes, the evident relief with which she saw him come in, went to John's heart. Not a word had passed between them on the subject which all their neighbours discussed so fully. No hint of domestic unhappiness crossed Carry's lips: and yet it seemed to John that she had a kind of sisterly confidence in him. Her face brightened when he appeared. She did not engage him in long intellectual conversations as she did Dr Stirling. She said, indeed, little at all to him, but she was grateful to him for coming, and relieved from that which she would not complain of or object to—the sole society of her husband. This consciousness touched John more than if he had been entirely in her confidence. A kind of unspoken alliance seemed to exist between them.

One evening when June was nearly over in the long never-ending Northern daylight, this tacit understanding was at once disturbed and intensified. John had been captured by his too cordial neighbour

in the languid afternoon when he had nothing to do, and had been feeling somewhat drearily the absence of occupation and society. Torrance could not supply him with either, but his vacant condition left him without excuse or power to avoid the urgent hospitality. He had walked to Tinto in all the familiarity of county neighbourhood, without evening dress or ceremony of any kind. They had dined without the epergnes and mountains of silver which Torrance loved, in the low dining-room of the old house of Tinto, which still existed at one end of the great modern mansion. This room opened on the terrace which surrounded the house, with an ease not possible in the lofty Grecian erection, well elevated from the ground, which formed the newer part. Lady Caroline, who had left the gentlemen some time before, became visible to them as they sat at their wine, walking up and down the terrace with her baby in her arms. The child had been suffering from some baby ailment, and had been dozing a great part of the day, which made it unwilling to yield to sleep when evening came. The mother had brought it out wrapped in a shawl, and was singing softly to lull it to rest. The scene was very tranquil and sweet. Sunset reflections were hanging still about the sky, and a pearly brightness was diffused over the horizon—light that looked as if it never meant to fade. The trees of the park lay in clustered masses at their feet, the landscape spread out like a map beyond, the hills rose blue against the ethereal paleness of the distance. Close at hand, Lady Caroline's tall, pliant figure, so light and full of languid grace, yet with a suggestion of weakness which was always pathetic, went and came—the child's head upon her shoulder, her own bent over it—moving softly, singing

under her breath. The two men, sitting together with little conversation or mutual interest between them, were roused by the sight of this passing figure. Even Tinto's rude gaze was softened by it. He looked out at his wife and child with something more like human tenderness than was usual to him. Himself for a moment gave place in the foreground to this embodiment of the nearest and closest ties of life. He stopped in the talk which he was giving forth at large in his usual loud monologue, unaffected by any reply, and something softened the big balls of his light projecting eyes. "Let's step outside and finish our cigars," he said, abruptly. Lady Caroline herself looked different from her wont. The child against her heart soothed the pain in it: there is no such healing application. It was not a delightful child, but it was her own. One of its arms was thrown round her neck; its head, heavy with sleep, to which it would not yield, now nestled into her shoulder, now rose from it with a sleepy half-peevish cry. She was wholly occupied with the little perverse creature, patting it with one thin soft hand, murmuring to it. The little song she was crooning was contemptible so far as music went, but it was soft as a dove's cooing. She had forgotten herself, and her woes, and her shipwrecked life. Even when that harsher step came out on the gravel, she did not recognise it with her usual nervous start. All was soothed and softened in the magical evening calm, in the warm softness of the baby, lying against the ache in its mother's heart.

And Torrance, for a wonder, did not disturb this calm. He stopped to touch the child's cheek with his finger as his wife passed him, but as this broke once more the partial slumber, he subsided into quiet

with a sense of guiltiness, puffing his cigar at intervals, but stepping as lightly as he could with his heavy feet, and saying nothing. A touch of milder emotion had come to his rude bosom. Not only was that great park, those woods, and a large share of the surrounding country, his own, but this woman with her baby was his, his property, though so much more delicate, and finer than he. This moved him with a kind of wondering sense of the want of something which amid so much it might yet be possible to attain—happiness, perhaps, in addition to possession. His breast swelled with pride in the thought that even while thus engrossed in the humblest feminine occupation, like any cottager, nobody could mistake Lady Car Torrance for anything less than she was. They might think her a princess, perhaps. He did not know any princess that had that carriage, he said to himself; but less or meaner, nobody could suppose her to be. And he was touched to see her with his child, her whole soul—that soul which had always eluded him, and retained its chill superiority to him—wrapped up in the baby, who was his as much as hers. There was in the air a kind of flutter of far-off wings, as if peace might be coming, as if happiness might be possible even between this ill-matched pair.

John Erskine was the spectator in this curious domestic scene. He looked on with wondering, half-pleased, half-indignant observation. He was almost angry that Carry should be lowered to the level of this husband of hers, even if it gave her for a time a semblance of happiness; and yet his heart was touched by this possibility of better things. When the child went to sleep, she looked up at the two men with a smile. She was grateful to her husband for his silence,

for bringing no disturbance of the quiet with him; and grateful to John for having, as she thought, subdued Torrance by his influence. She made to them both that little offering of a grateful smile as she sat down on the garden-seat, letting the child rest upon her knee. The baby's head had slid down to her arm, and it lay there in the complete and perfect repose which a mother's arms, protecting, sustaining, warm, seem to give more than any bed. The air was so sweet, the quiet so profound, that Carry was pleased to linger out of doors. Not often had she shown any desire to linger in her husband's society when not bound by duty to do so. This evening she did it willingly. For the moment, a *faux air* of wellbeing, of happiness and domestic peace, seemed to pervade the earth and the air. "It is so sweet, it cannot do her any harm to stay out a little," she said, smiling at them over the baby's sleeping face, which was half hidden in the soft, fleecy white shawl that enveloped it. John Erskine sat down at a little distance, and Torrance stood with a half humility about him, half ashamed, willing to do or say something which would be tender and conciliatory, but not knowing how. They began to talk in low tones, Erskine and Carry bearing the *frais* of the conversation. Sometimes Torrance put in a word, but generally the large puffs of his cigar were his chief contribution. He was willing to let them talk. Nay, he was not without a certain pleasure, in this softened mood of his, in hearing them talk. He would have allowed freely that conversation was not in his way.

"They are coming now in about ten days," Carry said. "Of course they have stayed longer than they meant to stay. People never leave town on the appointed day."

"There are so many people to see."

"And so many things are put off till the last. I remember how hurried we were,—how rapidly the days flew at the end."

"You do not go to town now?"

"No," she said, hurriedly; "it is no deprivation. We—neither of us—care for London."

Torrance felt a certain gratitude to his wife for thus identifying her inclinations with his. "If truth were told, maybe that might be modified," he said. "I daresay you would like it, Car. You would get people to talk to. That's what amuses her," he added, with an explanatory glance at John. It was a novel sort of pleasure to him to give this amiable explanation of Lady Caroline's peculiarities, without any of the rough satire in it with which he was accustomed to treat the things he did not understand; and his constant pride in her found a new outlet. "It's not gaieties she wants, it's conversation," he said, with a softened laugh. "Next year we must see if we can't manage it, Car."

She turned to him with a startled glance, not knowing whether to deprecate all change so far as herself was concerned, or to thank him for this unusual thoughtfulness. Fortunately, her instinct chose the latter course. "It is kind of you to think of me," she said, in her soft voice. In all their wretched married life, they had never been so near before. He replied by his usual laugh, in which there was always a consciousness of that power of wealth which he could never forget he possessed. Oh yes, he would do it—he could do it whenever he pleased—buy pleasures for her, just as he might buy dresses or jewels for her, if she would take a little pains to make herself agreeable. But even the laugh was much softer than usual. She gave him a little

nod over the sleeping child, in which there was kindness as well as an astonished gratitude. Perhaps she had never been so much at her ease with him before.

"They are going to fill the house in the autumn," she said, returning to the previous subject. "I hear of several people coming. A certain Lord Millefleurs——"

"That reminds me," said John, "that I had a letter the other day—from one of our old Swiss party. You will remember him, Lady Caroline——"

Here he paused, with a sudden recollection and putting together of various things which, in the curious inadvertence of an indifferent mind, he had not thought of before. This made him break off somewhat suddenly, and raise his eyes to Carry, at whom he had not been looking, with an alarmed glance.

He saw her take a large grasp, in the hand which had been laid softly upon it, at ease, with extended fingers, of the baby's shawl. Her face, which had been so smiling and soft, grew haggard and wild in a moment. Her eyes seemed to look out from caverns. There was a momentary pause, which seemed to arouse heaven and earth to listen. Then her voice came into this suddenly altered, vigilant, suspicious atmosphere. "Who was it, Mr Erskine?" Poor Carry tried to smile, and to keep her voice in its usual tone. But the arrow flying so suddenly at a venture had gone straight into her heart. She had no need to ask—had she not divined it all along?

"Probably you have forgotten—his very name. It was—one of those fellows," stammered John. "I forget how little a party like ours was likely to interest you. Beaufort—you may remember the name."

He felt that every word he uttered—his artificial levity, his forced

attempt to make that unimportant which only his consciousness that it was deeply important could have suggested such a treatment of, was a new folly. He was doing it for the best—most futile of all excuses. When he looked at her again at the end of this speech, not daring to meet her eyes while he gave it forth, he saw, to his astonishment, a rising colour, a flutter of indignation, in Carry's pale face.

"Surely," she said, with a strange thrill in her voice, "you do your friend injustice, Mr Erskine. So far as I remember, he was very distinguished—far the most remarkable of the party. I do not think I can be mistaken."

"No, no, you are quite right," John cried; "I only meant that—these things were much to us; but I did not know whether you would recollect—whether to a lady——"

"You are all so contemptuous of women," Lady Caroline said, with a faint smile, "even the kindest of you. You think a lady would only notice frivolous excellences, and would not care for real distinction. That is a great mistake. It is all the other way. It is we who think of these things most."

"I beg a thousand pardons—I had no such meaning," John said; and she made him a little tremulous bow. She was so deadly pale, that he expected every moment to see her faint. But she did not. She continued, naturally calling him back to what he had been about to tell her.

"You had a letter from Mr Beaufort? about—you were going to tell me——"

"About coming here," said John, feeling that to say it out bluntly was now the best. "It appears he has a sort of charge of this Lord Millefleurs."

"Charge of Lord——? That is not a dignified position—for—your friend, Mr Erskine."

"No. I don't know what it means; he has not made the progress he ought to have made; but there is something special about this," said John, hesitating, not knowing how far to go.

Again Lady Caroline made him a little bow. She rose, with some stiffness and slowness, as if in pain. "It grows late, though it is so light. Baby will be better indoors," she said. She went quickly away, but wavering a little in her gait, as if she were unconscious of obstacles in the way, and disappeared through the window of the old library, which was on the same level as the dining-room. John stood looking after her, with a bewildering sense of guilt, and alarm for he knew not what. All this time Torrance had not said a word; but he had taken in every word that was said, and his jealous eyes had noted the changes in his wife's face. He watched her go away, as John did. When she had disappeared, both of them listened for a moment in silence. Neither would have been surprised to hear a fall and cry; but there was nothing. Torrance threw himself down heavily in the seat from which she had risen.

"That was a pity, Erskine," he said; "you saw that well enough. You can tell me the rest about this Beaumont—Beaufort—what do you call him?—that you thought it best not to tell Lady Car."

"There is nothing to tell about Beaufort," said John, "which Lady Caroline, or any lady, might not hear."

"Now just look you here, John Erskine," said Tinto, projecting his big eyes, "I thought you were he—that is the truth. She told me there was somebody. I thought it was you, and I was determined to be at the bottom of it. Now here's the man, beyond a doubt, and you know it as well as I do."

"I don't know it at all," cried John, "which probably is as much as you do. Can you suppose I should have spoken to Lady Caroline as I did if I had supposed—believed—known anything at all?"

"I will say," said Torrance, "that you're an honest fellow. That stands to reason: you wouldn't have opened your mouth if you had thought—but then you never thought till after you had spoken. Then you saw it as well as me."

"Torrance!" cried John, "for heaven's sake, don't imagine things that were never thought of! I know nothing about it—absolutely nothing. Even had there been anything in it, it is six years ago—it is all over; it never can have had anything to say to you—"

"Oh, as for that," said Torrance, "if you think I've any fear of Lady Car going wrong, set your mind at rest on that point. No fear of Lady Car. If you suppose I'm jealous, or that sort of thing"—and here he laughed, insolent and dauntless. "I thought it was you," he said—"I don't see why I should conceal that—I thought it was you. And if you think I would have shut her ladyship up, or challenged you!—not a bit of it, my fine fellow! I meant to have asked you here—to have seen you meet—to have taken my fun out of it. I'm no more afraid of Lady Car than I am of myself. Afraid!—not one bit. She shall see just as much of him as possible, if he comes here. I mean to ask him to the house. I mean to have him to dinner daily. You can tell him so, with my compliments. You needn't say any more to Lady Car; but as for me, there's nothing I'd enjoy more. Tutoring, is he?" Torrance said, with a sort of chuckle of wrathful enjoyment: and he cast an eye over his demesne, with a glow of proud satisfaction upon his face.

The sentiment of the evening

calm had altogether disappeared. The peace of nature was broken up ; a sense of human torture, human cruelty, was in the air. It was as if a curtain had been lifted in some presence-chamber, and the rack disclosed beneath. Torrance lounged back—with his hands in his pockets, his cheeks inflamed, his great eyes rolling—in the seat from which poor Carry with her baby had risen. His mind, which had been softened, touched to better things, and which had even begun to think of means and ways of making her happier, turned in a moment to more familiar preoccupations. To have *him* here—he who was merely “tutoring,” a genteel attendant upon a foolish young lord,—to exhibit him, probably penniless, probably snubbed by everybody around, a dependant, a man without position or wealth,—was an idea altogether delightful to him. It was indeed a fierce delight, a cruel pleasure ; but it was more congenial to his mind than the unnatural softness of the hour before.

And was it all John Erskine's doing?—his foolishness, his want of thought? When he left Torrance in disgust, and hurried away along the now familiar avenue, where he no longer took any wrong turns, his foolishness and thoughtlessness overwhelmed him. To be sure! — a thousand recollections rushed upon his mind. He had known it all along, and how was it that he had not known it? The moment he had committed himself and begun to speak of Beaufort's letter, that moment he had foreseen everything that followed—just as poor Carry had read what was coming in his first sentence. It was he who had disturbed the evening calm—the *rapprochement* of the two who, doomed as they were to live their lives together, ought by all about them to be helped to draw near each other. Full of these dis-

quieting thoughts, he was skirting a clump of thick shrubbery at some distance from the house, when something glided out from among the bushes and laid a sudden light touch upon his arm. He was already in so much excitement that he could not suppress a cry of alarm, almost terror. There was no light to distinguish anything, and the dark figure was confused with the dark foliage. Almost before the cry had left his lips, John entreated pardon. “You are—breathing the evening air,” he said, confused, “now that the little one is asleep.”

But she had no leisure for any vain pretences. “Mr Erskine,” she said, breathless, “do not let him come—ask him not to come! I have come out to tell you. I could not say it—there.”

“I will do whatever you tell me, Lady Caroline.”

“I know you will be kind. This makes me very miserable. Oh, it is not that I could not meet him! It is because I know my husband has an idea,—not that he is jealous—and he does not mean to be cruel,—but he has an idea—— He would like to look on, to watch. That is what I could not bear. Tell him, Mr Erskine—beg him—of all places in the world, not to come here.”

“He will not come, I am sure, to give you a moment's uneasiness.”

“Mr Erskine, I must say more to you,” she said, drawing closer, putting once more her hand on his arm. “It must not be on that ground—nothing must be said of me. Cannot you understand? He must not come ; but not because of me—nothing must be said of me. If it was your sister, oh would you not understand?”

He took her hand into his in the profound feeling of the moment. “I will try to do—what I should do if it were my own sis-

ter," he said, resting it in his. "It was my fault; I ought to have known."

"There was no fault," she said, faintly; "an accident. I knew it must happen some time. I was—prepared. But, Mr Erskine, it is not because I could not meet—any one. Do not think that for me only—It is because—because—— But if you understand, that is all."

"Let me walk back with you to the house," John said.

"No, no; it is almost wrong to speak to you in this clandestine way. But what can I do? And you who know—all parties—— If I said anything to my brother, it might make a breach. There is no one I could speak to but you. I should have had to suffer helplessly, to hold my peace."

"Believe me—believe me," cried John, "all that a brother can do, I will do."

In the midst of this misery, which he felt to the bottom of his heart, there ran through him a secret stir of pleasure. Her brother!—the suggestion went through all his veins. Strange encounter of the dream with the fact! The cold trembling hand he held in his gave him a thrill of warmth and happiness, and yet his sympathy was as strong, his pity as profound, as one human creature ever felt for another. He stood still and watched her as she flitted back to the house, like a shadow in the gathering darkness. His heart ached, yet beat high. If it should ever be so, how different would be the fate of the other daughter of Lindores's!—how he would guard her from every vexation, smooth every step of her way, strew it with flowers and sweet-nesses! He resumed his way more quickly than ever, hastening along in the soft darkness which yet was not dark, by the Scaur—the short cut which had alarmed his groom.

To the pedestrian the way by the Scaur was the best way. He paused a moment when he reached it, to look out through the opening in the trees over the broad country, lying like a dream in that mystical paleness which was neither night nor day. Underneath, the river rushed joyously, noisily, through the night—not still, like a Southern stream, but dashing over the stones, and whirling its white eddies in foam against the bank. The sound of the water accompanied the quick current of his thoughts. He had a long walk before him, having come without preparation and left in haste and displeasure. But seven or eight miles of country road in a night of June is no such punishment. And the thoughts that had been roused in him, made the way short. How different—how different would be the fate of that other daughter of Lindores's! It was only when he reached his own gate that he woke up with a start to remember indeed how different it would be. The bare little white house, with its little plantation, its clump of firs on the hill-top, its scanty avenue—the little estate, which could almost be said, with scornful exaggeration, to lie within the park of Tinto—the position of a small squire's wife,—was it likely that Lord Lindores would smile upon that for his daughter? John's heart, which had been so buoyant, sank down into the depths. He began to see that his dream was ridiculous, his elation absurd. He to be the brother, in that sweetest way, of Carry Lindores! But nevertheless he vowed, as he went home somewhat crestfallen, that he would be a brother to her. She had given him her confidence, and he had given her his promise, and with this bond no worldly prudence nor rule of probabilities should be allowed to interfere.

THE LIGHTS OF 'MAGA.'—III.

THE HEROES OF THE 'NOCTES.'

Hogg.

OF the men who are the subjects of our three articles, Hogg was undoubtedly the most remarkable. For his was an untaught and self-educated genius, which shone with rare though fitful lustre in spite of all disadvantages, and surmounted obstacles that were seemingly insuperable. Even a hundred years ago, the Scottish system of parochial education had brought its benefits generally within reach of the poor. And Hogg's parents were not only "decent folk," but his father had raised himself from the station of a shepherd to be a farmer and sheep-salesman of considerable substance. Had things continued to go well with the family, "Jamie" would doubtless have been sent regularly to school, since his mother was a woman of unusual intelligence. As it happened, however, the elder Hogg was ruined, and reduced to his originally humble condition, when his eldest boy was a child of five. Not only beggared, but burdened with debt, his little household was hard pushed to make the two ends meet. Each trifle saved or gained became of consequence; and "wee Jamie," at the age of seven, was hired out as a herd. His keep was of course in the contract, but otherwise his wages were not extravagant, for he tells us that they were fixed for the half-year at a ewe-lamb and a pair of shoes. Hogg was always inclined to exaggerate. But we think we may believe him when he assures us that from first to last he had little

more than six months' "schooling," since the parochial schoolmaster of Ettrick was careless enough to forget that he had the honour of teaching his letters to the future celebrity. He did teach him his letters, according to Hogg; and in the first spell of scholarship, the child stumbled into the Shorter Catechism, which was then a common primer in the Scottish rural districts. It was a year or two later that he had another quarter, when he mastered just as much of writing as enabled him to scrawl detached letters in the form of hieroglyphics. Otherwise the small herd-boy was thrown entirely on his own resources. The life was a rough one, though not unhappy in the fine seasons. Out upon the hills from dawn to dusk, tending a handful of sheep or cattle, he amused himself like a little savage. We hear of him running races against time, stripping himself of his ragged garments one after another, and neglecting to go in search of them afterwards, till at length either the indecency or the recklessness scandalised his employers, and some of his elder fellow-servants went to recover the missing clothes. We are always doubtful whether the shepherd is drawing on fancy or memory in his vivid reminiscences, but that touch of early heedlessness seems characteristic. For in later life James Hogg might have been a man of substance had he managed his worldly affairs with ordinary prudence. But though he roved the hills after his beasts like

a savage, he was not altogether solitary. He is believed to have altered the date of his birthday so as to establish a parallel with that of Burns; but we imagine he did not invent the incident of a childish love-affair as precocious as Byron's. His first passion was for a pretty little herd-girl rather younger than himself. His master had charged him not to lose sight of little Betty; and "never were instructions better obeyed." As he says himself in one of his retrospective musings in after-years, he had "always liked the women better than the men." But if he indulged in the rustic courtships which meant little, though they inspired some of the sweetest passages in his songs, he married well and happily, and was a faithful and devoted husband; and if it was his ambition to rival Burns as a bard, he had few of the greater poet's frailties to reproach himself with.

We can imagine that the hill-life of the lonely herd was an unconscious education for his future. He had always a vague feeling for the beautiful: he loved nature dearly, though the sources of his emotions were veiled to him; and he merely knew that he was happy in sunshine and in storm, and in the changing aspects of the bleak pastoral scenery. Moreover, though he had not an atom of book-lore, his mind was not unstored with matter for romantic meditation. Like many other distinguished men, Hogg, as we have said, had a remarkable mother. She had more than the sound good sense which, unfortunately, he did not inherit. It was to her side of the house that he seems to have been indebted for his poetic fancy. She delighted in the Border legends and ballads which had fixed themselves in a tenacious memory; and she

could recite and relate with such animation and spirit, that the neighbours would gather in of an evening round her hearth. We can picture little James, who had his mother's gift of memory, sitting open-mouthed at her knee, and gulping down the marvels which held her audience entranced. Then he would muse upon them among his ruminating sheep, in scenery that was associated with their incidents, or suggestive of them. What is remarkable is, that in such circumstances, with such associations and suggestions, the sparks of his poetic fires were never kindled. We need not be surprised, perhaps, that thoughts did not seek expression with a boy who could barely read or write. But it is strange that he should have been absolutely insensible to any poetical emotion; and the bard of the forest was eminently prosaic till he had arrived at manhood, and something more. So much so, that, as he relates, "it was in the eighteenth year of my age that I first got a perusal of the 'Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace,' and of the 'Gentle Shepherd;'" and though immoderately fond of them, yet (what you will think remarkable in one who hath since dabbled so much in verse) I could not help regretting deeply that they were not in prose, that everybody might have understood them; or I thought if they had been in the same kind of metre with the Psalms, I could have borne with them." The quaint criticism of that concluding sentence carries irresistible conviction of his practical frame of mind. For the doggerel of the metrical version of the Psalms is only made endurable to Presbyterians of taste by solemn youthful associations. The fact being that in those days he cared for nothing but a story

and the sensational episodes that agreeably excited him. As he grew in years and strength, his life became none the smoother, and scarcely changed its character till he was advanced to be a regular shepherd. He merely changed one master for another, obtaining some slight increase in the trifling wages which he carried home to his parents, who supplied him with his clothes. He had few holidays, and no pleasures except such as he could find in his communings with nature. He did not even beguile his leisure with many books, and the art of reading tolerably easily came to him only towards middle age; although he never was much of a student, since Wilson, as we remember, makes him say in the 'Noctes' that there were but few "byucks" in the cupboard at Mount Benger.

He made no attempt at writing verses till the year 1796. We believe that he was then in his twenty-fifth year; but, as we remarked, he has very characteristically thrown a doubt on the year of his birth. If we are to credit the parish register, where the date is set down in black and white, he was born in December 1770. He always asserted himself that his birthday was on the 25th of January 1772; but as he prided himself on having been born on the same day of the month as Burns, it is little lack of charity to assume that the fixing on that particular date was simply a poetical licence. Why he should have advanced the year is not so clear. Whatever be the explanation, he was probably twenty-six before he composed a single couplet. But from the first, his effusions met with encouragement, and he became the popular laureate of the farm-servants and country folk. His manner of composition was original; and never

perhaps, since writing became a common accomplishment, had a poet arrived at years of discretion to contend with more serious material difficulties.

"But then the writing of them!—that was a job. I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them."

And these scrambling habits of off-hand composition stuck by him to the last. In his poems especially, he trusted almost everything to a retentive memory, which he had exercised when paper and leisure were scarce. He says—"Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper; and then I write it down as fast as the A B C;" though as "Kilmeny" or "Queen Hynde" could hardly have been condensed on a slate, we presume that he threw off his longer works in sections. But it is certain that, unfortunately for his fame as a poet, and still more injuriously for his credit as a novelist, he never could be persuaded to revise his work, and would scarcely condescend to correct it. "When once it is written, it remains in that state; it being, as you very

well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which, I think, is partly owing to the above practice." So the Shepherd's works, with their faults and their beauties, were essentially the crude and capricious inspirations of spontaneous genius, as his publishers sometimes found to their cost, and his numerous admirers to their disappointment.

But when it had dawned upon him that nature had meant him for a poet, overweening self-confidence rapidly grew upon him. The vanity and self-satisfaction he never cared to conceal, no doubt contributed largely to his success; for among the Shepherd's many admirers, few were so enthusiastic as himself. The circumstances considered, the first day-dreams of his possible destiny are as strange an instance of audacious ambition as we remember; and even after the wonders he achieved, they seem less sublime than ridiculous. The year 1797 was an epoch to the illiterate herd, who had only a few months before begun to throw off rhymes for the rustics. "One day during that summer, a half-daft man named John Scott came to me on the hill, and to amuse me repeated 'Tam O'Shanter.' I was delighted. I was far more than delighted; I was ravished. I cannot describe my feelings; but in short, before Jock Scott left me, I could repeat the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me that it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poet that ever was born; but that he was now dead, and that his place would never be supplied." Hogg was by no means sure of that. "What is to hinder me from succeeding Burns?" he asked himself. The arguments by which he encouraged himself were

peculiar and characteristic. He was born on the same day as the immortal lyricist,—though that, as we have seen, was questionable. As a shepherd he had more time upon his hands than any possible ploughman, and his memory was richly stored with songs composed by other people. Equally characteristic was it, that in place of making any mystery of his high-flown hopes, he babbled them out to all and sundry. Maliciously enough, one of his friends betrayed him, "as a bitter jest," for the amusement of a supper-party. Whereupon his stanch patron, Mr Grieve, with a kindly sagacity which did him honour, came good-naturedly to the rescue. He let the mortified shepherd down gently with a happy piece of prophetic flattery: "After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do."

The first poem which Hogg published was as good as anything of the kind he ever wrote. In "Donald M'Donald," which went off merrily to the lively old lilt of "Woo'd an' married an' a'," there was a martial clang, and a soft echo of pathos as well, which alternately excited the spirits and subdued them. Thoroughly national, stirringly patriotic, with its fiery appeals by epithets to the muster-roll of the clans, it hit happily the temper of the times, when the war fever was at its height and the Corsican was threatening invasion. In its fire, in its rough yet not ungraceful abruptness, even in such faults as the occasional trivialities of expression, the writer reminds us of the best of the old Border ballad-makers. Take this stanza by way of example, in which, if the first couplet rings somewhat ridiculously, the second, when sung with power and feeling, almost changes the passing smile into tears:—

"Wi' rocks o' the Nevis an' Garry,
We'd rattle him off frae our shore;
Or lull him asleep in a cairny,
An' sing him—Lochaber no more."

The astonishing success of "Donald M'Donald" was a case of *sic vos non vobis*, so far as the anonymous author was concerned. He neither got solid reward nor even empty fame by it. Its popularity, as he assures us, was unbounded, yet no one asked the name of the writer. While, to make matters worse, a man of less jealous disposition might well have been irritated at the honours and profit carried off by others who merely sang his war-song with spirit. He relates with natural indignation how Lord Moira, at a banquet in Edinburgh, thanked a certain Mr Oliver for his rendering of a song which must be of public benefit at such a national crisis,—proceeding to back up his thanks with an offer to the singer of all his lordship's interest in Scotland. Indeed the credit of the lay, which seemed to be going begging, did Hogg harm rather than otherwise; for it induced him to come before the public prematurely in his proper person, with a random collection of specimen pieces which he would afterwards have gladly suppressed. The circumstances of the publication are perhaps as singular as anything else among the literary curiosities of his life. Here we have a rough shepherd who has driven a flock of sheep from Selkirkshire to the Edinburgh market. Having penned his charge, he has nothing to do for a couple of days. Happily he never cared much for drinking, except under the irresistible seductions of good-fellowship; and he stands hesitating as to how to kill the time. Whereupon it occurs to him that he might turn it to profit by writing out some of his poems for the printer. No sooner

said than done; but he has to trust entirely to his memory. So he scratches down the poems he remembers best,—not those of which he had most reason to think favourably,—and leaves them with a friend to have them published. He never dreams of bargaining for a price, or asks whether there is a chance of their selling. A thousand copies are thrown off; and some of the copies are sent to him in the country. No man would have been more delighted to admire himself in type; but never perhaps was a novice more disgusted with a literary *début*, or with better reason. For on comparing the little volume with his original scraps of manuscript, he saw that the inevitable emendations and alterations were all for the worse; that stanzas had been dropped out of their places; and finally, that the unrevised pages were overcrowded with ludicrous blunders.

Except costing him much mortification, and some money he could ill afford, that first publication did nothing for him one way or another. It was never read till many years later, when the author having become famous, it was maliciously reprinted. But the story is highly typical of the manner in which too many of his works were brought before a critical public. They were thrown off in hasty bursts of inspiration, or hurriedly scribbled against time under pressure of stern necessity. We have no intention of following out Hogg's literary history in detail, though an unusual amount of references to biographical incidents is essential to any illustration of his genius. But as the "Queen's Wake" is undoubtedly his masterpiece, his own account of its origin and publication is worth noting. So far as it can be said to have any comprehensive design, the design was merely to

turn literary waste to profit. The Shepherd's fast friend, Mr Grieve, had been greatly pleased with some poems which had appeared in the 'Spy;' and "nothing would serve him but that I should take the field once more as a poet, and try my fate with others. I promised; and having some ballads or metrical tales by me which I did not like to lose, I planned the 'Queen's Wake,' in order that I might take these all in, and had it ready *in a few months* after it was first proposed." His interview with Constable, as he relates it with the frankness of *naïveté*, might be a Scotticised scene from one of Molière's comedies. Knowing the circumstances in which sundry fugitive pieces had been hurriedly linked together, it might have been supposed that the author must have felt a certain diffidence in offering his wares to the autocrat of the Northern book-trade. Not a bit of it! "I next went to my friend Mr Constable, and told him my plan of publication (!); but he received me coldly, and told me to call again. I did so—when he said he would do nothing until he had seen the manuscript. I refused to give it, saying, 'What skill have you about the merits of a book?' 'It may be so, Hogg,' said he, 'but I know how to sell a book as well as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one too.'" The Shepherd's behaviour, when it was a question of being launched on the world of literature under favourable auspices, speaks volumes for those defects in his character which were continually betraying him into follies. He had as little worldly wisdom or self-control as worldly knowledge, and never practised the simplest rudiments of diplomacy. He was governed by his impulses in everyday life, as he followed the caprices of his fancy in the composition of his

poetry. Warm-hearted and simple-minded, he won powerful friends; and when they chanced to cross his will, he would cast them off regardless of consequences. It speaks volumes for his winning qualities and his sterling worth, that the illustrious men he grossly insulted were always so willing to forgive him. The occasion of his memorable quarrel with Scott was a case in point. It had struck the Shepherd that a collection of poems by all the living authors of any celebrity in Britain must "make his fortune." The idea might well have occurred to anybody, though few would have the face to act upon it. Hogg sent out his applications right and left; and strange to say, almost all were successful. He actually received various poems, with many promises of others. "Mr Walter Scott," however, refused, which Hogg "took exceedingly ill;" but he nevertheless persisted in the modest request, urging, with superb poetical licence, that "I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it." But Scott stood firm; and Hogg, forgetting that the "great magician" of the "Chaldee Manuscript" had been his stanch patron since the day when they made acquaintance among the Border hills, sent him a grossly abusive letter. Their intercourse was naturally suspended, till the Shepherd's heart was touched by Scott's forgiving kindness when he lay stretched on a sickbed. Recognising the other's magnanimity, all his sullenness melted; his penitence was as deep as his passion had been unreasonable; he confessed his fault with effusive self-humiliation, and thenceforth put a more generous construction on motives he should have understood and respected from the first.

In fact, an odder compound of

genius, simplicity, conceit, and candid egotism, never lived, than the peasant who became the associate, and frequently the butt, of all the men of talent who knew him. As unreserved as James Boswell, to know the Shepherd to the core, we have only, as he might have said, "to hearken to himself." "I like to write about myself; in fact, there are few things I like better," is the opening sentence of his inimitable piece of autobiography. And we come upon the following passage in the first of his letters, which he quotes: "I must again apprise you, that whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity." We have seen how he carried himself with Constable when declining even to submit the manuscript of "Kilmeny" for approval; and when Mrs Izett of Kinnaird suggested to him the theme of his "Mador," he observed complacently,—“Well, though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature and mountain scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy.” A literary friend, on whose judgment he relied, gave him some highly injudicious advice as to the publication of the "Pilgrims of the Sun." "This advice . . . I am convinced was wrong; but I had faith in every one that commended any of my works, and laughed at those who did otherwise, thinking and asserting that they had not sufficient discernment." He had undoubtedly reason to be offended with Wordsworth for the sneer at his remark on "the meeting of the poets" under the rainbow-arch thrown over Windermere. But sublimer examples of his self-appreciation are to be found scattered over his articles *passim*; and one of them we chance to call to mind is

in the "Anecdotes of the Shepherd's Dog," contributed to 'Maga' of March 1818. A sheep-farmer had questioned his ability to drive a stray sheep in the darkness through the flocks scattered over the hills. "I said I would try to do it." "Then let me tell you," said he, "that you may as well try to travel to yon sun." "The man did not know," is Hogg's comment, "that I was destined to do both the one and the other." And for a practical illustration of his opinion of the most halting of his performances, we may turn to his explanations of the failure of his "Brownie of Bodsbeck,"—a failure which was unmistakable even to his fatherly partiality. He relates how Scott had got the start of him with 'Old Mortality' owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances; how the author of 'Waverley' had pre-occupied much of the ground, and especially anticipated him in taking Balfour of Burleigh for a hero. He confesses that his story had suffered from the consequent hacking about and remodelling. But he consoles himself for running a bad second to Walter Scott with the reflection, "A better instance could not be given of the good luck attached to one person, and the bad luck which attended the efforts of another." And Scott, by the way, supplies another example in one of his letters, when, so far as we remember, the greater and the lesser Border bards had met at a London dinner-party. "The honest grunter opines with a delightful *naïveté* that Muir's verses are far ower sweet—answered by Thompson that Moore's ear or notes, I forget which, were finely strung." "They are far ower finely strung," replied he of the Forest, "for mine are just right." Hogg was a merciless critic, too, of the efforts of others when they had trenched upon his own favourite

fields. "On the appearance of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,'" he writes, "I was much dissatisfied with the imitations of the ancient ballads contained in it,—though these imitations, be it remembered, embraced the most brilliant of the lays by Scott and Leyden; so "I immediately set about imitating the ancient ballads myself."

Such was the man who came, like Burns, to Edinburgh to be lionised in its literary society, and who sat to Wilson for the hero of the 'Noctes,' which are adorned by many of his most sparkling gems of song. He was bound to Blackwood in the first place, by the handsome way in which that gentleman behaved to him when the Shepherd was liquidating his affairs in one of his periodical insolvencies. The story of the beginning of his friendship with Wilson is better known. He wrote a note to the author of the "Isle of Palms," expressing an earnest desire for his acquaintance, and inviting him to "pot-luck" at his lodgings in Gabriel's Road. The invitation was accepted as heartily as it was given; and that "meeting of the poets" was so mutually satisfactory, that the acquaintance ripened into lifelong intimacy. In our first article we adverted to the Shepherd's share in originating the idea of the Magazine. When 'Maga' had changed her crew, and was fairly floated, the Shepherd was thrown into social as well as literary relations with the inner coterie of contributors. Gil- lies, in the 'Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran,' as well as Hogg himself, gives us glimpses at his life in Edinburgh in those halcyon days, when he was fed, *fêted*, and flattered, and had to pay for little but a bedroom. The genius who had for the nonce exchanged homespun for broadcloth, with his fine fancies and his flashes of natural

eloquence, with his audacious ignorance of the world and his seductive gullability, was a godsend to wits like Wilson and Lockhart. They loved the man and liked his company—Lockhart in special,—laughing at him and with him. Looking back upon these happy days, and speaking feelingly of his "warm and disinterested friendship," which is confirmed by many private letters in our possession, Hogg describes Lockhart as "a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified." Mystifying the Shepherd in all manner of ways was a standing joke with him; and especially did he delight in confusing the countryman as to the contributors to the Magazine and the authorship of the articles. "I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description." All that, however, merely shows the grotesque side of their converse. The fanciful Shepherd of the 'Noctes,' who occasionally sinks into the buffoon, more often holds the society spellbound by his eloquence; and the Wilsons and Lockharts would never have welcomed Hogg to their intimacy had they not admired even more than they liked him. For a presentation of him at one of the proudest moments of his life—for a serious picture of him exactly as he seemed, uncouth of aspect but radiant in soul—we must go again to Lockhart in 'Peter's Letters.' Dr Morris is assisting at the memorial banquet to Burns, from which we have already borrowed the Doctor's sketch of Wilson. Wilson had risen to propose Hogg's health:—

"The effect which Mr Wilson's speech produced on Hogg himself, was to my mind by far the most delightful thing that happened during the whole of the night. The Shepherd was one of the stewards, and in every point of view

he must have expected some particular notice to be taken of his name: but either he had not been prepared for being spoken of at so early an hour, or was entirely thrown off his balance by the extraordinary flood of eloquence which Mr Wilson poured out to do honour to his genius; for nothing could be more visibly unaffected than the air of utter, blank amazement with which he rose to return his thanks. He rose, by the way, long before the time came. He had listened to Mr Wilson for some minutes, without comprehending the drift of his discourse; but when once he fairly discovered that he himself was the theme, he started to his feet, and with a face flushed all over deeper than scarlet, and eyes brimful of tears, devoured the words of the speaker,

'Like hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna.'

His voice, when he essayed to address the company, seemed at first entirely to fail him; but he found means to make us hear a very few words, which told better than any speech could have done. 'I've aye been vera proud, gentlemen,' said he, 'to be a Scots poet, and I was never sae proud o't as I am just noo.' I believe there was no one there who did not sympathise heartily with this honest pride. For my part, I began to be quite in love with the Ettrick Shepherd.

"It would have tended very much to disturb my notions of propriety had I found Hogg drinking Hock. It would have been a sin against *keeping* with such a face as he has. Although for some time past he has spent a considerable portion of every year in excellent, even in refined society, the external appearance of the man can have undergone but very little change since he was a 'herd on Yarrow.' His hands and face are still as brown as if he lived entirely *sub dio*. His very hair has a coarse stringiness about it, which proves beyond dispute its utter ignorance of all the arts of the *friseur*; and hangs in playful whips and cords about his ears, in a style of the most perfect innocence imaginable. His mouth, which when he smiles nearly cuts the totality of his face in twain, is an object that would make the

Chevalier Ruspini die with indignation; for his teeth have been allowed to grow where they listed and as they listed, presenting more resemblance in arrangement (and colour too) to a body of crouching sharpshooters, than to any more regular species of array. The effect of a forehead towering with a true poetic grandeur above such features as those, and of an eye that illuminates their surface with the genuine lightnings of genius,—

'An eye, that under brows
Shaggy and deep, has meanings which
are brought
From years of youth,'

—these are things which I cannot so easily transfer to my paper. Upon the whole, his exterior reminded me very much of some of Wordsworth's descriptions of his Pedlar:—

'Plain his garb,
Such as might suit a rustic sire prepared
For Sabbath duties; yet he is a man
Whom no one could have passed without
remark.
Active and nervous is his gait. His
limbs
And his whole figure breathe intelligence.'"

In estimating Hogg's works, it is but fair to remember that they were written only too often under a load of cares; that he was following *tant bien que mal* his occupation of a sheep-farmer, with insufficient capital, and bills falling due; and that he was not merely wasting time as a welcome guest in many quarters, but that in his lodges in the wilderness at Altrive or Mount Benger, he was exercising a hospitality he could ill afford. In Edinburgh he could hardly call his time his own; and the atmosphere of the garrets, which were his only places of seclusion, was scarcely favourable to sustained literary labour. While in the country, tourists on the Borders made his home in Ettrickdale an object of pilgrimage, and Hogg was not the man to shut his doors in their faces. They brought him incense that gratified his vanity, and in return he spread his table with hotch-potch and salmon, mut-

ton and muir-fowl—*vide* his bills of fare as given in the 'Noctes'—and indulged in "cracks" far into the small-hours, with spirits congenial and uncongenial, over steaming tumblers of toddy. Bed and breakfast were offered in due course; and the Shepherd, who could not deny his hospitality even to the Cockneys he ridiculed in the Blue Parlour, was all the poorer in leisure, in health, and in money. Then he was compounding periodically with creditors who harassed him; or raising money for immediate wants, either by turning out a tale of pages for the booksellers, or by kite-flying. He had no capacity for business of any kind, and suffered by having two sets of irons in the fire. His attention was distracted between his sheep and his literary works, though it was the sheep who were generally driven to the wall. And he was unfortunate as well as careless; from the days when, at the outset of his literary career, two publishers broke successively in his debt, to the later speculations in which he threw away the solid profits of his *magna opera*. Taking all these circumstances into account, the work he accomplished is the more wonderful; and he could never possibly have achieved the half of what he did, had it not been for his happy and *insouciant* nature. Next to that nature he was indebted to the generosity of his landlords of the house of Buccleuch, who, giving him his farm either rent-free or on moderate terms, never pressed him for inconvenient payment on settling days.

So, to judge the Shepherd's writings fairly, we must carry these biographical facts in our memory, and then we shall find ourselves regarding him with ever-growing admiration. With ever-growing admiration in a double sense, because the progress of his self-education was steady and rapid. Eager for knowledge of

congenial kinds, and quickly and very tenaciously receptive, although scarcely a student and never a bookworm, he must have skimmed various works in his middle age; and above all, he profited by familiar intercourse with companions of genius and the highest culture. When he began contributing to the Magazine, his prose style may be said to have been formed; but it is always fresh, racy, and original. We should be ungrateful indeed did we not direct attention to the merits of those articles; for undoubtedly they did much to assure our early popularity. So conscious of that were Blackwood and Wilson, that subsequently, after one of Hogg's causeless quarrels with them, they arranged that a certain number of articles should be annually paid for, whether published or not. They merely stipulated that they should have a voice in the selection of subjects, though "he might be allowed a wide latitude." The fact being, that while he not unnaturally failed with his 'Spy,' in which he wrote *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, he scarcely ever failed to succeed when his foot was on the Border pasture-land. In his sketches of shepherd-life, and Border manners, characters, and superstitions; in reminiscences of his early years; in notes of wild field-sports; in recalling traits of the sagacity of sheep-dogs, &c., he is inimitable. When writing on such topics, the effect is only heightened by quaint turns of common though not vulgar speech, by characteristic comments, and by homely idioms. He paints the scenery, not as the summer tourist, but as one who had been bred to keep the hill in all weathers, and who, like the Great Shepherd, had "risked his life for the sheep" in the stifling drifts of blinding snowstorms. He paints the hill-folk as one of themselves, showing them up from within

rather than from without. He who has been called the poet-laureate of the "Court of Faery," is not ashamed to own the sensible influences of superstition, which made him imagine the neighbourhood of the beings of an invisible world, who might nevertheless be made visible in the mirk of the gloaming in these eerie solitudes. Yet there is nothing morbid or mystical in his dreams. On the contrary, each sentence of every article gives the conviction of vigorous life—of the cheery and sunny soul that animates the stalwart body. They may be unsigned or undated from Altrive or Mount Benger, but there is no mistaking the Shepherd's masculine hand, whatever may be the matter of the articles.

His first contribution appears in our opening number,—the first of a short series on the "Tales and Anecdotes of the Pastoral Life." We may imagine that the Editor had begged him to "feel his feet" for the first time on his own familiar ground. And the Shepherd, untroubled by literary nerves, had plunged straightforward in his usual slap-dash manner—without standing hesitating on the brink of what he might have felt to be a momentous venture, or losing himself, after the manner of timid novices, in an involved preface of stilted phrases. "Last autumn, while I was staying a few weeks with my friend Mr Grumple, minister of the extensive and celebrated parish of *Woolenhorn*, an incident occurred which hath afforded me a great deal of amusement; and as I think it may divert some of your readers, I shall, without further preface, begin the relation." He had not to go far to find his leading characters in what was a comedy of rural manners founded upon facts. Any minister of those parts might have sat for the morose

Mr Grumple, though there are sly touches in the description which some individual might undoubtedly have appreciated. But Peter Plash, who comes to ask the minister to marry him, and bids the minister's friend to the frolics at the wedding, is a Border shepherd in flesh and blood. And Hogg, with much of the intuitive art of the romance-writer, which he generally shows in the details if not in the plots of his fictions, arrests his readers with a strong sensation at once, in place of letting the interest drag through a languid prelude before landing them among the humours of Mr Plash's nuptials. Mr Plash has brought a lordly salmon by way of gift-offering to the priest; so it is only natural that he should diverge into the story of a night's "leistering." "Oh, man, I wish ye had been there! I'll lay a plack ye wad hae said ye never saw sic sport sin' ever ye war born." We daresay the minister never did, though Hogg must, many and many a time. The fun is broader and the episode almost as picturesque as the similar scene with Dandie Dinmont near Charlie's Hope. No less animated, and far more original, are the time-honoured rites and ceremonies, the rough Border racing, the rude horse-play, the feasting, the drinking, and the rural flirtations, at this Border wedding, as described in the articles that follow. Then Hogg, as we have said, is great upon sheep-dogs; and some of his stories are so curious and interesting, that we have some idea of reprinting them. Very appropriately, in the statue erected to him near St Mary's Loch he is represented with one of those faithful companions crouching fondly at his feet. The love of the Shepherd for some of these friends of his solitude, has not a touch of the cynicism expressed in Byron's famous epitaph on the monument to "Boat-

swain" in the grounds at Newstead. The Shepherd's gratitude and affection to the humble followers whose devotion and obedience were as wonderful as their intelligence,—that seemed, as their wistful looks met his, to have souls that were craving for the faculty of expression,—have inspired some of Wilson's finest passages in the 'Noctes.' So the Shepherd's grateful reminiscences are often strikingly pathetic. We must advert to one of them, not only for that reason, but because it shows the condition of Hogg as a peasant "constantly on poortith's brink," and something more. He had bought a ragged, half-starved young collie; and though he had paid a guinea he could ill afford, he never invested money to better purpose. Sirrah was somewhat cross-grained in the temper, even towards his master, but his services proved invaluable as his loyalty was boundless. But Sirrah grew old, and his master had to replace him with a younger animal; while he could hardly command the means to pay the tax for both. Very reluctantly he parted with Sirrah to a neighbouring sheep-farmer. The old dog refused to work in his new quarters; but time after time he would come back to Hogg's sheiling, in the hope that he might be reinstated in his old duties. When it became clear to his sagacity that he had been shelved for good, he ceased to pay these disheartening visits. Yet day after day he would find his way to a spot on the hills whence he could see his former master driving out the sheep to their pastures, though he never approached near enough to provoke a repulse. We can hardly conceive a more affecting incident, and it is very touchingly told. No wonder that Hogg takes care to set himself right with his readers by

explaining that, although he could not afford the double tax, he nevertheless declined to accept the price which had been agreed upon for his faithful dog.

The most important of his prose works which appeared in the Magazine was 'The Shepherd's Calendar;' and it was prefaced by the dedication to Lady Anne Scott, which is perhaps the most graceful of his poetical effusions. The title of 'Shepherd's Calendar' is deceptive, inasmuch as the work was made up in great measure of detached tales, which are loosely knit together by the most slender links, and some of which have nothing to do with the shepherd's occupation. Many abound in quaint drollery—the "Laird of Wineholm," for example—in which the "ghost" of the laird, who is supposed to have been snugly deposited in the family vault, comes back to haunt his perturbed dependants; or "Window Watt's Courtship," where a rustic lover jockeys the false confidant who would have tricked him out of the affections of his *inamorata*. Others again, like the "Witches of Traquair," are founded upon superstitious traditions and wild folk-lore. Most of them bear more or less the stamp of a fantastic originality. But without any doubt, the most powerful chapters are those that embody his pastoral experiences. In a thrilling narrative of facts, told in simply impressive language, although the impressions may be coloured and heightened by his instinctive literary genius, we know nothing in his writings to equal his "Notes upon Memorable Storms." Consequently we cannot resist making some extracts, though it must be remembered that the passages suffer materially by being read apart from the context. In the first, tradition has gone abroad as to dates, although it can hardly have

greatly exaggerated the circumstances, otherwise they would have been forgotten or confounded in more recent calamities:—

“‘Mar’s year,’ and ‘that year the Hielanders rade,’ are but secondary mementoes to the year nine and the year forty: these stand in bloody capitals in the annals of the pastoral life, as well as many more that shall hereafter be mentioned. The most dismal of all those on record is the *thirteen drifty days*. This extraordinary storm, as near as I have been able to trace, must have occurred in the year 1620. . . . It is said that for thirteen days and nights the snowdrift never once abated. The ground was covered with frozen snow when it commenced, and during all that time the sheep never broke their fast. The cold was intense to a degree never before remembered. . . . About the ninth and tenth days the shepherds began to build up huge semicircular walls of their dead, in order to afford some shelter to the remainder of the living; but they availed little, for about the same time they were frequently seen tearing at one another’s wool with their teeth. When the storm abated on the fourteenth day from its commencement, there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen. Large misshapen walls of dead, surrounding a small prostrate flock, likewise all dead, and frozen stiff in their lairs, were all that remained to cheer the forlorn shepherd and his master. . . . And the final consequence was, that about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed.”

Untaught or self-taught as he was, there is a nervous simplicity in Hogg’s style when he describes events which he thoroughly understands, and which come strongly home to his feelings and sympathies, that leaves nothing to be desired. He seizes instinctively on the most dramatic features of the incidents, and throws some halo of romance over the whole of the expressions or allusions that come naturally to him. Thus he evokes in a lurid grandeur

of gloom this catastrophe that may have occurred in James VI.’s days, when the Border reivers were being hung to their own “covin trees” by rough-and-ready Jedburgh justice. Narratives of the kind came in with their spirit and their freshness as agreeable interludes to the political and literary articles of Wilson and Lockhart. And if he could reproduce traditions with such vivid realism, he naturally becomes still more impressive and effective when he relates his personal adventures and hair-breadth escapes in circumstances that were very similar to those which we have quoted above. For the disastrous storms that will live in the memories of unborn generations, still burst upon those pastoral solitudes from time to time, and the youthful herd had experienced one of the worst of them on the 24th of January 1794. Nothing can be more vivid than his reminiscences of the portents that foreboded that fierce outbreak of the elements; nothing more graphic than his sombre pictures of the grimmest aspects of the pastoral life. Incidents that left indelible impressions on his mind are recorded with the touch of a master; there is a delicate undercurrent of unconscious poetry in the narrative: feeble man, bowing before the force of the storm-blasts, is appalled, when his benumbed faculties can bestir themselves, by the sense of his absolute impotence; and the shepherd’s deep-seated feelings of religion are quickened by his reliance on “the everlasting arms” that enfold him. So, much of superstitious awe is blended with religious emotion, and the contrasts with the death which is brooding over the blinding snowdrifts without-doors are brightened by glimpses at the interior of the lonely farmstead, where the blazing peats cast their glow on the buxom maidens crowded round the ingle-neuk,

who tend the "sair forfoughten" shepherds like ministering angels.

'The Shepherd's Calendar,' like all Hogg's prose-writings, is an odd jumble of the good, bad, and indifferent. It is the most favourable specimen we could have selected for notice; and the others we may pass over lightly. Of the 'Three Perils of Man—Wine, Women, and Witchcraft,' the idea was good and the execution deplorable. As he pitiously remarks himself, "What a medley I made of it!" Like the 'Three Perils of Woman,' which followed, it had been hurriedly planned on the spur of the moment to fend off pressing liabilities, and it is conspicuous for talent uncorrected by taste; while there are evidences of bookmaking in every chapter. There is far more character in the 'Confessions of a Fanatic;' yet the whole conception is wild to extravagance. In very different vein and style are the 'Lay Sermons,' a series of discourses rather ethical than religious, which Wilson highly commends in the 'Noctes.' They are plain and to the point if not profound, and many country folk must have found them profitable reading. The 'Altrive Tales,' illustrated by Cruikshank, promised well: they professed to have been collected among the Scottish peasantry and from foreign adventures, and those that were intended to commence a series were circulated freely. But Hogg was again pursued on that occasion by his persistent ill-luck, and the 'Altrive Tales' were stopped by the insolvency of their publisher. Of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck' we have already said something. We may only add that Hogg never had a happier thought or missed a nobler opportunity. The sufferings, the hair-breadth escapes, and enthusiastic piety of the persecuted "hill-folk," recommended themselves

alike to the fervent religious sympathies of the peasant and the fancy of the poet. His imagination might well have been warmed by the local traditions that had fondly consecrated the memory of martyrs, and become household tales by many a cottage-hearth; and the locality of the plot was in the wildest scenery anywhere between Cheviot Fell and the Lammermuirs. We delight to dip in the book in spite of its absurdities; but the author, while aiming at the sublime, is always stumbling into the ridiculous. The incidents are wilder, more ghastly, and more grotesque than anything even in the 'Confessions of a Fanatic;' improbabilities face us at every turn; and even the faith of the persecuted remnant, though treated in a solemn spirit, often provokes a smile, so strangely does it seem travestied by the context. What is most noteworthy, perhaps, is the peasant's conception of Claverhouse, as contrasted with the picture in 'Old Mortality' given by the chivalrous Scott. The man whose sympathies are all with the proscribed, revenges himself for the cruelties of the "bluidy Claver'se" by landing the gallant though steel-hearted soldier in a situation contemptibly ludicrous; and our notions of historical probabilities are shocked by seeing the future hero of Killiecrankie shaking in the grip of a stalwart Whig, like the muir-fowl quivering in the singles of a falcon.

Hogg's name is nearly associated with the "Chaldee Manuscript." Of course he claimed credit for having written the skit, and undoubtedly he originated the idea. The rough draft came from his pen, and we cannot speak with certainty as to how it was subsequently manipulated. But there is every reason to believe that Wilson and

Lockhart, probably assisted by Sir William Hamilton, went to work upon it, and so altered it that Hogg's original offspring was changed out of all knowledge. We may imagine that in the first outburst of pious indignation on the part of the public, Hogg might have plausibly repudiated all responsibility for a production which had so shocked propriety, and which had been changed materially since leaving his hands; but that, when "the Chaldee" brought its authors more enviable notoriety, he again revived his claim. That at least is the only plausible theory to account for many jesting allusions in the 'Noctes,' which would otherwise be wholly unintelligible. The first chapter, with fragments of the second and third, and the conclusion of the last, may safely be assigned to the Shepherd; and that opinion is generally confirmed by a passage in the autobiography.

It might seem at first sight that there can be but slight connection between the "Chaldee Manuscript" and Hogg's poetry. In reality the success of the one indicates the characteristics or the shortcomings of the other. Hogg was a marvellously facile imitator, but his best poems want individuality. First, as we have seen, he was fired with the ambition of succeeding to Burns: hence the earlier songs and lyrics that originally brought him into notice. Next and chiefly, as was very natural, he owned the influence of the "great magician who dwelt in the old fastness, hard by the river Jordan;" and seeking to rival Scott in popularity, he imitated the romances of the author of the "Lay." When the scheme to which we have alluded, of laying all the great living poets under contribution, had practically failed, the irrepressible

Shepherd by no means lost heart. He set to work, and did for himself what some of his brother bards had declined to do for him; and the reflection of their several styles in his 'Poetic Mirror' showed something more than a happy knack of parody. He seems to strike chords that resound in sympathy with their souls, and sometimes he appears almost to have penetrated the minds of thinkers, deeply philosophical as Coleridge or Wordsworth. But such a gift of adaptability, as we have said, is fatal to individuality; and so his poetry, though of a higher order than much of his prose, is for the most part less original. Many of his more pretentious works, like his novels and prose tales, were hurriedly composed and ill considered; and the facility of composition was even more injurious to them than the facility of imitation. There are highly poetical and most original fancies; there are striking and impressive episodes; there are melodious passages of rare sweetness; but a languor steals over us with the feeling of monotony; and the pleasing expectations which had been awakened are apt to die away in listlessness or disappointment. He has an extraordinary richness and fertility of fancy, which too commonly run into extravagance: not unfrequently he soars near the border-land of the very loftiest poetry; but as often as not he hangs in his flight, or comes fluttering towards the earth again like a crippled eagle. "Kilmeny," as Wilson observes in the 'Noctes' to its author, may be "one poem that will not die." But then "Kilmeny" is, after all, but a fragment from the 'Queen's Wake,' which is weighted with a mass of inferior workmanship. And it seems to us significant as to Hogg's poetry, as making him out to be

more commonplace than his admirers would willingly acknowledge, that by general consent some half-dozen of passages have been singled out as his masterpieces. To that general judgment we readily assent. We submit that in any wide range of poetry of the highest order, there must be much that recommends itself to the infinite variety of minds. According to the unanimous verdict of a generation or two, the gems of Hogg's more elaborate poems are all to be found in the 'Queen's Wake.' They comprise some portions of "Kilmeny," which are of singular beauty; the wild western tale of "The Abbot M'Kinnon;" and the more fantastically imaginative "Witch of Fife," which he parodied admirably in "The Gude Grege Katt." Of course, many of his lyrics are exquisite—not a few of the stanzas come near to perfection; and in these lyrics lay his strength. One of the best is an ode to the skylark; and then we have "When the kye comes hame," which has become a household song about every "farm-toun" in broad Scotland; and that metrical address to Lady Anne of Buccleuch, if indeed we may fairly classify it among the lyrics.

It is "Kilmeny" that gives the Shepherd his indisputable rank as the chosen laureate of the Court of Fairyland. Kilmeny comes back from her sojourn with the "good neighbours," sadly though sweetly transformed, and set free alike from human sympathies as from human troubles. The opening is as enchanting as it is simple and suggestive:—

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the Isle to see,—
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring,

The scarlet hip and the hyndberrry,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree."

She goes forth exhilarated by that bright spring morning, full of life and human feeling; but what a change has come over the spirit of her dreams when she returns, after the lapse of time, to her yearning kinsfolk!

"When many a lang day had come and fled;
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead;
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung;
When the bedesman had prayed and the dead-bell rung,—
Late, late in the gloamin', when all was still—
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme,—
Late, late in the gloamin', Kilmeny came hame.

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day.
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,—
The fountain of vision and fountain of light.
The emerant fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade:
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by."

Every one who knows anything of the poems must be familiar with

these passages; and yet we can make no apology for quoting them. They are short; they are the sweetest and most spirited in their style that Hogg ever wrote; and consequently it is indispensable that they should be recalled in any attempt at estimating his genius. If we would show his versatility, and his wonderful command of the romantic ballad, we have but to turn back over a few pages in the 'Wake,' to the "Witch of Fife," with its grim drollery. There is concentrated vigour in every stanza, with a rich grotesqueness of wild metaphor and descriptive power; while in many of them we have the setting of some weird-like picture shadowed out in a couplet in all its details. We take a verse or two by way of illustration:—

"Quhare haif ye been, ye ill womyne,
These three lang nightis fra hame?
Quhat garris the sweit drap fra yer brow,
Like clotis of the saut-sea faem?

But the spell may crack, and the brydel
breck,
Then sherpe yer werde will be;
Ye had better sleip in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deir little bairnis and me.

The first leet night, quhan the new
moon set,
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled our naigis wi' the moon-fern
leif,
And rode fra Kilmerrin Kirk.

Some horses were of the brume-cow
framit,
And some of the greine bay-tree;
But mine was made of ane hemloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law,
And we hunted the hoolet out of brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa'.

And the bauld windis blew, and the
fire-flauchtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-
dogs howlit,
As we gaed scourin' bye."

"Mador of the Moor" was written to order, the banks of the Tay having been assigned as the theme. Originally meant to be kept within moderate compass, it ran into five cantos; and finally, when it was apparently slipping out of the author's control, was summarily brought to a close with an abrupt *dénouement*. Interest in the story is impossible, owing to the extreme improbability of the incidents; and the idea of the plot was borrowed from the "Lady of the Lake," and the Highland adventure of the wandering Knight of Snowdown. On brief deliberation, Hogg chose the form of his verse so as best to harmonise with his stately word-painting; and accordingly he selected the Spenserian stanza. "It is the finest verse in the world," he had said to himself. "It rolls off with such majesty and grandeur. What an effect it will have in the descriptions of mountains, cataracts, and storms!" And, not content with treading in the steps of Spenser, he decided that he could easily improve upon him. "I had the vanity to believe that I was going to give the world a specimen of this stanza in its proper harmony." And assuredly in "Mador," as elsewhere, he shows his wonderful mastery of metre; nor can anything be more melodious than much of the rhythm. Unfortunately the poem is often open to the criticism that, if not absolutely sound without sense, it is mellifluous metre with a superficial meaning.

But though we place "Mador" and "The Pilgrims of the Sun,"—in the last, by the way, we recognise promptings from Milton—as far inferior to "Kilmeny," both in finish and genius; yet perhaps they will appear Hogg's most remarkable efforts, if we remember his extraction and upbringing. We

are struck as much by the refinement of the sentiments as by the elevation of the style and the purity of the language; and casting his peasant slough, the Shepherd treads the stately Spenserian measure in ruffles and court dress as if he had been to the manner born.

Of "Queen Hynde" we need say nothing, except that once more he invites comparison with Scott, reminding us of the incidents of the "Lord of the Isles;" and that again he *would* dispense with the interest that comes of realism, by carrying his readers back to mythical times, and giving the rein to his fancy with most poetical licence. And we bring our notice to a close with some samples of the songs and lyrics. We would quote the beautiful verses to Lady Anne Scott—

"To her whose bounty oft hath shed
Joy round the peasant's lowly bed,
When trouble pressed and friends
were few,
And God and angels only knew."

But we cannot spare space to give them at length, and we should only injure them by mutilation. Far less generally known is the grand monody on the "Dweller in heaven," which, though it breathes the inspiration of ecstatic communings in mountain solitudes, seems mislaid, as it has been almost forgotten, in the mad medley of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck':—

"Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below!
Fain would I know Thee, yet tremble to know!
How can a mortal deem, how it may be,
That being can ne'er be but present with Thee?
Is it true that Thou sawest me e'er I saw the morn?
Is it true that Thou knewest me before I was born?
That nature must live in the light of Thine eye?—
This knowledge for me is too great and too high!

That, fly I to noonday or fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to Thee are the same,
And still in Thy presence of wonder I am?
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air:
In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink?

Or mount I, on wings of the morning,
away
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in Thee!
Nay, scale I the clouds, in the heaven to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still Thou art present, and all are the same?

Yes, present for ever! Almighty! Alone!
Great Spirit of Nature! Unbounded!
Unknown!
What mind can embody Thy presence divine?
I know not my own being, how can I Thine?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend:
The mountains may melt and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in Thee."

The "Sacred Melodies" were obviously suggested by Byron's; and Hogg is more successful in his own special domain of what may be called natural mythology. A singularly wild and touching ballad describes the wooing of one of those soulless fairy beauties by a mortal—doomed by an inexorable destiny to be withered in her embraces, but not to die unlamented:—

"Oh where were ye, my bonny lass,
Wi' look sae wild and cheery?
There's something in that witchin' face
That I lo'e wonder dearly.

I live where the harebell never grew,
Where the streamlet never ran,
Where the winds of heaven never blew;
Now find me if you can.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it soft and easy;
An' with the cold dew bathe my head,
For pains of anguish seize me.

I've been where man should not have
been,
Oft in my lonely roaming;
And seen what man should not have
seen,
By greenwood in the gloaming.

Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
Long is thy night of sorrow;
Thy maiden of the mountain deep
Shall meet thee on the morrow.

The mermaid o'er thy grave shall weep,
Without one breath of scorning.
Lie still, my love, lie still and sleep,
And fare thee well till morning!"

We believe few people are aware that some of the sweetest and most popular of the Jacobite songs were really written by Hogg, and not by bards of the previous century. So we may as well remind our readers that it is he who should have the credit of those spirited ditties, "Cam' ye by Athole" and "Maclean's Welcome." Once he had cause to chuckle over such a misconception: he was consoled for the scathing review of his 'Jacobite Relics' in the 'Edinburgh,' by the reviewer, who was believed to be Jeffrey himself, praising the original lilt of "Donald M'Gillavry," which Hogg had slyly slipped in among the 'Relics.' In fact, we should say that some of his humorous songs were as good as anything of his authorship, were it not for the moving charm of many of his pathetic lays. The best of both appeared originally in the

'Noctes;' and the former, of course, gain in point and character by being supposed to be sung in convivial moments over the supper-table at Ambrose's;—as, for example, "The Village of Balmaquhapple," "Meg o' Marley," and "When Maggy gang's away."

A verse or two from one simple but melting love-song, and we have done—in the hope that we may have given a not unfair idea of the kaleidoscope-like sparkle of the much-gifted Shepherd's genius. We dare not borrow from "When the kye comes hame," for it is too well known; so we fall back in an embarrassment of choice on one that happens to be a special favourite of ours:—

"Oh weel befa' the maiden gay,
In cottage, bught, or pen,
An' weel befa' the bonny May
That wons in yonder glen;
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye sae kind, and aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel,
Amang sae mony men.
Oh weel befa' the bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!"

Oh, had it no been for the blush
O' maiden's virgin-flame,
Dear beauty never had been known,
And never had a name;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modelled by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er a' the sons o' men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest—
There's hinney in the haw—
There's dew within the rose's breast,
The sweetest o' them a'.
The sun will rise an' set again,
An' lace wi' burning goud the main—
The rainbow bend outow'r the plain,
Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far my bonny thing
That wons in yonder glen!"

CURIOSITIES OF BRITISH POLITICS.

HUMOURS OF THE HOUSE.

It is not only by a disposition to talk inordinately, and to work not at all, that the latter days of the House of Commons have been distinguished. Many of the eccentricities of age have come upon it in a remarkable degree, and, from having been an august assembly practising industry with a somewhat severe regard to dignity and consistency, it is apt now to signalise its idleness and garrulity by capricious flights. If it be no longer strong to labour, it is lively enough to invent variety in doing nothing-ness. Its will changes from day to day; a man knows not where to have it: so there is entertainment to be derived from its whims, if no other good can be got out of it. Yesterday, perhaps, it was all obedience to its chief and to the caucuses; to-day it defies Birmingham and accepts the consequences, bids its tyrant to do his worst—dissolve, resign, or anything he likes—and puts him in a minority. To-morrow it may urge him to draw his sword like a man and a Briton; the day after it may censure him for ever thinking of a fight, compare him to the most ruthless of savages, or, what is worse, to the most bigoted of Tories and Jingoës, and ask what has become of the fine sentiments which he erewhile vaunted to depreciate his rivals and to obtain office. Undoubtedly there are symptoms of a craze—hardly a mania as yet, but something differing much from the *mens sana* of old, and giving rise to queer outbursts, which, having been unlooked for, divert by their suddenness. Cromwell must have been informed with a prophetic

spirit when he called the mace a “bauble:” if he cares now to look up to, or down upon (as the case may be), the successor of that Rump which he did not succeed in making the last of its line, he may perceive that it has got into motley and perfected his idea.

When most perceptibly “off its head,” the House is incensed, with the envy of a Cain, against the other House of Parliament,—a House, by the way, which still supports the character of being discreet, industrious, and profitable to the nation,—and likes to insult it in some way, either by proposing to uproot and abolish it, or by censuring its proceedings; and no doubt a good deal of acrid humour is thrown off the system by these ebullitions. Only a few months since, the old *lunes* being very strong upon it, it left its proper business, set to work, and produced what was in effect a severe censure on the Lords for presuming to inquire into the working of the new Land Act in Ireland. The Lords seemed “senseless of the bob,” and went on with their duties as if the reproach had never been uttered. It pleased the Commons, who like to do anything rather than the business which the country expects them to do, and it didn’t hurt the Lords. This reflection seemed to be all that the matter required; but the Commons saw that more entertainment could be got out of it, and very much in the spirit of Mahomet they decided that, if the Upper Chamber would not quail before the Lower, then the Lower would gracefully copy the offence of the Upper, and so bring itself

under its own censure. It was a happy conception, and happily carried into act; for the Lower House now occupied itself with inquiring into the working of the Land Act, and with defining and supplementing the same, and made ten times as much rout as the Lords had made. It was a little inconsistent; but people said, "They are odd, you know; have been so for some time," and let the vagary pass.

To turn to another instance; it is to be feared that some slight aberration must be assumed as the cause of the odd scene and the unwonted wilfulness which were displayed on the night of the 7th July, when the House suddenly asserted itself and put the Government in a minority. The cause of this energy would appear to have been that the Prime Minister had made a concession to the Land League in accordance with the treaty of Kilmainham, which concession he required the House to endorse on pain of the right hon. gentleman "examining his position, in conformity with his individual position as an officer of State" (whatever that expression might mean), in case of their non-compliance. Most members construed this as a threat to resign, or to dissolve Parliament, if the Prime Minister's order were not obeyed; but whatever might have been the meaning of the threat, honourable gentlemen were, on this occasion, determined to act in defiance of it; and they did so, sustaining no harm whatever through their persistency.

Now it is a strange thing—rather, it would have been a strange thing but for the humorous condition of the House, to which attention has been called—that the whole disgraceful treaty of Kilmainham had been laid bare to the House, spite of endeavours to conceal part of it by garbling correspondence; then,

when the damning offence was fresh and glaring, and when righteous indignation might reasonably have been expected to have way, no censure was passed upon the Government for negotiating with persons who, by the confession of Ministers, were steeped to the lips in treason. The camel, it thus appears, was swallowed by the House with only moderate straining, but another humour prevailed when it was proposed to gorge the gnat. That 7th of July seems to have been an inauspicious day—one for bringing out the qualities of corrupt things—one on which the Kilmainham treaty was specially unsavoury and revolting; therefore the little taste of it which was contained in the Prime Minister's concession made right honourable and honourable stomachs rise, and caused a successful rebellion.

Not only were the things done on this July night worthy of note, but the manner of doing them also deserves attention. Mr Goschen said that he thought the Premier used "very high language;" and Mr Lambton, "as a Liberal, resented the haughty words of the Prime Minister." It further appeared to Mr Lambton that another Ministry could be obtained which would be willing to adopt the measures necessary for the tranquillising of Ireland if the present one declined to do so. And Mr Lambton hinted that he thought Mr Gladstone's Government "despotic." It is recorded that Mr Gladstone, who had been called to order in the course of the debate, was seen gesticulating with his finger at Sir W. Barttelot.

When the diversion was over, and the time came for considering his position, the Premier decided upon pocketing the affront, notwithstanding the dreadful things which he had threatened to do if the

House should attempt to intercept the little attention which he proposed to show to his Kilmainham allies.

Here it occurs to us that the Prevention of Crimes Act, the measure which gave rise to the bit of humour which we have noted, is not only the sharpest law of its kind that has passed in this century, but is the third coercion Act which the present Government has conducted through Parliament in the two last sessions. Now it is a fair subject of calculation, how long will it be before Liberal agitators lay this vast amount of coercive legislation on Conservative shoulders? It is an article of their creed that all Acts of the kind are invented and enacted under the direction of Tory Ministers; and if plain facts be a little against this belief, that makes no difference to good devoted Liberal teachers, whom fiction never fails, though facts may do so. Before these remarkable Acts were added to their coercion score, the Liberals, as was proved from records, were the authors, since this century began, of far more repressive laws than their opponents, and yet their orators have not hesitated to condemn all such laws as "Tory work." So without doubt the three laws of 1881 and 1882 will be made over to us as soon as there shall have been sufficient lapse of time to render the popular recollection a little hazy. Hence we say it is a fair speculation, how long it may be before the Liberal work is stigmatised as Tory wickedness.

If his beating should only tend to cure Mr Gladstone of his belief in the efficacy of empty threats, it will do good. After equivocation, which may be figuratively called his sheet-anchor, Mr Gladstone appears to think that empty threatening is the surest resource for a

statesman. Although he never yet scared anybody by his terrors, yet his belief in them would appear to be as fresh as on the day when he announced that England, with or without allies, would resist the attempt of Russia to render the Black Sea once more open to her ships of war. Everybody knows what came of that boast, and how Mr Gladstone, when he found that nobody was frightened, surrendered at discretion and allowed the treaty to be torn up. Yet he learned nothing from this exposure of his vainglorious bragging, but clung to his plan of giving scares as obstinately as Pharaoh to his hold of Israel, though he has been plagued continually by the effects of his infatuation. His turning out of the military in Ireland, to be seen but never to act, was without doubt always due to his belief in his power of frightening; and although the poor soldiers only got stoned and insulted, the exhibition of them muzzled continues to this day to be regarded as a trump-card to play against a mob.

It is just the same with our fleet, the bare sight of which is expected to instantly bring our enemies to their marrow-bones, while every country—ay, nearly every savage tribe—in the world knows by this time that barks are the worst they have to expect from Mr Gladstone. Though it be true that he at least screwed himself up to attack the forts at Alexandria, yet one must remember the long time during which he attempted to terrify Arabi by the presence alone of our warships, and how he sent ultimatums to be laughed at, and let our sailors look on upon the massacre of their comrades and other subjects of the Queen without firing a shot; and how he made the ships sneak out to sea to sink their murdered dead in the deep, lest by burying them

on shore, the crews should rouse the fury of the people, to intimidate whom the ships had been paraded. Surely the order to fire at last, when he was driven to his wits' end, does not excuse or efface the miserable attempts at scaring with which his operations were begun!

And the mention of the Egyptian trouble leads back to the humours of the House of Commons, where some of "the great Liberal party," as they are fond of calling themselves, took their chief roundly to task for presuming to uphold British interests in the Levant at all. The poor man had stood a deal of poking before he could be got to move; and no sooner did he stir than vials of Liberal wrath were poured upon him without stint. For it seems that there is a fond section of the Liberals which is even yet not disabused of the belief that Mr Gladstone, when agitating for office some two or three years ago, said only what he meant, and meant all that he said. They cannot understand how, having so solemnly and bitterly, and with such repetition, denounced Toryism and Jingoism, he can be now acting the part of a Tory and a Jingo. Where can the ears of these gentlemen have been? or how can their senses have served them when, time after time within the last two years, Mr Gladstone has been shown to have thrown to the winds all his election speeches and promises, his Mid-Ethiopian flummery, and his Blackheath deceptions!!

The dulness which has kept them two years behind the rest of the world, begins to disperse now that Mr Gladstone is found to be false to their favourite theories, as well as to all others which he adopted to serve his temporary purposes. They are aghast at such depravity, such faithlessness; and even we, to whom the knowledge of Mr

Gladstone's tergiversations is not new, and who are case-hardened to his deceits, admit that the betrayed Radicals are not without excuse for their indignation.

The indignation produced some home-thrusts in the form of flowers of speech, among which not the least striking were uttered by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who admonished his recreant chief on this wise:—

"I remember that in the time of the Crimean war the Chancellor of the Duchy (Mr Bright) said, when denouncing that war, 'These hands are clean. No blood of our country is on these hands'—(cheers). We shall take care that it is the same with us to-day. I protest against what took place at Alexandria yesterday, and I say it is an act of international atrocity—('Oh, oh,' and Ministerial laughter). Hon. gentlemen may cry 'Oh,' as much as they like, but I repeat the word, that it was a cowardly, cruel, tyrannous, and criminal act—(cheers)."

This was number one—a rather unpleasant reminiscence for the late Chancellor of the Duchy, and one calculated to make that right honourable gentleman reconsider his ways; also a far from flattering account of the proceedings at Alexandria. But this was only the first count in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's indictment. He had more recollections in store, and he gave his Ministerial friends the benefit thereof, for he went on:—

"The consequence of your action at Alexandria was, that you stirred up the people to that massacre which you now allege to be the cause of the proceedings you have taken. You have abandoned all the principles of non-intervention which we heard so much of when you were not in office—(cheers)."

It will be observed that the perception which was here dawning upon Sir Wilfrid, of the Ministry having abandoned the non-intervention principles which they proclaimed when in Opposition, is by

no means new to the country at large. But he had in his locker more and heavier shots ; as, for instance :—

“What has become of the Concert of Europe ?—(loud cheers). We are told that before the bombardment the French ships steamed majestically out of the harbour of Alexandria. That was a far more rational and Christian course than the course taken by us ; and at what time was it that this bombardment took place ? Why, at a time when a Conference was sitting on the affairs of Egypt, and when you had referred the whole matter to their consideration. Do you remember a few short years ago, when hon. gentlemen opposite went into a Conference, and came forward and asked for a vote of six millions, that up rose the Chancellor of the Duchy and said, ‘What ! are you going into Conference with shotted guns ?’—(loud cheers) : exactly what we are doing to-day—(renewed cheers).”

No doubt the remarks are well remembered. We heard them quoted more than once in reference to what was taking place in Egypt before Sir Wilfrid Lawson remonstrated with his friends. But then comes a sly poke at the Premier :—

“The rights of the people of Egypt ! A pretty story indeed. The way in which we have shown our regard for them is to send our ships to massacre them wholesale. Why can the right hon. gentleman not take the same course with regard to that country as with regard to other countries ? He says to Austria when she was suspected of designs on weaker States, ‘Hands off’—(cheers). I wish some one would say with regard to Egypt, ‘Hands off.’ Are we to talk of ‘military despotism,’ such as was spoken of by Earl Granville yesterday ? Are we to attack all military despotisms ?—(Home - Rule cheers). Then what about Ireland ?—(more Home-Rule cheering).”

The last quotation which we shall make from the aqueous baronet is long, because, in our opinion, every sentence of it is telling. Clearly there is *veritas* to be found

elsewhere than *in vino*. We cannot suppose that Ministerial feelings were to be envied during the delivery of the following peroration :—

“I should say that just in proportion as the Government had been true to the policy and principles announced in the Mid-Lothian campaign so would they be successful and retain the confidence of the country ; and just as they departed from the noble principles which the right hon. gentleman had put forth they would be landed in disaster and discredit. Cobden said that Englishmen had only as much religion in them as carried them to the Cape ; and I think our statesmen have just as many principles as carry them to the Treasury bench—(cheers). Now I say deliberately, and I challenge any Liberal or Tory in this House to contradict me—(a voice : Or any old Whig),—I say this distinctly, that no Tory Government could possibly have done what the Liberal Government did yesterday in bombarding the forts at Alexandria. If such a thing had been proposed under Tory rule, what would have happened ? We would have had the right hon. gentleman the Home Secretary—(loud cheers)—stumping the country and denouncing government by ultimatum ; we should have had the noble Lord the Secretary for India coming down to the House and moving a resolution condemning the proceedings which had been taken behind the back of Parliament ; and we should have had the President of the Board of Trade summoning the caucuses—(cheers ; no, no),—it is true what I am saying,—you would have had the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster declaiming in the Town Hall of Birmingham against the wicked Tory Government ; and as for the Prime Minister, we all know there would not have been a railway train passing a roadside station which would not have pulled up that he might proclaim non-intervention and the downfall of the Tory Ministry—(laughter and cheers). I say, then, that it is perfectly lamentable to see men whom we have respected, whom we have believed in, whom we have placed in power, thus turning round on the

principles which they have professed, and carrying out a policy which is abhorrent to every lover of right. I ask them, I implore them, if it is not too late, to reconsider their ways, and to attempt, at any rate, to carry out a policy more in accordance with common sense, common justice, and common humanity—(cheers).”

The sting of these remarks lies in their truth. Sir Wilfrid certainly had his friends on the hip. It was always predicted that the rancorous denunciations uttered two years ago, would come home to roost; and here they are trooping back to sit heavy on the souls who so maliciously and falsely proclaimed them. We need scarcely say that we do not agree with Sir Wilfrid Lawson concerning non-intervention, or that we think the attack on the forts at Alexandria to have been entirely just and proper. But that is no reason why men whose acts belie their words should not be held up to contempt for their insincerity.

We observe that Mr Gladstone affirms (all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding) that our ships simply acted on the defensive. This is of a piece with his obstinate contention that there is no treaty of Kilmainham. What can be the object of thus repudiating manifest facts we are at a loss to conjecture. We remember in ‘*Bombastes Furioso*,’ that a lady says of a hat which is lying on the stage, gross, open, palpable: “God bless your silly soul, that’s not a hat!” and if Mr Gladstone had been capable of imagining or acting broad farce, we might have supposed that he was entering into the humour of the Commons, and treating them to something jocular. But we believe that the right honourable gentleman, who is seldom disposed to *facetie*, never felt less like joking than he does now. His miserable failures in all things to which

he has put his hand during the last two years, the enormous calamities that he has caused, and the daily darkening prospects of his Administration, must make him more serious and rueful than ever.

It did not surprise us to find that the remarks which were levelled at Mr Bright in the House brought the fear of Birmingham vividly before his eyes, and drove him to resign, but not until after the orders to bombard the Alexandrian forts had been sent out, and been acted upon. As some men grow wise after the event, so Mr Bright grew virtuous after the violence, bloodshed, and tumult had taken place. He then remembered that the teaching of his whole life had been against war. But we should like to remind Mr Bright of an incident which occurred in the year 1873. In the autumn of that year he rejoined Mr Gladstone’s Cabinet, which he had previously been obliged to leave from illness. At the time of his rejoining, England was waging war with the Ashantis,—and, of course, by taking office under those circumstances, Mr Bright accepted his share of responsibility for that war. Consequently his whole public life and teaching have not been a protest against war. And so little is Mr Bright’s presence in the Administration looked upon in some quarters as a real security for peace, that, on the news of his resignation, the prices on the London Stock Exchange, which had previously been much depressed through fear of foreign complications, at once went up,—the city reporter attributing the rise to his retirement!

There are other members of the Government besides Mr Bright of whom Birmingham may possibly demand their reasons for not leaving a Ministry which has authorised a bombardment. It will be useless for the accused to say that

the bombardment was not an act of war. That paradox might do very well for Mr Gladstone to amuse the House with; but the caucuses, we take it, cannot be put off with word-splitting.

It would, we fear, be a waste of words to hint to the House of Commons that it allowed July to run out, and August to begin, without having passed the estimates for the year, or made provision for the public expenses, although August is the month in which the session usually terminates. In old days, the business relating to the purse of the country was thought to be of primary importance; and those who have at all studied the history of Parliament know that the Lower House derives its strength, and has acquired the ascendancy which it now seems so anxious to squander, from its guardianship of the public moneys. Is finance to be now cast aside as something too dull for so volatile an Assembly? and are estimates and taxes to be scamped in order that the ruin of Ireland may be made doubly sure by unheard-of flights of quackery, and that we may play fast and loose with Egypt until the molehill shall have swollen to a mountain, and we find ourselves in the midst of a general conflagration?

The petition of the Newcastle Foreign Affairs Association which Mr Cowen presented to the House, and which prays that assembly to impeach Earl Granville and Mr Gladstone for high crimes and misdemeanours in connection with their conduct of affairs in Egypt, and that they be put on their trial before the House of Lords, was suggestive of some mirth. Mr Cowen has not yet given notice of a motion to exhibit articles of impeachment, and one hardly sees how high crimes and misdemeanours could be sustained,

although doubtless there have been errors not a few, such as could not have been committed by Ministers deserving the name of statesmen. If the Newcastle Association were to turn its attention from foreign affairs to affairs nearer home, it might find in the neglect of Ministers to protect life and property in Ireland (which they repeatedly promised to protect), a much graver and more fitting accusation. There can be no doubt that, by leaving unoffending persons and their properties at the mercy of assassins and ruffians, Ministers failed in that which is the first duty of every Government, and that they could fully expiate by no punishment the fearful loss of life, and the dreadful suffering and damage, caused by their wilful default. In that respect they have been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours for which every honest and humane man should wish to see them brought to account. The treaty of Kilmainham, too, contracted between responsible officers of the Crown and men whom they had affirmed to be "steeped to the lips in treason," might possibly be made the subject of a serious judicial inquiry. We only hope that whenever the House may decide to diversify its pursuits by springing an impeachment, it will take care to so frame its charges that the guilty may not escape.

The threatened *clôture* is expected by some fond persons to cure the House of its "humours." We shall be very much surprised if it does so. We rather expect that it may prove fruitful of eccentric exhibitions, frequent and charmingly novel. Remembering that Mr Gladstone is to invent the rules and to lead the debates, we have some idea that matter may be furnished for a few pages more on "Humours of the House."

THE IRISH PROSPECT OF MILK AND HONEY.

Nothing could so delight the lazy unthrifty Irish as to be maintained wholly or partly at the expense of another community. Their Fenianism, Home Rule, Land League, murders, outrages, sedition, and what not, are all movements tending to this one grand result of a national pauperism ministered to by a more thrifty race, which may be wealthy enough and silly enough to keep the Irish in idleness and wickedness all their days. They would accept alms from any country under heaven, and live by the sweat of any other men's brows; for, though claiming to be a "proud race," they are in this respect utterly mean and self-debasing.

Of course Britain is, from her propinquity, her substance, and from the traditionary and mythical "wrongs" done to Ireland—we never hear a word of her *per contra* acts—the land on whose means and labour the Irish hope to live. Hitherto they have often succeeded in obtaining eleemosynary supplies that were only temporary; but these have come to an end with the occasions which served as excuses for them, and it has been necessary to worry this island again from time to time in order to raise the wind.

At length, however, the goal of all the agitations would appear to be in sight. The House of Commons, in the weakness of age, has consented to pay the arrears of Irish rents out of the revenues of the United Kingdom. A position has been reached the importance of which to Irish apprehension cannot be exaggerated. The Irishman has all but got his fingers into the public chest, to draw from thence provision for his daily necessities. He is not yet exactly in the promised

land—because that expression translated into work-a-day language would mean that he had finally, and beyond the reach of eviction, fastened himself down as a pensioner on the public treasury, to be hereafter found in rags, potatoes, whisky, and lodging, and to find himself in idleness and filth,—he is not in the promised land, we repeat; but he has got something far more substantial than the view from Pisgah. He is, piloted by Mr Gladstone, not far from the banks of Jordan, and the English taxpayer is naturally anxious for the success of those intervening powers who may yet make his invasion unsuccessful. On this occasion, Hurrah for Sehon, King of the Amorites! His Majesty of Basan for ever! must be the toasts and sentiments of all who are not themselves paupers.

It is an ancient tradition of this realm that the House of Commons is the appointed guardian of the public purse. Remember it who may, the fact has quite slipped from the senile memory of the House itself. Its economists are all dead and forgotten. It may be that sometimes now, if a meritorious class or person should make a claim on the revenue, the eccentric assembly might, out of flighty perversity, remember the parsimony inherited from the Humes and the Wakleys; but to the undeserving it is rarely ungracious, and from any pronounced rogue it never turns away its face. Yea, it is a disquieting fact that, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, the Irishman's rent-charge on the income of Britain has been in principle sanctioned. Unless other and more solid powers come to our rescue, we are like to be loaded with this incubus in perpetuity.

We might have been saved from giving the Irishman that first taste of his coveted alms, that baiting of the pool, as it were, to excite the appetite of the shoal, which is contained in the Arrears Bill, had the Lords thought fit to stand by the taxpayers. Their Lordships acted stoutly at first, and gave some ground for hope that the will of the electors might have been ascertained before this great wrong should be perpetrated. But after obtaining some concessions (more than nominal ones, we admit), they have given up the remainder of their demands, and suffered the Bill, with many of its glaring defects unremedied, to become law. It is quite certain that most of those Conservative Peers who declined to continue the controversy with the Commons disapprove of the Bill as cordially as we do, and see the danger of it, too. They have therefore put much force on their inclinations in acting as they have done; and no doubt they were profoundly impressed with the belief that it is unsafe in the present position of the country to continue the dispute and to bring on a crisis. Yet, for all that is patent to outsiders, we could have been content to have brought the dispute to the arbitrament of an election. Common sense and common justice were on their side; the concession of the first instalment of black-mail gives an immense advantage to the seditious and disorderly in time to come; and it may yet be matter of regret that the firmness which Lord Salisbury would personally have shown was not felt more generally by those who on most occasions follow his lead. The Marquis, having once taken his stand, had the courage of his opinions, and would gallantly have fought the battle out. If he had been less constant, our disappointment at the partial sur-

render of the Peers would have been greater than it is.

The absolute injustice of the Arrears Bill seems not to be disputed in any quarter. Those who have placed it before Parliament (who are not its authors) have done so under the plea that it is an exceptional measure, called for by peculiar circumstances, and expected to be a great aid towards tranquillising Ireland. Confessedly, therefore, it is expediency, and not justice by which it is dictated. Yet how long is it since these followers of expediency were mouthing grand sentences about the moral law, which they affirmed to be as binding in politics as elsewhere? Passing by their gross inconsistency, and looking at this unjust measure as intended to tranquillise Ireland, what good reason do we see for passing it? Literally none. It will not make Irish tenants more industrious, more contented, or more thrifty than they were before. On the contrary, there is much danger that it may make them less self-reliant, more careless, more dishonest, and more turbulent. The taste of the milk and honey will remain on the palate of the fraudulent tenant, and make him lust for more refreshment from the same source. And he will, it is to be feared, seek to gratify his longing by the same means which he resorted to before—namely, defiance and violation of the laws. The new Act will operate in the direction of disturbance rather than of peace.

Neither does it in the least help the argument for the passing it, to say that the Ministry, at any rate, are satisfied of the measure tending towards quietness; and as Ministers have better means of judging than others, their opinion should have great influence in modifying the ideas and expectations of un-

official men regarding it. Unfortunately, at the present time the approval of Ministers is so far from being a recommendation of an Irish bill, that it is literally a caution to prepare for the worst consequences from it. So boldly have Ministers prophesied and promised concerning their Irish remedies, and so entirely have events falsified their smooth prophecies, that any plan of theirs is now looked upon as more likely to aggravate the disease than to cure it. They have shown that they have a special unfitness to deal with Ireland. Never, we suppose, was a presumptuous, unintelligent, and eccentric policy followed by more speedy or more signal discomfiture. What was whole three years ago on the Premier's own showing, was soon made sick; and what was soon after disordered is now desperate. Nothing has the Ministry touched which it has not damaged.

The point of the wedge is now in; the question is, what form the agitation for driving it home will take. Agitators, it is to be feared, will not lose time, seeing on how uncertain a footing the present Ministry stands. On the other hand, fortunately there is the Prevention of Crimes Act, which, if honestly enforced, may render agitation difficult. But is it likely that the Government which would make a bargain with traitors confined in jail for their treason, will vigorously enforce the law against other traitors? By the way, might we not, looking at home a little, be somewhat less censorious about the Sultan's decoration of Arabi, who had not been proclaimed a rebel when he received the compliment?

We know how an English Minister treated rebels and murderers in the Transvaal; and our ears have hardly done tingling at the scandalous compact which he made with men whom he had declared to be "steeped to the lips in treason." The Sultan's inconsistency pales before that of Mr Gladstone.

Our rulers, who make confusion in everything that they put their hand to, have lately had the Irish police on the eve of a strike. The disorder has been scotched by the usual Ministerial remedy,—giving in to the rebellious. From the point of view of the discontented police the strike has been entirely successful. We may therefore expect to have, before long, more trouble in that quarter; and so there may come a favourable opening for the lawless.* The prospect of rent being ever again paid by the persons for whose benefit the Arrears Act has been passed is exceedingly small. They have been perfectly instructed how to hold the rent, and how to make Britain pay it for them. The successful lodgment which they have made in the public chest they are not likely to relinquish as long as they have a weak Ministry to deal with. Perhaps Mr Redmond, or some other patriotic Irish member, may next year help the Premier to the preparation of a bill for paying arrears of accounts for whisky and potatoes—why not? Why should our alms be confined to those whose debts are for the hire of land?

That curious affection, earth-hunger, having served its turn and brought a handsome gain to those who invented and paraded it, has been cast aside as of no further use.

* After this paper was in type came the tidings of the horrible massacre of the Joyce family in Connemara on the 17th August. Can any one doubt that advantage was taken of the unhealthy condition of the police to plan this massacre, which must have been preceded by many meetings and much organisation—things which the police have, under the new Act, power to prevent?

For it will now be substituted a sharp-set hunger for the contents of the British Exchequer. "Rob me the Exchequer, William," is the new formula to be stamped with well-approved pressure on the mind of the wordy one. And there can be little doubt that, except his career should be immediately cut short, the pliable agent will lead the way into the Irishman's Canaan. The "edge of penny cord" is no longer to be the reward of the murderer, or of the unrighteous and cruel man. "*Autrefois il étoit ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela,*" as a quack said in regard to another matter. No: murder and outrage will hereafter be recompensed with milk and honey. A great girding up of the loins will precede the passage of Jordan, which this rabble will make at the heels of its "guide, philosopher, and friend." The waters will be parted, probably, by an unjust use of the *clôture*, and then will come the great day of

entering upon the inheritance. Tear an' ouns! Blood an' turf! It will be seen in that day that skulls have been beaten in, and bodies riddled with shot, and statesmen coerced to some purpose. "Push the crater, take your fill, me boys, for the half-witted Englishman pays the shot entirely. It's all mighty pleasant work now, and, bedad, it's the promised land that laves nothing to be desired at all, at all. Here's hilt and long life to Captain Moonlight, and bad cess to Buckshot Forster and Lloyd!"

The new Canaan will doubtless prove as fruitful as the old. The cunning invaders will sit (and probably get drunk), each under his own vine and his own fig-tree, while the stupid Canaanites will provide the entertainments. The country will, as of old, be rich in corn, and wine, and oil, and in the glory of all lands. It will be a rest, and a goal, and an achievement. But it will be a den of thieves.

THE REVOLT AGAINST PRINCIPLES.

Experience of all times has shown that there are certain invariable maxims, the recognition of which in both speculation and practice is essential to the wellbeing of societies. These have commended themselves to thoughtful men, and to those practically solicitous for the orderly and peaceful existence of communities. Since the time when the men of old discovered means of handing down the fruit of experience to their posterity, the maxims have been more firmly impressed the older the world grew. Many of them have a divine origin and sanction which, from the first, insured their acceptance by religious minds; but, in all reflecting minds, whether religious or not, they have obtained credit from their

obvious wisdom and tried efficacy. They have been, in rational and law-abiding times, the public safeguards; and whenever, through popular folly or excitement, they have for a time been set at nought, their soundness has speedily been vindicated by the return of mankind to allegiance to them.

When these maxims, which must underlie all law worthy the name, are disregarded by large and strong aggregations of mankind, men must be blinded by ignorance, by passion, or by folly. Ignorance, it is presumed, has not often been alone in fault; it is generally associated with passion of some kind. Violent desire to obtain a real or seeming benefit is experienced: principles stand in the way; but there

is only an imperfect knowledge of the truth that these principles cannot be violated with impunity; and the principles are, for the time, rashly ignored, only to be accepted again after bitter experience. Oppression long endured is notoriously regarded as one chief cause of the reckless disregard of established principles. A people is ground down for long, tolerating its wrong, hoping that the wrong may soon cease, and that meanwhile it may be endured: but patience is in vain—the evil only increases; and resistance, when it does break out, is but the more violent and more unreflecting from having been pent so long up. It bursts forth as a torrent, destroying not only the oppression and its doers, but a hundred innocent things which cannot with impunity be violated. Principles, which would have restrained the torrent within bounds, are altogether unheeded, and deeds are done which the doers are sure sooner or later to repent of. Chroniclers have generally been very lenient to acts injurious to itself committed by a people when stung to madness by injustice. Indeed it has been, and is now, held as an axiom by some, that nations never do act with blind recklessness unless they have the excuse of having been goaded to unreflecting resistance.

Probably no one will think on this subject without having in his mind the French Revolution, that remarkable modern instance wherein principles of all kinds experienced for a time the most reckless and complete overthrow.

This generation, however, has been destined to witness things which show that there are other inducements besides the natural impulse to resist injustice sufficient to make men oblivious of principles. Imbecile, vacillating, con-

temptible government can do this as certainly as tyranny. Once let a government show that it is trying to work by Utopian methods; that it has peculiar views of human nature, and proposes to manage men accordingly; that it is afraid to boldly defend the right, and has no other idea of suppressing wrong than by coaxing and bribing evil-doers; that it will not stand for what is lawfully its own, but seek to lead a quiet life, by yielding to every demand, just or unjust,—and there will, without fail, appear on the scene visionaries whose existence was before unsuspected. They had been so kept down while rational ideas prevailed, that, except to each other, they were scarcely known to be; but harebrained nonsense prevailing at the head, whence the body and limbs should naturally derive wholesome guidance, wild, undigested thoughts at once begin to find voices. Dreamers and theorists become instinctively aware that the season is propitious for them to come forth from their obscurity, and to preach their several good tidings. Accordingly, there is an epiphany of most wonderful discoveries. The populace is carried away by the enticing and delightful systems that are set before it, and believes itself to be grievously wronged, in that the obvious truths now at length freely published have been so long concealed. Neither does it fail to proclaim that the concealment has been contrived by selfish men for their own benefit.

There is a belief, in such times, becoming day by day more prevalent, that the world is for the first time growing really wise, and that one of the first duties of mankind is to overthrow, and to stamp with the contempt which they deserve, those inconvenient old principles to

which generous spirits have heretofore been held in thralldom. The chiefs of the State have not scrupled to set these at nought, and to set up new teachings to suit their actions: why are other acute and liberal-minded men to be restrained from decrying such principles as are opposed to their particular views? They resolve that they will not be restrained; and by a sort of log-rolling process they are able to help one another in gaining the ear of the multitude. It may be difficult work at first to break down the pillars on which moral and political codes have hitherto rested, but it becomes easier by degrees, as the multitude finds how convenient it is to hold that there is no law but what is agreeable to itself. The emancipated spirit first exercises itself, probably, on minor subjects, but before long is sure to fall upon the two obnoxious impediments to progress, Religion and Property. All kinds of crude theories are set floating about the earth, so that opinion becomes hopelessly unsettled. The standards of right have disappeared, and it seems as if the way were being paved for a return to the reign of brute force.

Brute force must be the end of a period in which principles are ignored, unless the days of that period be shortened. When any one class of society finds that the laws have been turned into engines for oppressing and wronging it, it naturally looks about to see whether it cannot take its own part and defend its rights, since society has decided that it shall be outside of the protection of public law; and thus the idea of "the good old plan" is once more suggested. But, before it comes to this, there is probably a little retaliatory aggression tried through the medium of the law. A slight change in the proportions of parties, and they who

were lately assailed by the law may, if they cannot get back their own, at least have the pleasure of enforcing the new teachings against others.

It is worthy of remark that in this stage of things every man, when agreeing to some ill-advised act which may possibly wrong his neighbour, is quite easy as to the proceeding being copied some day in a manner which may damage himself. In vain you tell him that—

"'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by this rash example
Shall rush into the State,"—

that acts like this are catching, and that what has just been done in deference to the views of one speculator, will lead to the fellow of it being demanded to favour the plan of another. "Oh no," he says, "what has been done is quite exceptional. It was a remedy for a peculiar evil. It will never be done again." He is quite surprised when this wrong becomes speedily the parent of many such, and when he finds the injustice which he did to his neighbour made the pretext for an injustice which pinches himself. Prudence and forethought are cast aside with principles.

One strong argument against allowing vulgar uneducated people to have much influence in a community is, that they are peculiarly assailable by the plausible and attractive representations of theorists. They have intelligence enough to perceive that the new schemes, if they could be carried into act, might be in some partial way beneficial, or that they certainly would benefit the ignorant classes. But they have neither intelligence nor experience to show them that these schemes involve a large sacrifice of the general good; that many of them are not new to the world,

though they may be new to a particular generation ; and that all of them run counter to old and once established principles, which it is never safe to lose sight of—therefore that they are most dangerous.

Thus a people, to the lower orders of whom an undue proportion of power has been given, will be apt to entertain and encourage plans which are at variance with the chief interests of society. The intention may possibly be to do good ; but the effect will be to shake the foundations on which society reposes.

If it be that the evil is not allowed to go to its extreme—that

some sounder heads take alarm and try to stand once more upon the ancient ways before society has been ruined, yet even then this entertainment of fantastic and dangerous views will have seriously damaged the commonwealth. The public mind will have been left without holding-ground, adrift and aimless. Such a state is opposed to wealth, prosperity, and happiness. It is a very different state from that which the fathers of the Church of England had in view when they directed us to pray that all things might be ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations.

THE COST OF A LUXURY.

We have many times ere now stated in the pages of this Magazine that Mr Gladstone is a luxury. His intrinsic value would, by a just appraiser, probably be written very low ; yet, being showy, he fetches a fancy price, and takes up the room that might more profitably be occupied by a less pretentious person. He talks to our people in a style which they like, and in quantity which astonishes them, and well may astonish ; they repay his oratorical displays by admiring him for not only what he has done, but for what he never did and cannot do, for they vote him to be wise and a capable governor. Yet they show that they are not quite satisfied with their own estimate, and that there is a lurking suspicion that he may not have exactly the Hall mark. For they play fast and loose with him. They set him on high as their choice and their pride ; then they are frightened at what this gratification costs them, put him down nervously, and determine that for the future they will pay for utility and not show. Again, in a while, after things have

been made pretty quiet, reappears the desire for tawdry tinsel, and up goes the Right Honourable Stumper, again to be maintained in place until men are surfeited with sound, and emptied pockets and reverses on every hand put the people out of love with vanity, and make them crave for what is convenient rather than what delights the fancy.

There is but little to be gained by preaching against useless and injurious luxuries while all is going well with Dives, while his health and spirits are sound, while the reflection that he is maintaining a ruinous idol is a source of ostentatious pride ; for can he not spend his own means as he likes, and has he not plenty wherewith to gratify his tastes ? But when Dives begins to be sick in mind and estate ; when he sees about him clouds which he knows not how to disperse ; when he feels that even *his* pockets are tried by his extravagant favourites, and that the expenses of the future promise to be a hundred-fold greater than those which so afflict him in the present ; when he curses his day, and wishes he had

been struck deaf ere he listened to the treacherous sentences which have landed him in such depths of trouble,—the time is not unsuitable for setting before him sound counsel. At no other time is he accessible to it.

Now we know of a well-to-do person of the name of Bull who is at this moment a prey to most dismal chagrin in the present and most mournful apprehensions of the future, because in his pride and his wilfulness he would listen to no warning voice, but decreed that he would put all that he had at the mercy of a sayer of sayings, and abide the result. It is not so very long ago—some two years or so—that Mr Bull took this freak into his head. All the world could not at that time have shaken his resolution to indulge it. Sometimes he would say that he was doing a perfectly rational and safe thing; at others his answer would be, that at any rate he was going to set up a remarkable fetich—that he could afford to have this gratification, and he would like to know who would gainsay him.

That being so, whence these tears? Why is Mr Bull's soul disquieted within him, and why says he in his haste that all men are liars?

Mr B.'s griefs are not imaginary, although he has stupidly brought them on himself. He has been more than once confounded when he spoke with his enemies in the gate; among his neighbours he has lost all character for vigour and consistency; he has had one of his home-estates mismanaged into rebellion and ruin; and now, to complete his evil case, a smart drain has been established on his pocket. "Woe is me!" says this honest man; "my mischances, if they were all told, are enough to bear down any person of ordinary sub-

stance. But they are not all told; I fear they are only beginning. Dark as is the present, the future appears darker still; and what is to become of me if this goes on?"

Mr B. is by some ethnologists affirmed to be a member and a representative of the ten tribes of Israel which are extensively believed to be lost. And certainly one of his most palpable crases might have been inherited from the sons of Jacob, who dwelt in Samaria,—he is for ever seeking back to some idol, proved a hundred times to be not only worthless but mischievous. No lesson, however sharp, impresses him for more than a span's-breadth of time: before the sore caused by his last falling away is healed, he is nibbling once more at the snare, allowing himself to be drawn more and more towards the high places and the groves, until presently he is again immersed in the idolatry for which he has so often smarted, and of the punishment for which he bears the scars on his person.

At present Mr Gladstone is the false god by whom B. has been beguiled to his hurt. Eight years ago, B. with a considerable effort freed himself from thralldom to this fetich, and swore, as he arose and stood upright again, that amid no circumstances would he in the future yield to his old infirmity, which had invariably brought him to remorse and damage. Yet not many months had passed before he was working folly again, and, like a moth round a candle, circling distantly at first, but ever wheeling nearer and nearer to his fate. Two years ago he once more, notwithstanding his experience and protestations, plunged straight into the flame, and now, for the *n*th time, he is crying out of the depths.

Mr Gladstone is in many ways a most expensive luxury. He says

that he is not so, and would have it believed that he is economical. But, somehow or other, there is always a heavy money bill to pay after his stewardship has lasted a little time, to say nothing of territorial loss, loss of reputation, and perplexities from incapable management.

When the glory and delight of having him for Premier were enjoyed before, he cost the country an incalculable sum by abolishing purchase in the army—a measure, the advantage of which to the public it is hard to perceive. He also, by the miserable Geneva Conference, made away with three and a half millions of money, which were so far from being justly or even carefully expended, that the recipient Government has had difficulty in finding claimants for it—is to this day, as we believe, sending into the highways and hedges, and compelling backward victims to come in and participate in Mr Gladstone's waste. Moreover, Mr Gladstone went to war with King Koffee of Ashanti, and left the bill of those hostilities to be settled by his successors. Then, as now, the nation repented; and it managed to shake off its incubus before matters had got worse.

By 1880, however, this bitter experience was forgotten. The money had been paid somehow, and Britons had begun to think that it would be a magnificent thing to pose before the world with such a wonderful being as Mr Gladstone, to be as it were the spokesman of the nation—it being certain that, fall short where he might, it would not be in words. Notwithstanding the heavy losses which he had caused, men once more began to speak of him as not only a safe but a profitable steward; and the ingenuous object of their attentions did not fail to fix

their willing minds by a series of very solemn addresses, in which he gave them to understand that all public servants whatsoever who did not bear the impress of his seal on their foreheads were not only very ineligible servants but desperately wicked. At the same time, he was not slow to bear witness of his own righteousness, and to instil the doctrine that, should he be reinstated in his position of trust, not only would he give no cause for complaint—that idea was of course absurd—but that there might be expected a blissful period of peace, of prosperity, of diminished burdens, of amended laws, of abstinence from intervention in the affairs of alien communities. It was a delightful picture which he drew—too like a millennium, perhaps, for pious consciences, but not a shade too highly coloured for the receptive souls whom he addressed, nor (what was more important) for effecting the object which he had in view.

We all know what the result was. Enthusiastic majorities decreed that they would have Mr Gladstone once more, regardless of expense. They got him; they have for over two years enjoyed the distinction of being ruled by him; and they are now groaning over the little bill of what their luxury has let them in for. Their complaint is that no law has hitherto been amended as they were taught to expect that many laws would be; that the British name has suffered dishonour in more than one quarter of the globe; that British troops have undergone defeat at the hands of colonists who are little better than savages, and have been foully murdered by the same hands; that Britain has ignominiously yielded territory, enduring a voluntary humiliation, and charging herself with blood-guilt-

iness where she has been the sufferer and not the aggressor; that Ireland has been utterly ruined, and lies now a prey to anarchy, with as much chance of being healed as Gehazi had; that the ruin of Ireland has been accomplished by legislation which set at nought experience and justice; that by evil and incautious example, wild and ruinous theories have been presented and made familiar to men's minds; that meddling—timid, vacillating, and dangerous meddling—with foreign States, has been going on ever since Mr Gladstone took office; that this feeble action has at length ended in our being involved in a serious war, of which no man can foresee the end; and that the country is subjected to a tax of unusual severity in consequence of the unskilful conduct of affairs; that this very tax which he is now laying on so heavily, Mr Gladstone, when bidding for power in 1874, offered to altogether abolish by a readjustment of the burdens of the State, but that when he obtained power in 1880, his first act was to augment the tax, which he is now augmenting again, and that he has never in the course of the present administration made any sign of being ready to abolish it. This, as most readers will admit, is paying rather an excessive price for the gratification of a whim!

Not a sign of successful government has there been to set off against the unpalatable circumstances which have been detailed; but rather the substantial evils have been aggravated intensely by lapses and evasions in many forms. Almost before Mr Gladstone's words of encouragement and promise were ended, he began to falsify them, and to degrade himself and his country. He revoked and did penance for unwarrantable accusations

against Austria as soon as ever they had served their purpose of ministering to the gratification of his ambition and his envy. And ever since then he has been unsaying and repudiating, one after another, the representations and engagements which he voluntarily made while a candidate for office. Neither is that the worst that is to be said. By base abandonment of law-abiding persons, and equally base tenderness towards criminals in Ireland, he has made himself answerable for the shedding of blood in dire profusion; while, by blowing hot and cold, and by procrastinating with regard to Egypt, he has brought upon his soul the guilt of widespread massacres, and of the bloodshed by which they were avenged.

As to the amount of damage already incurred, we think the wisest course for us would be to endure it like men, and not to make too loud a wail over it. Some of his old admirers, beside themselves at his perfidy, have been clamouring for vengeance against Mr Gladstone, their feelings being in consonance with the poet's line—

“Earth knows no rage like love to hatred turned;”

but they had better probably drop that sanguinary cry, and bethink themselves that the Premier did not err alone at the last election. If he was not over-honest in his speech, his supporters were not over-wise in their conduct. They refused to profit by former experience; they let their judgment slumber while their ears were being tickled. The affliction in which we find ourselves could not have been brought about without their active co-operation; and so they are scarcely right in throwing all the blame on their accomplice. They would do better, instead of railing at their cunning deceiver—

for there is not the least chance of his making his last speech (can a human being conceive it!) on Tower Hill, much as he may deserve to do so,—they would do better, we say, to cork up their emotion and to look about for some practical method—first, of stopping the mischief before it can go farther; and, second, of obtaining a better result when the time may again come to give their voices to candidates for Parliament. We can give this advice without fear of retort; for, though we suffer with our countrymen, our suffering is without remorse. We never believed a word of Mr Gladstone's cajolings; we warned others against the snares that were being laid for them; and we did our best to preserve the nation from the influence of the fetic.

Some disappointed worshippers, wisely preferring satire to violence, have revenged themselves by portraying our Protean scourge in the garb of his dead rival—a biting jest; for, if we know anything of the Cain-like heart of the word-splitter, nothing could more exquisitely search his gall than the

belief that, to the apprehension of the public, he was copying our regretted dead.

Let us hope, too, that there are thousands of honest electors not carried away by passion, and not prone to jest on matters which touch them so nearly, who will, nevertheless, when the time for action shall arrive, record their disapprobation of this dishonest and deceitful Government, and show that they are sick, for the present, of luxuries. The day of reckoning cannot be far away; and when it comes, the people will assuredly revenge themselves for the impostures practised on them two years ago. What a plot it was! with what eager travail carried out! at what an expense of honour and conscience was the struggle won! And then, to think that the palm was to be worn for only so short a time—a time of perplexity, and disappointment, and failure! Grand old libeller, unscrupulous old antagonist, bitter and malicious old reviler, speedy retribution awaits thee; thy sin has found thee out!

AFFAIRS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

EVER since the tragical incidents in the European provinces of Turkey produced the agitation in England that encouraged Russia to declare war against the Ottoman Empire, and inaugurated what is popularly known as the "bag and baggage" policy of Mr Gladstone, it has become an article of faith amongst the party which he leads, or rather drives, that the expulsion of the Jews from Europe was in the near future—that the rule of the Moslem over Christians was inconsistent with the spirit of the age—that his continued presence in Europe was an anachronism—and that it would shortly become the duty of Christendom to expel him from that portion of the European continent where modern civilisation had been blighted and retarded by the religion, institutions, tyranny, and corruption of Mohammedanism. It was characteristic of the theory of the foreign policy which has guided or misguided the present Cabinet, to imagine that this view was shared by the other European Powers, and that concerted action might be secured to this end. Although not stated in so many words, this was the burden of Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speeches. Turkey, he said, had never been known to resist a moral pressure when it was sufficiently powerful. That he hoped to disintegrate the Ottoman Empire by the aid of Europe was apparent; and the first experiment of this kind was made at Dulcigno; but, as was stated by more than one member of the Cabinet at the time, the real object of the naval demonstration off Montenegro, in the minds of both the English and French Governments,

was to induce Europe, by its success, to use the same machinery to force the cession of Epirus to Greece—in other words, to compel Turkey by its means to carry out the decision of the Conference of Berlin; and it is not impossible that, had the naval demonstration off Montenegro resulted as was anticipated, the Powers of Europe would gladly have availed themselves of the opportunity of averting the further humiliation which awaited them. But though, after an exhibition of combined fleets which lasted nearly two months, an insignificant patch of land with a fishing village, which Turkey had never refused to cede as an equivalent for the districts of Plava and Guisnje, awarded to Montenegro by the Congress, was annexed to that country, the naval demonstration was practically a failure; for the Sultan took the opportunity to say that, while he had always acknowledged the obligation to cede territory to Montenegro, he refused categorically to recognise the decisions of the Conference, and to cede Epirus to Greece—even though the whole of Europe had decided that he should do so in solemn conclave, and their united fleets went there to demonstrate. We heard nothing more, after the famous note of the Porte of the 3d October 1880, of the moral pressure of Europe being an engine that could be applied to force the Turks to do anything. United Europe had pronounced its fiat—that Turkey should surrender the southern district of Albania; and though its combined fleets were in the Adriatic, threatening a northern district of the same province at the time, the Porte refused to sub-

mit to the pressure thus brought to bear upon it, and nobly announced to concerted Europe that it laughed at the decision of its Conference, so far as Epirus was concerned, and defied it to do its worst. The consequence of this resolute attitude on the part of the Sultan was, that the Governments of England and France quietly dropped that part of their programme which had reference to a naval demonstration off the Greek frontier; and the remaining Powers, tired of being the laughing-stock of Europe, withdrew from the harbour of Dulcigno, and rapidly separated with the unpleasant consciousness that a very large mountain had brought forth a ridiculously small mouse. It was a dead failure, which the Government, nevertheless, trusting that the public had not followed events closely enough to detect it, has ever since sought to convert into a success.

In the same way, Turkey had never refused to cede to Greece the greater part of Thessaly; and Mr Goschen was sent to carry out the cession, which he succeeded in doing, carefully abstaining, however, from attempting to enforce the decision of the Conference in regard to Epirus, which was the real object of his mission, and which has remained unfulfilled to this day, though the King of Greece, on the occasion of his visit to England in the spring of 1880, and subsequently, received positive assurance from the leading members of the British Cabinet that England would secure for him the cession of that province.

The settlement of the Thessaly frontier, excluding Epirus, was the second dead failure which the Government scored as a success. One would have supposed that it must have become evident, after these experiments, to the *doctrinaires* who now govern England, that the pres-

sure of concerted Europe was not the formidable instrument they had imagined, the more especially as indications were not wanting of a policy on the part of one Power, and this the most influential in Europe, in direct opposition to the "bag and baggage" idea. Germany, though not a Mediterranean Power herself, and determined not to be tempted into becoming one, perceived that the destruction of the Ottoman Empire and the expulsion of the Turk would involve a European war. This was of course a mere incident in the minds of those who were mainly responsible for all the misery and disaster which had resulted from the desolation by the Russo-Turkish war of Bulgaria and Roumelia, and the expulsion of more than a million of Moslem refugees from those provinces, most of whom have ere this died of privations in other parts of the empire. The creation of Bulgaria—the present penal settlement of which, for politicians with too Liberal views, like Monsieur Zancoff, who has just been offered a home there, is *Siberia*!—was an ample justification for all the misery which its severance from Turkey had involved. Civilisation, under a Russian Ministry, and with Russian penal settlements attached to it, is advancing into the domain of the Turk, who has been expelled from that province without compensation for the loss of his landed and personal property; and if the price of his expulsion from European Turkey is a European war, no doubt it will be a sad thing while it lasts, but an incident in the great cause of the triumph of modern civilisation. This may be the view of the humanitarians who talk about "sheer blood-guiltiness," but it does not seem to be the view of Prince Bismarck. He, for some

certain reasons of his own—let us hope that the ordinary instinct of humanity is one of them—is anxious to postpone this catastrophe as long as possible; and it became evident to him that if the Concert of Europe was to be used to break up the Ottoman Empire, the result would be that the concerting Powers would finally turn and fall upon each other. The whole efforts of Germany and Austria for the last two years have therefore been directed in lines exactly the opposite of those pursued by the English Government. Germany especially has assisted the Sultan by military officers, financiers, and moral support and advice. The maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been the foundation of the Chancellor's policy; and it was therefore evident when the Conference on the Egyptian question was proposed, that if Germany and Austria entered into it, there would not be the same harmony of views as characterised the Conference either of Berlin or of Constantinople on the subject of the settlement of the new frontiers. On both those occasions Europe was agreed, for they both grew out of the Congress of Berlin, and the matter was one comparatively of detail, merely regulating lines of frontier in regard to which no European Power felt any special interest. The Conference in reference to the affairs of Egypt, however, was summoned under very different conditions. It was really an appeal to Europe by Mr Gladstone and M. de Freycinet to get them out of a mess involving the whole Eastern question, into which they had precipitated themselves by a series of inconceivable blunders. It had become apparent to the other Powers, who

had for months been speculating with wonder and dismay on the incredible stupidity of the allied Governments, that a catastrophe was at hand; and perhaps when they saw their old friend the naval demonstration appear off Alexandria, they surmised that it might be followed by their other old friend—a Conference. They were too familiar with the diplomatic resources of the British Government to suppose for a moment that they could hit upon any idea beyond their regular stock-in-trade, even though the conditions should be peculiarly unfavourable, so far as the special interests of the two Powers involved were concerned. But while there was every reason why England and France, having a policy totally distinct from that of any other European Power in Egypt, as well as from each other, should have carefully avoided inviting their participation, there was no cause why the other Powers, each of whom had special reasons for evidently desiring to have a finger in the pie from which they had heretofore been excluded, should not eagerly accept the invitation. They accordingly met under conditions precisely the reverse of those which had characterised the former Conferences. They were then united in so far as their views on the subject in debate were concerned. They now met in Constantinople without the concurrence of the Porte, each representing a Government that had its own separate views and interests on the question involved—which, so far from being one of an insignificant boundary-line, affected not merely the destiny of Egypt, but the stability of the whole Ottoman Empire.

It is true that the "bag and baggage" policy had been hurriedly

abandoned; that every effort has been made by the British Government to try and persuade the Sultan that their policy with regard to Egypt has been devised purely in the interests of the Ottoman Empire; that the one disaster which Mr Gladstone desires to avert is the weakening of the authority of his Majesty, or any interference with his sovereign rights. But the apparent inconsistency which holds the "bag and baggage" language one day, and exactly the opposite the next, seemed more oriental in its dishonesty than even the Sultan was accustomed to. It is no secret that he was particularly scandalised by the letter of Mr Wilfrid Blunt to the Prime Minister, in which the former gentleman avows that he was authorised by Mr Gladstone to negotiate unofficially with Arabi Pasha; and in spite of all diplomatic assurances to the contrary, it was difficult to convince his intelligent mind that the man who sympathised with Slav aspirations, with Greek aspirations, and even with Boer aspirations, for independence, when directed against his own country, should not sympathise with Egyptian aspirations when directed against a race he has so bitterly vituperated in all his public utterances. All this increased the mistrust of the Sultan, the more especially as he was not unaware of the high character enjoyed by Mr Gladstone for political virtue and morality in his own country. It is no breach of confidence to say that he entertains an entirely opposite view of Mr Gladstone's character to that held by his followers; and that there is probably no living man for whom he feels so intense an aversion, or whose professions of goodwill he more profoundly distrusts. This must be always a disadvantage where the government of a country

is so entirely in the hands of one man, as it is in that of the Sultan. His feeling towards England is one of hatred and suspicion concentrated in the individuality of its Prime Minister; and we cannot have a better illustration of the extreme inconveniences attending the public utterances of men of great political influence, when they are in positions of "greater freedom and less responsibility," than the one now furnished by the contempt and suspicion felt for the Prime Minister of England by every Turk—from the Sultan downwards. The virulent denunciations, in which he indulged when out of office, of everything Turkish, could not but paralyse British diplomatic action, however skilfully conducted, by agents on the spot. His name has become synonymous throughout the East with Christian fanaticism, and his countrymen are more or less identified in the minds of Orientals with the stigma which attaches to the man to whom they have intrusted the destinies of their country. Hence, however much Arabi Pasha and the Sultan might mistrust each other, they were at all events agreed on this fact, that they should distrust Mr Gladstone more; and the efforts of the British Cabinet to induce the Turkish Government to send troops to Egypt, and to attend the Conference, were therefore made under circumstances certain to increase the complications and intensify the suspicions which had already been excited by the dual note and the naval demonstration.

But that is not all. The personal unpopularity of the British Prime Minister is not confined to Turkish statesmen,—it is shared in fully to the same extent by the men who control the destinies of the German and Austrian empires, and cannot

fail to exercise an influence upon their policy. While, of course, they would hesitate to sacrifice the interests of their respective countries in order to minister to feelings of personal animosity, there can be no doubt that it is particularly gratifying to be able to advance those interests, and at the same time indulge a personal antipathy. Where a statesman is privately popular, he may often use that popularity for the benefit of his country; and there can be no doubt that those interests may be materially and unnecessarily injured where the opposite is the case. Of all men Mr Gladstone was the last to appeal to Germany, Austria, and Turkey to help him out of difficulties which were due entirely to his having, in a most insulting and undiplomatic manner, destroyed the *entente cordiale* which had been cemented between England and those Powers by his predecessors in office; and to his having allied himself with a Power which, for especial reasons, was regarded with aversion or suspicion by Turkey and Germany. The latter Government would have been more than human if they had not sought opportunities for revenge; and Prince Bismarck adopted the simple and efficacious method of giving Mr Gladstone rope enough. Nor does his confidence in the ignorance and faculty for blundering of his adversary seem to have been misplaced. The Sultan was more actively hostile, and directed his policy in such a manner as should construct traps for the British Government to walk into. He, too, has been eminently successful; but in weaving a net which should entangle both France and England in the meshes of oriental disaster, he has over-reached himself, and is even now struggling side by side with those Powers in its toils.

Still it is as an enemy, and not as a friend overwhelmed with a common misfortune. He is in the position of a man who, having pushed another into the water in order to drown him, has been dragged in himself; and now, while they are struggling for their lives, each with feelings of unabated animosity, one of them calls in all his own enemies and the friends of the other to the rescue. There is this difference, however, between them, that while Mr Gladstone can only lose his political position, the Sultan has an empire at stake. Unfortunately for both, if Europe had the best will in the world, which it has not,—if it were united, which it is not—the efforts would now be in vain. It is too late—nothing can save either the one or the other. The only question is, how to mitigate the extent of the disaster? That the Egyptian question is destined, sooner or later, to prove the end of Mr Gladstone politically, is as certain as that it is destined to prove the end of the Sultan theoretically. They seem to have been preordained to each other's destruction, after having done as much injury to their respective countries as they conveniently could.

Under these circumstances the convoking of a Conference of European Powers at Constantinople, which the English and French Governments devised as the plank of safety for the Ottoman Empire, as well as for themselves, became an utter absurdity. So far as the Sultan is concerned, it may prove as fatal to him as the dual notedid to the authority of the Khedive. Had Europe deliberately set to work to devise an instrument which should paralyse the action of the spiritual head of Islam, it would have been impossible to conceive one more admir-

ably adapted to the purpose than the Conference. And this, not because a discussion of the Egyptian question between the European ambassadors at Constantinople in itself necessarily constituted a danger to the prestige of the Khalif, but because it was dignified by the name of a Conference, the ostensible object of which was to discuss the settlement of a question which was essentially Islamic in character. Whether the Sultan sent delegates or not, the injury to his prestige in the eyes of true believers was none the less fatal. Either way Europe was interfering with the free exercise of his spiritual as well as of his temporal authority. If he shared in its deliberations, he was admitting the right of the infidel to dictate to him in what light Arabi, who assumed the championship of Islam, was to be regarded. If he refused to participate in those deliberations, he ran the risk of having it said by the Moslems, already disaffected towards him on spiritual grounds, that he was permitting a settlement in his own capital, by foreigners, of the internal affairs of Islam, in defiance of his prerogative. He had to choose between these two alternatives, and in despair he first tried the one and then the other. This might have been avoided, and the same object gained so far as Europe was concerned, had the word Conference never been mentioned. What it actually was, if we come to define its functions, was a European diplomatic telegraph agency. And in view of the mechanical appliances of the age, it may frequently be found convenient for ambassadors of friendly Powers, in questions in which they have a common interest, to meet together and consult over the local situation, whatever it may be, and agree upon

the telegrams which it would be best to send to their respective Governments. This would not necessarily wound the susceptibilities of the Government to which they were accredited—and this, in point of fact, was all that the Conference at Constantinople amounted to; but what did harm was to let it be known all over Europe, and especially all over the East, that Europe was disposing in Constantinople, irrespective of the Sultan, of the destinies of a country which is the centre of Islam, and which, in its college of El Ahzar, contains the most influential religious body in the East. This fact was calculated to strengthen the position of Arabi, just in proportion as it must inevitably weaken the authority of the Sultan, who dared not at Christian dictation declare Arabi a traitor. Practically that potentate found himself between the Conference and El Ahzar. If he obeyed the one he offended Europe, and found himself in the position of defying Christendom, and siding with the author of the Egyptian massacres whom his own subject the Khedive had denounced as a traitor; if he obeyed the other he outraged Islam, and ran the risk of finding it rallying round the standard of another Khalif. Had the Western Powers desired to avert the crisis which now impends, it could only have been by placing the whole Egyptian matter from the outset in the Sultan's hands; and the moment for doing this was when Arabi arrested the Circassian officers and the Turkish general, Osman Refki, and thereby incurred the Sultan's hot displeasure. He was still in a highly indignant frame of mind with that officer when we decided to send the fleets. It should never be forgotten that the most fatal

of all the mistakes made by the Government was when, in the middle of May, it notified the Sultan that no Turkish man-of-war should be allowed to accompany the allied fleets. This was not merely an outrage upon his dignity—an act totally unjustifiable from an international point of view—but it was most impolitic,—as it is evident that if we had committed the Sultan to action with us and against Arabi, then the whole trouble might have been averted. Indeed, within ten days after the Porte had been notified, in a manner which it resented with extreme indignation, that it was not to be allowed to send troops to Egypt, we find Sir E. Malet telegraphing Lord Granville, “that if the Sultan declared himself at once, and if it were known that troops were ready to be despatched, success might be attained without the necessity of landing them.” On receipt of this, Lord Granville telegraphs to Lord Lyons to state to M. de Freycinet that “time was all-important, and to propose that the two Governments should telegraph a circular to the Powers, requesting them to join in asking the Sultan to have troops ready to send to Egypt under strict conditions.” No wonder such a change of policy, occurring within ten days, puzzled the Sultan. If he was indignant at being authoritatively told that he was not to be allowed to send troops to restore order in one of his own provinces on the 13th of May, he was no less outraged at hearing indirectly and less than a fortnight afterwards that England was attempting to get the European Powers to order him to send them “under strict conditions.” When he showed an unmistakable intention to refuse to comply with this dictation, he was treated to a Conference—a

sort of civil demonstration off Constantinople—as a *pendant* to the naval one taking place off Alexandria. The Sultan and Arabi were both to be put under moral pressure, and the effect was inevitable, not merely to reconcile them, but to throw them into each other’s arms. As a result the Sultan sent Dervish Pasha to intrigue with Arabi, and held out against the pressure of the Conference as long as possible: then, when at last he yielded to it, and said he was ready to send the troops, the mind of the Cabinet had again changed, and he was told he was not to send them under the original conditions, but under others which he found it impossible to accept without risking his Khalifate. The religious difficulty had not arisen to complicate the whole question, and to compromise his authority in Egypt, when he offered to send troops, when we refused him permission, and when Sir E. Malet telegraphed that their very presence, even without landing, would insure success; but it had arisen now. The bombardment and Conference between them had created it, and had entirely altered the position of the Sultan relatively to Islam. He was now under opposing pressures—what between the Ulemas of the mosque of El Ahzar, and the ambassadors of the Conference, his position became one of the utmost difficulty and perplexity.

In proportion as the forces of Christendom arrayed themselves in united action at Constantinople, did the forces of Islam gather themselves together at Cairo. Every demand of the *diplomats* at one end of the telegraph line became instantly known to the fanatics at the other, for telegraphic communication was kept up incessantly between Yildiz

Kiosk and the Ahzar mosque, and the Sultan had as difficult a game to play theologically as he had politically. Before he could promise to send an army, it became necessary for him to know whether its appearance in the bay of Alexandria, at the behest of Christendom, would not be the signal for a *fatwa*, or decree, denouncing him as Khalif, and nominating as his successor Abdul Moutallib, the Grand Shereef of Mecca. No sooner was this point settled, and permission granted by the Egyptian Ulemas, than the Conference demanded a proclamation denouncing Arabi as a rebel before the troops embarked. It is reported among Moslems that this has been met by a reply from Cairo to the effect that the day Arabi is declared a rebel the Khalif would be declared a renegade; that the proclamation issued from Constantinople, at the behest of Christendom, would be met by a counter-proclamation, on behalf of Islam, issued from Cairo. If this prove to be true, it would seem that, while former Conferences have aimed at depriving the Sultan of his territory, this one aimed at destroying his spiritual supremacy—not intentionally. It is probable that none of the Powers realised the blow they were levelling at the sovereignty of the Sultan by this new-fangled diplomatic device, but it would be impossible to conceive of one better suited to accomplish the ends which it did not have in view. The more the Powers hung together, the more the Sultan was compelled to regard them as his spiritual enemies, and cling to Islam. The consequence is, that the Moslem fanatical element has never been so strongly represented as it is at this moment at Yildiz Kiosk. Had the Western Powers been able more accurately

to appreciate the position of the Sultan, it is probable that their policy would have been more nicely adjusted to the exigencies of the case. It should never be forgotten that, although it has scarcely any expression through the local press, there is a very strong public opinion in Constantinople, which the Sultan cannot afford altogether to disregard. This public opinion sympathises with Arabi, for several reasons. There is, first, the bigoted, fanatical, or Pan-Islamic party, the grounds of whose sympathy are self-evident. They believe that the Sultan has fallen under the influence of the Christian Powers, or, at all events, that it is through his vacillation, timidity, and want of faith that the Ottoman Empire has been shorn of its provinces, and that the prestige of the Khalifate has waned. This sentiment has been growing steadily since the disastrous termination of the Russo-Turkish war, and acquired such strength three years ago in the provinces, and especially at Mecca, that a movement was initiated in Arabia which acquired formidable dimensions. The late Shereef was designated as the new successor to the Khalifate, and an Arab army of 40,000 men advanced, under Ibn Raschid, to Bosra, distant less than a week's march from Damascus. It was at this critical juncture that the Grand Shereef of Mecca was assassinated, on the occasion of his entering Yeddah; and the movement, having lost its head, was thus nipped for the moment in the bud. The effect produced by this act of violence was not, however, calculated to increase the popularity of the Khalif, to whose instigation it was generally attributed, and the feeling against him grew in intensity. General surprise was created by the nomination of Abdul Moutallib

to the Grand Shereefate, as that holy man, who enjoyed an enormous spiritual authority in Constantinople, was known by his antecedents to be ambitious and disaffected, and by no means a safe occupant, so far as the Sultan was concerned, of so important a position as that of Grand Shereef of Mecca. The appointment was accounted for, in a whisper, by the circumstance that three months before the late Grand Shereef's death, the nephew of Abdul Moutallib had gone to Mecca on some secret service; and the death of the late Grand Shereef, and the succession of the uncle, formed a suspicious chain of circumstances.

As Abdul Moutallib has now attained the advanced age of ninety-eight, it might be supposed that he is comparatively harmless; but he is a man of herculean frame, iron constitution, a most overbearing ambition and unbending will, and, as yet, report says that there are no signs of impaired vitality.

It was in consequence of the warning conveyed by these events that the Sultan began to take a prominent interest in the Pan-Islamic idea. He perceived that it had become necessary to his spiritual position that he should assume the leadership of the movement, and profess that devotion to the cause of religion which has been the great grievance of the Christian Powers. Inseparably connected of course with the Pan-Islamic idea is hatred of foreigners; and as only a certain amount of that can be exhibited by the sovereign with safety at Constantinople, he has encouraged it abroad, and notably in Egypt, where he found in Arabi a convenient tool for the purpose. It is no secret among the Moslems of Constantinople that, in the early stages of the Egyptian movement,

Arabi was acting by direct inspiration from Constantinople; and it was not until the arrest of the Circassian officers, and especially of Osman Refki, who was an agent of the Sultan's, that he incurred the displeasure of the latter. This estrangement, however, was only of temporary duration; and Dervish Pasha was finally sent to decorate him, and assure him of the favour of his imperial master. It is therefore not to be wondered at if the whole of the Pan-Islamic party at Constantinople are warm supporters of Arabi, while they have but little confidence in the Pan-Islamism of the Sultan, knowing it to be of comparatively recent date, and suspecting it to have been adopted to suit the occasion. It is in the hope of increasing their confidence that the Sultan now surrounds himself with prominent members of that party; but in spite of all his efforts, he is decidedly unpopular with them.

The second party in Constantinople who sympathise with Arabi, and are disaffected towards their sovereign, are of an exactly opposite type. They are the progressists and constitutionalists of the empire. They sympathise with Arabi only to this extent—that they wish success to any man who is in revolt against the sovereign; and they know that though nominally loyal, Arabi has ambitious designs, and that his final success means the overthrow of his imperial master—because they foresee that if the latter identifies himself completely with Arabi, he puts all Europe against him, and thus incurs his own ruin, and if he resists him, he puts Islam against him and brings about the same result. They therefore hail the Egyptian trouble as one which is to bring good to them, for they go so far as to say—

better that the Ottoman Empire should perish, than that it should exist under the present conditions of despotic unbridled tyranny, of defiance of all constitutional pledges, of opposition to all progressive ideas, of financial ruin, and of moral decay. The ramifications of this party, which may be called the Turkish national party, are more widespread than is generally suspected; it comprises men of the highest position and respectability, who are by no means opposed to foreign influence, but, on the contrary, are ready to welcome it as the salvation of the country. Their sympathies with Arabi, therefore, do not imply an adherence to his cause, or approval of the man, but rather a general desire that he may succeed for the sake of the results which they hope may indirectly flow from it. They are sufficiently liberal for the most part to wish to see Egypt independent and autonomous, with its own national representative institutions such as they desire to see established in Turkey.

The third party who sympathise with Arabi, while they are not necessarily disaffected to the Sultan, are the corrupt Palace "ring" and the officials generally. They wish him success, because they would like to see the old order of things restored in Egypt. They look back to the palmy days when Ismail Pasha borrowed twenty millions sterling from European bondholders, and invested hundreds of thousands of pounds in the pockets of his friends at Constantinople, who were ever ready to do his bidding with the sovereign. In those days Egypt was a delightful financial sponge for the Stamboul intriguers to squeeze; but since the management of its revenues passed into the hands of foreigners, all this is at an end: the very debt is differently

managed from that of Turkey, and while the Turkish bondholders are glad to commute for ten per cent in the pound, those of Egypt hope to be paid in full. The Stamboul intriguers see no reason why a province of the empire which used to afford them such rich pickings should be thus hardly dealt with, while Turkey itself is let off. To them Egypt, with its growing prosperity and revenues all passing into foreign hands, is a perpetual irritation, and they hailed the man as their champion who proposed to abolish the board of control, and restore the country once more to native management.

When we have enumerated these three parties, we have included the great body of influential public opinion in Constantinople. The Moslems in that city who do not sympathise with Arabi may almost be counted on one's fingers; and when the European Powers expected that the Sultan could without hesitation first proclaim him a rebel, and then send an army to make war upon him, they were manifesting a very undue appreciation of the force of the popular opinion with which that sovereign had to count, and of the difficulties by which he was surrounded. In addition to all these are the ignorant masses, who read in the native papers that English ships have been sunk in the harbour of Alexandria; that their troops, after having been guilty of the most horrible excesses, have been defeated; that their object is to annex the country; that the Khedive is a prisoner in their hands; and that a similar course of procedure is about to be adopted by England in respect of Egypt as the French have pursued in Tunis. The misfortune of this impression becoming widely spread among the common people consists in the fact

that they were the last friends we had left in the country. The aversion, which has been slowly growing in the upper classes towards England ever since the violent anti-Turkish demonstrations of the Radicals which contributed to produce the Russian war, had not spread to the masses. They still remembered the old Crimean days, when they saw British soldiers fight side by side with Turks; the traditions of our old policy still lingered in some of the consulates; and in the provinces the common people continued to look upon the English as their natural friends long after they were regarded by the bureaucracy of Constantinople and the clique at the Palace as their worst enemies. Unhappily, we have done nothing to maintain the former sentiment. While we have remonstrated with the Government in favour of reform, where any sect of Christians or special race was concerned, we have never troubled ourselves to champion the cause of one of the most oppressed and suffering peoples in the world. Our policy has been carefully directed to making it clear to every plundered misgoverned Turk that our sympathy with suffering was based upon purely theological grounds. No one now steps in between the poor Moslem peasant and the rapacious Pasha or the unjust Cadi. He sees the Christian in the same village appealing with some chance of success to the British consul; but he knows full well that if he made any such appeal, he would be told that we did not meddle between Turk and Turk. We meddled between oppressed Neapolitans and King Bomba, and Mr Gladstone wrote touchingly on the subject; but the oppressed Neapolitans were Christians. We looked on with indifference while attempts at constitutional govern-

ment were being ruthlessly demolished at Constantinople, and pledges were broken and populations were plundered and oppressed; but the liberal Turks who desired to see the poor protected, the ignorant educated, and the country advance in the path of real reform, looked in vain to England for assistance: it was considered, because they were Moslems and not Christians, that they had the government they deserved.

The British public were unable to seize the idea that there might be a grasping, corrupt, and altogether abominable Turkish Government, and a harmless, honest, industrious, and altogether admirable Turkish population that deserved all their sympathies; and they were totally ignorant of the fact that this population based all its hopes of relief from this Government on the English, and would have responded with enthusiasm to any appeal made to it, as against their own rulers. We have now allowed the opportunity to slip by, we have alienated the confidence and affection of the oppressed masses by confining our sympathies to Christians, and we have clenched the matter by the bombardment of Alexandria, which the official classes, who always feared the popularity and influence of England with the masses, have not been slow to take advantage of, by spreading reports of the atrocities committed by English sailors upon the poor Moslem population of that city. The common people now begin to suspect that we always sympathised with the oppressed Christian, and never with the oppressed Turk, because we were at heart the enemies of Islam. And just at this moment, when we are probably on the verge of a holy war, and when their old attachment to the name of England would

be of incalculable value, we find a propaganda initiated in Egypt, spreading through the country, and warning the people against the traitorous English, meeting with a response which would have been impossible in the days when our policy was inspired by a knowledge of the local conditions and of their bearing upon British interests, rather than by theological prejudice, and the sentimental theories of political *doctrinaires*.

The Conference in Constantinople of course tends to confirm the impression of our hostility to the nation at large. France and Russia have ever been regarded by the people of Turkey as the national enemies of Islam in general, and of the Ottoman Empire in particular. This sentiment was to some extent modified in the case of France by the Crimean war, but has revived with tenfold force since the occupation of Tunis. Towards Russia the antipathy is ingrained and most intense among the masses from one end of the empire to the other. It was our isolation from other European Powers that gave us our strength in Islam. All other Christian Governments but that of England was suspected; but every Englishman familiar with the Turkish Empire knows that he was considered the special friend of the Moslems, and was received by them as no other foreigner was.

Since, however, we have entered upon the era of European Conferences, and have allied ourselves with France, Russia, and its Christian enemies in those diplomatic assemblies to deprive Turkey of territory, all this has changed. Not content with standing aloof as indifferent spectators while acts of spoliation were in progress, we have identified ourselves with the bigotry and the greed of other Christian

Powers, until now we are the advanced-guard of the anti-Islamic crusade. Events in Egypt have been allowed by the Government so to shape themselves that Arabi is enabled to point us out to the whole East as the special enemies of the Faithful.

While one effect of the Conference has thus been to identify us in the Mussulman mind with the bigotry, the fanaticism, and the aggression of France and Russia, its other effect has, singularly enough, been to deprive us to a great extent of the sympathy and support of the other Christian Powers. We shall probably find that we have fallen between two stools. We shall have Islam against us because we have identified ourselves with Europe by means of a Conference; and we have Europe standing aloof and suspicious, because we have alienated its sympathies by taking isolated action while we were inviting its co-operation. If we had been consistent in either course, the misfortunes that are impending would have been avoided. As it is, we have forgotten that a Conference was a two-edged weapon, and that it might have the effect of enabling Powers to combine against us as well as with us. We were setting forces in motion which we could neither control nor allow ourselves to be controlled by. It is evident that each successive meeting of the Conference has presented fresh dangers, just as every fresh military operation undertaken by us independently in Egypt while the Conference is sitting, must render the entire situation more anomalous. At any moment our whole military position may be compromised by some action which we may deem strategically necessary being objected to by a conferring Power.

It is impossible not to feel hampered by the existence of this body, even while it is not sitting; and an apt illustration of its inconvenience is furnished by the excuse made by the Prime Minister for not landing troops after the bombardment of Alexandria, that it was contrary to the self-denying protocol. It is placing British generals and admirals in an entirely new position, if they are to govern their operations against an enemy by sea and land with reference to the approval of a concert of European Powers. The "concerted action" of Turkey is certain to increase the complications which have already been created by this unhappy desire; for Turkey will gov-

ern herself by the decisions of the Conference, whatever our own naval and military officers may do, whenever concerted action with Europe is more convenient than concerted action with England, and she can get any Power to agree to her view of the question, whatever it may be, rather than to that of England. We have carried diplomatic action into a purely military question long after the diplomatic exigencies were at an end; and the only person who, from the moment when the bombardment took place, might still hope to derive some advantage from the protracted incubation of Europe in its efforts to hatch the *status quo ante* out of the ruins of Alexandria, was Arabi Pasha himself.

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ADOLPHUS: A COMEDY OF AFFINITIES.

Dramatis personæ.

THE HON. ADOLPHUS GRESHAM.
THE EARL OF GULES.
ADOLPHUS PLUMPER.
MR FLAMM.

LADY ELAINE BENDORE.
THE COUNTESS OF GULES.
MRS PLUMPER.
CHARLES.

SCENE I.—*A railway carriage. The EARL and COUNTESS OF GULES*
—LADY ELAINE BENDORE—*The HON. ADOLPHUS GRESHAM.*

Elaine. I must really beg of you to stop, Mr Gresham. You cannot think how you pain and surprise me. I am sure I never had the least idea! Besides, supposing papa or mamma should hear you.

Adolphus. Lord Gules is asleep, and her ladyship is absorbed in her novel; besides, you may be sure that I have taken care to ascertain their sentiments before I venture to say what I have to you. Oh, Elaine, if I could but hope!

Train stops. Guard (looking in). All the smoking-carriages are engaged, gentlemen; but you'll find room in here.

Enter ADOLPHUS PLUMPER and MR FLAMM. FLAMM seats himself opposite ELAINE, and PLUMPER opposite ADOLPHUS.

Flamm (aside) to Plumper. By Jove, Plumper! you never told me you had a twin brother. Polish up your spectacles, old man—you've made 'em damp by that race we had to catch the train—and look at your *vis-à-vis*.

PLUMPER takes off his spectacles with great deliberation, wipes them, puts them on again, and stares at ADOLPHUS.

Plumper (aside) stammering. Dud-dud-dud- do you see a likeness? Dud-dud-dud-don't see it myself. He's bab-bab-bab-bald, and he's not sh-sh-sh-ort-sighted.

FL. Probably he doesn't stammer either. I'll try presently. Positively, if he wore spectacles and a wig of your hair, I shouldn't know you apart.

Lady Gules (aside) to Elaine.

Did you ever see anything more extraordinary, my dear? What a horrid caricature of our dear Adolphus Gresham!

El. (aside). I can't say I agree with you, mamma. I think he has a more intelligent expression—more soul, I should say.

Lady G. You are quite ridiculous, Elaine. Half the girls in London have been setting their caps at Mr Gresham for the last few seasons, till they have given him up as invulnerable; and now that you have a chance of becoming one of the richest peeresses in England, you do nothing but snub him. He is as clever and charming as he will be rich when his father dies, and is certain to become a Cabinet Minister some day. He's considered the most rising young man of his party.

El. That he may easily be, considering he is a Conservative. Oh, mamma! how can you suppose that I would ever marry a Conservative?

Lady G. I have no patience with you, Elaine; a nice mess your Radicals have made of it with Egypt and Ireland. But we won't go into that now; only remember this, if he proposes, and you don't accept him, your father and I will be seriously displeased.

El. (sighing). I'm sure the gentleman opposite is a friend of the people. See! he's reading the 'Pall Mall.' (*Aside to ADOLPHUS.*) Mamma has just been telling me that she sees such a strange likeness between you and your opposite neighbour.

Ad. Ah! Plumper—if the name on his hat-box is to be believed; A. Plumper, too. I wonder whether A. stands for Adolphus? I don't feel flattered.

El. Now that is nothing but Tory prejudice. I am sure he looks very distinguished, though his name is Plumper. I have no doubt he's a self-made man.

Pl. Pup-pup-pup-pardon me, madam; shall I put the window up? I see you feel the dud-dud-dud-draught.

El. Thank you. No; I prefer it open. But may I ask you to lend me your 'Echo'? it's a paper I like so much, and so seldom see.

Pl. Cheap, but not nasty; enjoys a vast circulation among the middle classes. The Conservatives are as far behind us in journalistic capacity as they are in parliamentary eloquence.

Pl. You must make allowances for my friend. He's on the pup-pup-pup-press himself, and expects shortly to get into Pup-pup-pup-Parliament.

El. Oh, I do so hope he will! You don't think there is a reaction setting in, do you? Papa says that Mr Gladstone is losing his hold on the country.

Lord Gules (awaking with a snort). Not, however, before the country has lost its hold upon him. He cares no more for his country, sir, than I do for the Chinese in California. He's a traitor, sir, to his principles; he's——

El. Oh, papa, do stop!—here we are at the Victoria—and we have no right to judge any one so harshly. I assure you such strong expressions only make me feel more and more convinced how wrong you must be. (*To PLUMPER, handing back his paper.*) Thank you so much. I'm so sorry I have not had time to read it.

Lady G. Good-bye, Mr Gresham; remember that you have promised to drive with us to-morrow night. We shall be quite alone; but I am sure you don't care about a party.

Ad. I need not say with what pleasure I shall look forward to it. *Au revoir*, Lady Elaine. (*Aside.*) You do not know how you have been tempting me to abandon all my cherished political convictions

for your sake. It is to be hoped that the Radicals will not follow up their success with the caucus by organising the young ladies of

their party and letting them loose on society as propagandists of their Utopian ideas and political fallacies. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.—LADY GULES'S *Boudoir*. ELAINE and ADOLPHUS.

Ad. Dear Lady Elaine, Lady Gules has given me special permission and opportunity to explain myself more fully than was possible yesterday. Please tell me why you were so surprised at what I said, and why you think me so very objectionable?

El. I don't think you at all objectionable, Mr Gresham, as a member of society; on the contrary, I think you charming; though I do feel that, magnetically, we are wide as the poles asunder! Oh, believe me, we have no grounds of common sympathy either in matters of philosophical, political, or religious thought—and above all, in art! You seem to lack that enthusiasm for humanity which could alone constitute an affinity between us. I was surprised, because I had hoped to find in you an intelligent companion; and mortified at the discovery that you could not rise to higher ground than that of an ordinary admirer,—men in these days seem to think that women have no other *raison d'être* except to be made love to.

Ad. I do not think that is a new idea, Lady Elaine; but is it absolutely necessary, in order that you should return the deep affection I feel for you, that we should agree politically, philosophically, theologically, and æsthetically? In old days women did not trouble themselves on these matters, but trusted to their hearts rather than to their heads to guide their affections.

El. And so I do now. I feel instinctively that we are not kindred spirits; that the mysterious chord of sympathy which vibrates in the heart of a girl with the first

tone of the voice of the man she is destined to love, does not exist between us. Oh indeed, indeed, Mr Gresham, although I adore Frederic Harrison as a thinker, as much as I dislike Mr Mallock—though I read every word he writes, as a duty—I am not destitute of romance. I am a profound believer in the doctrine of affinity. Who that accepts, as I do, the marvellous teaching of Comte, and remembers that the highest ideas which it contains were inspired by a woman, could fail to be? But I shall know the man towards whom I am destined to occupy the relation that Comte's Countess did to him, at a glance. No words will need to pass between us to assure us that we are one in sentiment. It will be as impossible for him to be indifferent to elevating the taste of the masses in matters of domestic detail, or be otherwise wanting in a whole-hearted devotion to the service of humanity, or to scoff at the theory of evolution, as it would be for him to accept the errors and superstitions of an obsolete theology, or the antiquated dogmas of the Conservatives about landed property.

Ad. And if I fulfilled all these conditions, so far as a thorough philosophical and political sympathy was concerned, would that avail me nothing to produce this hidden affinity?

El. Absolutely nothing. In the first place, you could not pretend to believe and feel what you did not believe and feel; and in the second, if you could, I should instantly sense the absence of that internal attraction towards each

other which would be irresistible in both. You were right, Mr Gresham, when you said the heart and not the head should be the guide ; and I trust it absolutely—so give up a hope which must be vain. Believe me, I feel deeply pained at having to speak so decidedly, but it is better that you should be under no delusion. Still, do not let me lose you as a friend whom I shall always esteem. You will soon get over it, and will have no difficulty in finding a wife who will suit you far better than I should ever have done.

Ad. There, believe me, you are mistaken ; but it is a point impossible to discuss. Good-bye, Lady Elaine. Thanks for your frankness and patience with me. Perhaps I

shall get over it, as you say. I shall take refuge in my yacht, and try the curative effect of a cruise round the world. It will be a year at least before we meet again.

[*Exit ADOLPHUS.*]

El. Poor Adolphus ! how absolutely impossible is love, where the hidden sympathy of soul is wanting !—and yet how nice he is (*sighs*), and how manfully he accepted his fate ! What philosophy can really explain the mystery of that magnetic affinity called love, which so unaccountably exercises its attracting influences over the whole animal creation, and most probably over plants ? If it is a latent potentiality of matter, how did it get there ? Now for a scene with mamma.

[*Exit ELAINE.*]

SCENE III.—*The COUNTESS OF GULES'S Boudoir.* LADY GULES and LADY ELAINE *reading.* *Enter CHARLES with card and letter.*

El. (reading card). Mr Adolphus Plumper ! Is the gentleman coming up-stairs, Charles ?

Charles. No, my lady ; he only left the card and this letter, and said he would call again.

[*Exit CHARLES.*]

El. (opening letter). From Mr Gresham, mamma, dated Naples. (*Reads.*) "DEAR ELAINE,—I felt so much touched by the kindness of your last words to me when we parted, that I venture to hope that it may interest you to know, as a friend, how it has fared with me since I left England. The curative process does not seem to have fairly set in yet, but I am going to try the effect of a little mild excitement by joining the demonstrating fleets at Alexandria. For a month past I have been idling here ; and curiously enough, the first person I stumbled upon in the Chiaja Gardens was Mr Adolphus Plumper—our railway companion on the only journey I ever had the happiness to take with you, and who seated him-

self by my side on a bench to which I had resorted for a quiet cigar. As there are few foreigners here at this season, we have been thrown almost daily together, and I have been quite delighted to find how very much superior he is to what I thought he *looked* when you honoured me by pointing out our resemblance. I ought to speak highly of him, for he saved my life. I took him a cruise in my yacht, and the gig in which we were landing one day was upset in some breakers. I had been stunned, and should have been drowned had he not come to the rescue ; and I really feel that for this and some other reasons which I will explain when we meet, I owe him a debt of gratitude that I can never hope to repay. Although he is too retiring by nature to say so, I could see, when I made some laughing allusions to the occasion of our first meeting, that he would be glad to continue to make the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Gules—in other words,

to continue the political discussion he then commenced with you. Singular to state, he is an admirer of Congreve and all that school, so I am sure you will have plenty of topics in common. Mr Plumper has made an enormous fortune as a contractor, and now chiefly occupies himself with works of charity and benevolence. One of his special hobbies is the introduction of the æsthetic principle into *Kindergartens*. I have given him a hint not to introduce his vulgar friend Flamm—pardon me the expression, though he is a Radical. I have given Plumper a few lines to Lady Gules. Please do all you can to overcome the prejudice against him which both she and Lord Gules are sure to entertain; and believe me, yours faithfully,

“ADOLPHUS GRESHAM.”

Lady G. A Radical, a plutocrat, and an infidel! That is a mixture that ought to suit you, Elaine.

El. Quite as well as a Tory, a spendthrift, and a bigot, which is the one I usually meet in society, mamma. But please do not let us quarrel. I always try to be polite to your mixtures. For Mr Gresham's sake, be civil to mine.

Lady G. For Mr Gresham's sake,
(*A month elapses.*)

indeed! What have you done for Mr Gresham's sake that puts me under an obligation to him? However, I suppose we must ask the man to dinner. Is there any address on his card?

El. 20 Heavitree Gardens.

Lady G. One of those millionaire palaces, I suppose, in the back regions of South Kensington. The carriage is waiting, so I shall leave you to write the invitation. You had better ask him for Tuesday, when we have got some people coming to dinner.

[*Exit* LADY GULES.

El. (*taking up the letter, reads*). “Now chiefly occupies himself with works of charity and benevolence. One of his special hobbies is the introduction of æsthetic principles into *Kindergartens*.” How refreshing to meet a man at last who takes a living interest in the welfare of his fellow-creatures! I am sure I shall like him. (*Writes, and rings the bell.*)

[*Enter* CHARLES.

Lady E. Please put this in the post, Charles. (*Exit* CHARLES.) Now I must go and get ready to go out riding with papa, and reconcile him to the dreadful idea of having “a Radical, a plutocrat, and an infidel” at his dinner-table. [*Exit* ELAINE.

SCENE IV.—LADY GULES'S *Boudoir*. LORD and LADY GULES.

Lord G. I tell you what it is, my dear—we've only known that fellow Plumper a month, and he has already completely captivated Elaine with his *Kindergarten*, and his sun-flowers, and his hatred of the landed interest and Irish coercion, and love of the *clôture* and humanity, and Buddha and Brahma, and Zoroaster and Mahomet, and all the rest of them. I must really take steps to find out whether Gresham was well informed about his reputed wealth. I shall

ride down and take a look at 20 Heavitree Gardens to-morrow. I haven't met a single man at the Club who has ever heard of him.

Lady G. It's no use: if he should turn out a pauper, or even a swindler, I am afraid Elaine will marry him. I saw it in her eye last night; and so, I should think, did he. He certainly can't complain of not receiving encouragement. I only wonder that he has not yet proposed. I believe the man to be capable of any act of audacity, in

spite of his languid manner, and his long hair, and short-sightedness, and his stammer.

Enter ELAINE.

Lord G. Are you coming to ride with me, or going out to drive with your mother, Elaine?

El. Neither, dear papa. I am too busy finishing a paper I am writing on the "Chiton; or, Clothing for the masses on the principles of the ideal of the ancient Greeks," for the next meeting of the Women's Dress Reform Association.

Lord G. We'll take care you make them put enough on. Remember the climate, if you ignore other considerations.

Lady G. And pray do not so far overstep the bounds of maidenly modesty as to consult your Mr Plumper on the subject.

[*Exit LORD and LADY GULES.*]

El. (*sighing*). My Mr Plumper! Ah, Adolphus, there is not a fibre in our bodies or souls—and why should not souls have fibres?—that does not vibrate in harmony! We are like Æolian harps that make the same music to the same airs of the affections, while electrically our brains respond sympathetically to the same wave-current of idea. Emotionally, intellectually, we are one. Why should I allow an absurd custom of conventional civilisation, degrading to the sex, to prevent my telling him so? What more inherent right can be vested by nature in a woman than that of telling a man that she loves him, and that, therefore, he belongs to her? Hark! his step. My Adolphus!

Enter ADOLPHUS.

Ad. I have ventured to kuk-kuk-kuk-call, Lady Elaine, with the pap-pap-pattern I promised of fe-

male attire suited to all classes; for why should we recognise any did-did-distinction between the folds which drape the form of the aristocrat and the pop-pop-pauper? It is all in kuk-kuk-curves and circles; there is not a straight line about it worn thus. See how graciously it flows! (*Puts his head through a hole in the middle.*) But allow me; your form will do far more justice to it than mine. (*Takes it off and puts it on LADY ELAINE.*) Ah, how divinely precious! (*Gazes with rapture. LADY ELAINE sits down in it.*)

El. Dear Adolphus, why should this strained conventional formality exist any longer between us? Can we not read each other's thoughts? Can we not feel each other's hearts beating in sweet accord? Are we not formed and fashioned for each other? Let this exquisite garment, which we have both worn, be the symbol of that internal robe which costumes our united souls, woven from the texture of our affections.

Ad. (*falling on his knees, kisses its hem*). Sweet symbol of sanctified intuitions! Tit-tit-tit-transparent—though it may seem tot-tot-tolerably thick; for does it not reveal to me the workings of the soul of my beb-beb-beloved? Ah, Elaine, how trifling do earthly treasures seem, compared with those of the affections! You will be mine, for ever mine, dud-dud-darling, will you not—even though I may not have the riches I am supposed to possess?

El. Oh, Adolphus! how can you ask me such a question? What is the wealth of the pocket as compared with the wealth of the soul?

Ad. True! oh, quite intensely true!—for how sweetly sings the poet Oscar on this theme!—

"As like miners we explore
Hidden treasures in the soul,
And we pip-pip-pick the amorous ore
Firmly bedded in its hole;

New emotions come to light,
 Flashing in affections' rays,
 Scintillating to the sight,
 With a tit-tit-tit-transcendental bib-bib-bib-blaze,
 Warming us until we burn
 With a glow of sacred fire,
 And as coals to diamonds turn,
 Sparkling in us with did-did-did-desire."

El. Oh, quite, quite too lovely!
 Come, Adolphus—why should we
 linger here, now that our troths are
 plighted? Why should we not at
 once brave the world together? I
 need the sweet scents of the air,
 the rustle of leaves, the singing of
 birds, the chattering of monkeys,
 and the hum of nature. Let us go,
 my love, and walk in the Zoo.

Ad. (*rising*). Dud - dud - dud - do
 you intend to keep that on?

El. What on?

Ad. This mystic garment of kuk-
 kuk-curves and circles.

El. No; I will keep it for a
 pattern and a sweet reminiscence.
 Now I will go and put on my Louis
 Quatorze hat, and be back in a
 moment, if you will go and call a
 hansom. [*Exit ELAINE.*]

(*ADOLPHUS bursts into a fit of
 uncontrollable laughter.*)

[*Exit laughing.*]

SCENE V.—*The Zoological Gardens.*

El. How sweet are these sights
 and sounds when hallowed by the
 consciousness of a beloved presence!
 How one glows with affection to-
 wards every object in nature!
 Adolphus, dear, don't you feel, with
 me, that our hearts warm towards
 the hippopotamus?

Ad. Mine is positively beating
 with the violence of my affection
 for him. If he was not so wet and
 bib-bib-big, I could throw my arms
 round him. Dear hippop-pop-pop-
 pop-otamoms!

El. Oh, look! there is that gen-
 tleman who got into the train with
 you on the blessed day that we
 first met. Mr Flamm, I think Mr
 Gresham said his name was.

Enter FLAMM.

Flamm. Ah, Plumper, how are
 you, old man? I was looking
 for you everywhere. Why, what
 have you done with Mrs Plumper
 and the children?

Ad. My mother and her little
 grandchildren, you mean. I was
 not aware that they were to come
 here to-day.

Fl. Your mother! and grand-
 children! Why, what the dev—
 Oh, ah, ahem! (*Aside.*) I see—
 mum's the word. Oh fie! sly
 dog! Naughty, naughty!—but so
 nice! (*Whispers.*) You are quite
 safe with me. (*Aloud.*) Yes, dear
 old lady—she's getting too old to
 walk much now. (*Aside.*) I only
 hope we shan't meet the young one.
 A jolly row there'll be!

El. I hope soon to have the
 pleasure of being introduced to Mr
 Plumper's mother. I am sure I
 shall like her.

Fl. Oh, I am sure you will;
 she is the dearest, most delightful
 old lady! (*Aside.*) At least I hope
 she is by this time, for she was a
 horrid old cat up to the day of her
 death, ten years ago. By Jove!
 here come Mrs Plumper and the
 young uns. Now for it!

Enter Mrs PLUMPER.

Mrs Plumper. Why, Adolphus,
 where have you been? Excuse
 me, madam; I did not see that
 you were upon my husband's arm.

Perhaps he'll have the goodness to present his wife to you.

El. His wife! her husband! (*Screams—faints.*)

Mrs P. Yes, madam. You may well scream, "His wife! her husband!" and then pretend to faint. Who else's wife do you suppose I am?

Ad. I am sorry I have no time for explanation now, as I must attend to this young lady; but if you will have the kindness to hold my hat, Mr Flamm. (*Hands his hat to FLAMM.*) And you, madam, to take care of these. (*Takes off his wig and spectacles and hands them to Mrs PLUMPER.*) Your own senses will explain a good deal. As you may have already discovered, I am not Mr Plumper at all; in fact, I perceive him approaching. Help me to hold her head a little higher, please, Mr Flamm; and Mrs Plumper, kindly undo the back of her dress, or her stays, or her *chiton*, or whatever is underneath, and let go everything generally, so as to give her a chance of breathing.

Enter PLUMPER.

Fl. Here, Plumper, you're a medical man, just come in the nick of time. This gentleman here has been personating you for some reason or other, and the discovery caused the young lady to faint. Mysterious, isn't it?

Ad. Not at all, when you come to know the circumstances. Here is my card; and you will find me ready to make any apology or offer you any satisfaction you may require. Meantime, Dr Plumper, let me implore you to assist me in bringing her to.

Pl. There now, my gug-gug-good lady, take a smell of this. There now, we are beginning to feel beeb-better already. (*Aside.*) Most extraordinary coincidence, Flamm: this is the same lady and gentleman we travelled up to town with

a kuk-kuk-couple of months ago; and you remarked upon our wonderful resemblance to each other. Horrid bob-bob-bore, a fellow's being so like you; he can pip-pip-play all sorts of tricks upon you. Just a chance he did not get me into a did-did-devil of a scrape with Jemima.

Fl. (aside). Well, you can always pay him off in his own coin—that is, if you shave your head, and throw away your spectacles, and give up stammering.

Pl. (aside). But I can't—that's where he has the pup-pup-pull over me. (*Aloud.*) There now, one or two bib-bib-breaths, and we are all right. Now, dud-dud-don't go off again; it can be all satisfactorily explained. (*Aside.*) Hang me if I know how!

El. (opens her eyes while PLUMPER is bending over her—screams). Oh, Adolphus!—(*shuts them again.*)

Pl. There, there, my gug-gug-good lady, I'm not Adolphus; at least I am Adolphus, bub-bub-but not your Adolphus. Here, Mr Gresham, if you're her Ad-dod-dod-dod-olpus, you'd better take her.

El. (opens her eyes, sees ADOLPHUS bending over her—screams). Oh, where am I?—(*shuts them again.*)

Pl. In the arms of your Adolphus. We're bub-bub-both Adolphuses. I suppose, if you'll rouse yourself a little, you'll soon fif-fif-find out which is the right one.

Ad. Lady Elaine, pardon me, and I will explain all. I am Adolphus Gresham. I came back from Naples a month ago, and have deceived you by disguising myself as Dr Plumper. I shall never forgive myself unless you forgive me.

El. Oh, this is too horrible! (*Shrinks from him, and bursts into a violent fit of weeping.*)

Pl. There, that's capital. Nothing like a hearty fit of tears to kuk-kuk-comfort a woman when she finds herself in a mess. Now

Flamm, if you call a kuk-kuk-cab, we'll put her in and send her home.

[*Exit FLAMM.*]

Ad. If you'll have the kindness, Dr Plumper, to give me your address, and allow me to call upon you to-morrow, I think I shall be able to give both Mrs Plumper and yourself a complete explanation of

what must appear most extraordinary conduct on my part.

Re-enter FLAMM.

Fl. The cab is ready.

Ad. Now, Lady Elaine, if you will allow Dr Plumper and myself to assist you, we will accompany you home.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI.—LADY GULES'S *Boudoir*.

Lord G. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, wait a moment, my dear Gresham, or you'll kill me with laughing. Its the best joke I ever heard in my life, and most cleverly executed. So you caught the radical, Comtist, æsthetic little minx in her own trap. Oh, excellent! I can't say how thoroughly Lady Gules and I congratulate you on the success of your ruse, and how happy you have made us. My lady there is too pleased with the probable result to quarrel about the means. But how you did take us all in! I give you my word I never suspected you for a moment. Your stammer and wig were both admirable. As for Elaine, she's torturing her brain with metaphysical doubts as to the nature of love, and says she will never love again. She tells her mother that her Adolphus was an ideal personage who has no longer existence, and that her love is buried with him; but here she comes, so we will leave you to fight your own battle.

[*Exeunt LORD and LADY GULES.*]

Enter ELAINE.

Ad. Dear Elaine.

El. Sir!

Ad. Nay, rather Adolphus than sir.

El. How can I say Adolphus? there is no Adolphus.

Ad. Indeed there is—*producing wig and spectacles*—pup-pup-pardon me while I put them on. If it was only my wig and spectacles you cared about, did-did-dearest,

LORD and LADY GULES—ADOLPHUS.

I will wear them, and stammer through life fuf-fuf-for your sake.

El. Oh, Mr Gresham, how can you be so heartless? You know very well I loved you—at least I didn't love you,—I mean, I thought I loved Adolphus—at least I was sure of it at the time; but I'm sure I don't now. Oh, how cruel of you!

Ad. But if it was not my wig and spectacles and stammer for which you felt a magnetic affinity, I want to know exactly what it was you did love; because I am precisely the same human being without them as with them. What about me struck that mysterious chord of sympathy which vibrated in your affections when I was Plumper, which failed to strike it as Gresham? Why should not our hearts still beat in sweet accord without my wig? Why should not "this exquisite garment, which we have both worn—(*takes up the dress, which is lying on a chair in the corner*)—be the symbol of that internal robe which costumes our united souls, woven from the texture of our affections," without my spectacles?

El. Mr Gresham, how dare you talk such nonsense? The texture of our affections indeed! mine are dead—basely, foully murdered. Oh, was ever woman so cruelly humiliated?

Ad. Nay, Elaine, I merely wished to prove to you that your aversion for me was entirely unfounded.

You have proved to me that your love for Adolphus, in the abstract, is as baseless and unsubstantial. I am not sorry under the circumstances that it should have been murdered, for it was a poor exotic. Let us not attempt to analyse the mysterious nature of that passion which is too precious a plant to tear up by the roots in order to discover the origin of its existence, but learn rather from this lesson, so painful to us both, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even in the philosophy of Comte, the doctrines of the æsthete, or the politics of Mr Gladstone. And now, Elaine, farewell,—this time you need not fear my coming back from Naples. (*Moves towards the door and lingers.*)

(ELAINE puts her face between her hands and sobs convulsively.)

Ad. Elaine, dear Elaine (*returns softly and takes her hand*), do you wish me to go?

(ELAINE shakes her head.)

Ad. Do you wish me to stay?

(ELAINE shakes her head.)

Ad. What do you wish me to do? I must do either one or the other. Shall I stay and go alternately, or shall we make a fresh start, without prejudice, as the lawyers say?

El. Oh, how heartlessly you talk! What do I care what the lawyers say? Can't you see how miserable I am, and how hollow everything seems all at once? I don't believe in any one, and I don't feel as if I knew anything, except that love is an inexplicable phenomenon of matter. I shall become an agnostic.

(*Re-enter LORD and LADY GULES.*)

Lord G. Well, have you two young people come to an understanding? Take my word for it, Elaine, an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory in love-

affairs, and be thankful if the man is willing to become your husband, who has had sufficient common-sense to teach you the lesson. Holloa! whom have we here?

(*Enter CHARLES with cards.*)

Lord G. (*reads*). "Dr and Mrs Plumper and Mr Flamm, to inquire for Lady Elaine Bendore." Oho! our friend Plumper seems to know the difference between theory and practice at any rate, and is evidently anxious to extend the latter. (*To CHARLES.*) Show them up.

Ad. I called upon the Plumbers this morning, and explained the whole affair to the entire satisfaction of the worthy couple.

(ADOLPHUS and LADY ELAINE *whisper apart.*)

Lord G. I have to thank you, Dr Plumper, for the timely assistance you rendered my daughter—first in nearly sending her into a fit, and then in bringing her out of it; and am glad of this opportunity of expressing my sense of the obligation I am under to Mrs Plumper and Mr Flamm.

Dr P. Oh, don't mention it, my lord; I am sure I was only too gug-gug-glad to be of any assistance to Mr Gresham by being so like him as to frighten the young lady into a fif-fif-fit. And as for bringing her to—I always take the sal-volatile in my pup-pup-pup-pocket on Mrs Plumper's account.

Ad. And you'll accept me, Elaine, as your husband, even though I don't abandon my political aspirations, or introduce æsthetic principles into *Kindergartens*, or adopt the philosophy of Comte?

El. (*giving him her hand*). Oh, Adolphus, you have convinced me that the loftiest of all aspirations, the purest of all principles, the supremest of all philosophies, is—

Ad. A-dod-dod-dolphus!

TUNIS.

THE Regency of Tunis occupies the angle in the North African shore where the coast suddenly falls southwards to meet Tripoli near the island of Jerba, famous in historical fable as the home of the lotus-eaters.

Its capital city, Tunis, lies at the exact salient, almost on the site of the ruins of ancient Carthage, and at the head of a gulf called after it; within this gulf, again, is the spacious harbour of Goletta, while some 60 miles to the westward is that of Bizerta; and it is the position of these two harbours with respect to the Mediterranean which gives to Tunis its value. For the angle in which they are situated is only separated from Sicily by 80 miles of water; and as Mr Broadley tells us in his recent work on 'Tunis, Past and Present,' "The Gulf of Tunis and the now land-locked harbour of Bizerta command the passage of the narrow sea before them—and hence arises the maritime importance of Tunis in the past, the present, and the future."

Bizerta is built on a narrow tongue of land which divides the sea from two vast sheets of water of great extent and depth; these have been surveyed and resurveyed by English seamen, but apparently only for the purpose of pointing out the expediency of occupying them to our neighbours.

Admiral Spratt, who as a lieutenant in 1845 had assisted in a survey of these lakes, writes to the 'Times' in 1882:—

"I fully confirm the fact of the Lake of Bizerta being easily made available for the fleets of the world, or for any of them—and at a small cost;

for I would risk my reputation upon its being effected for less than a quarter of a million. All that is necessary is an excavation of about a quarter of a mile and some dredging to open it to the Mediterranean, by which means the largest ships of any navy and the fleets of the world could find accommodation and security within Bizerta Lake; and it would thus become the finest and most commodious harbour in the Mediterranean. Situated as it is, at the threshold of the central strait of the Mediterranean, if possessed by France or by Italy, it would become the most important strategic naval port within it, and completely command the communications between the eastern and western divisions. France, which now, in Toulon, is 400 miles distant upon one flank of that line, would thus be only four hours' steaming from it on the other flank, where not only could she have another naval arsenal, but a spacious and perfectly enclosed basin for the secret practice of torpedo fleets, gunnery exercise, and even some manœuvring with a few ships, and all in what would become a secret port. Consequently all the political as well as the commercial interests of other nations between the east and west, to say nothing of Malta, would be at the mercy of France or Italy—whichever becomes possessed of this most important strategic harbour. Any transference of it to either of the three naval Powers, would at once place the balance of naval power in the Mediterranean, in the near future, in the hands of that Power."

Since these words were written, France has virtually become possessed of Bizerta; and Mr Broadley continues,—“At the time I am writing, I learn that French engineers are busy with their plans on the site of Hippo Zarytas (Bizerta).”

That the importance of these

ports is no fanciful idea, a glimpse of the past history of Tunis will prove. For centuries it was the seat of a nest of corsairs and sea-robbers, and the Tunisian galleys appear to have been the terror of the cruisers which sailed on the Mediterranean. So far back as the time of the Crusades, in 1270, Louis IX. of France found,—"Tunis faces Sicily, and is on the highroad to the Holy Land. Tunis can always harass our communications with the East; we must leave no enemies behind us, and we must therefore conquer it first of all." And so with his fleet he attacked it, losing his own life during the operations—which ended, after all, in only a partial subjugation of its strong places.

About 1600 the Deys appear on the scene, and under them

"the Tunisian corsairs practically held all Europe at bay, and lived and throve on the black-mail which they levied almost with impunity on every Power having commerce with the shores of the Mediterranean. The presents, which took the place of tribute, have really only disappeared with the last generation; and men still living can remember the time when consuls-general and political agents were obliged to creep into the Beylical presence under a wooden bar!"

To come down to later times, we find that in 1794 the Bey declared war against the United States with so much pretext of ability to carry out his threat, that, in 1799, "the American Government deemed it expedient to put a stop to the depredations committed on their merchant shipping by a treaty. The following are the curious items of the price paid for it, viz.: 50,000 dollars in cash; 8000 dollars for secret service; 28 cannons of calibre 12, 14, and 8; 10,000 cannon-balls; 300 quintals of gunpowder; 400 quintals of cordage; and a quantity of jewels."

The treaty was hardly signed, "when the Tunisian corsair, Muhammed Raïs Roumali, appeared with twelve ships before the defenceless island of San Pietro, to the west of Sardinia, and carried into slavery nearly the whole of the inhabitants." But Tunis grew apace in audacity, for in 1817 we find a "Tunisian admiral with some privateers actually appeared in the *English Channel*, and there captured a Bremen ship. The crew were taken to Tunis as prisoners, and on the Tunisians endeavouring to sell their prize in England, their ships were detained. . . . Finally, the Bey signed a declaration that his privateers could 'not enter the channels or narrow seas of England.'" In order to fully understand the events to be related, it will be necessary to remember that "the Regency of Tunis never had any pretensions to be more than a *quasi*-independent State. The dominion of Tunis is, or rather was, a regency or fief of the Turkish empire, and the Beys of Tunis were both politically and religiously vassals of the Sublime Porte." This state of things began when the Turk conquered the Spaniard, who had obtained supremacy over Tunis as far back as 1573, since which date,

"the *kutba*, or Friday's prayer, has been uniformly recited in the name of the reigning Sultan of the Osmanlis, while the current coin has always borne his cipher. From that day to this, all Tunisian rulers have received the *caftan*, or robe of investiture, from Stamboul; have governed in virtue of a Turkish *firman* or patent of appointment; and have ever girded to their side the sword of honour, which is transmitted invariably to regents, lieutenants, and viceroys by the supreme head of the Ottoman empire. . . . A few days before Kairwán fell, I happened to go to the Bardo palace. The French protectorate was then six months old; but the herald and his attendant

drummers went through the ceremony as heretofore, and invoked the protection of Allah for the Sultan and Caliph."

These preliminaries explain Mr Broadley's remark—which, indeed, is the key to all that has followed—that

"the situation between 1830 and 1880 can be summed up in a few words. France had already begun to cast a longing eye on the Regency. The Beys of Tunis knew it, and in the recesses of their heart hated France and Frenchmen accordingly. At the same time they dreaded complete absorption in the Ottoman empire, but clung with childish affection to the *quasi*-independence of their vassalage. England, perfectly aware of the maritime and strategic importance of the country, constantly held the balance between the Porte and France, and time after time prevented, by prompt diplomatic action, the much-dreaded extinction of the Tunisian regency.

It is at this point that Mr Broadley's narrative becomes of supreme interest.

To start with, the situation is as follows: A small State, friendly, and under the wing of Turkey—also, until lately, a firm ally—holds a position which commands the central passage of the Mediterranean. On one hand, England, always anxious to see this position in the hands of a neutral Power, has invariably used her influence to secure its retention in the hands of the Bey, and with marked success; on the other, France, her colony of Algeria pressing on its western borders, looking eagerly to the day when she can push its limits but a little bit further till they absorb the defenceless country, with the contingency of entirely gaining the harbours which constitute the strength of its position; and if we follow Mr Broadley's narrative, we shall see how she gained her object, and

how England was content to let her do so without interference.

In the present age of destructive tendencies, when every day some monument of the past is levelled by the democratic spirit abroad, a thoughtful man is apt to say to himself, "But our predecessors were clever men, and these things now condemned must be the result of much careful thought; how can it be that we in this present age are all right, while they in theirs were all wrong?" But the wide-open franchise of to-day takes no thought of the past except to destroy it; the present is all it lives for; as to the future, others will come after us—let them settle it when their turn comes; and so thought closes up and is hurried on with the stream, unheard and unheeded. The present Bey, Muhamed-es-Sadek, came to the throne on the death of his brother in 1859, and at once gave evidence of the liberality of his views by submitting to our consul-general a project for the elaboration of the constitution already promulgated by his brother.

"On the 23d April 1861, the Bey in person opened both the Legislative Assembly and the Supreme Court. The city was illuminated at night, and public rejoicings took place on an extensive scale. In a speech made at the first sitting of the Legislative Assembly, the Bey concluded with these words: 'I have honestly endeavoured to remove all pretext for complaint against my administration, and it now remains for you to promote by your enactments the wellbeing of the inhabitants of this country. I call upon God and this Assembly to witness my words, and I pray Him to lend you His aid in putting my measures into execution.'

A shower of foreign decorations was the immediate consequence of the constitution; indeed, throughout the history of Tunis we are continually in the presence of grand

crosses, grand cordons, *nichâns*, and *ahads*, set in costly diamonds, and glittering on every breast. That these were not merely ornamental trinkets, we read of Sidi Muhamed, the late Bey, having sent to the French Prince Imperial in 1856, a cradle in silver Moorish work, and the Tunisian decoration set in brilliants—the whole worth not less than £10,000.

Costly presents are a necessary part of any diplomatic *pour parlers*, each side trying to outdo the other in their magnificence. Thus, in the time of Lord Palmerston, England sends the Bey a sword and six field-pieces; on which France retaliates with a gilded coach and four horses, which was driven to the Bardo in great pomp, in the presence of the French consul and the officers of the steamer, by the coachman and footman in the king's full-dress livery. In return, Louis Philippe gets an Arabian horse, a lion and lioness, two ostriches, and four antelopes; while to the Sultan he sends "a new corvette, a remarkably fine one, carrying 26 guns, and fitted with stores of every description."

But the public voice in Tunis soon told that the country was not yet ripe for constitutional measures; the new system became increasingly unpopular, and a whole crop of troubles was the result. And here we get a first glimpse of the Khamîrs, a tribe on the confines of Algeria, but subject to the Bey, and who were destined to play a leading part in forthcoming events; the tribe rising in revolt against the Bey, but being speedily quieted by the heir apparent.

At the same time raids from the Algerian side of the border began to annoy the Government to such an extent that, in the summer of 1863, the Bey had to complain of

"three specific raids on his subjects committed by Algerian tribesmen. 'These incursions,' added the English consul-general, 'are unfortunately becoming more frequent, and now generally lead to remonstrances and misunderstandings between the French authorities and the Bey's Government. In the last aggression reported, it is, to say the least, singular that the French troops at Tebessa did not interfere to prevent the attack.'"

Hardly were the Khamîrs disposed of when the imposition of fresh taxes, found necessary to meet the pecuniary embarrassments of the Bey, drove the Arabs into open revolt, and gave the French Chargé d'Affaires an opportunity of going to the Bey and

"demanding in the name of the Emperor the abrogation of the constitution. 'Your organic laws,' he said, 'are wholly and solely the cause of the present discontent. The Arabs are tired of your regular tribunals, and prefer your summary justice; and if you do not choose to go back to it, they will make you.' The Bey curtly declined."

Not to be daunted, he addressed him again, this time with a demand that a convention which had been signed with the British must be also annulled—a proposal which the Bey declined even to discuss; on which M. de Beauval rejoined "that he had become English, and would repent of it," demanding the dismissal of two of the leading Ministers as the supporters and promoters of Anglo-Turkish views and interests.

"Meanwhile several British ships of war arrived, as well as a French squadron. M. de Beauval at once repaired to the palace, accompanied by the Admiral and his staff, and renewed his demand. The Bey, however, absolutely rejected the request about the abrogation of the organic laws, but observed that, 'as he had made a constitution to please England and

France, he had no objection to unmake it, provided the two Governments were agreed on the subject.' . . . So warm an altercation then ensued, that the Bey and Sidi Mustapha were obliged to leave the room. The Italian fleet now joined the English. The rebels sacked Sfax, and obliged the European colonists to take refuge in the ships lying off the town. If the rebellion spread to Tunis, it was agreed that the marines of the English, French, and Italian ships should land and assist in the defence of the European quarter. The critical state of the whole country did not deter M. de Beauval from continuing his endeavours to still further embarrass the Bey. He put his various demands in the shape of an ultimatum which, on being received by the Bey, caused him to accept the resignation of one of the obnoxious Ministers, and finally himself to threaten to abdicate in four days. This brought matters to a dead-lock; M. de Beauval tried to induce the Admiral to land troops at Goletta; but before he had time to do further mischief, England, France, and Italy had agreed to a *joint* action regarding Tunis. The time for the French to take Carthage had not yet come."

A tortuous diplomatic game was all the time being played out at Paris, London, Turin, and Constantinople, and Lord John Russell's prompt and vigorous action had at once nipped M. de Beauval's schemes in the bud; while in the end some intercepted letters, and other authentic reports, induced the French admiral on the station, who for some time had felt misgivings as to the *bona fides* of M. de Beauval's policy, "to make such representations to the Imperial Government as produced the indefinite postponement of the establishment of that '*prépondérance naturelle*,' which again and again finds a place in the correspondence of M. Drouyn de Lhuys." But M. de Beauval was not to be easily extinguished. At the close

of the year following the above events, the Bey resolved to send an envoy to Constantinople to thank the Sultan for his sympathy, and especially for a present from his privy purse of £50,000. General Kheir-ed-Din, one of the obnoxious Ministers, was charged with the duty, and it was arranged that his embassy should leave Goletta on the 17th November. On the morning of the 12th, however, M. de Beauval called at the palace, and in an imperious manner enjoined the Bey not to send any agent to Stamboul, telling him at last that if he did he would bar his passage by force. He refused to take the Bey's hand at parting, and left the room with angry and significant gestures. Upon this a Cabinet Council was held, and it was decided to send away the envoy at once. Mr Broadley tells the story in his own graphic manner:—

"Next evening General Kheir-ed-Din went on board the Tunisian steamer the Beshir at dusk. At that time the French ironclad Invincible was lying off Goletta. The commander at once sent a messenger on board, who intimated to the General the desire of M. de Beauval that he should put off his journey till instructions reached him from Paris. Kheir-ed-Din demurred to such a request, and the French officers left the ship. It grew dark, and the Invincible began to burn blue-fires and discharge rockets. Suddenly the Beshir started on her journey, and the Invincible followed in her wake. The two vessels approached the islet of Zembra at the entrance of the Gulf of Tunis. A dangerous channel between the rock and the mainland gives any vessel taking it an advantage of several miles. The Beshir unhesitatingly entered the passage at full speed and was lost in the darkness. It would have been sheer madness for the Invincible to follow, and she returned during the night to her anchorage at Goletta."

But the French never forgave him the failure of his burlesque attempt to capture the Tunisian Envoy-Extraordinary on the high seas, and he was summarily recalled, and the poor Bey once more breathed again—receiving, as a matter of course, the insignia of the Bath at the hands of Lord Yelverton; “and although he is probably more decorated than any other living man, he has always shown a marked preference for his English Order ever since.”

But his breathing-time was to be of short duration. In September of the same year, Baron Saillard arrived at Goletta with an ultimatum. Two of his subordinates had administered the bastinado to a couple of Algerian subjects, some Arabs had attacked a coral boat, and a forest had been burned on the frontier. This time the worried old man surrendered at discretion; the officials who had committed the enormities were dismissed, the venerable Prime Minister was sent to the Consulate to ask pardon from Baron Saillard, and Algerian Arabs formally recognised as French subjects. At this price the Bey obtained another respite.

The succeeding years are noticeable from the growing disquietude of the country owing to monetary difficulties. The Bey was surrounded by favourites who invariably came to him without a piastre, and ended in heaping up fortunes. In 1855 the treasury possessed a balance of five millions of pounds, which the predecessor of the Bey dissipated in “cargoes of beautiful Georgian, Turkish, and Circassian slave-girls from Stamboul;” while Muhamed-es-Sadek’s favourites “found in foreign loans that source of profit which the diminished revenues of the country no longer afforded.” Early in 1875 M. Théodore Roustan became Con-

sul-General and Chargé d’Affaires of the French Republic in Tunis, and round him the interest of the story culminates. Italy, too, appears now and then on the scene, following up in fits and starts the line of policy which Mazzini put forward in the Green-book of 1877:—

“One of our principal paths to progress will be a mission of civilisation, to be carried out at the first possible opportunity on the shores of Tunis. Just as Morocco belongs to Spain and Algeria to France, so does Tunis, the key of the centre of the Mediterranean, belong to Italy.”

The Turco-Russian war was now in progress, and the Bey had already sent money to the Sultan as his contingent. But further demands for men and horses arrived, and a thousand mules and horses were sent, followed by the preparation of 4000 men. It was now M. Roustan’s game to step in to see if at the eleventh hour he could induce the Bey to break off his connection with the Porte.

“The Russian Consul now became the object of his blandishments. The very existence of M. Nyssen, blind, crippled, and bedridden, was almost forgotten, till one morning in December 1879 he received instructions to break off diplomatic relations with the Bey. M. Roustan tried to make the declaration of war as theatrical as possible to further his object. Another very efficient instrument of torture was now brought to bear on the already terrified Bey—the Havas Agency announced the imminent bombardment of Goletta by the Russian squadron;”

but the Bey stood firm, and would not forsake his suzerain.

Then came the Berlin Congress, at which Prince Bismarck is credited with the now historical *fiat*, addressed to France,—*Take Carthage!* Upon this was the news of the Cyprus Convention, the French

angrily asserting that the English occupation of Cyprus was a rebuff for French diplomacy; while the Italian papers, still more excited, blamed Count Corti for not returning from the Congress with an island in his pocket.

At this time Italy seems to have been in earnest to carry out Mazzini's views as to the annexation of Tunis; and about the end of 1878, "Signor Licurgo Maccio arrived in the Regency, to join his post as Italian Agent and Consul-General."

"He came with the sound of trumpets and the pomp of war," much to M. Roustan's expressed annoyance.

"Immediately after the gunboat which brought him had anchored off Goletta, a number of mysterious-looking cases were landed, and transmitted to Tunis. Next day came Signor Maccio, and with him forty marines. As soon as they reached the Italian Consulate the boxes were opened, and each man took out his carbine. A double file of soldiers was then improvised, a band played, and Signor Maccio entered his future residence with military honours."

The consequences of this dramatic bit of bounce was to throw the whole diplomatic world of Tunis into confusion. A militant Gallic Consul could not brook a militant Italian one on his own particular dunghill, and went as fast as he could to the Bey to enter formal protest against Italian aggression. Here Sir Richard Wood, the English Consul, stepped in, and by his mediation untold horrors were avoided. So much for the troubles of diplomatists abroad.

A more serious trouble now began to threaten the Bey, arising out of a grant of a large tract of the best land in the country to a certain Count de Sancy, made in 1872, in consideration of improving materially "the breed of horses, cows,

and sheep" in the Regency. M. de Sancy, by his own showing, had no capital to lay out on the property; so he looked out for a partner, finding one at last—"an American lady, Mrs Mary Frances Ronalds, who desired to forget, amidst fresh scenery and pastoral pursuits, the annoyances of a lawsuit." M. de Sancy then gave up his share of the business to a member of the ex-Imperial family of France, and Lieutenant Lucien Napoléon Theodore Bonaparte-Wyse became a partner of Mrs Ronalds. The partnership did not succeed, and, after many trials and much movement among high circles, M. Wyse was arrested and conducted through the streets to the public prison. To console M. Sancy for his failure in improving "the breed of Tunisian horses and cattle," M. Roustan, three years after the fall of M. Wyse, induced the Bey to grant him another concession of land, on which he agreed to keep a certain quantity of stock—the deed expressly stipulating that the grant was to be forfeited in twelve months if the number of animals agreed on were not forthcoming, when the estates would again become Tunisian property. M. Sancy admitted that he had been unable to carry out the terms of the concession, and the Bey published a decree in which he declared the grant to be at an end. At first M. Roustan made appeals *ad misericordiam*; these being fruitless, and the Bey sending a notice to quit to the French Consulate, which was left unanswered, he wrote to say that he intended to take possession. This called forth a reply "that the land was French property, and that if any one ventured on it he would find a French janissary on the border." A conciliatory answer was sent, saying that no force would be used if such action was taken

by M. Roustan, and a deputation was sent to assert the Bey's rights. "When they reached the hedge forming the boundary of the property, a French *cavass* or guard sprang out from behind it, and shouted in a loud voice, 'This land belongs to France.'" The deputation retired, and by means of the telegraph the Bey's wanton trespass on the private domicile of a French citizen was in a few hours announced throughout France. A month afterwards, M. Roustan sent an ultimatum to the Prime Minister. It ran thus :—

"Unless the following conditions are accepted, the Chargé d'Affaires of France is determined to break off diplomatic relations with the Bey of Tunis : 1st, An inquiry to be ordered forthwith into the claims of M. de Sancy ; 2d, The Prime Minister, *in uniform*, to appear at the French Consulate-General, and publicly apologise for the insult offered to France ; 3d, The functionaries who carried out the Bey's instructions to be immediately dismissed from his service."

It was no wonder that the Bey hesitated ; his telegrams to Paris did not reach, and a French squadron appeared at Goletta. The "friendly Powers" would only give advice, so he surrendered at discretion. Next morning the Prime Minister asked pardon in the presence of a crowd of people at the French Consulate-General, and M. Roustan said his Government would be satisfied with the dismissal of the only English subject in the Bey's service, his interpreter. M. de Sancy was formally reinstated in his grant, transferring it soon after to the French company *Société Marseillaise*, which pays him a very satisfactory annuity.

In July 1879 the Bey established a Council of State, and announced that from that time all matters of moment would be submitted to it,

—a bold step in direct opposition to the views of M. Roustan, as the necessity of discussing all proposals made in the Council afforded the Bey an excellent excuse when urged by the foreign consuls to take some imprudent step.

A concession of land to Mr Levy, a British subject, next brought Tunisian affairs prominently before the public ; the agents of a French company, aided by the irrepressible M. Roustan, having made an attempt by force to dislodge the owner. Our Consul-General entered a vigorous protest against the conduct of M. Roustan, who hastened to announce that he regarded the property in question as a French property, and would admit of no interference on the part of the local courts, or no application of the local law. Mr Levy appealed for aid to Lord Granville, and M. Roustan brought two additional French ships of war upon the scene. The question was warmly taken up in the House of Commons by Mr Montague Guest, and by Earl De la Warr in the House of Lords, both of whom had recently visited Tunis, and were aware of the system of terrorism practised towards the Bey. Two English ships were sent as soon as it was known that French ironclads had gone too, the latter withdrawing at once on the appearance of the former, and Mr Levy was left in possession for a time.

But M. Roustan, though checked, was a man of perseverance ; and on the pretext of an illegal infringement of an obsolete grant by the Italian Consul-General, he determined to give his Government a more tangible pretence for promptly extinguishing Italy, and Signor Maccio, her Consul-General, at the same time putting the French political and commercial *prépondérance naturelle* at Tunis beyond the pos-

sibility of further cavil. His idea was to stir up disturbances on the Algerian frontier, and so pave the way for French interference. To assist him, two willing instruments came conveniently to hand.

One Joseph Allegro, who has since found it convenient to assume the Moslem faith with the name of Sidi Yusef Ben Ali, had for years dealt, almost professionally, in border raids, and was equally clever either in exciting them or suppressing them, and was now spied out by M. Roustan as a fitting instrument for the work in hand.

Besides Yusef Ben Ali, there was another kindred spirit still nearer to the border. M. Panariello, as the Khamírs' factor, broker, general agent, and trusted friend on the coast, knew more than most men about the Khamírs, and had grown rich in buying their cork, wool, and grain, and selling them guns, powder, and shot in return. An Italian by birth, a Cross of the Legion of Honour had induced this worthy to turn his coat and become an out-and-out Frenchman. And it was to these humble but devoted friends that M. Roustan addressed himself when Tunisian politics began to assume a serious aspect.

Now the Khamírs are a border tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of the Algerian frontier. The boundary itself is fairly defined by a line of hills running southwards; on the eastern slopes the Arabs are subjects of the Bey of Tunis, on the western they owe allegiance to the French Republic.

"'I really cannot say,' said M. Panariello, in September last year, 'which of the two gives the most trouble. The Algerian Arabs are generally the thieves, and the Tunisian the receivers. They remain good friends as long as they are robbing third parties, and only quarrel when it comes to a divi-

sion of the spoil. These border squabbles have occurred over and over again any time these thirty years, and nobody cared about them *till it was convenient to do so.*' If the Tunisian Arabs have sometimes been the aggressors, scores of cases are on record in which the Algerians have wantonly violated Tunisian territory; but the Bey never thought of invading Algeria 'for the protection of his frontier,' any more than France could make a case of cattle-lifting a cause for the invasion of Belgium."

And so, while Sidi Yusef and M. Panariello were arranging for some timely troubles on the frontier, M. Roustan continued his activity in Tunis, and contrived at last that the French colony should present him with an address—the colony consisting of not more than a score of respectable persons. As for the address, it was no more or less than "a sweeping bill of indictment against the Bey of Tunis."

The Bey answered the note in a dignified, honestly worded refutation, but to no avail; for exactly seven days after it was received by M. Roustan, some sort of disturbances took place on the frontier, and the hitherto unknown Khamírs suddenly became famous throughout Europe.

What did happen on the frontier is not very clear, and was mixed up adroitly with the massacre of a scientific mission in the Sahara; and so the two events became hopelessly confused. "Colonel Flatters and the Khamírs were at once bracketed together under the common head of 'Horrible Outrages,' and every one made up their minds that the 'drapeau menacé de la France' (M. Roustan's speech eleven days previously) must be promptly and efficiently avenged."

The newspapers of Europe were filled with tales of "French Expedition against Tunis," "Continued Fighting on the Algerian Frontier,"

but the Bey alone knew nothing of it all. When he did see the telegrams, he immediately sent one of his most trusted servants with a small force to investigate matters. Meanwhile the Parisian press was plentifully supplied with a series of fictitious but ferocious combats.

"Within a week M. Jules Ferry had resolved that the Government should chastise the Khamirs on Tunisian soil. Not only was Tunis to be invaded by a French army, but the foreign Powers were formally assured that 'the operations about to commence are meant solely to put an end to the constant inroads of the frontier clans on the Algerian territory, and that the independence of the Bey and the integrity of his territory are not in any way threatened,'—a declaration made with a full knowledge of the fact that M. Roustan had already endeavoured to coerce the Bey several times into accepting the 'protectorate,' and will ever remain as a lasting blemish on the diplomatic integrity of M. Saint-Hilaire. Lord Granville, on hearing of this disguised war against Tunis, believed 'in the single-mindedness and thorough honesty of M. Saint-Hilaire,' and even credited the Khamir raids. He was good enough to advise the Bey to co-operate against the Khamirs—or, in other words, to assist in the destruction of a portion of his own subjects by foreign troops on his own soil, and upon the flimsiest and most preposterous of pretexts."

It is now that the interest of the story begins to culminate. On the 5th April 1881, the Bey received two important communications. The first was a report from the officers sent to investigate the affairs of the Khamirs; the second, a formal announcement from M. Roustan of the coming invasion. With regard to the Khamirs, their alleged trespass on Algerian territory turned out to be all moonshine, the Khamirs being ready and willing to submit unreservedly to the decision of the Bey. About the

second, M. Roustan called himself at the palace, and received such an earnest protest against the proposed invasion that he professed to be almost convinced, and telegraphed to Paris the Bey's remarks, forwarding to the Bey the next day the following reply from M. Saint-Hilaire:—

"Be good enough to declare to his Highness that we appreciate the faithful friendship of which he has so often assured us, and of which we have now to ask for tangible proofs. A serious peril threatens our territory, springing from the insubordinate tribes occupying a portion of the Bey's state, and against whom an imperative duty of legitimate defence forces us to act with rigour. We cannot, unfortunately, reckon on the Bey's authority to reduce these tribes to a state of submission, but we have a right to count on the Bey's military forces to assist us in the work of necessary repression. Our generals consequently receive orders to come to a friendly understanding with the officers of the Tunisian troops, and to give them notice of the moment when the exigencies of strategic movements will induce them to borrow for their operations Tunisian territory either near *La Calle* or in the *Medjerdah Valley*. It is as allies and auxiliaries of the Bey's sovereign authority that the French soldiers will prosecute their march. It is also as allies and auxiliaries that we hope to meet the Tunisian soldiers with the reinforcements with which we intend definitively to punish the misdeeds of the common enemies of the Bey and ourselves."

This astounding production was at once laid before a Council of State, at which Mr Reade, our Consul-General, was asked by the Bey to attend.

"'What am I to do?' asked Muhamed-es-Sadek. 'M. Roustan has, I fear, got me here' (clasp- ing his throat)."

Mr Reade's advice was to send an army at once to the frontier, to prove his ability to preserve order;

and a week later, Ali Bey, the heir-apparent, started with several thousand men.

The Bey now took the direction of affairs entirely into his own hands, dictating a long despatch to the Sultan, and another to M. Roustan, in which he details the measures which he has taken to settle the differences, and concludes:—

“We cherish a hope that the French Government will not carry out its intentions, which would bring us into discredit amongst our own population and foreign States, and might raise other complications and dangers not at this moment to be foreseen. Moreover, the entry of French troops on Tunisian territory constitutes a violation of our sovereign rights, and would prejudice the interests of foreign governments in our country, and which are placed under our charge. It would, above all, constitute a violation of the rights of the Sublime Porte. From all the foregoing considerations, we inform you that we can in no way accept or accord the execution of the measure contemplated by your Government, and consisting of the entry of French troops on our territory. In case of that execution being effected against our will, we hold the Government of the French Republic responsible for all the consequences which might result.”

The Sultan at once replied, expressing his entire approval of the steps taken as regards the Khamîrs, and urged the Bey to maintain the position he had assumed.

The army which the Bey sent forth started amidst the shouts of a great crowd full of enthusiasm and general astonishment that so much had been done in the six days of preparation. Its departure gave the ever-ready M. Roustan the chance of another shot at the Bey, asking him at his palace if it was intended that the Tunisian force was to co-operate with the invading force and attack the Khamîrs in the rear.

To this the Bey replied that he would cut off his arm to keep up his friendship with France, but that he never

“could be a party to exciting an inevitable insurrection in the country, by joining the French in a war on his own subjects. ‘You yourself, as well as your friends, tell me that you are my only sincere well-wisher. If this is so, give me a proof of it, and testify to your Government what you really know about the Khamîrs and the measures I have taken to give you any satisfaction that may be asked for.’ ‘I will do so immediately,’ said M. Roustan, as he took his departure.”

Next day came an accusation against the Tunisian forts at Tabarca of having fired at a French gun-boat; a message coming from M. Roustan that “France was determined to obtain satisfaction for the insult, and uphold the honour of her flag.”

The affair resolved itself into the refusal of the governor of the forts to allow some French boats to land their crews in order to march across the mountains into Algeria.

Still the time wore away, and no forward move was made. The most warlike extracts from the papers were translated into Arabic and sent to the palace; every argument possible was used to make the Bey give up the logically unassailable position he had assumed; official correspondence in the most angry language was poured in, but the Bey showed no signs of yielding, and gained an advantage over M. Roustan in each calm and dignified reply.

In one letter the Frenchman says that every one believes that the army just sent out to subdue the Khamîrs has really in view a campaign against the French; and to this the Bey replies in a letter, most excellently worded, and un-

answerable as far as its arguments are concerned. In it he says :—

“When we explained to you our reasons which prevent us from consenting to the entry of French troops into our territory, we had hoped that you would have been struck by the truth of these reasons, and of the serious danger which would result from co-operation.

“We had thought, too, that French statesmen would have understood how legitimate these reasons were—a belief founded on the great faith we put in your kind offices as intermediary, knowing that you would place the matter before your Government in its right light.

“Unfortunately for us, your letter destroys all illusion on this matter.

“We are compelled, then, to bring again the same reasons to bear which we have already given you, to avoid the disasters which we foresee must befall the inhabitants of our country.

“You are aware that we have spared no effort to make the Khamîrs indemnify the victims of their depredations, to punish the authors of known outrages, and to take steps to prevent their recurrence.

“The chief of our army now sent has been instructed to communicate with the French commander in order to learn the claims which the Algerians make, and to submit those which our tribes make against the Algerians; to settle all just claims, punish the guilty, and take all necessary steps to insure the future tranquillity of the frontier.

“We have especially ordered our commander, that in the event of French troops entering upon Tunisian territory in opposition to our wish, that they should cease all operations.”

This was how M. Roustan answered this letter two days afterwards :—

“The Government is astonished at the declarations in the letters addressed to me some days ago, which tend to repudiate the responsibility for any disorders which may occur in case the French troops enter on Tunisian territory to chastise the Khamîrs. The threatening character

of these declarations is now established beyond doubt. My Government has consequently charged me to declare to your Highness that, if any evil befalls our subjects, or any other foreigners, it holds your Highness and your Prime Minister exclusively and personally responsible. I also take upon myself to inform your Highness, in the meantime, that the French troops must establish themselves at Tabarca for their operations against the Khamîrs, and beg your Highness to be good enough to order the withdrawal of the Tunisian troops from that locality, in order to avoid any encounter.”

The Bey, after holding a Council, answered by declining to withdraw his troops from Tabarca, reiterating his instructions, that if the French entered by force, they were not to be opposed; and recording a solemn protest against the occupation of any part of his territory as a violation of his rights.

It must be remembered that all this interchange of letters was not done in the dark: every one extracted by M. Roustan from the Bey was put in the shape of a circular note, and despatched to the representatives of all the Powers who had consulates in Tunis, and by them were transmitted to their respective Governments, to whom all of the above mentioned must consequently have been perfectly well known. Yet not one moved. Not so very long before, when the Levy case threatened to bring Tunisian matters to a crisis, and it was announced that two French ironclads had gone there to assist, a couple of English ships were at once sent also, upon whose appearance the French vessels withdrew. Now, when a more acute stage of crisis had arisen, the question suggests itself, “Where were the British ships?”

Mr Broadley draws a touching and lifelike picture of the poor Bey

in his palace during this, the acute stage of Tunisian politics. In April 1881 he was living with his Prime Minister in the Kasr-es-Said Palace, a four-storeyed mansion after the fashion of an Italian barrack or English workhouse,—

“The only picturesque feature of which is the great garden of roses, jessamine, and orange trees, in the midst of which it stands. The wide expanse of stucco façade is almost blinding in the sunlight as one approaches the entrance by an avenue of palm and pepper trees, and above the roof floats the green, red, and orange-coloured silk banner, bearing as a device the golden two-bladed sword of the Hassanite dynasty. . . . Ministers and *employés* crowded the ante-rooms, the Council of State held perpetual session in one of the drawing-rooms, and the corridors were thronged with Tunisian officers and Arabs from the interior. The department of Foreign Affairs had temporary quarters in a little chamber on the ground-floor, which possessed several sofas but no table. A solemn silence was maintained throughout the building, in which the wives of both Prince and Premier were sharing, behind the gratings of the harem windows, the common anxiety. Cigarettes and coffee were almost forgotten. Every new-comer from the city underwent an ordeal of whispered questioning: ‘Is there any news from the frontier? What do the latest newspapers say? Has the English fleet come? Are the Italian troops already at Palermo?’ The Turkish music was playing as usual when I arrived, and the confidential agent of M. Roustan had just left, after delivering a message to the Bey. . . . It was a last attempt on the part of M. Roustan to induce him to commit political suicide.”

The message offered to land a company of marines and two cannons belonging to the French frigate in the roadstead, to maintain order in and protect the European quarter; but it concluded—“The disembarkation can only take place on the express demand of his Highness.” So the

messenger was told to “ask for an immediate answer, and in case of refusal say that we take note of it.”

Mr Broadley having witnessed this small act in the drama, was ushered into a little *salon* up-stairs, typical of the whole place:—

“The floor was covered with Sicilian tiles, and the wooden ceiling painted with wreaths of red, yellow, and blue flowers. Window-curtains, sofa-cushions, and *portières*, alike consisted of faded yellow damask. The table was missing, but there were two chests of drawers, each supporting a clock flanked by two artificial bouquets in Parian vases. A side door opened, and the Bey entered. He is a fine-looking old man, with grey hair and beard, and a ruddy complexion. His features are rather Turkish than Arabic, and I never saw trouble more clearly written on a human face. ‘You have come lately from England?’ began Muhamed-es-Sadek at once; ‘do Englishmen believe in the Khamirs?’”

And so on throughout the conversation—England, always England. He recognised her sympathy, and was grateful, and wished to make his cause more widely known in England and Europe. His predecessors for more than two centuries had received continued marks of sympathy from England, while the Beys had always followed implicitly her suggestions. He had done everything to promote English interests in his country. He regarded with peculiar pride the high distinction the Queen had conferred on him in sending him the Grand Cross of the Bath, as well as many other assurances of her approbation. He could never believe that England and Italy were indifferent to his fate. He bitterly complained of the conduct of M. Roustan towards him, and said that it had made his life a burden to him for some time past. Nothing would induce him to accept a French protectorate, but an armed resistance

he could not make, though he would be at his post to maintain order and public security.

To M. Roustan's proposal of the marines and cannons he gave a direct refusal.

The above interview took place on April 23d, and two days later all Tunis knew that the invasion had begun. Mr Broadley was at once summoned to the palace by the Prime Minister, whose *boudoir* was arranged with true oriental diplomacy.

"A long sofa lined the side of the room, which was almost entirely occupied by a grated window. Opposite the entrance was a handsome walnut-wood wardrobe, with a long looking-glass, and a similar piece of furniture faced the window. I remember nothing else in the apartment except a coloured print of the King of Italy, half-a-dozen clocks all indicating a different hour, and a horrible mechanical toy which represented over and over again the death of Cleopatra.

" 'Here,' said Mustapha, the Prime Minister, 'are the proofs of the Khamirs having entirely submitted, and yet you see the invasion has taken place.' Just at this moment an energetic knocking was heard at the outer door, and the servant announced a communication from M. Roustan. 'Prepare a protest for us while I get rid of him,' said Mustapha; and, touching a spring, the wardrobe door opened, and disclosed a passage leading to a second chamber, which seemed also to contain nothing but sofas and clocks. After the draft had been prepared, and we had returned, he opened the glass door of the second wardrobe, and we entered the large drawing-room to which the Cabinet had adjourned. The members of the Council were sitting in the midst of a wilderness of gilding, looking-glasses, and ruby velvet."

In the end the protests were adopted; copies were addressed to all the leading Powers, and sent off by special train and steamer to Europe.

" 'Now at least,' said General Bacouch, Minister for Foreign Affairs, 'England must say something—she cannot remain silent; and we shall at least know our fate.' General Arbi Zerouck, another Minister, added, 'England has always protected us; she will not abandon us now.' " Within a month both these men were "retired" or banished from Tunis.

The circular note of protest sent to the foreign Powers, including Lord Granville, contained the following:—

"His Highness the Bey of Tunis begs your Excellency to lay the following message before her Majesty the Queen of England and the British Government: The French Republic has caused its troops to invade our country; and, not content with entering that part of the Regency where the Khamirs reside, have occupied a part of our territory far distant, and entirely unconnected with it. Our repeated protests have been disregarded, and our territory has been violated without a declaration of war. Under these circumstances we appeal to our august ally, her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, as well as to all the Governments, signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. We are willing to submit unreservedly all complaints brought against us to their friendly arbitration. In our hour of dire distress we implore the great Powers to interpose their friendly offices on our behalf."

Silence was the answer to this most pathetic appeal, and the Bey's uneasiness increased apace with the news which reached him of an invading force slowly but surely closing round his capital. By the 5th May, or ten days after his last protests, both English and Italian ships arrived at Goletta. But the time was past for empty show; the French were already committed to action. So the Bey again tried a further appeal to Lord Granville:—

"In spite of the declarations I then

made, my city of Kef has been occupied; the French troops are now marching on Beja; my forts at Tabarca have been destroyed and the site occupied; other tribes besides the Khamirs have been attacked; and a French garrison now holds my city of Bizerta, over the citadel of which the French flag now floats. What other measures are contemplated concerning this country I know not. It is impossible to foresee what disaster may befall the inhabitants of this country if this invasion is continued. I leave my destiny to the decision of the great Powers, imploring those ancient allies with whom I have maintained unbroken faith to adopt such measures of mediation as may stay the scourge of war which has visited the peaceful inhabitants of my dominions."

The Arabs now came forward with complaints on their side, that after their defeat by the French, the surviving chiefs wrote letters in blood (purporting to be that of their slain women and children) asking for help to resist the French, and avenge their wrongs. But a captured despatch from the Bey, telling them to retreat before the French, and maintain a strict neutrality, directed all their anger against him, whom they accused of betraying his country to the French. And his answer to the deputation sent by them enjoining the same mode of action made matters worse—one at least of the Caids who returned with the message openly proclaiming his sovereign's treason. Following closely upon this incident came news from the Khalifa of the rich district of Mater, little more than thirty miles from Tunis, that an Algerian envoy had arrived, and had invited the tribes of the province to sign a declaration acknowledging French supremacy, and agreeing to receive the French troops as brothers. A fresh protest addressed to M. Roustan was prepared, in which the Bey pointed out that the district menaced comprised the

most important parts of the Regency, and that its proposed occupation had no relation to the Khamir country.

No notice was taken of this, and two French columns left Bizerta almost simultaneously—one marching towards Mater, the other on Tunis itself.

"The news of the arrival of the 'allies' in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital extinguished the faint hopes of foreign mediation in the hearts of the Tunisians. The blank despair on the faces of those in the palace contrasted strangely with the undisguised glee on those of M. Roustan's friends.

"Don't talk to me any more of the great Powers,' cried Mustapha, the Prime Minister. 'What in God's name have the great Powers done for us?'"

After a time calmer councils prevailed, and the following note was despatched to Lord Granville:—

"The advance of the French troops in this Regency continues. Notwithstanding our protestations, the French camp is to-day within seventeen miles of our capital, and during their march the French forces approached it even nearer. We have redoubled our efforts to persuade our subjects to offer no resistance to this invasion, but our task becomes more difficult as a disregard of the assurances given becomes more apparent. Is it possible to tell how long we may be able to maintain order among the unoffending tribes, who see their dwellings, herds, and crops sacrificed by the march of the French troops? In view of the extreme urgency of the case, we implore the British Government, as well as those of the other great Powers, to take such measures as may at least induce the Government of the Republic to declare its intentions in respect to our Regency, and make known the complaints which it prefers against us."

Before this telegram reached London all was over.

On the morning of the 12th May—two days after this last appeal—the French troops were seen advancing on the city from the westward; and at eight o'clock a letter came from M. Roustan, saying that General Bréart, the French commander, had been appointed by the Republic to negotiate a treaty with the Bey, and requesting an audience forthwith. Before the Bey had prepared his answer, the French outposts were within a mile of the palace; and two hours later the whole force arrived and took up their quarters in the Bey's cavalry barracks.

Outposts were judiciously pushed to within 200 yards of the garden behind the palace, and cannons so arranged as to be plainly visible from the upper windows.

Soon after three o'clock, M. Roustan and General Bréart, accompanied by some twenty officers and a cavalry escort, rode up to the palace. The General and his staff were fully armed, and the usual compliments, so important to Eastern minds, were entirely dispensed with. General Bréart took the draft of the treaty from his pocket and placed it before the Bey. This document demanded the consent of the Bey to a French occupation of the points which they might themselves select in Tunisian territory; a general French protectorate; the payment of a war contribution by the unsubdued tribes on the frontier; and other stipulations of the same nature.

"The Bey for some minutes even declined to look at the paper, and repeated several times that he did not understand French. At last it was handed to M. Conti, who made a running translation into Arabic, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"*Bey.* Will you give me a written translation in Arabic?

"*General Bréart.* What you have heard is enough.

"*Bey.* At any rate you will grant me twenty-four hours for consideration?

"*General Bréart.* Certainly not. I expect an answer before eight o'clock to-night, and shall remain here till I get one.

"*Bey.* May I lay the treaty before my Council?

"*General Bréart.* Do as you like between this and eight o'clock.

"The General and his suite left the room. M. Roustan turned to the Bey and said all he had told him was now verified. He added, 'Your Highness has nothing to do but sign, and if you decline to do so, it does not matter, for there is another who will.'

The Prime Minister was taken aside and told that "unless the Bey signs to-night you will be *tried by court-martial and shot.*"

The frightened councillors, one after another, voted for accepting the treaty, one alone holding out; "his death," he said, "was of no consequence compared with such a disgrace." Old Mustapha, under the influence of the warning so pleasantly conveyed to him, sided with the rest.

"Even now the Bey hesitated, and his decision wavered in the balance. The chief eunuch approached him with a message. The ladies of the harem had seen the cannon and the soldiers from behind the lattice-work of their windows, and implored him '*to sign and save their lives.*' Five minutes later he sent to inform M. Roustan that he accepted the inevitable. For the first time in his life he affixed in trembling characters the words Muhamed-es-Sadek Bey to a document written in a European language. Turning to the General he said, 'Now at any rate you need not go to Tunis?'

"'Highness,' answered General Bréart, 'I only receive commands from my own superiors,' and turning on his heel left the room."

Next morning General Bréart, as a necessary consequence, was invested by the Bey with the grand cordon of the Nichán. To complete

the farce, a deputation, headed by an old scent-seller, called at the palace to ask for authentic information.

"Is it true," asked the spokesman, 'that Tunis has been sold to France?' 'Nothing could be further from the fact,' answered the threatened-to-be-shot Mustapha. 'The Khamírs having beaten the French, the latter have taken refuge under the shadow of the palace walls, and we are giving them bread until they go back to their own country.'

There is no occasion to pursue the subject. Any one who is sufficiently interested in what has been already told will find his trouble amply repaid by reading the rest of Mr Broadley's narrative. In it are told with graphic force the operations against the Khamírs, including such incidents as the following, which is one of the most remarkable features. Two columns were marching to take up a position—

"The object of their combined movement being to surround the Khamírs, who *were supposed* to be concentrated around a famous *kouba* or sanctuary, on the summit of a lofty mountain called Djebel Sidi Abdallah Ben Djemel. On the evening previous to this attack, a third column was able to join. At dawn twelve battalions started for the shrine, its white dome visible five miles off. On the way the troops only came across recently abandoned *douars* or camel-hair tents, in some of which the embers were still smouldering. As the summit of the mountain was gained, the Khamírs were perceived disappearing on the other side of it. Three hundred head of cattle, however, fell into the hands of the troops. At eleven o'clock the General arrived at the *marabout* itself, where he was received by a very old and dirty Khamír, who declared he was the guardian of the place, which was of the meanest description, although revered for a long distance on both sides of the frontier. With the exception of this solitary ecclesiastic, not another living soul was visible. The immediate

vicinity of the *kouba* seemed to be the necropolis for all Khamír-land. The corpses were covered with the thinnest layer of earth, and an opening was actually left above the head; and the poisoned atmosphere about the spot rendered the *marabout* a most undesirable abiding-place."

After this comes the bombardment of Sfax, against whose inhabitants a war contribution of £250,000 was eventually decreed, to their own ruin and that of their already half-beggared European creditors; the massacre of Oued Zerga, where at the railway station the Arabs, having torn up the line and thrown the rails into the river, attacked the station buildings, setting them on fire, burning the station-master, M. Raimbert, alive, and putting to death ten of his *employés*; the taking of the holy city of Kairwán; and the results of the first year of the protectorate, when

"the Bey's power over his subjects was reduced to the merest shadow, his administration fallen into a state of hopeless confusion, and his army to a corps of titular generals and colonels, who did nothing but wear magnificent uniforms, and draw their pay when they could get it. The collection of taxes had proved inadequate for the payment of the interest on the national debt, and the wholesale desertion of their usual camping-grounds by the Bedouin Arabs was an ominous portent of coming famine, and the pestilence which usually follows in its wake. The notables of Sfax were offering in vain twelve per cent for a loan to pay their war contribution; while suspicions were afloat that the peace in the south would be of short duration. The very streets of the capital seemed to share in the general chaos; they had become an impassable quagmire. Genuine trade was at a standstill, and had been superseded by a brisk traffic in absinthe and *vermouth*. The Café des Cercle and the Café des Kroumir were doing a roaring business; but Ali Ben Saleh and Muhamed Ben Abdallah no longer

came to Tunis to purchase their Manchester cloth and Nottingham calico. They had exchanged their cattle for guns and gunpowder, and were waiting on the frontier with Ali Ben Hlifa for the long-expected advance of the Sultan and Caliph."

But if this side of the picture is gloomy, what can be said of the reverse, which tells of the horrors of a campaign to soldiers sent, not in a *corps d'armée* with its proper organisation of hospital service and ambulances, but on "a military promenade of ten days—a fortnight at the most," "a rapid march against the Khamírs and back into Algeria," and "a week's expedition for which no preparations were necessary"?

The frontier was crossed with such ideas as this; the entry into Khamír-land was followed by the capture of Kef, succeeded by the occupation of Bizerta. Then came the march to the palace, the treaty of Kasr-es-Said, the bombardment of Sfax, and the movement on Kairwán. The "military promenade of ten days—a fortnight at the most," became an expedition, and the expedition became an occupation. Tunis was at peace with France, and the soldiers of the Republic must act accordingly; the persons and property of Tunisians must under all circumstances be respected.

"It was these considerations which prevented houses and other buildings being taken for hospital purposes; it was the attempt to solve the riddle of 'When is a war not a war?' which condemned hundreds of sick soldiers to lie and die under the scant shelter of portable tents that afforded no adequate protection against either sun or rain."

One of their own doctors writes in last September:—

"We are here in a terrible plight

from a sanitary point of view. It is positively inhuman to treat the sick as we are forced to do. A few beds and mattresses have just arrived. We have utilised them for the worst cases. The others are lying on the ground between two rugs or in litters. I have two basins for the use of eighty typhoid patients, and hardly any medicines. Of 2500 men, 500 have gone into hospital, of whom 85 are dead and 80 still down with severe typhoid fever."

And all this because M. Saint-Hilaire did not want that Europe should guess at his real motive. The punishment of a local tribe was all his object—nothing more. As he told Lord Lyons, "The French troops would be assembled on the French side of the frontier, and they would not cross it without necessity;" and again—"The operations are to be confined to the neighbourhood of the frontier, and to be directed only to the punishment of the lawless frontier tribes;" and finally, when the French Minister writes acquainting Lord Lyons with the signature of the treaty of Kasr-es-Said, and making with "great pleasure an assurance that all existing treaties would remain intact," Lord Granville replies that "the treaty of Tunis goes far beyond any question of the security of the frontier, and amounts practically to a protectorate, which we understood to have been disclaimed." And so the matter drops—on the part of the French with the "politest assurances," and on Lord Granville's with the most mild of disclaimers. He, however, ventures so far as to say that "her Majesty's Government take note of your assurance, which they regard as an international engagement." Diplomacy in kid gloves was no match for the diplomacy of duplicity.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN ERSKINE woke with the singing of the birds on the morning of Midsummer-day. It was early—far before any civilised hour of waking. When he suddenly opened his eyes in the sweet strangeness of that unearthly moment, the sensation came back to his mind of childish wakings in summer mornings long departed; of getting up in the unutterable stillness with the sense of being the first adventurer into an unknown world; of stealing down-stairs through the silent visionary house all full of unseen sleepers, like ghosts behind the closed doors; of finding, with heart beating and little hands trembling, half with alarm, half with delight, the bolt low down on some easily opened door; and of stepping out into the sweet dews, into the ineffable glory of sunshine in which there was no shadow but that little one which was his own. Nobody alive, nobody awake, except that riot of the birds in every tree which wounded the ideal sense of unearthly calm, yet gave a consolatory consciousness of life and motion in the strange quiet, though a life incomprehensible, a language unknown. Strange that this was the first recollection brought to him in his waking—for the next was very different. The next was a confused sweet tumult in the air, a sound in his ears, an echo in his heart: "They are coming, they are coming!" He could not feel sure that somewhere or other in the words there were not joy-bells ringing—a tinkle of chimes, now rising, now falling, "as if a door were shut between us and the sound." "They are coming," every-

thing seemed to say. The air of the morning blowing in by the open window puffed it at him with playful sweetness. The birds sang it, the trees shaped their rustlings to the words, "They are coming."

Well, it was perfectly true. The Earl and Countess of Lindores, and their daughter Lady Edith Lindores, and perhaps their son Lord Rintoul, and it might be other noble persons in their train, were certainly expected to arrive that day; but what was that to John Erskine of Dalrulzian, a country gentleman of the most moderate pretensions, with nothing about him above mediocrity, and no claim to any part or share in the life led by these great people? For the moment John did not ask himself that question. He only felt after this long interval of solitude and abandonment that they were coming back. He had been as it were shipwrecked in this country with which he was so little acquainted, though it was his own country: and the time of their absence had appeared very long to him. He said to himself their absence—but it will be understood that the absence of Lord Lindores, for example, had very little importance to the young man. He would not have been deeply concerned if that nobleman had been induced to serve his country and his party in any other sphere. But it was safer, easier to say *their*, and to make to himself a little picture of the reopening of the house, the feeling of population and warmth that would breathe about it, the chance even of meeting any day or hour smiles

and pleasant looks on the very road, and a sense of society in the atmosphere. He tried to persuade himself that this was what he was thinking of, or rather he refused to enter into any analysis of his feelings at all, and allowed his mind to float upon a vague and delightful current of anticipations, which he preferred not to examine too closely, or put into any certain and definite form.

John had not seen either Lady Caroline or her husband since that unlucky evening. When he returned home and took out once more Beaufort's letter, it seemed to him that he could now read between the lines enough to have enlightened him as to the real state of affairs. Why should Beaufort hesitate to accept Lord Lindores's invitation, and ask to be received into a much humbler house, if there had been no stringent reason for such a preference? Beaufort had been very cautious in the wording of his letter. He said that it was entirely uncertain whether he could make up his mind to come at all; whether, indeed, in the circumstances he ought to come. He explained the position in which he stood to Lord Millefleurs,—not his tutor, which would have been ridiculous, but his friend, to whom, to please his father, the young man paid a certain deference. The control which he thus exercised was merely nominal, Beaufort added, and quite unnecessarily, since nobody could be more capable of taking care of himself than Millefleurs; but it was a satisfaction to the Duke—and as his future prospects depended upon the Duke's favour, Beaufort did not need to point out to his friend the expediency on his part of doing what that potentate required. He was unwilling to relinquish all these prospects, and the permanent

appointment which he could confidently expect from the Duke's favour: but still, at the same time, there were reasons which might make him do so, and he was not at all sure that it would not be better to make this sacrifice than to intrude himself where he was not wanted in the capacity of attendant on Lord Millefleurs. Thus, he explained elaborately twice over, his coming at all was quite uncertain; but if he did decide to come, it would be an advantage and ease to him in every way, to be sure of a *pied-à-terre* in his friend's house, instead of being forced to thrust himself into a party where his presence was only invited as an appendage to his charge. It had occurred to John to wonder why there was so much hesitation in Beaufort's mind as to an ordinary visit; but he had accepted it, as a susceptibility natural enough to such a mind—with perhaps a little inconvenient recollection of those far-past days in which he had been admitted so entirely into the intimacy of the family which it was possible enough he might dislike to visit on another standing. But now he saw what was the true meaning of the anxious, cautious, letter. Beaufort's object had been to ascertain from him how the circumstances stood; whether he ought or ought not to show himself among people who once held to him such very different relations. The light of poor Carry's haggard face threw illumination upon the whole matter. And what was he to reply?

It might give the reader but a poor idea of John's intellect if I were to tell how long it took him to concoct his reply. Never had a task so difficult fallen into his hands. It was not his part to betray Carry's alarm and distress, or her husband's fierce and vindictive gratification in this new way

of humbling her. He assured Beaufort diplomatically that Dalrulzian was at his entire command then and always, but owned that he saw all the difficulties of the position, and felt that his friend had a delicate part to play. To appear as bear-leader to Millefleurs among people who had known him in different circumstances would of itself be disagreeable, and all the more that the position was nominal, and he had in reality nothing to do. John had known Millefleurs at Eton, where he was always the drollest little beggar, but quite able to take care of himself. It was too funny to find him cropping up again. "But to waste such talents as yours," he cried, with the greatest sincerity, "looking after Millefleurs!" The Duke ought indeed to show his gratitude for such self-abnegation. Thus John went on for a page or two, allowing it to be seen that he thought the position undesirable, and that he did not encourage Beaufort's appearance in it. "Of course you know beforehand that my house is yours in all circumstances," he repeated—"that goes without saying;" but even this was so put that it seemed to say, not "come," but "stay away." It was not a pleasant office to John. To be inhospitable, to shut his doors upon a friend, was unspeakably painful to him. It was something of which he had thought that he never could be guilty. He longed to modify this coldness by some explanation of what he meant, but he dared not. He had promised to be a brother to Carry, and was it possible that he should betray her? It seemed to him that he was betraying Beaufort instead, who was more to him than Carry had ever been—pretending to open his doors to him with one hand while he closed them with another. In such

circumstances a letter is very hard to write. Two or three copies of it were written before one was produced good enough to be sent. At least he put together the best version of his plea which he could accomplish, and sent it off, very doubtfully. He might be losing his friend. Beaufort could not fail to see the want of welcome in it, and he could not be sure that it would save Carry after all.

All this had passed some time before the day of the return, and John was convinced at heart that the purpose of his letter had been accomplished; that Beaufort had understood him, and intended rather to sacrifice his prospects than to make his appearance in a false position. John was satisfied, and yet he was wounded to think that he had been the means of wounding his friend. This, however, and all connected with it—all the painful part of his life and of theirs, so far as he was acquainted with it—passed out of his mind in the excitement and elation of the consciousness that this day he should see "them" again. John spent the morning in a kind of suppressed ecstasy, altogether out of reason. He did not even ask himself what their return was to him. What it was to him! a change of heaven and earth, a filling up of the veins of life and quickening of every faculty. He did all he had to do in the morning, with the consciousness of this coming event running through everything, filling up every moment with that altogether foolish elation and rapture. For this it was: a kind of subtle penetration of every thought by something which was nothing—by an air, a breath, as from the celestial fields. They were to arrive about three o'clock, and John's foolish ecstasy lasted till about the moment when, if he were going to meet them,

it was time to set off for the station. He had taken his hat in his hand, with a vague smile about the corners of his mouth, a light in his eyes, and was just about to step forth for this happy purpose, when there suddenly struck him, like a blow, this question,—“What right have you to go to meet them?” He was so entirely taken aback by it, that he retreated a step as if some one in actual bodily presence had put the question to him, and opposed his exit. He gazed round him once, appalled, to see where it came from; but, alas! it came from nowhere,—from a monitor more intimate than any intruder could be—from his own judgment, which seemed to have been lying dormant while his imagination and heart were at work. What right had he to go to meet them? Was he a relative, a retainer, a member of the family in any way? What was he to the Lindores, or they to him? Everything, but nothing: a neighbour in the county, a friend that they were so good as to be very kind to; but this gave him nothing as a right,—only the position of gratitude—no more.

He stood in a confusion of doubt and pain for ten minutes in his own hall. There seemed an invisible barrier before his feet, something which prevented him from moving. His smile turned to a sort of deprecating, appealing gaze—to whom? to nobody—to himself; for was it not indeed he, and only he, that stopped his own steps? At last he stepped out boldly, flinging scruples to the winds. Why should he say to any one, even himself, that he was going to meet them? Nobody could prevent him walking along the highroad where everybody walked; and if they came that way, and he by chance encountered them?—The smile returned to John’s mouth, lurking

behind his soft, young, silky moustache. In that case it would be ludicrous to think that there could be anything wrong. Saying which to himself he hurried down the avenue, feeling that the ten minutes’ delay was enough to have made him late. He walked on quickly, like a man with a serious object, his heart beating, his pulse going at full speed. For a long way off he watched a white plume of steam floating across the landscape. He could see it creeping along for miles, stopping now and then, taking little runs as if to amuse itself. No, that was not the train, but only one of those stray locomotives which torment expectant spectators by wandering wildly up and down like spirits of mischief. Before he reached the station, Lady Caroline’s carriage drove past, and she bent forward to smile and wave her hand to John. But this encouraging gesture brought back all his personal doubts: she was going by right of nature. And even Torrance had a right to come, though he had no affection for any of them, nor they for him. Once more John lingered and delayed. He knew very well they would be pleased to see him, and if an extreme desire to see them and welcome them justified his going, then surely he had that right. But the Earl would look politely surprised; and Rintoul, if Rintoul was there, would look broadly at him with that stony British stare which petrifies an intruder. John did not at all like the idea of Rintoul. If there is a natural sense of opposition (as people say) between women who may be considered rival beauties, the sentiment is so natural a one that it is shared by that sex which is so much the nobler; and as a woman sees through a woman’s wiles, so does a man see through the instincts of another man. John

felt that Rintoul would see through him—that he would set up an instant opposition and hostility—that he would let him perceive that where Edith was, a small country squire, a little Scotch laird, had no business to push himself in. Rintoul, when John knew him, had been an innocent little lieutenant—as innocent as a lieutenant could be expected to be; yet he knew very well by instinct that this was what was to be expected from him. And what if he were there to change the character of the group?

John's pace slackened at the thought. From the moment when Lady Caroline's carriage passed him he went slower and slower—still, indeed, turning his face towards the station, but almost hoping that the train would arrive before he did. However, country trains are not of that expeditious character. They do not anticipate the hour, nor the appearance of those who are coming to meet them. When he reached the entrance of the station it was not yet in sight, and he had no further excuse for dallying. But he did not go in. He walked up behind to a spot where he could see without being seen, and there waited, with a sense of humiliation, yet eagerness. It was a very undignified position. If he meant to meet them, he should have done it openly: if he did not intend to do so, he ought to have gone away. But John did neither: he watched them coming with his heart in his mouth; but he did not go forward to greet them when they came. He saw them get out of the carriage one by one. He saw the hurried embrace and greeting of Lady Car to her mother and sister. Then there could not be any doubt about it. Edith gave a searching glance all about, sweeping the highway with her glance both up and down. She was looking for some one. Who was

it? Something of the elation of the morning came back into his mind. For whom was she looking? She even stood for a moment shading her eyes with her hand before she followed her mother to the carriage, to cast another glance round her. Could it be that she was looking for—oh, never mind who she was looking for, John cried to himself, springing over a wall or two, and speeding along by all the turns he could think of, till he reached a point of the road where he turned and came quickly back. He had resolution enough to forego the greeting at that first moment of arrival; but the chance of still seeing them, and thus saving both his pride and his pleasure, seduced him from all higher thoughts of self-abnegation. He walked on slowly, but with his heart beating, and at length heard the roll of the wheels coming towards him, the sound of voices in the air. The family were all together in one carriage, all joyful and beaming in the reunion. Even Lady Car's pale face was lighted with smiles; and Lord Lindores, if he did not take much part in the family talk, did not frown upon it. The coachman drew up of himself as John appeared, and Lady Lindores called to him almost before the carriage stopped. "Late, Mr Erskine, late!" she cried. "Carry told us you were coming to meet us." John was half wounded, half consoled by the accusation; he could not hear himself blamed without an impulse of self-defence. "Indeed I was not late; I saw you arrive; but I thought—you might think—it seemed presumptuous to thrust myself in." "Why, here is chivalry!" said Lady Lindores with a smile, giving him her hand. And then the flutter of conversation was resumed, one voice interrupting another, putting questions to which there was no

answer, and making statements to which nobody paid any attention. John stood and nodded and smiled by the side of the carriage for a minute or two. And then that moving little world of expressive faces, of hasty words, understood *à demi-mot*, of hearts so closely united, yet so different, swept past him again with ringing of the horses' hoofs and jingle of the harness, and lively murmur of the voices. It swept past, and John was left,—why, just as he had been before—just as he knew he would be left,—out of it—altogether out of it! as he knew very well he should be. He walked along the way he had been going, away from his own house, away from anywhere that he could possibly want to go, plodding very silently and solemnly along, as if he had some serious purpose, but meaning nothing—thinking of nothing. What a fool he was! Had he even for a moment expected to be taken away with them, to follow them up to Lindores, to be admitted into all their first talk and confidence? Not he: he had known well enough that his place was outside,—that a roadside greeting, a genial smile, a kindly hand held out, was all the share he could have in the pleasure of the homecoming. Nothing more—what could there be more? He knew all that as well as he knew anything. Why then was he such an idiot as to walk on mile after mile he did not know where, with his head down, and the most deadly seriousness depicted on his countenance? At length he burst into a sudden short laugh, and turning back went home slowly. Never had his house looked so dreary, so secluded, so shut in before. He went in and ate his dinner humbly, without a word (so people say) to throw at a dog. He had been quite

aware that he was to dine alone; he knew exactly the dimensions of the room, the shabby air of the old furniture, the lowness of the roof,—why then should he have been so depressed by all these familiar objects? There was nothing at all to account for it, except that event which had filled him with such delightful anticipations, and brightened earth and heaven to him this morning. They were coming home. They had come home. This, which was enough to change the very temperature, and turn earth into heaven, was now the cause of a depth of moral depression which seemed to cloud the very skies; and this without any unkindness, any offence, anything that he had not fully expected, and been certain would happen. But human nature is very fantastic, and so it was.

"You would hear, sir," said old Rolls, "that my lord and her ladyship, they've come home."

"Oh yes; I have just met them; all very well and very bright," said John, trying to assume an air of satisfaction. What he did succeed in putting on was a look of jaunty and defiant discontent.

"They would naturally be bright coming out of that weary London to their own place," said Rolls, with grave approbation. And then he added, after a pause, "You'll be thinking now, sir, of making some return of a' the ceevilities that's been shown you."

"Making a return!" this was a new idea to John. He looked up at the Mentor who condescended to wait upon him, with alarm and almost awe. "To be sure—you are quite right, Rolls," he said, with humility; "I wonder I did not think of it before. But can we?" John looked round ruefully at his old walls.

"Can we?" cried Rolls in high

disdain. "You neither ken me, nor Bauby, nor yet yourself, to ask such a question. If we can! That can we! If you'll take my advice, ye'll include a' classes, sir. Ye'll have the elders to their denner; and the youngsters, ye'll give a ball to them."

"A ball!" cried John, opening his eyes. The boldness of the suggestion, the determined air with which Rolls faced his master, setting down his foot as one who was ready to face all dangers for the carrying out of a great design, touched the humorous sense in the young man's mind. He laughed, forgetting the previous burden of his desolation. "But how to give a ball, Rolls," he said, "in this small house?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Rolls, gravely. "In the light o' Tinto, maybe it's a small house; but Tinto never was a popular place. Oh ay, there were balls there, when he was a Seeker himsel'—I'm meaning when he was looking out for a wife, before he married her ladyship, poor thing! But this is not a small house if ye consider the other houses, where everything that's lightsome goes on. And it's you that's the Seeker now. You're wanting a leddy yoursel',—that stands to reason."

Here John felt that he ought to be angry, and shut the mouth of so inappropriate a counsellor. But Rolls had no sense of his own inappropriateness. He went on calmly, notwithstanding the laugh and exclamation with which his master interrupted him.

"That's aye an attraction," said the old servant. "I'm not saying, sir, though I think far more of you in a moral point of view—that ye're the equal of Tinto as a worldly question. Na, we must keep a hold of reason. Ye're no' a grand catch like the like o' him. But

ye're far better; ye're a son-in-law any gentleman in the country-side might be proud o'; and any lady, which is far mair important——"

"Come, Rolls, no more of this," cried John. "A joke is a joke; but you know you are going too far."

"Me joking! I'm most serious in earnest, sir, if you'll believe me. I served the house before you were born. I was here when your father brought his wife home. Na, I'm not joking. I'm thinking what's best for my maister and the credit of the house. The hail county will come; and if ye think we're not enough to wait upon them, there's Andrew will put on his blacks; and that sma' groom of yours—I would have likit him bigger—is a smart lad, though he's little. The three of us will do fine. I would recommend a denner, say the Wednesday. I'm fond of the middle of the week, no' too near the Sabbath-day, neither one side nor the other. The denner on Wednesday; and syne on Thursday night the ball. There would be cauld things left that would eke out the supper, and it would all be like one expense. The fiddlers you could have from Dundee, or even Edinburgh. And the eatables—there would be no difficulty about that. We mostly have them within ourselves. Chickens is aye the staple at a supper. And I make bold to say, sir, though she is my sister, that there's no person can tell what Bauby Rolls is capable of till they've seen her try."

"Rolls," cried John, "you're ideas are too magnificent; you take away my breath."

"No' a bit, sir; no' a bit," said Rolls, encouragingly; "if ye'll leave it to me, I'll take all the trouble. We have always said—Bauby and me—that if we were just left to ourselves—You will make out the list, sir, and settle the day, and

send the invitations; and if I might advise, I would say to consult with Miss Barbara, who naturally would come over for the occasion, as being your next friend, and take the place of the mistress; and to send for some of your friends (I would recommend officers for choice) would not be a bad thing; for young men are aye scarce in the country, mair especially at this time of the year. We could put up half-a-dozen," Rolls proceeded, "and trouble nobody; and that would be a great help if they were good dancers, and fine lads—which I make no doubt, sir," he added, with a little inclination of his head, "friends o' yours would be."

This unexpected new idea was of great service to John in the dreariness of the long summer evening. He laughed loud and long, and was infinitely tickled by the gravity of the project in which Rolls saw no laughing matter; but when he strolled listlessly along the Walk

in the long, long, endless light, with no better companion than a cigar, with wistful eyes which sought the clear wistful horizon far away, and thoughts that seemed to fill the whole wide atmosphere with an unreal yet unconquerable sadness, the idea of making this silence gay, and seeing *her* here who had come home, who had changed the world, but not for him; but who yet for him—who could tell?—might still turn earth into heaven,—seized upon him with a curious charm. A ball at Dalrulzian would not be a very magnificent entertainment, nor was there anything very elevated or poetical in the idea. But there are certain conditions of mind and moments of life in which that vague terrestrial paradise which belongs to youth is always very close at hand, and ready to descend by the humblest means, by almost any machinery, out of the skies, making of the commonest territory enchanted ground.

CHAPTER XX.

They were very glad to see him,—very kind to him—impossible to be kinder; ready to enter into all their experiences of town, and to find out who were the people he knew among their friends, and to discuss all their amusements and occupations. Perhaps the fact that there were few people with whom they could discuss these proceedings had something to do with it; for the county in general went little to town, and was jealous and easily offended by the superior privileges of others. But this was a cynical view to take of the friendly effusion of the ladies when John paid them the visit which he thought he had timed religiously, so as neither to be too early, as presuming on the intimacy they had

accorded him, nor too late, as showing any indifference to it. No such calculation was in the cordial greeting he received from Lady Lindores. "You are a great deal too timid, Mr Erskine," she said. "No, it is not a fault for a young man,—but you know what I mean. You would not come to meet us though you were there, and you have let two days pass without coming to see us. Fie! As your aunt Barbara says, you should have more confidence in your friends."

Was it possible to be more encouraging, more delightful than this? and then they plunged into the inevitable personalities which are so offensive to outsiders, but which people with any mutual knowledge of a certain restricted

society are scarcely able to refrain from. "You know the Setons. There have been great changes among them. Two of the girls are married. To whom? Well, I scarcely remember. Yes, to be sure. Sir Percy Faraway married the eldest, and they went off to California on their wedding-trip. And Charley is with his regiment at Cabul. Old Lady Seton, the grandmother—you know that delightful old lady—is——" and so on, and so on. The county people thought, with strong disapproval, that for intelligent people like the Lindores, who gave themselves airs on this score, it was both frivolous and derogatory to talk so much about individuals; but John, who knew the individuals, was not so critical.

"Rintoul has come with us," said Lady Lindores. "He has paused on the way to pay a little visit; but we expect him this evening. He will stay only a very short time; but he is coming back again in August, when the house will be full."

John made a little bow, and no reply. He did not care for the intelligence. Rintoul, he felt instinctively, would be no friend to him. And in the little contrariety produced by this, he, too, brought forth his piece of news. "I heard of one of your visitors—Lord Millefleurs. He was my fag at Eton, and the drollest little fellow. How has he grown up? I have not seen him since the Eton days."

"He is droll still—like a little fat robin-redbreast," said Edith, with a laugh.

Lady Lindores checked her daughter with a look. "He is—odd," she said, "but very original and—entertaining." She had begun in her heart to feel that something was worth sacrificing to the chance of seeing Edith a duchess. "They

say he has been a kind of prodigal—but a very virtuous one,—wandering over the world to see life, as he calls it—a very different thing from what many of you young men call life, Mr Erskine."

John felt nettled, he did not quite know why. "I am glad to know Millefleurs has become so interesting," he said. "The only thing that now gives him interest to me is that I hear Beaufort—you will perhaps recollect Beaufort, Lady Lindores——"

The two ladies started a little, then gave each other a mutually warning look. "Indeed I remember Mr Beaufort very well," said Lady Lindores, shaking her head,—“very well. We have seen him—seen a good deal of him lately. He is perhaps coming here."

"But we hope not," said Edith, under her breath.

"Edith, you must not say anything so unkind."

"Oh, mamma, what is the use of pretending to Mr Erskine? either he knows already, or he will be sure to find it out."

"There is nothing to find out," said Lady Lindores, hastily; and then her countenance melted, and she turned to John, holding out her hand. "You are an old friend—and I am sure you are a true friend, Mr Erskine."

"I am sure I am true," he said.

"Yes, I know it—I know it! Mr Erskine, there was—something between Carry and Mr Beaufort. You guessed it even if you did not know? But afterwards it became impossible. Her father objected—as he had a good right to object. And now you know everything is changed. We women, who take all these things so much to heart—we don't want Mr Beaufort to come here. We think it might be painful. Lord Lindores, who probably has never given the subject another

thought, has invited him to come with Lord Millefleurs. You know he is acting as a sort of—best friend to Lord Millefleurs.”

“I must tell you now on my side that I have heard from Beaufort,” said John. “He wrote to me asking to come to Dalrulzian, if it was decided that he should come North at all. I answered him that I did not think he had better come. Pardon me, there was no betrayal. He did not explain—nor did I explain. I could not; it was a mere—intuition with me. I can scarcely tell even what induced me to do it. I thought he would find everything so different, and get no pleasure out of it. I told him he might come to Dalrulzian whenever he liked; but I think I showed him that it would be better not to do so. So that is all I know of it, Lady Lindores.”

She looked somewhat anxiously in his face. Was that all he knew? Edith, who had been a keen spectator of the latter part of this conversation, shook her head slightly, with a faint incredulous smile; but Lady Lindores saw no reason to doubt him. She answered with a little excitement and agitation. “You were quite right, Mr Erskine—no pleasure, especially to him. He could not but feel the difference, indeed. Thanks for your kind and sensible advice to him. I hope he will take it. Naturally we had a delicacy——” And here she looked again at her daughter, who made no reply. Edith had in some points more insight than her mother, and she had been reading John’s meaning in his looks, while his other listener considered his words only. Edith thought enough had been made of Beaufort. She changed the immediate subject with a laugh, which provoked Lady Lindores.

“Will Lord Millefleurs,” she said, “be permitted, do you think, mother,

to come by himself? Is it safe to allow him to run about by himself? He is a dangerous little person, and one never knows what is the next wild thing he may do.”

“You are speaking very disrespectfully of Lord Millefleurs,” said Lady Lindores, provoked.

“I never intended to be disrespectful,” Edith said. But her mother was really annoyed, and put a summary conclusion to the talk. She was angry because her daughter’s opinions had not changed, as her own, all imperceptibly and within herself, had done. Lady Lindores had gone through a great deal on account of the little Marquis, whom she had persisted so long in thinking a nice boy. Rintoul’s sermons had become almost beyond endurance before they left London, and even her husband had intimated to her that she was treating a very important suitor far too lightly. It is hard for a sympathetic woman to remain uninfluenced, even when she disapproves of them, by the sentiments expressed around her. Millefleurs had become of additional importance in her eyes unconsciously, unwillingly almost, with every word that was said. And when she had no longer his plump little figure before her eyes—when he was left behind, and his amusing personal peculiarities were veiled over by distance—she ceased to have the relief of that laugh which had always hitherto delivered her from too grave a consideration of this subject. The idea of paying court to any man (much less a fat boy!), in order to secure him as a husband for Edith, was revolting to her mind; but worried and troubled as she was on the subject, Lady Lindores fell, first, into the snare of feeling, with relief, that to escape from further persecution of the same kind was an advantage worth a sacrifice; and second, that Mille-

fleurs, if he was fat, was good and true, and that to be a duchess was something when all that could be said was said against it. For, to be sure, the season in town had its influences, and she was more susceptible to the attractions of greatness, wealth, and high title before it than after. Indeed he was not the husband she would have desired for her child; and she wanted—imprudent woman!—no husband at all for her child, who was the chief consolation left to her in the world. Still, if Edith must marry, as Rintoul said—if she must marry to increase the family importance and influence, which was what Lord Lindores had insisted upon in respect to that pitiful sacrifice at Tinto—why then, influence, wealth, greatness, everything, were united in the little person of Millefleurs, who was, besides, a very nice boy, and amused Edith, and would never harm any woman. This was the conclusion to which a thousand harassing lectures and remonstrances had brought her. She had not said a word of the change, which had worked imperceptibly, and chiefly in the long sleepless night of the railway journey, to Edith; and yet, with natural inconsistency, she was vexed and annoyed that Edith should still laugh, as they had so often laughed together, at little Millefleurs. And both Edith and John, though his suspicions were not yet aroused on this subject, felt the keenness of irritation and vexed dissatisfaction in her tone. He withdrew soon after—for even the merest insinuation of a family jar is painful to an outsider—but not before Lord Lindores had come in, with much friendliness, to beg him to come back to dinner, and engage his immediate aid in the scheme which had already brought our young man some trouble. “I want you to meet Rintoul,” said the Earl. “I want

you both to make your appearance at Dunearn next week at the county meeting. I am going to produce those plans I spoke to you about, and I hope to move them to some definite step. We shall have a strong opposition, and the more support I can calculate on the better. Rintoul has no gift of speech; he’ll say his say in his solid, straightforward, positive sort of manner. But the Scotch are proud of good speaking. I don’t know what your gifts may be in that way.”

“Oh, *nil*,” said John.

“If you were a Frenchman, I should take you at your word; but in England there’s no telling. A young man has but one formula. If he is a natural orator, he gives just the same answer as if he can’t put two words together. That is what we call our national modesty. I wish for the moment you were as vain as a Frenchman, Erskine—then I should know the facts of the case. I daresay you speak very well—you have the looks of it; and it will be a great thing for me if you will second and stand by Rintoul. If he muddles his statement—which is quite likely, for the boy is as ignorant as a pig—you must set him right, and laugh a little at the defects of English education: that pleases a Scotch audience.”

“I think,” said Lady Lindores, “that you are putting a great deal upon Mr Erskine.”

“Am I?” said her husband; “but it is in a good cause.”

Perhaps this was too lightly said. John took his leave with a half-mortified, half-humorous consciousness that he was to have about the person of this young nobleman something like the same post enjoyed by Beaufort in respect to Millefleurs, but with neither present emolument nor prospect of promotion. And he felt sure that he

should not like the fellow, John said to himself. Nevertheless seven o'clock (they kept early hours in the country) saw him walking lightly, as no man ever walked to a disagreeable appointment, towards the Castle. Impossible to thread those shrubberies, to cross those lawns, without a rising of the heart. "Doors where my heart was wont to beat." Nowhere else in the world did he hasten with the same step, did he feel the very neighbourhood of the place affect his pulses in the same way. It was the home to which his thoughts went before him, imagining many happinesses which perhaps did not come, but which always might come—which lived there, to be tasted one time or another. This occupation with the affairs of Lindores, with the new-comer, and the Earl's schemes, and so many secondary subjects, prevented him from entering into the questions which had so deeply discouraged him on the night of their return. He did not ask himself what he had to expect, what he had to do with them. He had a great deal to do with them in the meantime, and that by their own desire.

But John's instinct had not been at fault in respect to Rintoul. They met as a gamekeeper and poacher might meet, if persons of these classes had an indifferent meeting-ground in polite society, like their masters. A mutual scrutiny and suspicion were in their eyes. John, the more generous of the two, made up his mind to nothing save an instinctive hostility to the heir of the house, and a conviction that Rintoul would stand in his way, though he scarcely knew how. But Rintoul, on his side, being what his mother called positive and practical in the highest degree, had no hesitation whatever in de-

ciding upon John's meaning and motives. They were each so much preoccupied in this hostile sense with each other, that Lord Lindores's exhortations after dinner, as to the part he expected both to play, were received with small appreciation. Rintoul yawned visibly, and asked his father whether it was in reason to expect a fellow to plunge into business the moment he got home. John's natural desire to say something conciliatory to the father thus contradicted by his son, which is the instinct of every spectator, was strengthened by his opposition to the special son in question; but even he could not cast off his personality enough to embrace an abstract subject at such a moment: and the two young men escaped, by the only mutual impulse they seemed likely to feel, to the ladies, leaving Lord Lindores to take his share of the vexation and disappointment which visit most mortals impartially in their time. The ladies were out upon the lawn, which lay under the windows of the drawing-room, and from which, as from most places in the neighbourhood, a wide expanse of landscape, culminating in the house of Tinto with its red flag, was visible. The house of Tinto was to the Lindores family that culminating point of human care, the one evil that heightens all others, which is almost invariable in family experiences. Here their one prevailing pain, the one trouble that would not allow itself to be forgotten; and sometimes they felt the very sight of the scene to be intolerable. But quiet was in the air of the lingering endless night, so sweet, so unearthly, so long continued, making the hours like days.

"Ah, to be sure, that's Tinto," said Rintoul; "what a fine place it is, to be sure! Carry ought to be

proud of such a place. And how do all the squires and squireens—or the lairds, I suppose I should say, for local colour,—how do they like his red flag? There ought to be plenty of hatred and malice on that score."

"Nobody hates or bears malice to our Carry, that I can hear of," said his mother, with a reproofing glance. Her eye caught that of John, and she blushed almost violently—for was not he the representative of the squires and squireens?

"But Torrance and Carry are one flesh," said Rintoul.

"I ought to speak on the subject, as I am the only representative of the accused," said John, with an attempt at a lighter tone; but it was not very successful, and there was a sense of possible commotion in the air, like the approach of a thunderstorm, which the women were far too sensitive not to feel—and they threw themselves into the breach, as was natural. When John took his leave, as the lingering daylight still lasted, they strolled with him through the shrubberies, accompanying him towards the gate. It was Lady Lindores herself who took the initiative in this, as her son thought, extraordinary condescension. Rintoul followed, keeping his sister walking by his side, with indignant surprise painted all over him. "Do you mean to say you do this every time that fellow is here?" he asked, wrathfully. "We have never been out of doors before when Mr Erskine has gone away," cried Edith, equally angry, in self-defence. Meanwhile the voices of the others, who were in advance, went on peacefully: they talked, unconscious of criticism, while the brother and sister listened. John had begun to tell

Lady Lindores of the entertainments he meant to give. He avowed that they had been planned by Rolls, though his first intention had been to keep this fact to himself; but the humour of it overcame him. He could not refrain from communicating so amusing a circumstance to the kind woman, who never misunderstood, and who received all his confidences with maternal pleasure. He was pleased to hear her laugh, and not displeased to lay open the condition of his household to her, and the humours of the old servants, in whose hands he was still a boy. "It is, don't you think, a judicious despotism on the whole?" he said. The sound of her laugh was delightful in his ears, even though a more sensitive narrator might have thought the laugh to be directed against himself.

"It is a delightful despotism," said Lady Lindores; "and as we shall benefit by it in the present case, I entirely approve of Rolls. But I think, perhaps, if I were you, I would not unfold the whole matter to Miss Barbara. Your aunt is born a great lady, Mr Erskine. She might take it as quite right and within the duty of an old retainer; but again, she might take a different view. For my part, I entirely approve. It is exactly the right thing to do."

"You are always so kind," said John, gratefully; "and perhaps you will advise me in matters that are beyond my prime minister's sphere."

"Rolls and I!" she said, laughing; "it is not often a young man has such a pair of counsellors." Her laugh was so fresh and genuine that it sounded like the laugh of youth. Her children behind her had their curiosity greatly excited: Edith with a little wonder, to

think what John could be saying to amuse her mother so much; Rintoul with high indignation, to see in what favour this country neighbour was held.

"What does my mother mean?" he said, grumbling in Edith's ear. "She will turn that fellow's head. I never knew anything so out of place. One would think, to see you with him, that he was—why, your dearest friend, your,—I don't know what to say."

"Perhaps you had better not say anything, in case it should be something disagreeable," said Edith, with a sudden flush of colour. "Mr Erskine is our nearest neighbour—and I hope my mother, at least, does not want any guidance from you."

"Oh, doesn't she, though!" murmured Rintoul in his moustache. To his own consciousness his mother was the member of his family who stood the most in need of his guidance. He thought her the most imprudent woman he had ever come across, paying no attention to her children's prospects. They went on thus till they came to the gate, where the Countess of Lindores was actually to be seen by the woman at the lodge, or by any passing wayfarer, in her dinner-dress, with nothing but a lace cap on her head—and Edith, in her white robes and shining hair—saying good-bye to this rustic neighbour, this insidious squire! Rintoul could not for some time relieve his soul as he wished. He was compelled to shake hands too, in a surly way; and it was not till Edith had left them that he permitted himself to make, as he said, a few remarks to his mother. She was lingering outside, for it was still daylight though it was night.

"Mother," said Rintoul, solemnly, "I see it's all exactly as I feared.

You have let that fellow Erskine get to be a sort of tame cat about the house."

"After?" said his mother, with a smile.

"After! well, that's as you choose. But of this you may be sure, mother, my father won't stand it. It will only make trouble in the house. He won't let Edith throw herself away. You had better put a stop to it while you are able. I suspected it from the first moment I knew that Erskine was here."

"You are very wise, Rintoul," said his mother, with grieved displeasure, all the pain and disenchantment which she had managed to put aside and forget coming back into her troubled eyes.

"I don't know if I'm very wise; but I know something of the world," said the son, who was so much better instructed than she was; "and I know, when one has charge of a girl, one oughtn't to allow her to throw herself away."

"Carry is supposed not to have thrown herself away," said the indignant mother, with a glance towards that centre of her saddest thoughts, the arrogant front and false battlements of Tinto, faintly gleaming like royal Windsor itself in the mists of distance. This was all in contradiction to the changed state of her mind towards Millefleurs and the gradual leaning towards a great marriage for Edith which had come over her. But we are never more hot in defence of our own side than when we have begun to veer towards the other; and Rintoul's lectures had been for a long time more than his mother could endure.

"No, Carry cannot be said to have thrown herself away," he said thoughtfully, stroking that moustache which looked so young,

while its owner was so wise and politic. "Carry should remember," he said, after a pause, "that she's an individual, but the family comprises many people—heaps of her descendants will be grateful to her, you know. And if the fellow is unbearable, why, a woman has always got it in her own hands to make his life a burden to him. Why is she so absurdly domestic? They have quantities of money, and there are plenty of brutes in society to keep him in countenance. She ought to come to town, and see people, and enjoy herself. What is the good of living like a cabbage here?"

"If you will persuade Carry to emancipate herself a little—to think of herself a little—I will forgive you all your worldly-mindedness," said his mother, with a smile.

"I will try," he said; "and as for my worldly-mindedness, as you call it, how is a fellow to get on in the world, I should like to know? It isn't by money *I'll* ever push my way. I must look out for other ways and means."

"Does that mean an heiress, Rintoul?"

His mother was half laughing, half serious. But there was no laughter in Rintoul's countenance. The corners of his mouth were drawn down. His eyes were as solemn as if the matter in question had been life or death.

"You may be sure I'll do my duty to the family, whether I like it or not," he said, with heroic gravity. "I don't mean to re-

commend other people to do what I'll not do myself."

But Rintoul sighed. He was heroic, indeed, but he was human. A breath of soft recollections came over him. He, too, had entertained other thoughts—he had allowed himself to be beguiled to gentler visions. But when the voice of duty bade, he felt that he had it in him to be superior to all weaknesses. Come an heiress of sufficient pretensions to be worthy of the son of Lindores, and he would buckle his manhood to him, and marry her without wincing. His duty he was at all times ready to do; but yet to the softer part of life, to the dreams of a youth unawakened to such stern purposes of heroism, he might yet be permitted to give a sigh.

John Erskine was the very opposite of this predestined martyr. He felt no weight of family responsibility upon him. All that he wished was—a good wish enough, if it had not been altogether beyond possibility of fulfilment—that the last lord of Lindores had lived to be a patriarch, and had been succeeded by his son in the course of nature. What a difference that would have made to everybody concerned! But our young man did all he could to keep definite plans and hopes out of his mind. He preferred to get the good of each day as it came. If he thought too much of them, he felt a dismal certainty that disappointments would follow. He preferred that his present existence should flow *au jour le jour*.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the news of the approaching festivities at Dalrulzian were known in Dunearn, Miss Barbara

Erskine and her household were flung into a whirlpool of excitement such as had not disturbed

their calm for more years than could be reckoned. There was, of course, no question as to the immediate acceptance by the old lady of her nephew's invitation to her to do the honours of his house. She was very much touched and pleased—with that satisfaction, above all, which is so sweet to a woman—of feeling that John was doing absolutely “the right thing” in placing her, his old aunt, at the head of affairs. It was a compliment to the family, to the old neighbours, as well as to herself. But it is not too much to say that from the scullery to the drawing-room her house was turned upside-down by this great event. Miss Barbara's first thought was, as was natural, that a great many things would be wanted. She went instantly to her “napery” closet,—Agnes, her old maid, attending her with the key,—and brought out stores of shining damask, milk-white and fragrant, every table-cloth with its pile of napkins, like a hen with chickens. “I never inquired into the napery at Dalrulzian,” the old lady said; “but it would be a great temptation to a woman with a sma’ family to take the use of it; and for anything I know, he may be in want of table-linen. Ye’ll pack a boxful, Agnes, whether or no. There’s the great table-cloths with the crown pattern, they are the biggest I have. Ye’ll take them, and table-napkins. You may take ten or twelve dozen. They are always useful.”

“And you’ll take the best silver, mem,” said Janet, for this was in her department. If it had been suggested to them that their best Paisley shawls, on which both Janet and Agnes set great store, would have been useful to cover the faded places on the carpet, these devoted women would have

sacrificed their most cherished possessions. Miss Barbara's old epergnes and table ornaments, which, happily, were older and less solid than the camel and palm-trees at Tinto, were packed into a huge box, with all her available forks and spoons, and sent off in a cart before her to the scene of the entertainment. Then a still more important question arose as to the help that would be required to produce a dinner and a ball-supper worthy of the Erskine name. Miss Barbara put her trust in Janet, who had managed all her own household affairs for a great number of years. “I’ll take ye both with me,” she said to the two women, who made her comfort and credit the occupation of their lives, “and when ye consider what’s at stake, you’ll just put your hand to anything; and ye like a ploy, both of ye, and plenty of young faces about the house.”

“Eh, but I do that,” said Agnes; “and I would not wonder but Mr John’s meaning to take a survey of all the misses, and him a wanter and a bonnie lad into the bargain. We’ll maybe hear who it is to be.”

But Janet demurred. “It’s not to be denied but I would like to go,” she said; “and blithe, blithe would I be to put to my hand, if it was only to boil a pitawtie, and proud to think the auld family, so lang away, was holding up its head again. But then there’s Bauby Rolls, that’s been housekeeper so long, and a good cook and a good woman. She would think we meant to interfere.”

“It would ill become either Bauby or any other person to think me interfering in my nephew’s house,” said Miss Barbara. “Ye’ll just come, Janet. I am saying nothing against Bauby; but she’ll

be out of the way of managing for a pairty."

"There are plenty of pairties in the winter-time," said Janet. "I wouldna stand in other folk's gait. Na, naeboddy would say *you* were interfering, Miss Barbara. Wha has a better right in your ain nephew's house?—but me, it's another question. I couldna gang ben to her kitchen, or look at a single article, but it would be thought I was meddling. What would I think if Bauby Rolls came here on a veesit to help me? I would say I maun be getting doited, though I cannot see it: I maun be losing the use o' my faculties. I judge of her by mysel'. She would think the same of me. But Agnes, you can take her," said the housekeeper, with a fine and delicate contempt. "She has aye her head full of whigmaleries; but she'll stand in nobody's way."

"I'll not ask your leave, Janet, to take my own woman with me," said Miss Barbara, with some annoyance.

"Na, mem, I never thought that," retorted her factotum. "I'm seldom consulted, though maybe it would be none the worse for the family if I were letten say my say. For a ball-supper there's naething better than a fine boned turkey well stuffed and larded," she added, reflectively; "and I'm no' against soup. It's new-fashioned; but there's new-fashioned things that's just as good as the old. One thing I set my face against is thae new drinks—Cup as they call them. They take an awfu' quantity of wine; and in the heat o' the dancing thae young things will just spoil their stomachs, never thinking what they're swallowing. That's my opinion. I'm no' saying I'm ony authority, and Mr Rolls will have a' that in his hands, and will

not lippen to a woman; but that's my opinion. It's an awfu' waste of wine. I would rather give them good honest champagne out of the bottle, that they might see what they are taking, far sooner than that wasteful Cup."

"That's very true, Janet," said Miss Barbara; "I'm of that opinion myself. But in most houses it's the gentleman himself (when there is a gentleman) that manages the cellar; and it would never do for a lady to say anything. But I will mind to tell him (for it's my own opinion), if he consults me."

"And for sweet things, there's nothing like ice-creams, if she can make them," said Janet. "If she were to say, mem, of her own accord, that she has little experience, you might send me a line by the postman, and I would do my best; but no' unless it's of her own accord. Na, na; I ken by mysel'. If a strange woman were to come into my kitchen and meddle with my denner! But tak' you Agnes, Miss Barbara. She might make up a match yet, for a' that's come and gane, with Tammas Rolls."

Miss Barbara appeared accordingly at Dalrulzian the day before the great dinner, in her old coach, with her two best gowns in the imperial, and all her old ornaments, and with Agnes her maid seated primly by her, inside. The chariot was almost as old as Miss Barbara herself, and was kept for great occasions. It was drawn by two somewhat funereal black horses from the Red Lion at Dunearn—altogether a solemn turn-out, and quite unlike the handy little phaeton in which usually the old lady drove about. The postboy took away those noble steeds when he had housed the chariot in the Dalrulzian stables, to which he was to return in four days to take it

back with its mistress. And Miss Barbara bore a grave though cheerful countenance as she walked into the drawing-room, and took her place there on the great tapestry sofa. The box of plate and linen had arrived before her, and she felt that it was necessary at once to look into the details of the proposed entertainment. "Will you send the housekeeper to me," she said to Rolls, with dignity, thinking it beneath the solemnity of the occasion to call Bauby by any less weighty title. Bauby came in with good-natured alacrity; but she was somewhat abashed by the air of gravity on Miss Barbara's face, whom she was not accustomed to see in such state. "Come in, my woman," said the old lady. "It's a great responsibility for you to have the charge of all this. You will like a little assistance with your dinner. I'm well aware that both that and the supper for the ball are in very good hands so far as the provisions go. But your master being young, and without experience, and as there's no lady in the house, I think it my duty to be of service," Miss Barbara said. Bauby stood before her greatly flushed, and laid a number of hems, one over the other, on her apron. "Hoot, mem, we'll just manage fine," she said, growing red. But this did not satisfy the august old lady.

"If you're in want of any help," she said, "there's a woman of mine——"

Rolls, who had been waiting outside the door, came to the rescue. He appeared behind the flushed Bauby. "She's a confused creature," he said, "but she knows her business. We've put it all down, Miss Barbara, in the new-fashioned way. I'm aware that at the Castle and other grand places it's written

in French, but good Scots is good enough for us."

It was no small effort to find and produce from Bauby's pocket the bill of fare of the approaching dinner. But this document took away Miss Barbara's breath. It was some time before she got over it. Instead of the chaos which she half feared, yet half hoped for, as a means of exercising her own gifts on her nephew's behalf, it was an elaborate *menu*, drawn out in full form, that was placed before her eyes. The old lady was struck dumb for a moment, and when she spoke there was a certain awe in her tone. "If you can set a dinner like that on the table," she said, "I have not a word to say."

"Oh, mem, we'll manage fine," said Bauby, in her soft, round, good-humoured voice.

"Miss Barbara," said Rolls, "I'm no braggart; but I've seen a thing or two in my life. And Bauby, she has far more in her than appears. She's just a confused creature in speech; but pit her to her goblets and her sauces, and she kens well what she's about. She has the real spirit of it in her; and when her blood's up for the credit of the family——"

"Eh, mem!" cried Bauby herself, putting her apron to her eyes, for her tears came readily; "do you think I would let them say that Mr John couldna give a denner as good as the best? and he such a fine lad, and wanting a wife, and his mammaw so far away!"

"Never you mind his mammaw," cried Miss Barbara, with natural family feeling; "she was never a great manager. But if you set that dinner on the table, Bauby Rolls, you're a woman worthy of all respect, and I hope my nephew will know when he's well off."

She withdrew to the room prepared

for her after this, a little crestfallen, yet doing due honour to the native powers. "We'll say nothing to Janet," she said to her faithful old maid, as she sat at her toilet. "Janet is an excellent woman, and just the right person for a house like mine. But she has not that invention. Four made dishes, besides all the solids! We'll not say a word to Janet. It would be more than she could bear."

"You see, Miss Barbara, there's two of them to settle it," said Agnes, as she brushed out the old lady's abundant white hair; "and a man is awfu' discriminating about eating and drinking. He may not have sense like a woman, but he has more taste of his mouth."

"There is something in that," said her mistress; "if it's Rolls, John has got a treasure in that man. The Cornel's dinners were always very English, to my way of thinking—but that would be their own fault; or if it's my nephew himself——" she added, doubtfully. What was a great quality in Rolls catering for other people, would have been almost a vice, in the

eyes of this prejudiced old lady, in the young master of the house.

"Mr John!" said Agnes, still more moved,—“a bonnie lad like him! Na, na; it would never be that. It'll be the young misses, and not the dishes, he will be thinking about. And who knows but we may see the one that's his choice? And I wish she may be a lovely young lady for his sake."

"She would need to be something more than that," said Miss Barbara, shaking her head. "A little money would be a great advantage to the estate."

"Eh, but mem, he maun marry for love," said Agnes; "what's siller in comparison? And I think I know Somebody for my pairt——"

"Whisht, Agnes," said her mistress peremptorily; "whatever thought may be in your head, to name it spoils all."

For these two simple women were still of opinion that Providence had created John Erskine's wife for him, and that he could not mistake the guidance of that unerring hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

The ball was in full career; everybody had come to it from all the houses within reach, and the radius was wide—extending over the whole county. It was universally acknowledged that nobody could have imagined the drawing-room at Dalrulzian to be so large—and though the mothers and the old ladies were in a great state of alarm as to the facilities for stepping forth through the long windows after a dance, yet the young people, indifferent to the northern chill which they had been used to all their lives, considered the Walk,

which seemed almost a portion of the room, to be the most delightful of all. Rintoul, though with many protestations and much scorn of the little rustic assembly, had been persuaded to wait for it, and was an object of attraction as great, nay, in some respects greater, than John himself. There were no great young ladies in the company for whom it was worth his while to exert himself, and consequently the young man yielded to the soft flattery of all the pleased and grateful faces around him, and made himself agreeable in general, ending,

however, almost invariably at the side of Nora, to whom it was a pleasing compensation for the indifference of the young master of Dalrulzian, who had been so distinctly destined for her by the country. John was very civil to Nora. He went out of his way, indeed, to be civil. He took her about the house, into the library, and the hall, to show her the alterations he was making, and appealed to her about their propriety in a way which Nora felt might have taken in some girls. But she was not taken in. She knew it was merely politeness, and that John would go away as soon as he had done his duty with a certain sense of relief. But Rintoul's attentions were paid in a very different spirit. He asked her to dance as many times as he could without attracting too much notice. Nora felt that he discriminated this line finely, and was half provoked and half flattered by it, feeling acutely that whereas John Erskine did his best to show her all the civility which his position required, Rintoul went against all the duties of his position to get near her, to talk to her in a corner, to devote to her every moment which he could devote to her without remark. He was very careful, very desirous not to commit himself with society; but to Nora, every tone of his voice, every look committed him. She felt—she was a great deal cleverer than Rintoul, and saw through and through him—that to her he was a totally different person from the young man of fashion, who, with a touch of condescension, did his duty to the other young ladies. She saw him in a different light. He toned his words for her. He changed his very sentiments. She was pleased and amused, and at the same time touched, when (for she was too clever) she noted this

change coming over him in the middle of a sentence, in the figure of a dance, when he suddenly found himself near her. There could not have been a more complete proof of these sentiments which he was as yet afraid to indulge in, which vanquished him against his will. A girl's pride may be roused by the idea that a man struggles against her power over him, and is unwilling to love her; but at the same time there is a wonderful flattery in the consciousness that his unwillingness avails him nothing, and that reason is powerless in comparison with love. Nora with her keen eyes marked how, when the young man left her to dance or to talk with some one else, he kept, as it were, one eye upon her, watching her partners and her behaviour—and how, the moment he was free, he would gyrate round her, with something which (within herself, always laughing, yet not displeased) she compared to the flutterings of a bird beating its wings against the air, resisting yet compelled to approach some centre of fascination. He would have kept away if he could, but he was not able. She was so much occupied in watching these proceedings of his—seeing the humour of them so completely that she was fain to put her head out at the window, or retire into a corner of the hall, to laugh privately to herself—that she lost the thread of much that was said to her, and sadly wounded the feelings of several of the young officers from Dundee. What they said was as a murmur in her ears, while her mind was engaged in the more amusing study—watching the movements of Rintoul.

The Lindores family had come out in force to grace John's entertainment. Even the Earl himself had come, which was so unusual.

He had made up his mind so strenuously as to the support which John was to give to Rintoul's candidature and his own plans, that he thought it necessary to "countenance," as he said, our young man's proceedings in everything personal to himself. And Lord Lindores, like so many people, did not perceive, in his inspection of the horizon, and desire that this thing and that should be done in the distance, the danger which lay under his very eye. No doubt it was natural that his little daughter Edith should be, as it were, the queen of the entertainment. Not only was she one of the prettiest girls in the county, but she was the first in rank, and therefore the most to be thought of; the first to be honoured, if any honours were going. That was simple enough, and cost him no consideration at all. He made another effort to overcome old Sir James Montgomery's prejudiced opposition, and talked on political matters in the doorways with a great deal of liberality and good-humour, taking with perfect serenity the clumsy gibes which his neighbours would launch at innovators, at people with foreign tastes, at would-be philanthropists. He smiled and "never let on," though sometimes the gibes were galling enough. Lady Lindores sat at the head of the room with Lady Car by her, very gracious too, though sometimes yawning a little privately behind her fan. They spoke to the people who came to speak to them, and acknowledged the new-comers who were introduced to them with benignant smiles. But both mother and daughter were somewhat out of their element. Now and then a lively passage of conversation would break out around them, and anon die off, and they would be left

again smiling but silent, giving each other sympathetic glances, and swallowing delicate yawns. "No, I do not dance. You must excuse me," Lady Car said quietly, with that pretty smile which lighted up her pale face like sunshine. She was not pretty—but there could not be a face more full of meaning. Her eyes had some anxiety always in them, but her smile gave to her face something of the character of one whose life was over, to whom it mattered very little what was going to happen, to whom, in short, nothing could happen—to whom Fate had done its worst.

There was a brief pause in the gaiety, and of a sudden, as will sometimes happen, the murmur of talk in all the different groups, the hum of the multitude at its pleasantest and lightest, was suspended. When such a pause occurs it will frequently be filled and taken possession of for the moment by some louder or more persistent scrap of conversation from an individual group, which suddenly seems to become the chief thing in the crowd, listened to by all. Ordinarily it is the most trivial chit-chat, but now and then the ranks will open, as it were, to let something of vital importance, some revelation, some germ of quarrel, some fatal hint or suggestion, be heard. This time it was Torrance, always loud-voiced, whose words suddenly came out in the hearing of the entire company. He happened at the moment to be standing with John Erskine contemplating the assembly in general. Rintoul was close by, lingering for a moment to address a passing civility to the matron whose daughter he had just brought back to her side. Torrance had been in the supper-room, and was charged with champagne. He was not a drunkard, but he habit-

ually took a great deal of wine, the result of which was only to make him a little more himself than usual, touching all his qualities into exaggeration—a little louder, a little more rude, cynical, and domineering. He was surveying the company with his big staring eyes.

"This makes me think," he said, "of the time when I was a wanter, as they say. Take the good of your opportunities, John Erskine. Take your chance, man, while ye have it. When a man's married he's done for; nobody cares a fig for him more. But before he's fixed his choice, the whole world is at his call. Then's the time to be petted and made of—everybody smiling upon you,—instead of sitting with one peevish face on the other side of the fire at home."

He ended this speech with one of his huge rude laughs; and there are a great many such speeches permitted in society, laughed at even by those who are themselves the point of the moral. But Rintoul was in an excited condition of mind; contradictory to all his own tenets; going in his heart against his own code; kicking against the pricks. He turned round sharply with a certain pleasure in finding somebody upon whom to let forth an ill-humour which had been growing in him. "You forgot, Torrance, who I am, when you speak of this peevish face before me."

"You!—troth I forgot your existence altogether," said Torrance, after a pause of astonishment, and a prolonged stare ending in another laugh.

Rintoul flushed a furious red. He was excited by the rising of a love which he meant to get the better of, but which for the moment had got the better of him; and by all the restraints he had

put upon himself, and which public opinion required should be put upon him. He flashed upon his brother-in-law an angry glance, which in its way was like the drawing of a sword.

"You had better," he said, "recall my existence as quickly as you can, Torrance—for it may be necessary to remind you of it very sharply one of these days, from all I hear."

Torrance replied by another loud insulting laugh. "I mind you well enough when I hear you crow, my little cock-o'-the-walk," he said.

The conversation had got thus far during the pause which has been described. But now the whole assembly rushed into talk with a general tremor, the band struck up, the dancers flew off with an energy which was heightened by a little panic. Everybody dislikes a family quarrel: the first beginnings of it may excite curiosity, but at a certain point it alarms the most dauntless gossip. To get out of the way of it, the world in general will take any trouble. Accordingly the ranks closed with the eagerness of fear, to continue the metaphor, and the two belligerents were hidden at once from sight and hearing. Men began to talk in their deepest basses, women in their shrillest trebles, and how it ended nobody knew. There were a great many whispered questions and remarks made afterwards when the crisis was over. "Young Erskine had all the trouble in the world to smooth it over." "One doesn't know what would have happened if old Sir James had not got hold of Lord Rintoul." "Half-a-dozen men got round Pat Torrance. They made believe to question him about some racing—and that quieted him," cried one and another, each into the nearest ear;

and the whole assembly with a thrill watched the family of Lindores in all its movements, and saw significance in every one of these. This was the only *contretemps* that occurred in the whole programme of the festivities at Dalrulzian. It passed out of hearing of Lady Car, who sat the evening out, with that soft patience as of one whose day was over—the little smile, the little concealed yawn, the catch of conversation when any one who could talk drifted by her. Dr Stirling and she discussed Wordsworth for a whole half-hour, which was the only part of the entertainment that withdrew her at all from herself. “And his noble philosophy of sorrow,” she said, “which is the finest of all. The part which he gives it in the world——” “I am not clear in my own mind,” said the Doctor, “that sorrow by itself does good to anybody.” “Stretch a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears,” cried Lady Car with an unfathomable distance in her mild eyes, shaking her head at him and smiling. This was her point of enjoyment. When she thought the hour at which she might withdraw was coming, she sent to her husband to know if he was ready, still quite unaware of his utterance about the peevish face. Poor Lady Car! her face was not peevish. It was somewhat paler than usual, so much as that was possible, as she watched him coming towards her. The more wine he took the less supportable he was. Alarm came into her gentle eyes. “Oh yes, I’m ready,” he said; “I’ve been here long enough,” in a tone which she understood well. She thought it was possibly John who had given him offence, and took leave of her host quickly, holding out her hand

to him in passing with a word. “I must not stop to congratulate you now. I will tell how well it has gone off next time I see you,” she said hastily. But her brother would not be shaken off so easily. He insisted on keeping by her side, and took a tender leave of her only at the carriage-door, walking along with her as though determined to make a demonstration of his brotherly regard. “I shall see you again, Rintoul, before you go?” “No,” he cried; “good-bye, Car. I am not coming to Tinto again.” What did it mean? But as they drove home through the dark, shut up together in that strict enclosure, her husband did not fail to make her acquainted with what had happened. “What’s his business, I should like to know?” Torrance cried. “Of course it’s your complaints, Lady Car. You set yourselves up as martyrs, you whitefaced women. You think it gives you a charm the more; but I’ll charm them that venture to find fault with me,” he cried, with his hot breath, like a strong gale of wine and fury, on her cheek. What disgust was in her breast along with the pain! “There’s no duels now, more’s the pity,” said Torrance: “maybe you think it’s as well for me, and that your brother might have set you free, my lady.” “I have never given you any cause to say so,” she cried from her corner, shrinking from him as far as possible. What a home-going that was! and the atmosphere of wine, and heat, and rude fury, and ruder affection, from which she could not escape, was never to escape all her wretched life. Poor Lady Car! with nothing but a little discussion about Wordsworth or Shelley to stand in place of happiness to her heart.

“I have been quarrelling with

that brother-in-law of mine," Rintoul said to Nora in the next dance, which he ought not to have had, he knew, and she knew, though she had been persuaded to throw off, for him, a lagging partner. He had not said a word about the quarrel to his mother or sister, but to Nora he could not help telling it. He broke even the strained decorum which he had been painfully keeping up for this cause. Already he had danced more than was usual with one partner, but this was too strong for him. He could not resist the temptation.

"Oh, Lord Rintoul!"

"Yes, I have quarrelled with him. To hear how he spoke of Carry was more than I could bear. Now *you* will never betray me; tell me, I daren't ask any one else. Is he supposed to be—Jove! I can't say the word—unkind to poor Car?"

"He is very proud of her—he thinks there is no one like her. I

don't think he means it, Lord Rintoul."

"Means it!—but he is so, because he is a brute, and doesn't know what he is doing."

"They are not—very like each other," said Nora, hesitating; "but everybody must have seen that before."

"Yes, I own it," said Rintoul. "I take shame to myself. Oh that money, that money!" he cried with real passion, giving her hand a cruel unnecessary grip, as he led her back to the dance; "the things that one is obliged to look over, and to wink at, on account of that."

"But no one is forced to consider it at all—to that extent," Nora said.

"To what extent?" Rintoul asked, and then he gave her hand another squeeze, always under cover of the dance. "You are above it—but who is like you?" he said, as he whirled her away into the crowd. This was far indeed for so prudent a young man to go.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

He who writes of Robert Pepperel should have a good pen ; no ordinary goose-quill will suffice. Mr Pepperel was a person of importance, one marked by Nature for responsible position. Nor was he passively content with the stamp of Nature ; he had made his mark in the world besides—though it was not so deep a mark as he felt that he deserved. But if he had less than his deserts, he was not unhappy. He found comfort in a possession, which he called his philosophy ; it warmed him ; he passed it round to others in small but antique cups. “What can’t be cured, must be endured,” he would say with an air of happy inspiration. “Dust goes before the broom,” he would murmur as he followed an official more highly exalted than himself. But more than any other mouthful of sound wisdom did Robert Pepperel love this rich saying—“There is nothing new under the sun.” As Mr Pepperel asserted that there was no new thing beneath the ancient sun, the mighty relics of old Egypt seemed to tremble, and timid pupils of the antique felt the intolerable weight of all the ages ; one remembered the seven wise men of Greece, each with his own peculiar proverb.

Hannah Bellerby glowed with admiration of the dignity and reticence of Robert Pepperel. “The least said, the soonest mended,” he would say ; and she hearing him, would gasp for the sudden expansion of her heart. Mrs Bellerby loved the relics of ancient art ; and she loved Mr Pepperel, but with a Platonic love ; Mr Pepperel was a married man. Hannah approached the ancient statues with enthusiasm, impulsive, red with sacred fire ; and she made mistakes about their several periods. Robert never made

mistakes ; he could tell you in a moment the century and the school. The admiration of Hannah Bellerby was one of the compensations which Robert Pepperel found in his quiet life ; it added warmth to that fine quality which he called his philosophy.

There were other compensations in the life of Robert Pepperel. If Nature, when she marked him as one apart from his fellows, had taken care that the good thing made precious by her sacred sign should not be heavy, Mr Pepperel had more dignity than many bulkier persons. There was dignity in his office too, if it were not so lofty as he deserved. At least he was a guardian of great public treasures. The wand, the symbol of his state, was not a little taller than himself ; it lent a majesty ; it was like a topless billiard-cue ; Gold-sticks and Black-rods were akin to it. Leaning like Corydon on his topless cue, Robert Pepperel felt the full dignity of his important, if modest, position. Then might he patronise that little shrimp of a boy, who stood on a box to draw the mighty muscles of Theseus. Then might he criticise with friendly ease the charcoal efforts of young persons of the other sex. In young persons of the other sex Mr Pepperel felt a tender interest, an interest almost paternal : Mrs Pepperel, engaged in household duties at home, had never known a moment’s uneasiness. “Chiaro-oscuro,” he would say softly to young persons of the other sex ; sometimes he would say nothing, but would bow his head twice or thrice and smile—so slyly. Then he would go apart and meditate ; he approved of meditation ; he had little else to do.

It cannot be denied that Mr Pepperel, in spite of that quality

which he called his philosophy, would have rebelled against his life, had not his office been dignified, if modest. A sense of his own dignity was necessary to Robert Pepperel; he enjoyed it; he owed it to his position of guardian of great public treasures; he knew that he owed this debt to the antique. Among the marble effigies, 'gods and heroes, Greek and Roman, defective and restored, he passed cool and calm as they. He watched the ancient marbles carefully. They were necessary to him. Without them his life would have lacked dignity. As their appointed guardian he was happy. In his inmost soul he was aware that he owed his happiness to the ancient gods and heroes. He moved at ease amid the gods and heroes of the antique world, and thought well of himself.

Wherein, then, lay the fault of Robert Pepperel? Few men are perfect: Robert Pepperel was not perfect; he would have told you so himself. Yet even he perhaps could not have told you what his great fault was. In the innermost centre of his being, Mr Pepperel despised the ancient marbles of which he was the guardian. They gave his life its dignity; in his heart he held them no higher than a set of broken-nosed impostors. He lived a lie. He held his wand like an art critic; he spoke with nice discrimination of periods and of schools; he smiled with delicate appreciation on the copies of young persons of the other sex; he corrected the vehement errors of Hannah Bellerby; he felt himself privileged to despise the efforts of modern artists. Yet in the very core of his heart he regarded the ancient gods and heroes, to whom he owed his dignity, as so many humbugs; and the people who came to stare with admiration on the priceless works of art which

fed the self-respect of their guardian—these people also he regarded as humbugs. Sometimes a young man, who had striven hard to warm himself at the pale fires of college lecture-rooms, would stand and stare before the antique statues, and stimulate his jaded soul by muttering "great," or "Greek," or "power in repose," or "curves"; and then on a sudden would the young man meet the eye of Robert Pepperel, and the Oxonian fit of scepticism would freeze his marrow once more. Sometimes an old man, who had grown wellnigh blind with peering into draperies and following chisel-marks, pressing his long nose against the cold stone, would feel a dangerous draught at play on the back of his lean neck: it was the cold contempt of Robert Pepperel which made the old man shiver. Yes, the life of Robert Pepperel was an acted fib. All which made it valuable to him—his dignity in the eyes of man, and of young persons of the other sex, the veneration of Hannah Bellerby, the repose of the art critic, the daily exercise of that quality which he called his philosophy, the topless billiard-cue—all these good things did Robert owe to the ancient gods and heroes. Every day and all day long did he pretend to look on the ancient gods and heroes with a calm respect, though with most delicate discrimination; every day and all day long did he in his secret soul condemn the ancient gods and heroes as a chance lot of broken-nosed impostors. This was the fault of Robert Pepperel.

On one fair morning—one of those first spring mornings which might wake to life the coldest of marble—Mr Pepperel, in neat apparel, wended his way to the scene of his daily meditation. Clear light lay on the solid front of the great Museum—clear light from end to end; and the great columns threw on the wall behind them shadows

definite and black, as if they stood in Attic air. Officials met each other pleasantly; some winged jests greeted the advent of Mr Pepperel; he received his wand with a light heart. The long stone passages within were filled with liquid light, slanting by columns, mellowing the mighty limbs of gods and heroes, who in the deepest depth of his mysterious being were despised by Robert Pepperel. Not even Robert Pepperel himself knew the depth of his unbelief in the ancient gods and heroes. Only his eye sometimes betrayed more than he knew; and even his eye was intelligible to very few persons. On that fair morning the mysterious eye traversed the spacious courts, and saw them larger in the wide veiling light. They were filled with a soft morning radiance, as if it were the dawn of the world. Students were already busy. Mrs Bellerby was hurrying with a young female student; she was pointing wildly to the wonders of the sculptor's chisel. Though she was short and stout, she was enthusiastic; she cared not though her bonnet was on one side and was somewhat shapeless also; she cared not though her face was flushed, for it was flushed with nothing stronger than enthusiasm. Hannah Bellerby raised herself on the toes of her spring-sided boots, that she might the better point out the subtleties of the workman's work. It was the nose of a Roman bust which warmed the heart of Hannah Bellerby on that morning. What expression in the end! How the nostrils differed from each other, and yet were one by the great law of harmony—one bridge between two hemispheres—a world-wide conception. Hannah held in her hand a little pink catalogue; with it she tried to cover the marble mouth, that the female student might give all her mind to the

nose: she raised herself on her dumpy toes; her fingers trembled; the little pink catalogue fluttered about the expressive nose of the ancient Roman. Robert Pepperel, beholding the living group, smiled with kindness, but from the depth of his being welled his deep scorn of the ancient Greeks and Romans, of their gods and heroes, of their busts, of their harmonious noses. With full knowledge of his wisdom and of his dignity, he turned away to that little boy, who, with eyes narrowed by staring at heroic muscles, stood on a box that day to draw the Woodland Faun; and the little boy was made happy by the benignant smile of Robert Pepperel. "Go on in virtue, little boy," he seemed to say; "screw up your eyes to see rightly the strong sinews of that marble leg. If your own leg be somewhat lean and your own eye somewhat dim, stare and stare with all your might, and hold the pencil firmly in your squirrel hand. Go on in virtue, little boy, under the benignant eye of the guardian of those treasures of ancient art, which it is your high privilege to draw: go on in virtue, little boy, under the benignant eye of Robert Pepperel." Such words as these did Mr Pepperel seem to say; and in his heart he despised the occupation of that little boy. And so the morning wore away, and the long courts and corridors were full of tempered light, and an air of peace prevailed. About the luncheon-hour it seemed to Robert Pepperel that the place was strangely empty; he did not remember that he had ever known it so empty: but still that quality, which he loved to call his philosophy, came to his aid, and he noted the strange vacancy with a smile. Slowly he moved among the silent marble folk; and so he came and stood by the straight feet of a gigantic Egyptian, who sat and

stared straight forward, happy in the possession of the oldest secret in the world. There, leaning alone upon his topless billiard-cue, Robert Pepperel was moved to look upward at the Egyptian eyes; and the Egyptian eyes looked down on Robert with a moody humour. The ancient creature did not move, but there was a moody humour in his eyes. The courts and corridors were silent; they stretched away, made larger in the larger light. Robert Pepperel looked at the Egyptian; and the Egyptian looked at Robert Pepperel.

Then, from the far end of a long, cool court, came the faint sound of music. It seemed as if Pan himself were near, with his goat-feet hidden in the reeds; or a young shepherd played upon the double rustic pipe to lambs in spring. But these were not lambs, which from the distance came treading the smooth marble, noiseless on strong soft feet—came slow and inevitable, with rich dappled skins and stealthy eyes. Slowly they came, and had such leisure that one of them paused to smooth her cheek against the rounded column; and liking this, she drew her whole lissom length along it to the end of her long, stiffened, flexile tail. Slowly they came; and Robert Pepperel was aware of a strange satire in their stealthy eyes. But he could not look long at these; for behind them, in the far end of the long corridor, was a faint blue light, like smoke in the early air, but clearer and softer, almost incredible. And as he looked at this, he saw dim forms of beauty; and the forms drew nearer, coming from afar. There was a man bowed beneath a basket full of grapes; and the grapes seemed ready to burst abundant from the loose withies; and two of his fellows were with him. A girl came dancing, coming forward and leaning backward—

beautiful as the pausing wave; and her throat was upturned, and her long hair fell almost to the back of her knees, and the light flickering gown rippled backward from the dancing feet. Then, quietly walking, with no one near, with the fawn-skin on his shoulder, and for a girdle vine-tendrils with their glossy leaves, came Dionysus; and the brown hue of his body was beautiful as the rosiness of Aphrodite; and his eyes seemed bright with mischief in the eyes of Robert Pepperel. Motionless before the feet of Robert Pepperel sat the twin panthers, with satire in their stealthy eyes; but the bearers of the grape passed him by, and the eyes of the dancing-girl looked ever upward and away. Only the ancient god, the young Dionysus, coming slowly, with great space of illumined air about him, stood still between the twin panthers, with mischief in his eyes. Then a strange double consciousness of himself possessed Robert Pepperel, guardian of national treasures. He felt himself alive in every nerve; and he felt himself to be turning into stone. He seemed to be more alive than he had ever been before; and yet he thought that he was changing to still marble, while all the ancient gods and heroes, whom in his inmost heart he had despised, were growing to a full abundant life. It was a strange twofold consciousness, such as he had not known since that noteworthy night on which he had dined with other gentlemen critical of art, and had been involved at a later hour in his only quarrel with his excellent wife. Fresh in the memory of Robert Pepperel was his dinner with other gentlemen critical of art, and his quarrel with his worthy wife; and now once more did a strange double consciousness possess him wholly. The antique

gods and heroes glowed with life more and more, as if some white transparent vase of Hellas were filled with ruddy wine; and their appointed guardian felt himself freezing to marble, but slowly, slowly; and all the while he was very much alive too. It was a strange experience. Then two Fauns came leaping with a cry; and the sinews of their legs were tight as fiddle-strings; and when they were close to the shoulders of Dionysus, they stood still; and they looked at Robert Pepperel with wild curious eyes. "Shall we card him?" asked one of the Fauns; and Dionysus laughed; and the twin panthers smiled.

Then the antique god of the grape-vine stretched forth his hand lazily, and took from the fingers of Robert Pepperel his symbol of high office, the topless billiard-cue; and in a moment the quick vine curled about it, the bright leaves clustered at the end, it was topless no more. And Dionysus waved it slowly, and slowly from his lips fell the soft speech, like drops of wine from a thin-necked bottle. "Honour to Robert Pepperel!" he said; "honour to him who is so high, that he can look down on the ancient gods and heroes!" And the Fauns bent their curly heads, and the panthers crouched at the feet of Robert Pepperel. Cold were the feet of Robert Pepperel, at which the twin panthers crouched. "He shall be laden with our choicest gifts," said the god Dionysus; and he turned his eyes to the great Vase, which the bearer of the grape-basket with his two fellows had lifted from its pedestal and placed upon the marble floor; and the vase seemed to grow greater in the eyes of Robert Pepperel, a great fair bath well rounded and polished. And Robert Pepperel looked on the fair vase; and the god Dionysus looked on it, and

looking on it he leaned backward lazily, and put back an arm with grace incredible, and laid it around the shoulders of a Faun; and then he looked again at Robert Pepperel. And the grape-bearer and his fellows took the guardian of national treasures, and they laid him in the fair marble bath; and they poured grapes upon him; and the grapes fell in a flood, and were crushed, and their scent was as the scent of wine. "I am an abstainer," cried Robert Pepperel—"a total abstainer—almost total—almostotal—almoshtole,"—and he could say no more for the weight of ripe bruised grapes upon his lips. Then he wondered if they would tread the grapes, if presently he should feel the white foot of the dancing girl upon his mouth. But now there was the murmur of low laughter in the court, and down the corridor came a new riot, and the click of little hoofs upon the marble. Perhaps it was the sound of baby satyrs who capered; perhaps it was the pacing of the serious ass that bore old Silenus, propped at ease by a laughing Bacchante. Onward came old Silenus riding on his patient ass; and Robert Pepperel raised his head from the grapes and peeped above the edge of his bath; and the face of Silenus was like the face of Hannah Bellerby. "What a position to be found in by a lady!" was the thought of Robert Pepperel. The face of old Silenus was in the eyes of Robert Pepperel like the face of Mrs Bellerby; and the face of the pensive ass—but I have never approved of a narrator thrusting his own personality on the notice of his readers. "Bobby," said the patient ass with a manner not entirely free from sententiousness, "not want of taste is crime; but a false appreciation simulated for self-exaltation—that is a grave fault. Humbug is always bad form," said the pensive ass.

THE ERSKINES AND THEIR KINSFOLK.

ONE of the most profitable pleasures to be derived from the study of family history is the means it affords of marking and contrasting different shades and distinctions of what is virtually the same character. When we compare two strangers, however similar their dispositions, their talents, their circumstances, and their careers may appear to have been, — when we penetrate below the surface, we generally find that their natures in reality possess few points of identity. Among the members of a family, on the other hand, differently as each of them may present himself to the world, we almost always discover some essential characteristics common to all, whence the special features that mark the individuals branch off. Even where diversity is so strong as to excite special attention, a careful mental analysis will go a long way in reducing, if not explaining away, divergences: we see that the eccentricity of one brother is only a *nuance* of the practical habits of another; that the extravagance of James has identically the same root as the penuriousness of John.

It is not with any intention of justifying this apparent paradox that we rise from a perusal of the volume which has suggested it. And yet the three persons who are the central figures in it present a strong temptation to apply the theory. Probably no three brothers ever stood forth to the world in more different lights than did David Stewart Erskine, twelfth Earl of Buchan, and his brothers

Henry and Thomas. While the abilities of the younger, each of its own kind, were of the highest character, their *frère ami* has been handed down to us as the “silliest and vainest of busybodies” — a judgment which his contemporaries were dull enough to endorse. There was, we must admit, considerable temptation for a hasty generation to make Lord Buchan a foil to the fame of his younger brothers; and his lordship not unfrequently himself provoked the contrast, as when boasting one day of the talents of his family, the witty Duchess of Gordon asked him whether the wit had not come by the mother, and been all settled on the younger branches?

The Erskine pedigree, as set forth by Colonel Fergusson, is rich in strong character, marked individuality, eccentricity that often approached to genius, and in genius itself of a very high order. Between “Jock o’ the Selates,” as Colonel Fergusson calls him, or “John o’ Snytes,” as he has been otherwise less fastidiously designated, the friend and schoolfellow of James VI. of Scotland, and his shrewd not over-scrupulous Countess, Marie of Lenox, by whom the strains of the Stewarts, Dorias, Viscontis, Della Scalas, Rohans, and Bourbons were brought into the Erskine house, and David, 10th Earl of Buchan, and Agnes Steuart of Goodtrees, the father and mother of the family whose history is told in this volume, we meet not a few names that are well known, and others which we are

The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland. With Notices of certain of his Kinsfolk and of his Time. Compiled from Family Papers, and other sources of Information. By Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Fergusson, late of the Staff of Her Majesty’s Indian Army. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1882.

glad to see rescued from oblivion. "Jock o' the Sclates" himself is a far more reputable ancestor than his highly descended countess, who seems to have had her share of the ambition and intrigue that were characteristic of the Lenox family; and in one now forgotten family scandal, he showed himself capable of thwarting Lady Marie, and of sacrificing the feelings and interests of his house to the preservation of his honour as a guardian. Notwithstanding the personal attractions of the Countess Marie—whose picture, as etched by her descendant, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, is well known—her character is more strong than amiable. Sharpe himself frankly declares that her good qualities were not proportioned to her rank. "She basked all her life in the beams of royalty with a pension from the Crown, and yet cultivated the Kirk, and hounded out her whelps to bark and bite in favour of the Solemn League and Covenant." The fortunes as well as the political bent of the Buchan family came, however, rather from Lady Mar than from her Lord. The Earl had a son by a previous marriage. Her compact made with the King at the time when she accepted the Earl, has often been told with much exaggerated humour. Struck by the charms of the young beauty, whose French graces and coquetry had proved too much for his mature judgment, "John o' Snytes" took to bed in despair, and received a visit of condolence from the King, who found him, as the story runs, bedewing his couch from both eyes and nose. "Be my saul, Jock," said the good-natured King, "ye shanne dee for ony lass in a' the land;" and he pleaded his friend's cause with Marie so effectively, that, on a royal promise having been given that the children of the marriage should be placed on an equal

rank with the Earl's eldest son, she agreed to make "Jock" happy.

Colonel Fergusson tells another legend of this marriage, which, though not so well known, is not less characteristic of the age:—

"A family tradition exists to the effect that the Earl of Mar, though he was as active as his master in the suppression of the black arts, had at this time listened to the professions of an Italian necromancer, from whom he had received a limning of a lady which should show the features of his future wife. Mar thought he observed these lineaments in the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Lenox. His grief and anxiety at the failure of his suit were intensified by an ill-omened accident of appalling significance. On first getting sight of his destined bride, he had despatched a messenger in hot haste from Stirling to Alloa Tower to bring the picture the Italian had given him, that a comparison might be made. But the awkward varlet dropped it in the mud, and in attempting to clean the besmeared countenance rubbed it out. Hence those tears; but all was well in the end."

The Countess Marie's eldest son became Earl of Buchan, having married Marie Douglas the heiress of that ancient dignity; the last case, if we except the Loudon peerage, where the right of the husband of a peeress to enjoy his wife's title was recognised as absolute in Scotland. The next son became Lord Cardross, and it is his line we have to follow.

Regarding the nature of the Cardross peerage, we have heard a story which will bear repetition here. The barony of Cardross was granted to the Earl of Mar, our friend "Jock o' the Sclates," "his heirs-male and assigns." He settled the barony on Henry, his third son, in fulfilment of his compact with the Countess Marie. Nearly two centuries afterwards, the Earl of Buchan, who was also Lord Cardross, misled by the powers which he fancied he possessed under the original grant,

one night, after a convivial dinner, gravely "assigned" the Cardross peerage to one of his favourites; and an instrument was there and then drawn up and subscribed to that effect. "But with the morrow cool repentance came." The Earl was distressed at the injury he had inflicted on himself and his family, and was inexpressibly relieved to find that the new peer of his own creation was prepared to treat the matter as a joke, and divest himself of the dignity.

Probably through the influence of the Countess, of which Kirkpatrick Sharpe complains as above, the Cardross family chiefly made alliances among the Covenanting gentry, which were not without influence upon the future principles of its members. The second Lord Cardross, who lived during the great civil war, showed royalist tendencies; but in the General Assembly of 1638, he, as Row tells us, "with many tears confessed that he had too long dallied with God and his awin conscience (these were his very words) and craved as a rich favour, to be admitted to subscribe the Covenant. This occasioned many in the Assembly to shed tears for joy." He married a daughter of Sir Thomas Hope, the great Covenanting lawyer; and their son, the third Lord Cardross, and his wife, a daughter of the loyalist house of Stewart of Strathbrock, came naturally under the hostility of the Malignants after the Restoration had changed the position of parties. Fines and confiscations fell thick upon the Cardross property, which appears before the Revolution to have been reduced to a state of great dilapidation; and though Lord Cardross had been among the Scotch exiles who had taken refuge with the Prince of Orange, and had exerted himself on his return for securing the succession in Scotland of William and

Mary, he does not appear to have received any adequate compensation for his losses and sufferings.

The line of the Erskines Earls of Buchan having failed, that peerage devolved on this nobleman's successor; and that of Cardross now became the second title of the family. It does not appear, however, from Colonel Fergusson's volume, that the Buchan title brought with it any addition of property. Through Lord Buchan's Countess, Frances Fairfax, the Erskines became connected with the philosopher of the 'Religio Medici,' Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich, who was her maternal grandfather. It would be fanciful to found a hypothesis upon resemblances that could be pointed out between the characteristics of the three Erskines who are the central figures in the book, and such ideas of Sir Thomas Browne as we are able to gather from his works, else we might suggest that the quaint egotism of Earl David, the imagination and humour of Henry, and the enthusiasm of Lord Erskine, came from this English cross on the Scotch blood, and were survivals of the Norwich Knight. Countess Frances was, however, a woman of spirit and talent; and her letters to her husband, whom she addresses as "dearest life," and "pretty creature," relieve pleasantly the grave and edifying epistles which other of the Erskine ladies indite. Of Earl David her husband, Colonel Fergusson commemorates little; but it is interesting to remember, in connection with the attitude afterwards taken up by his grandson, that though a staunch Whig and a supporter of the Protestant succession, he opposed the Union, and protested against the change in the hereditary right of Scotch peers to sit in Parliament to an elective one.

The next Earl of Buchan, who succeeded in 1745, brought into

the family a wife even more remarkable than the Countess Frances—but, we are inclined to think, of a very different type of character. Agnes Steuart of Goodtrees was the daughter of a well-known Whig lawyer and law officer of the Crown, and the granddaughter of a still more notable one who played a leading part in the Revolution in Scotland. The character of Sir James Steuart has been glorified by the one party in the same degree as it is maligned by the other; and it is very difficult to wipe aside the dust of prejudice and political calumny so as to get an independent view of it. Of the sincerity of his zeal for liberty of conscience and for the Presbyterian religion, there can be no question. His courage in his convictions, as manifested by the bold part he took in defending Argyle and in opposition to the Crown, is equally unchallengeable; but on the other hand, we are driven to the conclusion that, like Stair and not a few of the leaders of the same party, he set aside principle when dealing with politics, and also by juggling with his conscience, subordinated his conduct to self-interest and expediency. Lord Macaulay has accepted the Cavalier view of Sir James Steuart's character; and with all deduction for partisan malice, we must continue to believe that he had given his countrymen reason for bestowing on him the *sobriquet* of "Jamie Wylie."

Agnes Steuart, the daughter of this revolutionary worthy, who became Lady Buchan, brought none of these doubtful elements in her ancestral character with her to the Erskine family. As the mother of Henry Erskine, she naturally engages a large share of his biographer's attention; and the picture presented to us is that of a very noble and perfect woman.

"Her ladyship had the name, in

her family, of a notable manager; and to the useful qualities of 'a careful house-mother' were added others of a higher sort. All that is recorded of Lady Buchan shows her to have been a woman of extraordinary intellect, which had been cultivated to a high degree of excellence. She had even studied mathematics under the famous Colin Maclaurin, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton—a rare achievement at that period, and one, the advantage of which she felt in the teaching of her boys, which she is said to have herself undertaken till they were of an age to require more systematic instruction. To such accomplishments were added an elegant taste, with 'brilliant imagination,' almost genius, and above all, an eminent and earnest piety. Such is the description of Agnes Steuart, left by her eldest son, and amply corroborated by others who may be supposed to have been less partial in their estimate. Verily, Agnes Steuart was a crown to her husband, more to be valued than the double coronet he had inherited."

Of this lady's husband Henry Erskine's biographer does not say much. We receive the impression of a worthy but somewhat colourless character, affectionate in his domestic relations, mindful of his position as a peer of Scotland, but lacking withal the vigour and originality which we expect to find in a descendant of Marie Steuart or Frances Fairfax. His grandson describes him as "a zealously religious man, strong in his anti-Roman convictions, though he inclined in a quiet way towards the Stewarts." Of this Jacobitical tendency a legend is current, of which Colonel Fergusson now gives us the family version. The common report, which has generally been received as authentic, is that, in 1745, while Prince Charles held court at Holyrood, Lord Buchan wished to be introduced to him, although without any intention of proffering his services. His brother-in-law, Sir James Steuart of Coltness, who, during his travels abroad, had come

under the influence of Charles's fascination, and who, though not in arms, was numbered among the Jacobite partisans, proposed to the Earl that they should appoint a rendezvous with Lord Elcho, then in the Chevalier's army, and be carried to Holyrood ostensibly as prisoners of war. Lord Elcho seized the Earl and Sir James at the Cross of Edinburgh and conducted them to the Palace; but the Chevalier refused to receive them on such a pretext, and they were at once dismissed. Here is the family tradition as related by Colonel Fergusson:—

“Sir James Steuart of Coltness, who had previously given his adherence to the Pretender (though that he had done so was afterwards denied), urged his brother-in-law to pay his respects to the Prince, which Lord Buchan, fearful of committing himself, refused to do. Sir James then proposed that the Prince should meet the Earl of Buchan, as if by accident, at the Cross of Edinburgh, where he might be carried off, apparently by force, down the High Street to the Palace, to all which Lord Buchan was understood to have agreed; but Charles Edward, when he heard of Sir James's undignified proposal, at once declined to receive the Earl in such a manner. The Earl of Buchan's adhesion, he said, must be open and avowed to be acceptable; but his lordship, like a wise man, refused to risk his fortunes to a cause in which he could but half sympathise.”

The prospects of the Buchan family had not mended with the more settled times that followed the accession of the House of Hanover; and even the estate of Cardross had to be parted with in 1745. At this time we find the Earl living in Gray's Close, in the High Street of Edinburgh—a place which, though squalid enough now, was then not looked upon as an unsuitable locality for a nobleman's lodging. Here the young Erskines appear to have been born,—Henry on Nov. 1st 1746, and Thomas, the

future Lord Chancellor, in 1749. From Edinburgh the Earl and his wife removed to St Andrews, in 1760, for the sake of educating the boys. Of the family housekeeping in that town, Colonel Fergusson affords us the following quaint glimpse:—

“Lady Buchan had a housekeeper who regulated all outgoings very rigidly, and called forth the indignation of the boys by often telling them, when some dainty dish was set upon the table, ‘Noo, boys, ye're no' to tak' ony o' yon; I've just sent it up for lo'e o' my lord.’ This frugality on the part of the old housekeeper was probably the cause of the following effusion from the pen of Thomas Erskine—the first specimen extant, it is believed, of those ‘Threadpaper Rhymes’ for which the Lord Chancellor enjoyed a certain amount of fame:

‘Papa is going to London,
And what will we get then, oh!
But sautless kail, and an old cow's tail,
And half the leg of a hen, oh!’

“Lord Buchan seems to have entertained the idea, not uncommon in that age, of the use of the disagreeable, as a salutary discipline for young people. Whatever was disagreeable must be right. Without doubt, some notion of the mortification of the flesh lurked at the bottom of the theory. At all events, ‘the children disliked veal, so *veal* was ordered every day as part of their dinner, for a long while.’”

The most noteworthy instructor whom the Erskines had at St Andrews was Wilkie, the professor of natural philosophy, dubbed by the partiality of his countrymen the Scotch Homer, because his epic in nine books, the ‘*Epigoniad*,’ was supposed to have overshadowed the ‘*Iliad*’ as far as, some years later, in the national estimation, John Home's ‘*Douglas*’ cast ‘*Hamlet*’ and “Wullie” Shakespeare under an eclipse. The ‘*Epigoniad*’ now happily exists only among the rarities of the book-collector, and serves at best but to recall recollections of the eccentricities of its

author. His abhorrence of clean sheets was so great that he made permission to be allowed to pull them off his bed an essential condition of his accepting any invitation; and he followed the slovenly regimen of the Stoics with fanatic strictness. To amuse the Erskine boys who were suffering from scarlet fever, he one day illustrated the movement of the earth on its axis, "by twisting himself round on one leg of his chair; the chair slipped, the earth was precipitated under the bed, where its sudden arrival occasioned excessive disturbance, and the lecture closed amid roars of laughter." The professor's absence of mind, as well as the early perception of humour displayed by Henry Erskine, is thus amusingly illustrated:—

"Henry Erskine used to relate, that on one occasion Wilkie met in the street one of his former pupils. 'I was sorry, my dear boy,' he said, 'to hear you have had the fever in your family. Was it you or your brother who died of it?' 'It was me, sir,' was the reply. 'Ah, dear me, I thought so! Very sorry for it—very sorry for it.'"

From a letter of Thomas to Lord Cardross, written at this time, we learn that "in the time of the vacation Harry and me writes themes and reads Livy and French;" while for accomplishments the future Lord Chancellor in his "second month at the dancing-school" has "learned *shantrews* and the single *hornpipe*, and am just now learning the *double hornpipe*." With the labours of Professor Wilkie, thus supplemented by the dancing-master, the Erskines would leave St Andrews well-educated and polished young lads; and they at all events laid in a substratum of learning that sufficed to bear more than the average weight of culture common among the higher classes of their generation.

We turn away from the young Erskines quitting St Andrews to prepare themselves for the active duties of life;—Lord Cardross to seek a commission in the Guards—but he will have to be content with an ensigncy in a marching regiment, as the Buchan family are not in favour with Lord Bute; Thomas to go to sea in the Royal Navy; and Henry to prepare himself at college for the Bar;—to get a glance at some of their kinsfolk, who form such interesting side groups in this volume, that attention is sometimes concentrated on them more than on the central figures. We have already mentioned Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Lady Buchan's brother, who, having forsaken the Whig principles of his family, is now wandering about the Continent as a proscribed Jacobite. Since 1745 he has visited several of the German Courts, has made the friendship of Lady Mary Wortley Montague at Venice, and has been imprisoned by France in the duchy of Luxemburg on account of his natural sympathies with the British arms during the war. He has solaced his exile by literary studies, and is one of the little group of philosophers who are at the time working independently of each other, reducing to a scientific system the principles of political economy. His wife, Lady Frances, a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, has shared his banishment; but his sisters, Mrs Calderwood of Polton and Elizabeth Steuart, the "Aunt Betty" of the Erskine family, have both been abroad endeavouring to cheer their brother. The letters of both these ladies convey the idea of very remarkable women—strong-minded, clear-headed, and frank-spoken. Mrs Calderwood is less of a Puritan than her unmarried sister, who is deeply versed in theology, and seems to have constructed a sort

of eclectic belief for herself. She is described by her sister-in-law, Lady Frances, as a "heavenly-minded" but very "plain-spoken" woman; and while duly observant of the forms of religion, she had, we gather from Colonel Fergusson, sufficient mental resources within herself to ward off the tedium of the long sermons of the day.

"From her seat in the 'loft' of Camnethan Church, aunt Betty would observe the 'swirl of hair' upon the heads of many of the males of the congregation. This would suggest 'the turns' of the underlying brain, . . . and the accompanying diversity of thought in each case. In all this she would find a sermon more effective than that delivered from the pulpit, although with the drawling intonation, technically called the 'drant,' peculiar to the discourses of that period, and without which none were accounted genuine."

She was an authoress too, in her way, and her narrative of 'Four Conferences between the Ghost of Mr Maxwell of Cool and the Rev. Mr Ogilvie, minister of Innerwick, with Remarks and Illustrations,' was published in 1808, somewhat reluctantly after her death, by her nephew, Sir James Steuart Denham. "Cool" was the conscientious ghost of a Dumfriesshire laird who returned after his death to repair certain wrongs done in the body, by some of which his reverend interlocutor had himself been a sufferer. We may remark, *en passant*, that Dumfriesshire ghosts in that age seem to have been peculiarly sensitive—*teste* the case of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, who could not "lie quiet in his grave until he had righted his poor bond-tenant;" and it is not improbable that Sir Walter Scott had 'Cool's Ghost' in mind when he wrote Wandering Willie's tale. In Cool's apparition, Miss Steuart,

like many of her contemporaries, was a devout believer, and the ghost's frank revelations regarding the future state were matters that suggested very serious reflections. But with all her eccentric speculation and plainness of speech, Elizabeth Steuart was the kindest of maiden aunts, and the idol of a large circle of younger relatives.

The vigour and originality of mind which the mother of the Erskines unquestionably possessed in common with the other members of the Coltness circle, was probably somewhat restrained by the staid and orderly regimen of the Buchan family, and found vent in the diligent exercise of household and maternal virtues. The character of Lady Buchan stands forth most clearly in connection with the evangelical movement, which Whitefield's eloquence and Lady Huntingdon's energy had brought into great prominence by the time that Lord and Lady Buchan went to reside in England. With all her fervour, "the Elect Lady Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," as Whitefield designates her, was quite alive to the advantages of attracting to the "Connection" persons of rank and position, and the Buchans were evidently an acquisition to be prized. Colonel Fergusson quotes a description from Whitefield of the obsequies of the Earl in which piety and pageantry, escutcheons and hymns, the sacrament and cards of admission, are mingled together in a godly-worldly fashion, that is made all the more ludicrous by the precision and earnestness of the narrator. The Huntingdon "Connection" was pleased to claim the Buchans as converts; but, as Colonel Fergusson points out, before their removal to England they were excellent God-fearing people—and be-

tween the liberal Presbyterianism of the day, and the evangelicalism of Whitefield, the difference was but one of degrees. The young Earl naturally became a chief care of the "Connection," and Lady Huntingdon surrounded him with evangelicals, such as Fletcher, Venn, Berridge, and afterwards Wesley; but even at that age Earl David was not likely to throw himself zealously into any movement where the chief parts were already filled up. His sister, Lady Anne Erskine, however, identified her life with the Huntingdon movement, became the chief friend and assistant of the "elect lady," and after her death took the place in the "Connection" which the Countess had so long filled. A woman of a strong practical mind, of a more masculine temperament perhaps than any of her brothers, and with her full share of the energy and perseverance of the Coltness family, Lady Anne stands forth as one of the most strongly limned figures in the group of Erskines.

"Her plain common-sense, which was unquestionably a gift inherited from her Scotch ancestry, seems to have characterised all her dealings, and many of her sayings. Thus, though she was never a preacher, she would sometimes say, quietly, 'We ought to run the race that is set before us. Every man and woman has a particular *race*. I have known great confusion in congregations because the manager will run the race of the minister, and the minister that of the manager.' A woman one day called on her ladyship and observed that such a one ought to act differently in her family. 'That is not your *race*,' said Lady Anne; 'you run your *race* in your family, and leave her to run her *race* in hers.'"

From the specimens presented to us of this female bishop's letters, we may conclude that she had inherited the talent for "plain speak-

ing" that characterised her aunts, Miss Steuart and Mrs Calderwood. Writing to the former she tells how she had been down to "poor Goring, which is a place so noted for wickedness that I am told it was a common saying in Berkshire that 'there was but a sheet of brown paper between Goring and hell.' . . . I like to beat the devil on his own ground, and through storms enough the Lord has given me the victory, and I have been down to the opening of the chapel there, which is just finished." But with all her austerity there was a lighter chord in Lady Anne's nature; and she can turn away from this conflict with Satan, which was to her a realistic enough struggle, to write to her aunt in a strain that is charmingly playful and tender.

To return to the three young Erskines—David, before his father's death, had served for a short time in a line regiment, and, through the influence of Lord Chatham, had been nominated secretary to the British embassy at Madrid. The punctilious character of the Earl, which increased as he grew older, led him to decline the appointment, on the ground that his chief, Sir James Gray, was of inferior rank to himself. The Earl's refusal was discussed in the Society of the day as a "hard case;" and Dr Johnson delivered himself of the opinion, as safe as it was oracular, that "in point of interest, the young lord did wrong, but in point of dignity, he did well." Colonel Fergusson, on the authority of a contemporary letter, suggests that it was the state of his father's health that prevented Lord Cardross from going to Spain; but the Earl's temperament makes the other story sufficiently credible. Lord Buchan, however, never showed any aptitude for either military or diplomatic employment, and speed-

ily drifted into the career that was most congenial to him—that of a *dilettante*, in which capacity he devoted himself to the antiquities, the literature, the art, and the general advancement of his native country. Unfortunately, the Earl's egotism and fussiness did not allow him to do as much justice to himself as to his pursuits, and interfered with the recognition that would otherwise have been accorded to his efforts. Could he only have forgotten or have kept in the background the fact that he was Earl of Buchan, as well as David Steuart Erskine, he would have been regarded as a national benefactor—not second even to Sir John Sinclair. The fame of his two brothers, coupled with his own weakness, has prevented justice from being done to Earl David; and even Colonel Fergusson, though he must have had ample material for forming an independent opinion, thinks it necessary to speak rather apologetically of him. Sir Walter Scott, who knew the Earl well, and who was a very shrewd and penetrating judge of character, thought him a naturally abler man than either of his two brothers. With the many crotchets and hobbies to which Earl David devoted himself, there were mixed up many far-seeing practical schemes of public utility; and in his own way he was an enlightened and discriminating patron of struggling merit. We are rather surprised that Colonel Fergusson has not mentioned the encouragement that the Earl extended to the efforts of the Foulises, the printers of Glasgow, who were then producing books, which for beauty of typography and accuracy of text, have never been matched in Scotland. The Foulises had started an art academy in Glasgow, where the Earl, when a young man, took lessons, and attained consider-

able skill as an etcher. But the work which was of most enduring benefit, was the establishment of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, which, after a century of valuable and laborious exertions, is still prosecuting its researches with unabated vigour. The idea originated entirely with Lord Buchan, and it was due to his persistence that the Society was enabled to tide over the furious opposition which the jealousy of the Edinburgh University, and of the Faculty of Advocates, stirred up against the new body. His vindication of freedom of election in the packed meetings which then returned the representative peers for Scotland ought not to be forgotten, any more than his spirited resolution to take upon himself as a personal quarrel any attempt at ministerial dictation. His patronage of men of genius was, if pompous, kindly, and frequently of great service to them. He made himself ridiculous, although he was happily unconscious of it, by his annual coronation of the bust of Thomson at Ednam; but he was withal generous in his recognition of genius. It is strange that a man in whom his contemporaries could only see an egotist of the deepest grain should have been impervious to personal flattery.

“One might think that with an intensely vain man like Lord Buchan, nothing would have gone down so well as flattery,—but not so; there was with him a just middle line, which might not be overstepped. This fact had hardly been sufficiently realised by Robert Burns. More than one letter of the poet's to Lord Buchan has been preserved, written in his own strong rugged style, but withal a little obsequious. That dated 3d February 1787, in which the poet personifies ‘Wisdom’ as dwelling with ‘Prudence,’ has repeatedly been printed. In this letter he likewise gives a couplet, meant to be only complimentary,

but which the Earl thought too strong. While the letter—the original of which is in the British Museum—has often been cited, the Earl's quaint endorsement on it, I believe, never has been noticed. This is his only comment on the contents: 'Swift says, "Praise is like ambergris; a little is odorous—much stinks."'"

We are inclined to think that the Earl's vanity was founded less upon himself personally than upon the claims which he assumed his title and family gave him to the respect of his contemporaries. Only on this hypothesis does much that is otherwise inexplicable in the Earl's character become intelligible. Colonel Fergusson cites a most amusing instance of the exaggerated importance which the Earl attached to his public censure. The then youthful Dagon of Whig idolatry, the 'Edinburgh Review,' published in October 1808 an article on Don Pedro Cevallos's account of the French usurpations in Spain, the unpatriotic tone of which alarmed even those Whigs who had been diligently lending their countenance to Buonaparte as a means of embarrassing the Tory ministry. This article was the work of Brougham; and though Jeffrey had endeavoured to take the sting out of the more offensive passages, it raised a tempest little less violent than that excited by the Chaldee Manuscript nearly ten years afterwards.

"It is recorded that Lord Buchan, at his abode in Castle Street, with the utmost solemnity, after having directed his servant to open the door and to take the number of the 'Review' containing the offensive article, and—in technical phrase—*tee* it in the innermost part of the lobby, personally *kicked* the book out of his house to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden under foot of man and beast. He never doubted that this performance would be the death-blow to the entire work."

We have heard that Jeffrey in person happened to be passing when the "blue and yellow" like stone from a catapult was hurled out at his feet; but the conjuncture is probably too apt to be true. With all Lord Buchan's peculiarities, his character secured genuine respect in the highest circles in the land. He corresponded with George III., and presumed on "my consanguinity to your Majesty, and my being an antient Peer of your Majesty's Realm," to counsel the king not to accept the Great Seal from his brother Thomas, the chancellor. Probably Lord Buchan's frankness made him a favourite with a royal family that has always known how to value honesty of expression, for both the Princess Mary and the Duke of Kent wrote to the Earl in terms of warm and cordial friendship.

In taking leave of Lord Buchan it is with regret that we do not meet with him more frequently in Colonel Fergusson's volume. To us he seems to possess the most striking character of the three brothers—a character strong and original even in its foibles. Lockhart has drawn a powerful picture of him in his old age, which brings him before us better than any of the many representations of him which have been handed down on canvas.

"His lordship came into the room with quick and hurried step, which one would not have expected from the venerable appearance of his white hairs—the finest white hairs, by the way, I ever saw, and curling in ringlets—all down his shoulders. I could easily trace a strong family resemblance to his brother, although the Earl has much the advantage, in so far as mere beauty of lineament is concerned. I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and I think it is no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him. . . . The features are all perfect, but the greatest beauty is in the clear blue

eyes, which are chased in his head, in a way that might teach something to the best sculptor in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in these fine features, although, indeed, they are very far from conveying anything like the same ideas of power and penetration which fall from the over-hanging shaggy eyebrows of his brother [Lord Erskine].”

Of Thomas, the Lord Chancellor, our conclusions from the materials which Colonel Fergusson puts before us must be mainly corroborative of the not very genial estimate formed by Lord Campbell. He is the least amiable character of the three brothers. With much of the brilliancy and ready wit of Henry, he wanted solidity, and, it is to be feared, the family integrity. His fondness for theatrical display, which proved so serviceable to him in addressing juries, but which prevented him from making a high mark in Parliament, early manifested itself. When an ensign in the Royals, after he had given up his prospects in the navy, he preached a sermon to the soldiers which has still been preserved,—an eccentricity for which, judging from the sermon itself, we are not inclined to assign any higher motive than desire for notoriety. There are many points of contiguity between the characters of Erskine and Brougham, but the former wooed, while the latter compelled, popularity. Erskine was one of the earliest members of the “Friends of the People,” and identified himself both politically and professionally with the extreme section of the reformers of the day, more, we are disposed to think, with a view of impressing upon the Whigs the necessity of securing his support, than that he had discarded the aristocratic sentiments of the Erskine family. In his case, as in so many similar ones, office proved an efficacious means of

conversion. The brilliant part of Thomas Erskine’s career was passed at the Bar, and neither on the Bench nor in Parliament does he figure to great advantage. In the political combinations of the day his appearances are even less satisfactory. He must share with other Whig advisers of the Prince of Wales the responsibility for the unfilial position which the heir to the Crown took up towards his father. When his short tenure of the Great Seal came to an end with the dissolution of the “All the Talents” Ministry, Thomas Erskine was practically left a disappointed man; and in the neglect which both he and his brother experienced from the Prince Regent, we can discern a not unjust retribution for the encouragement which their party had afforded to his unnatural conduct. Colonel Fergusson mentions that Lord Erskine had in his possession a handsome topaz seal, which had been left uncut at the desire of the Prince, the donor of it, in order that the Earl’s coronet, which he had intended to confer on him, might be engraven on the stone; and Lord Erskine himself wrote mournfully, in after-days: “There seems literally to be a spell upon our family, arising, however, from our continuing after the death of Fox to be connected with men who assume the name of a political party, but by their folly have ruined . . . country along with themselves.” The real cause of the neglect was, however, that they had once been numbered among “the Prince’s friends.”

Although we have to complain that Henry Erskine is made too often to retire into the background, yet his life supplies the solid interest of Colonel Fergusson’s volume. A life of Henry Erskine was greatly needed. No member of the Scottish Bar or public man of his day was better known or more generally

quoted ; but he has had to pay the not unfrequent penalty of popularity in having the brilliant side of his character preserved, while his more solid virtues have fallen into oblivion. The mention of Henry Erskine too often suggests the idea of the chartered jester of the Scottish Bar, and is the prelude to a number of good sayings, which with more or less justice have been fathered upon him. No doubt Henry Erskine was a professed wit ; and his sallies had all the more effect that they were of a different nature from the somewhat coarse humour which was favoured at the time both by Bench and Bar. Epigram and repartee had little place in the dry caustic wit of the Parliament House ; and Henry Erskine's smart sayings, which were probably modelled upon the school of Sheridan, had a novelty which must have been sometimes not a little perplexing. There is more to be said, than is at first apparent, on behalf of the old Judge who, after revolving in his mind one of Henry Erskine's "good things," would exclaim some four-and-twenty hours after, when he had at last caught the point, "I hae ye noo, Hairry, man ! I hae ye noo !" Only the possession of talents of the highest order would have enabled Erskine to found a great legal reputation concurrently with his fame as a humorist. The more sedate spirits of the Parliament House must have looked upon him as having hay on his horn. In his earlier days he was the *enfant terrible* of the Bar, and deported himself in a way that would scarcely have been tolerated in Westminster Hall.

"It was his special delight to tease Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, who was Principal Clerk of Session, and Sheriff of Dumbartonshire, and one of the oddest characters of the time. On one occasion, when Henry Erskine was in Court during the advising of an

important case, he amused himself by making faces at Sir James as he sat at the clerk's table beneath the judges. The victim was naturally much annoyed by this procedure, but bore it as long as he could. At last he could stand it no longer, and disturbed the gravity of the Court by rising and exclaiming—

"My lord—my lord—I wish you would speak to Harry ; he's aye makin' faces at me."

"Harry, however, was looking graver than the judges. Quiet was restored, and the advising went on, when Sir James, happening to cast his eyes towards the Bar, was met by a new grimace from his tormentor, and once more convulsed Bench, Bar, and audience by roaring out in his rage—"See, there, my lord ! he's at it again."

Compared with the brilliant forensic successes of Thomas Erskine, the career of Henry at the Scotch Bar was tame and prosaic. We gather from Colonel Fergusson that it was due to Erskine's influence that a more modern style of eloquence was introduced into the Parliament House ; that the elocution, "which savoured not a little of the unction of Donald Cargill or George Whitefield," was supplanted by an easier and more lively style of oratory. His readiness and wit equipped him for every emergency, even when he was at a loss for law ; and his greatest successes owed fully as much to his own natural resources as to his technical abilities. But while his own talents marked him out for professional advancement, he owed much to the politics of his family. There were few Whigs at the Bar in Erskine's time possessed of either ability or position ; and as Whig geese in Edinburgh have always been swans, Erskine was looked upon as a phoenix. He became the legal champion as well as the idol of the party ; he it was who was always brought forward to "bell the cat" with the Dundases ; and

when a trial of strength was to be made, Erskine was always placed in the forefront of the battle. He had this advantage, that his amiable and genial disposition made him a prime favourite with Tories as well as with his own side. In spite of the rivalry and opposition to the Dundases, which his position entailed on him, his personal relations with them were of the most amiable and cordial character. With Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, Henry Erskine was brought into constant contention, but the correspondence that passed between them is couched in terms of the highest friendship and respect. Erskine's character indeed seems to have been incapable of exciting any enmity that lasted longer than the contest which had excited it. It was his personal qualities that secured his election as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, in spite of the strength of the Tory party at the Bar. Very few men have proved better fitted for that important office. While fully alive to maintaining the dignity of the Scottish Bar, he successfully exerted himself to divest it of the exclusive character of a close corporation. In the case of Mr Wright, a self-made man of the lower classes, to whom the Faculty of Advocates was disposed to refuse admission, Erskine fought the battle of the applicant with much good sense and generosity.

"The real cause of the opposition seems to have been the humble origin of Mr Wright; and it is recorded that the Hon. Henry Erskine bantered these high-minded gentlemen to such an extent that they were at last glad to yield, as the readiest means of escape from the droll satire that was directed against their exclusiveness. During one of these discussions, Mr Erskine, after attentively listening to the views of the opposition, remarked, — 'Well, well, they say I am the son

of the *Earl of Buchan*—and you [pointing to —] are the *son* of the *Laird of —*;' and thus, going over the whole *opposition* in a strain of inimitable and biting sarcasm, he wound up the enumeration in his usual forcible manner—'Therefore no thanks to us for being here; because the learning we have got has been hammered into our brains!—whereas all Mr Wright's has been acquired by himself; therefore he has more merit than us all. However, if any of you can put a question to Mr Wright that he cannot answer, I will hold that to be a good objection; but otherwise it would be disgraceful to our character as Scotsmen were such an act of exclusion recorded in the books of this society. Were he the son of a beggar—did his talents entitle him—he has a right to the highest distinction in the land.'

There was probably no advocate of his day who inspired so much confidence in the minds of suitors as Henry Erskine did. His championship of the popular side in politics and his *bonhomie*, not less than his usual legal success, made him courted of writers and clients; and had he been playing at the "guinea table" like his brother, instead of the "shilling" one, he must have laid the foundation of a very large fortune. His career at the Bar did not, however, lead to the rewards that he might have been supposed to count upon. He was unfortunate in his politics and in his political connections. His two terms of the office of Lord Advocate were both of the briefest; and it cannot be said that he showed more aptitude for statesmanship than his brother the Lord Chancellor evinced. He is one of the many examples of a good legal career marred by political ambition; and had he preferred the Scottish Bench to the House of Commons, there is little doubt but that Colonel Fergusson would have had a more cheerful picture of the latter years of his life to present us

with. When his hopes of public life were over, he retired to his estate of Ammondell, and solaced himself with the innocent recreations which only a mind so cultured could have found pleasure in; but the obvious neglect which had befallen him, and the sight of honours and high office conferred upon younger and less capable men, were bitter drops in the cup. The promises which had been made to him in the hours when he could be of use to his party were never redeemed. Even the peerage which he was to have got was never conferred. It is doubtful, however, if any honours would have sweetened the memory of the eulogium of the poor man whom a judicious adviser endeavoured to dissuade from entering on litigation by representing his inability to afford the expenses: "Ye dinna ken what ye're sayin', maister; there's no' a puir man in a' Scotland need to want a friend nor fear an enemy sae lang as Harry Erskine lives." This is Henry Erskine's best epitaph.

Colonel Fergusson illustrates at great length the social side of Henry Erskine's character, without which it would be impossible for us to form more than a half estimate of it. No man in his day was more sought after or held in higher esteem in the society of the Scotch capital, on which provincialism had not as yet set its seal. It was the era of clubs in Edinburgh. Not the solemn conventional institutions of our own day, but of convivial assemblies, who met together to eat, drink, and talk in all the *abandon* of jovial freedom from restraint. The famous "Poker" club was then in its glory, numbering among its members the best and most distinguished gentlemen in Edinburgh, and of course Erskine was one of its prominent frequenters. He, moreover, belonged to less select

institutions, where "high-jinks," such as we read of in 'Guy Mannering,' were still engaged in. There was a simplicity in the life and manners of even the higher classes in the old town of Edinburgh in those days that is refreshing to read of:—

"When the day's work was done, and he wended his way to George Square, it was his custom, as well as that of many of the lawyers residing in that elegant quarter, to call at the house of a certain Mrs Flockhart in the Potterrow, and there refresh with one solitary glass of brandy, as much out of civility to the hostess as aught else—it would seem. That is to say, there were all the formalities of hospitality gone through, and the refreshment coming directly and specially from Luckie Flockhart's own bottle, it was not, of course, paid for, at all events at the time,—this would have broken the charm of the entertainment. Periodically, however, these regular guests would come to an understanding perfectly satisfactory to the genial hostess of the establishment, which, within the space of fifteen feet of superficial measurement, combined shop, dwelling-house, and hotel."

A pretty complete collection of Henry Erskine's verses have been gathered together in the present volume. Though of little poetical merit in themselves, they serve well to illustrate Erskine's taste and culture, his love for the classics, and the literary tendencies which he shared with his two brothers. One of these, the 'Emigrant,' written to attract attention to the depopulation of the Highlands, had considerable success, and served to enhance the author's reputation for patriotism. Some of his classical translations, if too florid even for the taste of his own age, are not without fire and spirit. These sensations of his leisure hours suffice to assure us that Henry Erskine was a man of great mental resources, and that culti-

vated retirement was even more congenial to his natural disposition than the wrangling of the Bar or the often dubious mazes of political intrigue.

The family group is very fittingly closed with a brief notice of Henry Erskine's son, who succeeded to the Buchan peerage on the death of Earl David, and who is described by his father as "a hero of romance," and by Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who was not much addicted to flattery, as "a very captivating young man, with much of the family quickness, more of its singularity, and of an appearance wonderfully superior to the common run of rustics in this untitled, lawyer-ridden, and deserted city." The neighbourhood of Ammondell is still full of pleasant stories and memories of the twelfth Lord Buchan. We may mention one of these as a pendant to the many excellent stories of which Colonel Fergusson's book is full. Lord Buchan had a favourite gamekeeper, Thomas by name, who, like his master, was a character in his way, and who, unlike his master, disturbed the regular hours of Ammondell by coming home at late hours considerably the worse, or as he himself fondly imagined, the better for liquor. The Earl frequently remonstrated with Thomas

about the late hours to which his potations extended, and promised him a bottle of ale if he made his appearance at a proper time of the evening. Thomas agreed, and the compact was carried out for some time; but one night the usual hour of retiring arrived, and there was no Thomas. The Earl took the bottle of ale which had been kept in readiness, tied it to the door-handle, with a label attached to the neck of the bottle, on which was written, "A sermon for Thomas." Thomas drank the ale, reflected, reversed the label, and wrote on the blank side—

"Yer lordship's sermon to yer servant's
verra kind,
But whisky reddes the ravell'd thochts
and clears the mind."

It is with difficulty that we part from a volume so full of anecdote, so rich in illustration. A family picture so complete and elaborate as that which Colonel Fergusson has set before us is seldom to be met with in the literature of our time. He has been fortunate in his subject, for few families are so rich in talent, originality, and eccentricity as were the Erskines; and the laborious devotion with which he has executed his task could scarcely have fallen short of the success which he has attained.

NOTTINGHAM LACE: ITS HISTORY AND MANUFACTURE.

To say that the fine and delicate machine-made fabric which falls in soft folds before our windows, or forms the graceful cloud-like charm of a ball-dress, owes its origin to the useful but unbeautiful stocking, may at first sight seem as absurd as an attempt to trace the descent of a humming-bird from a frog; but that hosiery is the parent of lace is nevertheless perfectly true. It was by the many varied modifications of the stocking-frame that machine-made lace was first produced. Probably its earliest form was that of a figured lace-web,—no doubt produced by an attempt at open weaving,—which was made on a Nottingham hosiery-frame by a certain Robert Frost in 1769; just at the period when the rapid introduction of countless modifications and improvements in stocking-machines was inciting Nottingham to new discoveries which should prove profitable to their authors.

The idea of manufacturing a machine-made imitation of the costly and beautiful article known as hand-made or cushion lace (formed by a tedious process involving great waste of time and labour), had occurred to more than one thoughtful mind. Else, Harvey, Hammond, Lindley, Frost, and several others, had been for many years exerting great pains and ingenuity in the attempt to modify and add to the stocking-frame in such wise as to combine the manufacture of lace and net with that of the fancy hosiery, which was then occupying universal attention. To their efforts is undoubtedly due the first beginning of a trade whose productions and effects are now known all over the civilised world, and even in many of the still barbarous portions of the globe; but their chief suc-

cess only amounted to the production of looped articles of considerable merit and good quality, and it was not until much later the twisted meshes were finally introduced and perfected. During the latter portion of the eighteenth century, the additional attention of a large number of mechanics was directed to the invention of a process by which these twisted meshes, without which no machine-made lace could satisfactorily imitate the bone or pillow lace, could be properly constructed. Very many changes and improvements took place in the frames, and a large book might be filled with an account of these, and of their inventors. Mr Felkin, in his valuable work on the subject, endeavours to give a clear and impartial list of the names of those to whom is due the credit of these various improvements in the manufacture of lace; but the task is a difficult one, as it is almost impossible to assign to many alterations their real originator, owing to the fact that many of the mechanics worked out their plans together, and that a change of any sort was instantly adopted and claimed by a large number of persons.

Hammond, popularly believed to be the inventor of bobbin-net, has no real claim to the honour. His net, though very saleable, possessed no single characteristic of the bobbin net. He is said to have taken his first idea from the huge border of his wife's cap, which met his absent and desponding gaze on an occasion when they had together been refused entertainment at a public-house on account of their lack of money. Hammond, inspired by a desire to gain enough silver for the purchase of his coveted beer, went home and applied him-

self eagerly to the production of what he called "Valenciennes lace," though it bore no resemblance to that article; and it may interest promoters of the temperance movement to learn that it sold well and quickly, and enabled him to satisfy the end for which he invented it; indeed he spent in drink most of the money it brought him, and by this means probably shortened his days.

The great aim of the inventors of this period was to imitate by machinery the equal sides of the cushion-lace mesh, and upon this subject much ingenuity was expended. A mechanician, whose name has not come down to posterity, discovered a method of imitating the open-work in pillow-lace, by removing some stitches, so as to form holes, which were soon after surrounded by fine embroidery. Thus began lace-running, which has given employment ever since to thousands of women and girls. Warp-net, about 1820, became also ornamented, but this was effected by the improved process of ornamenting the net while in course of manufacture; and spotted, figured, and bullet-hole nets now came generally into notice, being rendered fashionable by Queen Adelaide, who appeared in public attired in a dress of white silk Nottingham-net. The Court eagerly followed the fashion, and thus the demand for warp-net became so great that the manufacture was much benefited and increased, until 1835, when the adaptation of bobbin-net machinery to the production of a far superior kind of ornamented net led to a heavy fall in the warp-net trade.

The warp-frame was first introduced to public notice about the year 1775, and was of great importance, from its plan of forming the looped stitches upon warp-threads. This invention, like most

of those in the lace trade, has been claimed by more than one mechanic. One of the claimants was a Dutchman named Vandyke, in whose honour the name of "Vandyke warps" has been conferred upon a certain style of striped silk hose, made upon the warp-machine; but there is little doubt that the real inventor was a man named Crane, who, however, greatly complicated the business by selling his discovery, which was afterwards stolen from the buyer, and thus shared by all three persons. The warp-frame, in addition to other advantages, possessed large facilities for producing the much-desired open-work; and the many improvements which have since been made in the machinery, have endowed it with a wonderful versatility of production. It now manufactures both the heaviest and finest goods, and is equally valuable in making the most delicate articles of web-like lace, or the cheapest and coarsest exports for South America and Africa.

In 1810, a certain John Moore of Croydon invented a machine for forming a Mechlin mesh, by plating some of the threads. The process was too slow and laborious to be remunerative, and the lace thus manufactured was so exceedingly expensive as to be but little improvement in that respect upon the pillow-made article—a piece of plain net only forty inches wide being sold for five guineas a yard. This machine has long since disappeared, and with it its production, which, though one of the most perfect and beautiful articles of its kind, and the most complete imitation ever yet made of pillow-work in its mesh, was far too costly to obtain a general market, though it was at first employed as ground-work for Brussels lace; but its place has for many years been supplied by fine net of three-twist meshes.

Cotton was now rapidly taking the place of linen thread in pillow-lace making, in spite of the general prejudice against its introduction ; but its far superior advantages in the matters of elasticity and cheapness overruled the popular objections to its use ; and in time the Buckinghamshire, Honiton, and Northamptonshire lace-workers adopted it to the almost entire exclusion of its more elegant rival. The growth of lace-manufacture in Nottingham led to a demand for new and improved kinds of spun yarns ; and a rapid improvement in this branch of manufacture was an immediate result, giving employment in 1831 to 9638 persons, of whom a large proportion were at work in Nottingham or its neighbourhood. The untiring attempts to invent a machine which would produce twisted and traversed meshes in net were still most active. To understand the eagerness with which the pursuit of this discovery was carried on, it must be remembered that until this object could be effected the mesh was neither durable nor secure, and its utility was seriously imperilled. Until a safe firm mesh, similar to that formed upon a lace-pillow, could be produced by machinery, the imitation of cushion-lace by that made in the frames could never be really a success ; so it is hardly a matter of wonder that this valuable secret was almost as earnestly sought after by mechanicians as if it had been the philosopher's stone. Nearly twenty artisans spent the better part of their lives in this search, in spite of the incredulous scorn with which their efforts were watched by the unsympathising public ; and several of the number fell victims to their zeal for knowledge and enlightenment—two dying from disease of the brain, brought on by overwork, and many others wasting their lives in that desolation of disappoint-

ment, discouragement, and long-deferred hope, which seems to be the inevitable portion bestowed by this world upon those of its children who have really its benefit at heart, and strive to the utmost of their ability to further any advancement, whether of art, literature, or science, which will tend to the advantage of mankind.

This great discovery, which had baffled so many a skilled mechanician, was at last mastered by a certain John Heathcoat of Duffield, near Derby, who in 1808, at the early age of twenty-four, constructed a frame for making "bobbin-net," and so achieved what for years had seemed an impossible feat. His first machine was soon followed by another, more complete and elaborate, having been finished and perfected with wonderful care and accuracy, and being, perhaps, one of the most complex and ingenious inventions of modern times.

One of the chief causes of the high price of pillow-lace is the great waste of time and labour involved in the process of making. Any one who has watched a Honiton lace-worker will have been struck with the disproportion between the swiftness with which the hands of a practised worker "shift" her bobbins, and the tedious slowness with which the smallest result is achieved. The reason is obvious ; each plat, cross, or twist involves a distinct movement of the hands, and a consequent waste of time. To effect the completion of an entire row or breadth of lace by one concerted movement, was the aim of machine lace-makers, and this object was achieved for the first time by John Heathcoat's first patent of 1808, which, though only in use till the introduction, in the following year, of its more finished and improved successor, has still the honour of being acknowledged as the original bobbin-net frame.

The lace manufactured upon it was limited to the width of about three inches—the usual extreme breadth of cushion-lace; and when wider lace was required, these strips of lace were stitched together by means of a needle and thread. Heathcoat's patent of 1809 obviated this difficulty by an improvement in the machinery, by which lace of greater width was produced, thus presenting an advantage which could not fail to strike the most partial observer. His own account of the invention of these two ingenious machines, the introduction of which mark an era in the manufacture of lace, may perhaps interest those who have not already met with it, as given in Felkin's work on 'Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace':—

“When I was a boy at Long Whatton, in Leicestershire, with my mother, a girl used to come in to see her, whose cousin had been employed at the factory of one Dawson, in London, whom she described as having made a fortune by making lace upon machinery. On one of these calls this girl turned round to me and said, jocularly, ‘Why can't you do so too, John?’ This fixed my attention so much, that although it occurred forty years ago, it returns to my recollection even now. I do not mean to attach too much importance to this incident, yet no doubt it had an influence in the direction of my thoughts and energies at a future period of life. Point net was then made, and the lace trade excited some interest. About the time I grew up towards manhood, warp piece-goods (not lace) were also beginning to be made. I worked for my bread, and I tried to invent. I did so by finding out a different mode of carrying the thread in the warp machine, to what was in ordinary use—viz., passing the thread over the needles on which the loops had been formed immediately above the threads, and also over the next needle, so as to form a kind of lace. But I soon learnt that this had been discovered before, though I had then no know-

ledge of it. The first warp machines were making ‘Berlin,’ and the person with whom I then worked altered one to make ‘mitts’ of a lacy appearance, and approaching the lace fabric. A man about this time made four and six course warp. For a time it was supposed by many that the difference between pillow and machine lace was solely in the material used; but everybody soon knew that they were unlike in some other respects, and it was ascertained that the texture was different. I set to work to inform myself in what the peculiarity in the texture of pillow-lace consisted, and for this purpose obtained a sight of the process of making it. A pretty heap of chaotic materials I found it!—like peas in a frying-pan dancing about. After watching the progress of the work-women, and minutely examining the lace, I found much difficulty from the circumstance that a thread which had been carried for a time lengthwise, sometimes became a traversing one, and *vice versa*. It was impossible, under the natural supposition that this was a part of the system, and not, as it really was, an irregularity, for me at first to trace the course of the threads so as to understand their ordinary and regular progress. At length I made out that one part were passed to the right hand, another to the left, and a third seemed to be independent of them, never deviating in their course, but always passing straight through the length of the piece. This part of the threads, I saw, might be put on a beam for a warp; and it was this discovery that simplified my subsequent progress in attempting to mechanise the processes of the pillow.

“In my first attempt mechanically to make bobbin-lace, the bobbins were arranged in a fan-like order on pinions; and thus radiating, they were made to twist round each other, and a row of pins forced up the crossing to close the mesh. These pins were fixed on a bar, but they spread out and contracted when brought in contact with the work, forcing up the twist and the crossing, until the meshes became of the right size and shape. By this arrangement and process only very narrow strips could be made. However, I constructed a machine to pro-

duce three such pieces at a time. Lord Lyndhurst, then Sergeant Copley, always said that this machine was far the most ingenious of any upon which lace was ever made.

"The value of lace is, however, so much enhanced by its being made of greater width, that I was determined to make it even a yard wide. At this time I had arrived at the important point, that having made lace as above described, I had satisfied myself my principles were sound and well based. But I now clearly found out that while half the threads must be active, the other half might be passive, and I therefore put the latter on a beam. Having thus fixed the warp, to accomplish my wish for making wider lace, I tried to bring the threads to twist in a narrower compass. I first tried a machine with the bobbins spread out, then I tried the flat bobbin. The first flat bobbin was a single tier. I carried up the threads by means of a steeple-top on the carriage. Great difficulty was experienced in getting bobbins and carriages thin enough; the space in which they were to move being so limited. At last I was driven to the double tier, and thus obtained the requisite space.

"The stocking-frame has certain parts used in my bobbin-net machine; the point-net frame, the warp machine, the Vaucauson loom, even the old weaving-loom, and many others, have all one or more of those mechanical principles or arrangements used in my machine. I do not claim the invention of a bobbin itself, but I had great difficulties to surmount in getting one thin enough. The foundation of my invention was in getting rid of half the threads by the warp beam; but then came the inquiry how the rest were to be got to twist in the proper space. Were this now to be done, my impression is that so great was the difficulty, I should not attempt its accomplishment. I admit the merits of other men. . . . I allow them credit for the application of great and very useful ingenuity; but they have only modified the machine—not invented it. I illustrate the case thus: a child in his first successful effort to walk across a room does all, in fact, that a man does,—neither so safely, so rapidly, or so well; but every element

of locomotive power is there, and every muscle is in action—he walks as truly as a man."

Nor, indeed, should any one grudge to this ingenious and painstaking inventor the credit of having founded the manufacture of machine-lace, and helped to raise Nottingham to its position of importance among the manufacturing towns of Great Britain, by the construction of a machine described by Ure, in his 'Dictionary of Arts,' as "surpassing every other branch of industry by the complex ingenuity of its machinery. A bobbin-net frame is as much beyond the most curious chronometer, as that is beyond a roasting-jack."

A great check to the then fast-increasing prosperity of the Nottingham lace-manufacture was given by the Luddite riots, which for several years so discouraged all industry and commerce in the Midlands. Most people know the history of these trade-riots, and that they derived their name from their ringleader, one Ned Ludd, a Leicestershire stocking-maker, who, tradition asserts, was told by his father to "square his needles,"—a term used to describe the process of placing them in a straight row before his machine. Ludd, upon receiving this order, seized his hammer, and beat them to pieces; an act of playful humour which made his name a word for all frame-breaking in times to come. No one who remembers the dreary years from 1811 to 1816 can recall without pain the utter misery and want which pervaded the manufacturing districts during that period. The prolonged heavy depression of trade produced the usual results among the labouring classes, who were no more careful or provident in those days than in these, and who, then as now, squandered their earnings in time

of full work, and were startled to find themselves on the brink of starvation as soon as work ran short. Lace is not an article indispensable to the comfort or well-being of mankind, and is therefore more subject than manufactures of a more strictly useful character to the fluctuation of prosperity or adversity; and the general want of ready money felt all over England at that period, had the immediate consequence of reducing the demand for manufactures of a purely luxurious character, among which lace holds so conspicuous a position. The result was disastrous: thousands of operatives in and about Nottingham were thrown out of employment, and consequently deprived of all means of support for themselves and their families. True to the celebrated axiom of Dr Watts concerning idle hands and the author of all mischief, the country was soon in a state of disorder and tumult. Strikes prevailed largely both in the lace and hosiery trades of Nottingham, and those who would not work themselves, refused to let others work on the masters' terms; and now the force of Ned Ludd's example began to show itself, in a general attack on the lace and stocking frames whose owners persisted in working them at the reduced wages. At first the more harmless method was adopted of simply removing the jack-wires from the frames, thus rendering work impossible, though without real injury to the machine. The jacks thus abstracted were generally stored safely in a churchyard, or some other secure hiding-place, and on their restoration to their respective frames, work could at once be resumed. This moderate and gentle check upon the "under-price" workers soon palled upon their persecutors, however, and before long the more pronounced and aggressive system

of total destruction seems to have come into general favour. Parties of masked and disguised men began to pervade the town and country round about, and the most open and audacious attacks were made upon private property. Houses were entered, and frames destroyed beyond hope of repair. No lace or stocking maker was safe from the most bold and sudden outrages; and night after night the whole district was appalled by simultaneous descents made upon parishes miles apart by bands of Luddites, who made their way into the dwellings of frame-workers, and by force of numbers overpowered the inhabitants, and shattered their machines into useless fragments. A terror seemed to paralyse the whole country-side, and render it powerless to oppose the terrible and mysterious conspiracy. The very secrecy and silence which enshrouded them, rendered them half supernatural to the simple Nottinghamites: the frame-breakers were masked, armed, and answered to numbers, by which a sort of roll was called by the leader of each gang on the completion of their work of destruction.

A general panic prevailed. No man could tell whether his brother or son might not be among the dreaded Luddites. Men feared to trust their nearest neighbour or most familiar friend, and work was conducted by secrecy and stealth, with locked doors and trembling fingers, lest the next footstep which approached should mean loss of property or life. As the invaders grew more courageous with success, their desires were not satisfied with frame-breaking, but farmhouses were pillaged of money and food, in answer to the cry, "Why should we starve when there are provisions to be had for the taking?"

A large military force which occupied Nottingham was utterly

powerless to cope with so secret and daring an organisation; nor were they materially assisted by the local yeomanry. Meetings were largely held by the alarmed manufacturers, who expressed in abject terms their willingness to come to an agreement with their riotous work-people—*i.e.*, by a mounted messenger, who rode from village to village making proclamation; and one important firm of frame-owners, by a timely offer of an advance in wages, irrespective of the terms imposed by other makers,—an offer imparted in a style suggestive of the fiery cross of the Highlands,—saved their three thousand machines from the destruction which would otherwise have befallen them that very night.

Nottingham is described as being at this time in a state of siege. The state of its trade may be imagined; and in spite of a penalty of death having been passed by special Act upon any one breaking a frame employed in any sort of manufacture, no fewer than one thousand stocking-frames and eighty lace-machines were destroyed before the capture and execution of the ring-leaders of this riotous movement gave it its death-blow in 1817.

One of the most disastrous results of this rash and lawless outburst was the loss to Nottingham trade of seven hundred lace-machines belonging to Mr Heathcoat, who, after a daring and ruinous attack upon his property near Loughborough, removed the whole of his manufactory to Devonshire, thus inflicting a blow to the growth and prosperity of the Nottingham market which it has never since recovered. Mr Heathcoat died in 1861, after a career of useful industry and perseverance, which is beyond praise as an example of what a man may make of his life by a well-directed employment of his own talents. He greatly improved

his original bobbin-net patent in later years, and added to it many inventions for ornamenting and figuring lace, and also for manufacturing the beautiful article known as silk net.

In 1813, another important addition to the bobbin-net—or, as it is popularly called, the “Old Loughborough”—machine, was introduced by John Levers of Sutton, who carried out Mr Heathcoat’s idea of arranging all his bobbins and carriages in one tier, and in order to effect this end, constructing them and their corresponding combs of one-half their original thickness. The necessity of this minute fineness of size, which had proved so great a stumbling-block to Mr Heathcoat, was supplied to Levers by the ingenuity of one of his relations,—a clever and accomplished worker in steel, whose experience and skill enabled him to overcome what had previously appeared to be an almost insurmountable difficulty. This invention gave a new aid and impetus to the languishing trade in Nottingham, and a brilliant prospect of success opened before Levers. He had, however, neither the energy nor the steadiness of application needed to enable him to take advantage of it; and intemperance—that too general curse of the mechanic—effectually prevented his attaining the position which ought to have been his by right.

Levers’s machine, though copied in most essential respects from that of Heathcoat, is far more delicate and complex in construction; and, from its capacity for the alteration of meshes, and its fine and finished mechanism, it is so suited to the production of fancy and ornamental work as to be a most valuable invention. Its movements are so rapid since the introduction of power-working, that the eye seeks in vain to follow its countless evolutions; and the skill re-

quired in managing it has caused it to pass under the care of only the best and most efficient class of workmen, to whom it affords, through the high standard of goods produced, a comfortable maintenance. A single machine of this kind sometimes produces £18,000 worth of goods in the course of the year,—on learning which, one ceases to wonder at the fortunes so rapidly amassed by the Nottingham lace-manufacturers. Mechlin net has been made upon these frames since 1829, and is a very attractive and favourite article, in spite of its fragility.

The fancy branches of lace goods have, since that time, been steadily increasing. Several hundred varieties of nets and laces have been produced and largely supplied to the market, sometimes meeting with a degree of public favour which has continued to the present day, but oftener thrown aside after a run of a few months, in obedience to the inexorable dictates of changing fashion.

The next important step in the lace trade was the introduction of the Pusher machine, the invention of three Nottingham mechanics. This machine differed from the original bobbin-net frame in the movement of the bobbins, which were acted on separately by a "pusher" or governor, instead of, as previously, being moved in pairs. This difference, slight as it may appear, had the advantage of giving much greater scope to fancy-working, through the improvement it occasioned to the cloth-work.

Steam-power was first applied to lace-manufacture by John Lindley, another self-taught genius, whose original experiments in invention were made with his own hair-comb and a series of cotton balls fastened to its teeth. His patient and courageous struggle with the difficulties

of his position led to many important results; and his attempt to unite the lever and traverse warp machines in one, though useless in securing a co-operation of their widely different working-powers, was nevertheless of great value in simplifying the construction and operation of each, and in reducing their motions.

About 1820, the steam and water power which were becoming universally applied to bobbin-net machinery, had the effect of putting down the small frames hitherto worked by hand in labourers' cottages, and bringing the manufacture to a centre in the large factories which now sprang up rapidly in all parts of Nottingham. The immense increase in the amount of goods produced was immediately felt. Money began to pour into the town like a shower of gold, and the excitement and anticipation of the dazzling prospect opened before them raised the minds of the masters and operatives to the highest pitch of intoxication. In fact it was a regular mania, locally known as "the twist-net fever;" and for nearly a twelvemonth prudence and caution were thrown to the winds. Enormous speculations were indulged in: mechanics, who had never studied the working of a lace-machine, were engaged to construct frames of the most complicated character by eager speculators as ignorant as themselves; and the large wages offered and received were spent with a frightful prodigality. Companies were quickly formed, and buildings erected, never to be used; for when, in the following year, the consequences of this unnatural inflation took place, and the bubble burst, the universal despair and consternation were very great. Thousands were plunged into the deepest poverty; many actually died of starvation; some left the country, and others went

hopelessly insane, or died by their own act. This sad state of affairs continued for some years, and it was long before the lace-trade recovered from the shock, especially as even those old-established and steady houses which had weathered the storm, found their abilities of swift production too tempting to be resisted; and, in consequence, the supply so greatly exceeded the demand, that the market was again and again overstocked, and the prices suffered from the constant reduction.

The year 1832 saw another period of distress to Nottingham, when frame-breaking was once more revived, though not to any great extent; and the Reform riots, and burning of Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, capped the climax of this season of want and misery.

In 1835, however, the application of the Jacquard principle to lace-manufacture gave it a fresh start, and from that time until very lately, the progress and prosperity of the trade were almost uninterrupted. The Jacquard apparatus is arranged on a system of perforated cards, so ingenious and elaborate as to render a clear description almost impossible; and probably no account could improve upon that given by Mr Felkin, which is as follows:—

“It is by means of bars attached to springs or levers placed at the ends of the machine, that the various sets of warp threads, whether those sets be fifty or five hundred, are made to move laterally; each bar being of steel, and as long as the machine is wide; and each pierced with holes answering exactly to the particular threads in the pattern, which are, by being passed through these holes, to be guided by the bars to take the place assigned to them in the formation of the pattern. The levers or springs which pull or push the bars

to or from the end of the machine, were themselves selected formerly by nobs on wheels or cylinders with irregular surfaces, but are now almost universally by a Jacquard apparatus. This may consist of a four-five- or six-sided roller; each side being perforated with as many holes as there are movable pins or levers placed in a frame above the rolling cylinder. A number of oblong pieces of cardboard, from fifty to five hundred, it may be, are connected together in an endless chain, and so arranged as to size, that when one of these cards is laid on one side of the cylinders, and the latter is made to revolve, the whole series will be brought successively in contact with the cylinder, each one lying temporarily on the flat upper side. Every card is pierced with holes varying in number and position, according to the pattern of the lace to be produced, but never more in number than the pins or levers above, and these holes are so cut as to coincide exactly with those of the cylinder. The cylinder has an up-and-down motion given to it on the presentation of the face of each fresh card, bringing it in contact with the pins, so that wherever a hole occurs in the card, it permits the pin opposite to it to penetrate into the cylinder; but where a blank occurs, by the card not being perforated opposite to a particular pin, the pin cannot enter the cylinder, but is driven upwards. As the pins or levers act on the bars that move the threads in the machine, when any of the pins are driven upwards, some bars of the thread apparatus are moved laterally; the disposition of the holes in the cards determining the order and number of shiftings of the threads. The number of cards employed depends on the number of successive movements requisite to form one complete pattern. In a store curtain, ten or twelve thousand cards may be required. The arbitrary selection of bobbin-threads is brought about by acting upon the angular or raised parts on the surface of carriages by instruments called, from the duty they perform, pushers, stumps, selectors, &c.—and so moving some carriages while others rest, or causing them to remain inactive while the others are in motion. By these opera-

tions, brought about from below or above the combs, the power of the machine to diversify the course of the threads is evidently greatly increased. . . . So long as the machinery works steadily and correctly the workman may be a mere spectator, but he must be a vigilant one. His eye must ever and anon pass from side to side of his machine, noticing the thousands of threads, bobbins, carriages, points, and guides passing in rapid motion before him."

To attempt to describe or explain the whole process of lace-manufacture in even one single branch of the trade is generally acknowledged to be an impossibility. From the long practice needed to acquire the requisite amount of dexterity at any one portion of the manufacture, workmen are kept so exclusively to their special part of the work that they have neither time nor ability to investigate other divisions of the process; hence it is very rarely that even the cleverest artisans either know or comprehend the workings of other machines than those upon which they are themselves engaged. The secrets of the trade are jealously guarded from other manufacturers, and even those outsiders who can by no possible means be suspected of a desire to injure the business by an appropriation to themselves, are seldom able to master the difficulties of this most complicated and involved of all modern manufactures. And, indeed, it has frequently been confessed by those most skilled in the lace-market, that they are unable to explain in writing a process so elaborate and so clouded in technicalities, as to render its comprehension by the general public a hopeless attempt.

Perhaps the most intelligible and most interesting part of the whole manufacture is the designing-room attached to each factory where the drawings for new patterns in lace are invented and carried out. The

fine Government School of Art in the town affords every facility for the education of lace-designers, for whom there are special classes at a reduced scale of payment, and the effect of this wise provision has made itself felt in the wonderful improvement in the taste and execution of lace-designs during the last few years. This branch of talent commands the highest remuneration, and many thousands of pounds are annually earned by skilled draughtsmen. Every variety of pattern is produced, from the neat dots and lines of spotted quillings, to the masterpieces of curtains which took medals at all the recent exhibitions. One of these latter presented the unique design of a French window, from which the curtains were gracefully looped back, displaying a broad landscape of sky and sea, the latter adorned with sailing craft,—a realistic pattern which, however little it might commend itself to the taste of Sir Charles Eastlake, was nevertheless a marvel of ingenuity, and a striking example of the perfection and completeness to which the lace-manufacture of Nottingham has been brought since the days of Robert Frost's first figured lace-web.

In other lines of the trade this is perhaps even more observable when one notices the almost endless variety of edgings, insertions, &c., in the most exact and minute imitation of Buckingham, Valenciennes, Brussels, and other laces. Perhaps the manufacture of Valenciennes has been carried to the greatest perfection, and the admirable taste and finish of this class of goods cannot be too highly praised. For a long time the chief difference between pillow and machine-made Valenciennes lay in the edge or purl; cushion-lace is necessarily uneven and irregular at the edge, where the threads are twisted

around a border pin to form the minute loop seen on almost all cushion-work, and even imitated by the needle in point-lace. The slight deviations in the pricked pattern, a shade too much or too little tension on the bobbins, and various other causes, all tend to render exact similarity of outline a matter of impossibility; while in the machine, the exactness of the movements and the unchanging arrangement of the bobbins and carriages, produce an accuracy not to be obtained by the most careful efforts of "the free maids who weave their web with bone." Hence, when otherwise puzzled to distinguish the imitation from its copy, those learned in lace had only to examine the edge of the article under inspection to satisfy themselves as to its value. But this was one of those rare cases when accuracy is not the one thing desirable; and the crowning stroke of perfection may be said to have been given to the trade when some inventor produced a machine constructed to form irregularities in the lace it supplied, and to copy even the defects of its original model. The effect was beyond what could have been anticipated, and is such as to deceive all but the most competent judges of lace goods.

Of course these irregularities must have a certain method of arrangement, and a close scrutiny will betray that they occur again and again at regular intervals; but they are so ingeniously disposed, and there is such infinite variety in their size and position, that not only the casual observer, but the more experienced dealer, is sometimes at a loss. It has often been remarked by Nottingham shopmen, that the greatest care is required in keeping their real Valenciennes lace goods strictly apart from their machine-made; for if, by any chance, a piece

of the latter should find its way among similar patterns of the former, it would certainly be sold as real; or, if any doubt should happen to be thrown upon its true character, it would need the verdict of a really competent judge of lace to decide the question. The natural consequence of this imitation will at once be perceived; it is taken advantage of by unscrupulous persons, who make an enormous profit out of lace which they buy at almost fabulously low prices from the machine, and sell as hand-made productions; and there is no doubt that a large proportion of the Valenciennes lace sold at high sums in London shops, and throughout the provinces, has its origin in Nottingham frames.

A very good story, and, what is more, an authenticated one, is told of the wife of a well-known and respected Nottingham manufacturer, who, being with her husband in Paris, and occupied with the colossal shopping which such visits seem inevitably to entail, fell in love with a lace *fichu* of exquisite fineness and delicacy, which was offered to her for the moderate sum of 240 francs. She would instantly have purchased it, had she not been deterred by various mysterious signs of dissuasion from her husband, which surprised her not a little, as she knew him to be a judge of good lace, and wondered, therefore, at his lack of appreciation of this beautiful specimen. She examined the *fichu* again, half doubtfully, but it was soft in texture and beautiful in design;—a very cobweb in execution, and anything but dear. She cast one beseeching glance at her husband, but he was grave and inflexible; so with a sigh of resigned regret she turned away, and the moment they left the shop her disappointment broke forth—

"John! why did you keep me

from buying that lovely thing? And only £10; I am sure you could not think that dear? Why did you not let me have it?"

"You are quite right, my dear;" was the reply of the unmoved John. "We consider that a very superior article; and the reason I did not want you to buy it, is because it came from one of my own frames, and I can let you have as many of the same kind as you like, for fifteen shillings apiece!"

The lace trade in Nottingham gives rise to a number of other manufactures, all connected with, and, in greater or less measure, dependent upon it. Cotton yarn, and silk spinning, machine-making in all its branches of bobbin, carriage, comb, guide, point and needle making, and the setting up of frames; bobbin winding and clearing; the making of paper boxes or *cartons*, for the reception of the finished goods;—besides the many large houses engaged in bleaching, dressing, gassing (a curious and interesting process, whereby the loose threads and the floss, or fibre, of lace goods are singed away by the application of the flames of carburetted hydrogen gas), and starching and dressing. Besides all these settled lines of business, there is an almost incredible number of women and children employed in their own houses, "clipping" lace—*i.e.*, cutting off loose threads—and "drawing," separating the breadths by removing the connecting thread with which they are "whipped" together; "scalloping," "carding," or mending. Frequently every member of a large family is engaged in some part of the lace making or finishing; and even the younger ones, or "half-timers," earn a few shillings a-week towards the general fund for supporting the household. The wages commanded by good workmen at a time of brisk

trade sometimes amount to several pounds weekly, which are, unfortunately, too often spent in the most reckless extravagance, without a thought of provision for the hard times which are but too likely to follow. During a season of prosperity, the families of these operatives enjoy every sort of unwonted luxury: dress well, and sit down daily to better dinners than many poor curates can afford; and it has been said by a prominent manufacturer that his best lacehands drive to their work every morning in hansom cabs, smoking better cigars than he himself can afford.

The importance of the artisan class in Nottingham is shown very strikingly by the variety of public arrangements for their health, instruction, amusement, and comfort: such as the recreation grounds, free library, mechanics' institute, &c.; while no inconsiderable addition to the improvements of the town is the branch of the South Kensington Museum, established some few years ago in the Town Exchange, but recently removed to the Castle, which has been restored for that express purpose, and forms the finest provincial museum of arts and sciences in the United Kingdom. Great attention is, of course, paid to the lace department in this collection; and the specimens of lace, both pillow and machine made, occupy a considerable space.

The lace-workers are noticeably free from the stunted and half-fed appearance characteristic of operatives in many other trades: their occupation is healthy and light, and except for the high temperature required in some departments of the trade—such as lace dressing and drying—and the consequent risk to health from the frequent changes of heat and cold, the manufacture is one of the least injurious

in existence. The lace girls of Nottingham used to be a proverb for their beauty not a great many years ago ; and though no longer perhaps in a position to lay claim to that distinction, through the injury to the complexion and *physique* arising from the closer association in large factories—also from continued intermarriage in the town-bred mechanic class,—their healthy well-fed appearance and tasteful attire in times of good trade are proofs of the high position which should be taken by so healthy a manufacture. The numerous factories and warehouses in the town and suburbs present a light and cheerful appearance in times of activity, with the hum and bustle of machinery, and the streams of operatives pouring out and in at the hours of work and recess. The strict sanitary laws prevent overwork, and rigorously confine the work-hours to a limited number ; except in the case of those factories working, as is sometimes the case, double hours, — *i. e.*, by night as well as by day, when two distinct sets of operatives are employed ; and the attention of the masters to the physical and moral wellbeing of their work-people is, in many cases, very praiseworthy—several warehouses having chapels attached to them, where a short morning service, specially suited to the need of the operatives, is held daily.

This is the pleasant side of the Nottingham lace-trade. The other is more sternly presented to view in times of bad trade, when, instead of working double hours, many factories stand silent and empty, and more have but a small number of machines working to fill the few orders which are eagerly sought for ; when, in place of the merry groups of work-girls, in their bright dresses, one sees anxious serious faces, and the look of hopeless gloom beginning to rest upon those whose

weary search for work from day to day still meets with the same lack of success ; when some are growing heartsick and discouraged, and some despairing and reckless, and the one cry in every mouth is—"Heaven help us all ! what shall we do if the times don't mend?"

Such a dark cloud has but very recently rested upon Nottingham and its lace-trade ; and though the sun has begun to shine again, some traces of the storm still linger. The terrible crisis of 1876-78, caused partly by the overstocking of the American market, partly by the depression in trade arising from a caprice of fashion, is still too fresh in the minds of many to need recapitulation. Fashion decreed that lace should cease to be worn, and the trade was almost paralysed ; thousands reduced to the verge of starvation, and dozens of manufacturers ruined. Perhaps the havoc so made alarmed the fickle dame—perhaps she had no reason at all, save whim,—at all events, by as sudden a transition, within the last two years lace once more has risen high in public favour : edgings, scarves, &c., were demanded in a quantity which taxed the utmost powers of frames and workers to comply with it, and the trade has regained a good measure of its old prosperity for the time being. That a fashion which finds food for a population of many thousands of persons may continue to flourish, must be the wish of every one interested in the fortunes of Nottingham ; and to this end let us all join in hoping that the time may be long in coming when ladies again discard as unworthy of their favour so beautiful, so tasteful, so inexpensive, and so becoming an accessory to their toilets, as that afforded by the various designs and exquisite workmanship of that world-renowned article of manufacture, the Nottingham lace.

URBS ROMA VALE!

PART II.

I.

WHEN Beatrice averred that she
 Would die a "verGINE VEZZOSA,"
 She little thought her lot would be
 To live,—a buxom "cara sposa."

II.

And so, while "traversing the cart,"
 (Like Prior's convict, long delaying!)
 My Valediction finds my heart
 Again, O Roma! yonder straying,

III.

Where vine-enwreathed volcanic hills,
 Bright lakes, groves, flowers,—a fair creation!—
 Teach "uncouth swain, to the oaks and rills"
 To pour an artless inspiration:

IV.

Where ring-doves, from high elms, their wings
 At rest, coo soft refrains of pleasure:
 By lofty crag, a woodman sings
 His "rich, Virgilian, rustic measure:"

V.

With drowsy murmur hum the bees:
 Grey oxen pace with languid cumber:
 By gelid fountain's moss-grown trees,
 Goat-herds and goats at noon-tide slumber.

VI.

Blest Georgic life! Quaint "Works and Days!"
 Enchanted scenes of rural story,
 By Mantuan Bucolic lays
 Ennobled with a sylvan glory!

VII.

The Pincian.—What golden light!
 What verdant palms! What fountains gleaming!
 All Rome beneath.—A lovely site
 For "passeggiate," and day-dreaming.

VIII.

How oft I quit my pen and desk
To wander o'er the healthful Pincian,
'Mid scenery Peruginesque,
And almost Lionardo Vincian!

IX.

Favonian Zephyrs to the pines
Carol and whisper. As Day closes,
They faint, and fail. The Sun declines
In splendour, and a "waste of roses:"—

X.

Such roses as, to mortal eye,
Bloom only at sweet Morn and Even:
When portals, opened in the sky,
Display some forms and hues of Heaven.

XI.

Bursts from yon domes and towers, afar,
"AVE MARIA!" softly pealing:
Planet on planet, star on star,
The hyacinthine Night revealing.

XII.

Then, too,—as One supremely sings,—
O'er men who sail upon the ocean,
And dear friends parted, twilight flings
A lengthening shade of soft emotion:

XIII.

And pilgrim, freshly on his way,
Love-stricken, halts: and listens, sighing,
To far-off chime, which seems to say,—
"I mourn, for lovely Day a-dying."

XIV.

Thus, o'er my bosom steals the power
Of sweet, of saddened recollection:
It is,—(Be still, my heart!)—the hour
That brings me—prandial refection!

XV.

Egeria's "Elysian" Well,—
I grieve to state,—is not the true one:
Some pestilent Reformers tell
That they have found a truer new one:

XVI.

But 'tis the Fountain Byron saw :
 And charming lines he wrote about it :—
 Where ancient error rules the law,
 "Take it in faith : and nothing doubt it."

XVII.

"The Paip, that Pagan fu' o' pride,"
 (Stern, but Time-honoured designation !)
 Still forges, fast by Tiber's side,
 His bolts of excommunication :

XVIII.

Still wons in great and stately house :
 Still fasts, and feasts, on goodly diet :—
 So doth, in ancient cheese, a mouse
 Possess her little soul in quiet.

XIX.

Yet in these days, when actions rude
 Are ministers of faith unstable,
 Unblest invaders may intrude,
 And realise a feline fable !

XX.

The Cardinals,—Wellnigh has ceased
 Their pageantry. In hosen scarlet,
 Their ghosts "do sometimes walk ;" released
 From sable team, and tinselled varlet.

XXI.

Not that ambition is at rest
 In those disfranchised "Cardellini :"
 But Time the floods has much repressed,
 The golden floods,—of the "quattrini."

XXII.

Their rank doth but exemplify
 A quite un-Apostolic fiction :
 Rich Princes, preaching poverty,—
 O covetous self-contradiction !

XXIII.

Go, let them study what they preach,
 In simpler faith, though trapped less finely ;
 And, practising the rules they teach,
 Be held to teach them more divinely.

XXIV.

The Quirinale.—Who may sing
The splendours of a Presentation
To anti-Papal Queen, or King,—
A Regal “Beatification”?

XXV.

Not for uncourtly Muse be theme
To courtly spirits so entrancing:—
Flowers, gems, girandole:—a dream
That ends in Royal Balls, and dancing.

XXVI.

We may not hymn the charms that lie
In Court-plumes, trains, and jewelled dresses;
The rosy smile, the beaming eye,
And Beauty’s thousand gracefulnesses.

XXVII.

What Ribbons, Crosses, Stars, men wore,
Transcend our might of numeration:
How much distinguished, One, who bore
The Order of—“No Decoration”!

XXVIII.

Nor may uncourtly pen recount
The banquets of that kingly table:
Too infinite were such account,
Of items too illimitable.

XXIX.

Wild boar, from far Venafran woods,
Whence, Regulus! thine honour tore thee,
When sweet Tarentine solitudes
Bade thee farewell,—grim Death before thee!

XXX.

Peacocks, “in all their pride” of place,
Tricked with each iridescent feather:—
All cates that luxury and grace
Consummately could heap together.

XXXI.

From Gaul, her blushing, foaming wine,
To vie with vintages more classic;
And flasks from Xeres, and the Rhine,
Rivalled Falernian, and Massic.

XXXII.

The Artists.—Full of hope, joy, youth,
They dwell and dream in realms romantic :
Seeking for Loveliness and Truth
In living Nature, and—"the Antic."

XXXIII.

Illumined by the rays that Time
Has poured on Rome's emblazoned pages,
They study, by such light sublime,
The fairest forms of all the Ages :

XXXIV.

With instinct such as lends the bee
Her wise, industrious perception,
In every opening bud they see
New flowers of further sweet conception :

XXXV.

In bright poetic fields they toil :
They reap the harvests of old story :
And, bearing home their fruitful spoil,
They earn, at eve, a blameless glory.

XXXVI.

So, when the Carnival draws nigh,
Their well-devised, artistic dresses,
Masques, Cars, Balls, "Properties," may vie
With its most Lupercalian messes.

XXXVII.

Due honour to each ardent mind
That strives with such high aims before it :
And may its labour surely find
Fit guerdon of renown shed o'er it !

XXXVIII.

When wearied with our round of space,
A warm old predilection sends us
To that convenient resting-place
Which "Bocca di Leone" lends us :

XXXIX.

And thus, on Rome's historic page,
With Remus, Romulus, Rienzi,
The Muse, in this loquacious age,
Might grave the merits of—Silenzi !

THE STORY OF JAMES BARKER :

A TALE OF THE CONGO COAST.

PART I.

KABOOKA BAY was a quiet spot on the desolate Congo coast. There was no European habitation within forty miles of it on one side or the other, and the whitewashed roof of the factory, or trading station there, could be seen from far out at sea, a solitary speck on the border of an almost treeless, barren-looking country.

The large wide bay itself was bounded at each end by low cliffs; and from dark seams in the sides of these exuded a thick shale oil, which lay yellow and greasy on the surface of the pools of sea water at their bases, amid the rocks round which the sea curled and poured.

Nevertheless the surf was neither so high nor so heavy at Kabooka as at many other places along the coast. Out seawards, instead of the usual lines of white dangerous water, were only here and there little patches of foam, where the rollers came upon the hidden rocks. Close inshore the breakers fell in almost gentle succession, and at last spent themselves on a beach of fine sand, strewn with coral-encrusted seaweed, pink, white, grey, grass-green, yellow, and purple in colour; while delicate sea-shells of all shapes, tints, and sizes, lay scattered about, and glistened in the rays of a tranquil sunset.

Drawn up beyond the reach of the water lay two gaily-striped surf-boats, their sharp curved stems pointing seawards. Beyond them a pathway was worn through the bent grass, and led up a gentle slope to the factory.

On the planked verandah of the

low wooden felt-thatched house sat two white men in the coast costume of a shirt and a pair of white duck trousers a-piece, enjoying the cool of the evening after the long heat of the day. And the two had had a piece of hard work, as upwards of a hundred tusks of ivory lying in the dark cargo-room of the factory testified. These had all been bought during the day, and probably more would be forthcoming from the native traders on the morrow. On this day, too, a steamer from Europe had been due at Kabooka, and it was the probability of her arrival before they should be ready to ship their ivory by her that the two men had been discussing.

"Ah, well, when she comes," said the elder,—a dark, sallow-faced, but good-looking man,—“she will be the last but one before my relief arrives, and then ‘hey for England, home, and beauty!’ Eh, Master James Barker?”

“Ay,” returned the younger; “and I don’t know how I shall get on without you, sir,” he added. “Since you took me, a sick ship lad, out of the old barque in Sharks’ Creek, and nursed me to life again, when near every man aboard died of the ‘bilioso’ fever, you’ve been more than a father to me—you have, sir;” and the lad turned a glance full of gratitude and trust towards his companion.

“Tuts, tuts,” replied the elder, shortly, “yours was the worst case, and you were the youngest on board; so naturally I took care of you. But what’s more to the pur-

pose, James, you've amply repaid anything I ever did for you since you've been in the service of the firm. You've turned out an honest, brave boy, an Al trader, and a prime favourite with the natives; and I'll go bail you'll be quite indispensable to my relief when he comes; for I daresay he'll be some fellow quite ignorant of the trade and the way of the natives here," and Mr Monke's voice had in it a touch of sarcasm.

"Let me go home with you," suddenly pleaded the lad. "I will be your faithful servant; I will not ask for wages from you if"—and he stopped—"if you will only allow me to be near you," he whispered.

Mr Monke stared. Here was evidence of attachment in all sincerity. He was flattered; but he said, "What, James Barker! *you* propose to be *my servant*? And what about your position on the coast? Why, you will be an agent in charge in course of time, with a station all to yourself, and your own master. If the firm had only taken my advice, they'd have put you in here until I returned; but they never do the correct thing until it is too late," he added, having another fling at his relief.

"I am sick of the coast; I hate it," returned the lad vehemently, the colour mounting in his face. "The same sea, sky, and land, day after day. Nothing but the prickly bush and the niggers to look at. Why, sir," he went on quickly, to hide what the other might possibly deem ingratitude, "we haven't seen a white man for three months, and not a white woman for as many years."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the elder man, kindly, seeing through the pretended disgust of the lad, "you've tired of it all very suddenly. And as for a white woman,

wait till you have a beard. I never heard you mention the name of one before, James. You surely did not leave a sweetheart at home, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, shortly, and rose as a native servant, clad in a white flowing cloth, caught dexterously round his shoulders, came on the verandah, and after making a low salaam with the whitish palms of his hands turned outwards, announced that dinner was served. He then, with free stride, followed his white masters into the dining-room, his round black face and thick red lips showing in the lamplight like polished ebony and coral. There could not have been a greater contrast to him and the other three of his race who waited at the table—the counterparts of himself in the *physique* of their frames, and the unmeaning look of their broad faces—than the two white men. The latter, though thin and pale through the effect of the climate, and looking as if any one of their servants could have mastered them with ease, had yet in their clear cut features, and, above all, in the quick intelligent look of their eyes, a something that gave warning not only of what they could do, but would attempt.

Yet between the two there was a great difference besides that of age. Monke's face was dark, thoughtful, and sarcastic in expression, seeing through things, as the natives well knew. The lad's countenance, on the contrary, was open and fair, his hair was light brown, almost yellow in colour, and there was a dreamy look in his blue eyes which contrasted oddly enough with his gaunt, awkward, growing frame, whose bones showed too plainly. Yet there was a gentleness about him which had first attracted his senior. In short, while the one

was educated and practical, the younger, ship-boy though he was, and rough and coarse in exterior, had the finer mind.

After their meal the two wearied men retired to rest through a night brilliant in moonlight, beneath which the phosphorescent waves glittered as they broke with the swell in the dark water of the open bay, and edged the beach with continual flashes of silver. On the shore there was not a sound heard save the murmur of the ocean and the melancholy cry of the watch set round the factory.

Even the vast shadowy background to the bay was silent. As the hours wore on and day broke, a heavy mist collected over the gray sea, and crept slowly inland, and the natives for the last watch drew their trade blankets about them, as they shivered with the cold. But as the sun showed himself the mist soon rolled away, and everything sparkled and revelled in the warm light of the early tropical morning. With it came a band of traders from the native village, numbering, with their bondsmen, fully one hundred. Between each two slaves, in a sort of wicker basket, was slung a heavy curved elephant's tusk, and in single line the men descended a path through the grass, and forded a river. The interpreters belonging to the factory and the masters headed this procession, holding long wands, with which they gesticulated and pointed as they walked, and the rear was brought up by a crowd of fighting men, whose duty it had been to guard the band on their journey, and who, now their duty was over, beat tom-toms, blew horns, and made a great fuss.

All this excitement was by way of rejoicing over the arrival at the factory of another company from the far interior, whence, after many

months' journeying through tribe after tribe and past danger after danger, they had emerged on the sea-coast, and had come to Kabooka to dispose of their produce. The men were, one and all, armed with knives and flat-headed spears, and some carried bows. Their knives they wore stuck through folds of native yellow grass cloth wound round their waists. The bondsmen and fighting men had no other clothing on their bodies, but confined their decorative talents to their hair, which they wore in the form of great trained bushes of wool. The masters, in whatever condition they had travelled, after their rest in the village of Kabooka, had arrayed themselves in long trailing pieces of European cotton cloths, and wore anklets and bracelets of brass, and strings of bright beads round their necks. All had flat features of the true negro type, and they differed outwardly only in colour, verging from a dark brown to quite a light bronze tint. Their frames were worn through their long march; but to them repayment for all their toil was soon to come through the instrumentality of the white trader.

Arrived within the yard of the factory, the bearers sat themselves down beside the walls, while the others stood about in groups discussing prices while waiting for the white men. Presently the large doors of the cargo-room were thrown open, and immediately, irrespective of degree or rank, a rush was made through them to be brought up in front of a small desk, at which James was seated calm and ready. He motioned with his hand to the foremost men, who instantly squatted down on their haunches on the floor in circles, their tusks of ivory in the centre. The others blocked up the entrance to the room, and

streamed out into the sunny yard, each man agog to catch the price of the first tusk sold, which would necessarily serve as a guide to the value of the rest. James rose and inspected one belonging to the group immediately in front of him. It was what was called a prime tooth, fully five feet in length, curved gradually and without knot or crack, although its dark-brown smooth surface was dented and scarred, and its point worn fine by use in far-off forests.

James signed to a native to put it in the balance, and it turned the scale at fifty pounds. Then he thrust a stout stick into the hollow root of it, and brought out the end of the stick covered with wet mud. A downcast look came over the faces of the owners as he smiled grimly and bade them clear the tusk. At most times he would have packed the group off, or made them wait till all were served ; but as theirs was the first tooth, and a fine one, he passed over the attempt to cheat, and after the mud had been scraped out of the tusk, took a good two or three pounds off the weight of it by way of retaliation, and then considered his offer. So many guns, so much powder, and so many "parts" of cloth, he cried out, after a brief calculation of the goods he had for barter ; and immediately his voice was heard, it was answered by a derisive chorus of refusal from all parts of the room.

He sat down and waited calmly while the groups consulted among themselves and with the interpreters in a state of pretended frantic indignation. He feigned indifference. After a while, an offer to take a price exceeding his by fully a third was made by them, which he refused, and told them good-humouredly to speak their "last

mouth" next time, or in another word *sense*. Upon this he was asked to name a fresh price, and after pretending to look with much seriousness at the slate before him, he increased his offer by a very little, informing them that he had now truly spoken his "last mouth." Then ensued another chatter, in which bondsmen and fighting men joined, so great was the eagerness of all to have a part in settling this most important question. James was implored and entreated over and over again to make yet another mouth, but he answered firmly, "What I have said I have said," and sat back in his chair with folded arms.

It was a sufficiently striking picture,—the long, low, wooden, white-washed cargo-room, with the many groups of stalwart black figures squatted before the solitary white man seated at his desk, and keeping the whole company in check, as it were ; while behind him, for a background, were piled huge opened bales of gaudy-coloured cloths,—striped, checked, figured, flowered, or dyed wholly red or blue. Blankets, rugs, and shawls were spread beside gold and silver threaded dress-pieces, and soldiers' uniform coats—trappings gorgeous to the native eye. Stands of old flint muskets with shining barrels, some of which bore the Tower mark, were ranged along the walls, or lay in open cases. Bundles of glittering swords, spear-pointed knives, *machets*, and much other cutlery, were placed beside hundredweights of heavy brass rings, slender brass rods, flints, hoop-iron, and other hardware. Pottery of common sorts, and heaps of nick-nacks in the shape of toys, hand looking-glasses, and a great quantity of false jewellery, took up the whole of one corner, while another was occupied by boxes of beads. Cases

of coarse liqueurs stood thick together, and stowed behind them loomed large puncheons of rum.

The sight of all these riches was perhaps too tempting to the crowd of savages, for at last, though with a tremendous show of reluctance, James's second offer was accepted by them, and a bargain struck for the number and quantity of muskets, powder, and cloth he had named, which articles would be afterwards exchanged for many others, according to a fixed standard of values much in favour of the white trader.

The price of the first tusk sold having thus been ascertained, and received with a grunt by the natives, bargaining was speedily proceeded with, and Monke joining the lad, the two men toiled busily and eagerly for many hours, managing the increasing stream of sellers with consummate tact, ability, and good humour. Indeed, so much ivory was bought that the elder man began to have serious doubts of there being sufficient goods in the store to pay for it all, and he bade James stop buying and take a look round and give his opinion. James rose and was beginning to roughly calculate the contents of the bales and cases before him when he happened to turn suddenly, and saw, in the little doorway which led to the dwelling portion of the house, the slender though tall figure of a white woman. He started backward as if shot. He could not at first believe his eyes. He stared, and slowly approached the figure, which looked at him. He gave an inarticulate cry to Mr Monke, who, turning, was also transfixed with astonishment. A lady! a white lady! It was the last object either had thought to see, and she stood before them, and quite close, having advanced into the room, and being brought to a standstill by a roar

of surprise from the astonished natives.

James further approached her, and she put out both her hands, which he took involuntarily between his own rough palms. There were tears in her eyes, and it was with difficulty she spoke. At last she cried, "Oh, you are English, are you not?" "Yes," answered James, "this is an English house, and we are both English, Mr Monke and I." Monke now came forward and told James to take the girl into the dining-room and attend to her, while he would go on with the work.

So the pair thus oddly brought together went out of the dark and now close-smelling cargo-store into the light and cheerful dining-room of the factory, and there James found a Dutchman leaning out of one of the windows, and talking at the top of his voice to a number of hammock-bearers outside.

Senhor Thoolen explained that he had conducted the lady to Kabooka. She had landed from the steamer that had passed down the coast two nights before. "The steamer is past Kabooka, then?" queried James. "Yes, but it is to call on its return from the south." Mees M'Gibbon had come out to her brother, and was forwarded by the Dutch house to the nearest English factory. He, Senhor Thoolen, had instructions to return with all speed, and would make his farewell if the Senhor English would provide him with four fresh bearers for his hammock.

"M'Gibbon!" ejaculated James, as he heard her name pronounced. Was it possible that she could be the sister of the notorious Bill M'Gibbon, well known on all the coast betwixt the Congo and the Gaboon? "M'Gibbon!" again said James to himself—a Yankee in manner, a Scotchman by birth, an

ex-soldier of the American war, whose face was scarred by the mark of a bullet-wound through the cheek, a swaggerer, a drunkard by reputation. Could so fair a being be of the same flesh and blood as he? And if so, how had he allowed her to come to so strange a land? It was cruel of him. And James poured out his inquiries in Portuguese to the Dutchman, who, surprised, shook his head slowly, and did not know any more about the matter than that the *senhora* had landed from the steamer, and that he had been ordered to deliver her safe and sound at Kabooka, which he had done. "But," and he drew James to one side, "is she not beautiful,—*loovely*?" And he grasped James hard by the arm, and his little eyes twinkled knowingly as he turned them up in his head until nothing but the white of them was seen, and kept them so long inverted that they began to look like fixtures.

The sooner he was out of the way the better, thought James; and sent for the bearers he wanted. Then the girl, who had stood by wondering, staggered the lad by asking simply to see her brother. James tried to explain. "Is he not here?" she asked, trembling violently. Nothing had been heard of him, confessed James. But Mr Monke would be only too glad to receive her until a messenger could be sent to him. If she could trust herself to stay at Kabooka, that would be the best way. It might be a week or more before the messenger could return; but she might be sure he would go as quickly as possible. It was of no use. By some misapprehension she had expected to meet her brother, and her disappointment was too great. She sat down and burst into tears. She had already heard enough of the country on her passage out to

know that probably she was the only Englishwoman in the land, and the thought frightened her. By the sight of her distress James was distracted. He did not know what to do. Smelling-salts, perfumes, he thought of; but there were none within a thousand miles of him. All he said to her seemed at first to increase her grief. He contented himself with cursing, to himself, the absent M'Gibbon. And yet he was conscious that he rejoiced at his absence.

At last she calmed down a little, and following up his advantage, he sat down beside her and soothed her as well as he was able in his awkward way; and she, becoming gradually interested in what he said, told him in return how and why she had been brought to the coast.

Her profession at home had been that of a governess. Her only brother had never taken any notice of her; but having lost a situation she had been in, and not being able to obtain another, she had written to his agents in England asking him, as her only relation, to help her, and for a reply they had paid her passage out to him.

This surprised and puzzled James very much. What kind of life did M'Gibbon imagine she would lead on the coast? What could she expect to do there, and in its climate, if it did not kill her? As these thoughts ran through his mind, Margaret—for that was her name—plied him with questions as to her brother and his surroundings; and though the sympathetic lad gave her as good an account of the man as he could, and of his house and the place it was in, yet he could not help showing some of his anxiety to her, which she perceived, and he felt that she seemed to look to him for help. Mr Monke found the two together, and alone;

and he smiled in spite of his curiosity to know the wherefore of the appearance of this waif from the civilised world. Upon being told, he was as much astonished as James had been, and then he was grave. There was something more than curious in the fact that a man like M'Gibbon should bring this young and educated girl out to the coast. She would undoubtedly be a restraint upon him, which his rough disposition could not but feel irksome. And, like James, Monke thought, What of the girl's fate in a spot far from any other woman?

However, he could do no more for her than to assure her that she was as welcome as possible until her brother came for her; and he despatched a messenger to him at his factory on the bay of Donde with the news of his sister's arrival and a letter from her. Then the two men, leaving Margaret alone for a time, went back to their work as if no unexpected interruption had come to the routine of their solitary lives,—at least the elder one did. As for James, already something led his thoughts astray.

That night, when the work was again done, Monke sat on his verandah in the shade and watched the two young people as they talked together, entirely forgetful of him, and already fast friends. Thoughts of far-off days many years past came to the man involuntarily. And James happened to rise and go out with the girl into the bright moonlight. The two strolled away together, and then they came back and stood by the verandah covering. Presently the lad turned his face up to the great orb, whose strong pure light brought out his every feature. There was an expression on his face which had never been there before, thought the elder man; and

he leaned forward in his chair, breathless and startled in spite of himself, for the moment. The look of the lad had suddenly reminded him of some one, and he gazed, utterly transfixed, until James came on to the verandah again, when he dropped back into his chair with a sigh. "It was the expression, the very expression," he murmured to himself, half-affrighted. "Bah! the idea was nonsense," he muttered, recovering. It was only the effect of time and circumstance on his imagination, and he tried to dismiss the lad from his thoughts.

Yet that night the vision of a face came to him again and again, so that he could not sleep, and he rose and went outside. Just as he reached the edge of the verandah, he gave a little cry of surprise and partly of terror. There, before him in the moonlight, was the very face that had haunted him. But the next moment he recognised James; and, to cover his emotion, he asked the lad roughly what he did out so late, and on getting no answer, ordered him off to bed.

The sudden advent of the girl had unduly disturbed both the lad and himself, Monke concluded, and the sooner she was away the better. It was no business of his how her brother would behave to her; and with this decision he tried to sleep.

Nevertheless, not even James became more attentive to Margaret during her enforced stay than Monke. It was wonderful how readily he, so disinclined to be disturbed or roused, put himself about to accommodate her. He insisted on giving up his own room to her, and had all his bachelor belongings removed out of it into a little dark room. He found in his trunks collars and neckties of bygone fashions, and white drill-coats, and adorned

himself to the great envy of James, who possessed no such evidence of refinement, and had, to his great disgust, to appear at table in his usual costume of shirt and trousers and an old pilot coat.

All the native women about the factory were banished with the exception of one, who had strict injunctions to wait upon the *senhora* and do nothing else. James, whose duty it was to superintend the household arrangements of the factory, endeavoured to make up for his want of a white coat by extreme nicety in the supply of the table. He held long consultations with the cook and the cook's mate. He shot and dressed a bullock. He bribed the native hunters, with the result that little deer not much larger than hares, red-legged partridges, green pigeons, and other delicacies, were served every day after fresh oysters from the river. And for vegetables there were green corn, yams, and large red peppers. He went on board the steamer on its return ; and after seeing two tons of ivory safely stowed away on board, returned with as many loaves of the ship's white bread, and bottles of pickles and sauces, and potted meats, as he could buy from the steward. At this improved fare Monke chuckled to himself, and wished the girl would stay a very long time to stimulate Mr James in his arrangements.

And to Margaret's great distress, a whole week passed away without any news from her brother. The first intimation that was received of the message being delivered, was the reappearance of the man who had carried it, as he crawled through the open doorway of the dining-room. Beside him strode one of the head-men of the factory, whose brazen bangles and heavy coral necklet rattled as he pointed with angry gesticulation to the head of the

messenger, which was bound up with a piece of blue baft.

His story was soon told. He had delivered his "book" (letter) on the third day after leaving Kabooka, and on its presentation had been paid his cloth. While resting after his quick journey, he had been summoned before the "mundella" (white man), who had struck at him and cut him—and the man's hands were lifted tenderly to his head. Then he had been seized, tied up, and lashed—and he turned his back to his audience and remained kneeling in that attitude. However, a cross-examination conducted through the head-man elicited the fact that Zinga, the bearer, had received two extra bottles of rum over and above his allowance, and as to what had happened after receiving those bottles of rum his memory was defective. He had been flogged, he explained. But that he had been drunk was suspected, and his case was dismissed amid many groans and complaints of injustice from him, which were summarily cut short by the head-man, who, when he found nothing was to be made out of Zinga by way of going shares in compensation for injuries received, laid his wand across the poor creature's sore back without compunction, and drove him out of the door.

The treatment the messenger had received gave Margaret but a poor idea of her brother. He had been terribly severe with the poor negro, she thought, and his continued silence in regard to herself filled her with vague alarm. However, by James's advice, she tried to be hopeful, and was rewarded in two days by the sight of a white hammock which was carried into the yard of the factory amid a great noise, and came to a sudden halt before the door. Out of the hammock rolled M'Gibbon,

and as he lighted on his feet he was conscious that a pair of soft arms were about his neck, and that a face so sweet, that it seemed to him a vision, was up-turned to his own bronzed and bearded countenance. It was a face set in a frame of soft hair and gemmed by a pair of eyes of the colour of the ocean that rolled not fifty yards from him. So taken aback was the rough man with the beauty before him, that he kissed the face on the brow, and then, as if ashamed of the emotion he displayed, he thrust his sister a little way from him and stood looking at her through his grey eyes.

"By G——!" he exclaimed, partly in admiration and partly to himself. "How old are you?" he added, quickly.

"Twenty, Will," she replied, wondering.

"You are too young and too good-looking to be buried on this d——d coast," he answered. "I've made a mistake to send for you."

She trembled a little as she heard what he said, and she was bitterly disappointed by his manner; but she bravely replied, "So long as you are near me, Will, what need I care?" and so saying clasped her hands caressingly on his arm. M'Gibbon hastily withdrew it, and muttering, "Well, as you are here, you'll have to stay," he went on to the verandah where Monke stood surveying him. That gentleman gave him the very tips of his fingers to shake, and was frigidly polite to him. There was not one thing in common between them save the fact that they had both failed in life: but Monke, though he had blundered, knew how and why he had blundered, and that his self-exile on the African coast was of his own doing. Whereas the other was a coarse

bully, who had sinned, and would sin again. He felt most uncomfortable under the keen eyes of the trader, particularly when the latter chided him in his most sarcastic manner for his want of attention to his sister, and let him know he thought him most unfeeling. Then there was that matter of Zinga. But as for Zinga, M'Gibbon swore that if he caught the rascal he would repeat the flogging he had given him; for he had been discovered in an attempt at theft. And as in principle theft, or attempt at theft, was never allowed to go unpunished by the traders, Monke said no more on the subject; but privately sent a message to the erring Zinga to the effect that it would be as well to keep out of the white man's way for a little while to avoid unpleasant consequences,—a hint which Zinga at once took, and disappeared to his own village. James, M'Gibbon treated with the greatest curtness, despite the lad's care for his sister, of which he was informed by Monke. The lad was but an "assistant" or trader's servant in the man's eyes. Nevertheless, when the little coasting schooner that was to convey the brother and sister to their destination dropped anchor in the bay, James was the first to go on board to make its little three-cornered den of a cabin, with its curtained berths and its single-peaked skylight, fit for her reception. In fact, he turned the skipper out of his cabin, much to that seaman's disgust at having to make way so unexpectedly for a woman. But when Margaret stood upon his quarter-deck, as he called it—three steps and overboard—he, in his own vernacular, clapped a stopper on his jawing tackle, and bowed her below.

Before she went down, James took her hand to say "good-bye;"

and so beautiful did she look to the foolish boy, as she stood on the moving deck with the blue sky and the rolling sea behind her—things dear to him—that he was hardly able to say the word. But presently the rough growl of the skipper gave the order to up anchor, and the foresheet was loosened, and James went over the side. But when a little way off he bade the crew of his boat lie on their oars, and they waited beside the low black hull of the schooner, as it dipped to the swell into the clear water, until the clank of the windlass on board ceased, and her head pointed seaward. By the time James reached the shore she was already a far-off speck upon the water, and before long had vanished out of sight—but not out of mind.

For three months nothing more was heard of Margaret, and her stay at Kabooka had come to be regarded as a far-off remembrance. Monke's leave of absence had now come, and with it his substitute. To him Monke praised James's zeal and judgment, and recommended the lad strongly; but, to his surprise, when he told James of what he had said for him, he found him uneasy and dissatisfied. James did not like to offend his friend, that was evident, but there was something on his mind which turned that friend's kind words to gall, and Monke questioned him until he confessed that he too was going away from Kabooka. Monke turned on the lad, astonished. "What!" exclaimed he, "that silly notion again! Do not think of going home for many years, more than you've been here."

"I was not thinking of home," answered James; "I have no home," he added, simply.

"What, then?" asked Monke.

James placed a letter in his friend's hands, and on opening it Monke found it contained the offer from M'Gibbon of a situation on terms no better than the lad was receiving. The trader looked straight into James's face, and read him at once.

"It is that girl you are thinking of, you young fool," he said.

James did not reply.

"For the chance of seeing her you would sacrifice your prospects with the firm? Bah, it is the utmost silliness," and Monke laughed outright. The result of this was that James walked away seemingly not the less determined. Monke, seeing that ridicule would have no effect upon the lad, strode after him, caught him by the shoulder, and, turning him round, endeavoured to reason with him, but to no purpose.

"Yet you are as changeable as you can well be," said he at last. "Not long ago you wished to leave the coast to go to England with me, and now you wish to leave me to go to this M'Gibbon for a longer term of years than would see you master here. I am disappointed with you. However, you are nothing to me, to be sure," and Monke shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. "If you choose to make a fool of yourself, do so. Accept this berth," he added, with rising anger, "but do not call me your friend again."

"I have accepted it," said James, quietly.

Then the two faced each other; and Monke, in his anger, was about to say something bitter regarding the ingratitude that had been displayed towards him, when the pleading look that filled the lad's eyes struck his imagination with such force that he stepped back a pace or two almost in dismay, and was silent.

Recovering himself with an effort, he laid a kindly hand on the lad, for he could not be rough with him now. "Very well, James, have your own way," he said; and without speaking more, went straight to his bedroom and sat down, amid the preparations for his departure. Placing his head between his hands, he fell into a deep reverie. He was more affected than he thought he could be. Was it possible? he reflected. No. He knew the lad's story, as James had often told it to him,—How his father and mother were dead; how he had been brought up by an uncle, a labourer in a bonded dock warehouse; how the child's earliest recollections were of the greasy, narrow, and filthy streets, close to the river, of a great town, and among the tall smoke-begrimed warehouses which overshadowed everything near them, except the flaunting gin-palaces, fed by the sailors, labourers, waggoners, and loafers, who pushed in and out of their greasy swing-doors in two almost never-ceasing streams; how three golden balls, poised aloft, were the only signs that rivalled those of the drinking-places; how the rumble and jolt of countless waggons, bearing merchandise in value untold, sounded from grey dawn to late night along those very streets, whose darkness, squalor, and wretchedness the lad had suddenly exchanged for the blue sea, the breezy sky, and the strong rushing wind, as he found himself on board ship.

These facts Monke knew, and they were commonplace and trite enough, and hardly to be twisted into any romance about James any more than the not less simple story of the little native boy, who on his knees was busily packing the great white man's boxes as neatly as could be, his black eyes sparkling the while in anticipation of receiving an old shirt or coat in a present.

Both he got, though what possible use the garments could be to such a mite of naked humanity, whose sole attire was a narrow strip of cloth over his loins, was not apparent. But he rose and salaamed for them gracefully.

A few days after this Monke had embarked, and James had set out on his journey by land, and the factory was left in other hands, to the great outward grief and lamentation of the head-men, who had certainly received enough parting gifts to console them, but who thought it politic to impress upon the newcomers a sense of the ineffable goodness of the white men who had gone, and the miserable inferiority of their successors.

At Donde all James's regret at losing his only friend was at once swept away by the mere sight of Margaret, who received him with an eagerness which brought a sparkle to his eyes. But he perceived at once that she looked pale and thin, and not at all so strong as when she had arrived on the coast, and there was in addition a wistfulness in her eyes which told his eager and concerned glance that something more than fading health affected her. He had not been many days in Donde before he found out that she had always been neglected and left alone in that solitary spot. It, like Kabooka, was a bay; but a beautiful one. It was land-locked, and surrounded by steep hills, wooded down to a tiny strip of circular beach, upon which there was scarcely a ripple, so smooth was the water. It was so nearly round in shape, that from most parts of it appeared a half circle of the dense vegetation of the valleys and the more scattered hardwood forests on the hill sides, some of which were reflected in the pool of water, as it were, for the height of the hills

dwarfed the size of the bay, so that it appeared much smaller than it really was, and not until one took boat and tried to reach an opposite shore was its size revealed. To the south-west a narrow opening led to the sea. The soil of the country was heavy and rich, and consequently the chief trade was in the products of it,—palm-oil, kernels, and earth-nuts. Of this trade M'Gibbon ought to have had the better share, for his only opponent was a Portuguese of the name of João Chaves, who lived in a mat-house surrounded by woods. But, as James soon found out, the Portuguese had the better trade, and what was more curious, the Scotchman, instead of being jealous of Chaves, spent no little time with him, to the neglect of his own business. Moreover, he was always assisting him with goods, for which he received apparently no return.

James could not account for all this. The Portuguese was known to him as one of the many convicts who are deported to West Africa by the Lisbon Government, and after a time are allowed to go at large, provided they do not return to Portugal. What particular crime Chaves had committed James did not know; but his face, to the lad's eye, was not a pleasant one. And in truth he was cruelty itself to the natives he was possessed of. In frame he was a tall, loosely made, powerful man. From his straight heavy eyebrows his dark eyes flashed quick furtive glances, while his lips kept their alertness company with a shifty smile, which appeared to be always verging upon a snarl. This was partially concealed by a thick black moustache and a tangled beard. There was something about his presence that always took James by surprise. It flashed upon the lad like

that of some wild animal. Nevertheless, Chaves tried to be on good terms with James, and would bid him good-day, with a sweep of his *sombrero*, and the smile that was like a snarl, whenever he saw him, which was not often. Margaret shrank from the man.

M'Gibbon's neglect of his sister was James's opportunity, and Margaret and he became closer companions than ever. He shortly worshipped the very ground she stood on, and while doing his work faithfully, tried to comfort and amuse her to the best of his ability. But somehow never did he show by word or deed what was in his inmost heart. He considered her too beautiful, too far above him for that, and she—well she looked upon him only as a sailor.

As time flew on, the factory, denuded from time to time of goods, gradually fell into disrepute with the native traders, and the trade dwindled away slowly but surely during all the wet season. James ventured to remonstrate about this, but was roughly told to keep a silent tongue in his head, and to do the best he could, which he did, until at last all the goods, except a supply sufficient to buy provisions with, had been either bartered away or sent to the Portuguese.

Then it was, after a week of nearly constant rain, one stormy night as the lightning zigzagged in the heavens in constant, broad, violet-white bands, blinding in intensity, and the heavy thunder rolled peal after peal right over the house, shaking it to its foundation of bricks, and the rain plashed down in almost solid sheets of water, that James was awakened during a slight lull in the storm by the sound of a woman's scream, followed by the noise of the heavy footsteps of a white man staggering

along the verandah, and the patter of the bare feet of the black boys as they fled before him. To throw aside his mosquito curtains and leap out of his bed, took the lad but a few moments; but during those moments the scream was repeated. He dashed into the chief room of the factory, and saw, by the light of the lamp that burnt there of nights, a sight that for a second almost paralysed him. Margaret was struggling in the arms of the Portuguese, and at one end of the room stood her brother, swaying to and fro, and fumbling at the lock of a revolver.

Without a thought James sprang upon Chaves, and struggled with him to bring him down, and so far succeeded that Margaret was enabled to escape from him; but the strong man, recovering from the shock, threw the lad from him, so that he staggered and fell. The Portuguese then strode out of the room into the darkness, M'Gibbon daring him with many curses and flourishes of his weapon to return. At once James did his best to calm his drunken master, and relieving him of his weapon, got him out of the room and into his bed, and hastening back, he found Margaret in a faint. He bathed her face with water, and when she had recovered a little, supported her to the door of her room. As she was about to enter it, she suddenly turned and clung to him convulsively. "You will not—you will not leave me?" she whispered, affrighted.

"No, no," he muttered; and then she told him in broken sentences what had happened.

She had awakened in the night, and feeling thirsty, had called to the little native girl who attended on her; but finding the child stretched across the doorway of her room fast asleep, she had step-

ped across her, and had slipped into the dining-room to draw the water herself from the round earthen jar which always hung there suspended from the roof. Suddenly, as her arms were stretched upwards, she found herself clasped in the embrace of the Portuguese. She struggled to escape, and then James entered.

This was her story, which she told amid the gradually decreasing noise of the thunder, and the fainter lightning flashes trembling violently the while as she half lay in James's arms. Thus he held her until, on his promise to watch over her for the rest of the night, she went into her room. He stretched himself before her door, taking the place of the little negro girl. His thoughts were troubled for her safety. He knew the nature of men like the Portuguese, and he knew also that the man had somehow a hold over M'Gibbon. The latter, in spite of his bluster, was afraid of Chaves, and if—if the latter had taken a fancy to Margaret? And, sickened by the thought of what might happen to her in such a case, James lay awake until the dawn.

When he saw Margaret again alone, she added to his suspicion by confessing to him that her brother had even gone the length of hinting to her that the Portuguese admired her, and it would be for her advantage if she did not discourage him; and he had backed his hints up by coarsely reminding her that she might any day find herself a beggar.

James's indignation at this knew no bounds, and on Margaret adding that her sole anxiety now was to leave the country, he, without a moment's hesitation, offered her the bill that represented the whole of his savings, to pay her passage.

Even the generosity of this did not reveal to her all that was in the lad's heart towards her.

"Present the order to the captain of the next schooner that calls here," said he, "and get you away while you are safe. The captain will take it, for it is on the firm I was with, is signed by their agent, and nearly due. But will M'Gibbon permit you to leave?" he added.

"He cannot surely prevent me," she replied, "except by force, and he could not use that. And you—you will be on my side, will you not?" and she laid her hands on his arm.

James smiled at the trust she had in him, and at the thought that he could be anywhere else except on her side, and then he told her how much he feared from the ascendancy the Portuguese had over her brother.

"Yes, yes," she answered, "there is something between them,—something that gives that man"—and she shuddered—"power over him. I had felt it before you came, and now I fear it."

"He has already about ruined him," said James.

"I fear he may do worse," she replied.

James said nothing more to her; but he resolved that that night he would, if possible, satisfy himself as to what bond kept the two men together. He had already a suspicion; but he was determined to verify it.

M'Gibbon, after having mooned about the factory for the whole of the day, and without referring to what had occurred the night before, or even showing that he expected it to be referred to, went as usual to the factory of Chaves. James waited until darkness had well set in, and then placing Margaret in the charge of two brawny

natives, armed with *machets*, followed him.

The single path wound gradually upwards past scattered trees and brushwood until above the point of the bay, near to which the house of Chaves stood. Then it descended into a valley where the forest was thick and tangled, and the trunks of the huge red-wood trees so encircled by thick creepers, so matted and interwoven overhead, that the starlight only flickered through them here and there to make the darkness visible. On the opposite side of this valley the factory of the Portuguese was built, encircled by the forest except to within fifty yards or so of the house, where the ground was clear.

James, when quit of the wood, crept as softly as he could through the grass so as not to disturb the watch, and succeeded in passing the sentries unobserved. He halted beneath a single-tree on a small level space. All was silent about him except the ceaseless "tick, tick, tick" of the insects in the tree above, and the solemn "croak, croak" of the frogs in the marshy places far below. Before him the light given by a twisted rag floating in a dish of palm oil, shone yellow and dim through the reed blinds of the open verandah of the house. He could hear his own breath. All at once the long-drawn moans of some one in intense agony fell upon his ear, and sounded as if from close beside him. He started, and peered about, and again he heard a moan. Guided by the sound, he saw, a little way off, the punishment post of the factory, and beside it lay the naked form of a negro, and a puff of wind coming from that quarter brought with it a sickening smell.

The man was chained to the post, and the moans he made were so distressful that James crept up to

him. He was lying on one side fastened by his wrists tightly, so that he could hardly touch any part of his body with his hands. His ribs showed through his skin, which was covered with mud, wrinkled and cracked by exposure, and seamed by raw and partially healed welts where the lash had twisted round him. His arms and legs were wasted away, and his face was hollow. The only sign of life about him was his eyes, which glittered with a piteous stare as James knelt down beside him. This the lad was hardly able to do for the stench and filth about the slave, who must have been chained, exposed to sun, rain, and dew, for some weeks. There was a tiny cup with a little water in it, which James put to the lips of the man, who made one effort to swallow, but could not. He was evidently dying. James thought to put him on his back, and to support his head a little; but on placing his hand behind him, felt that it was covered with blood, and that little

strips of flesh were adhering to it. The whole of the slave's back was one mass of deep cuts crossed and recrossed, as he had been flogged again and again, with just sufficient intervals between each flogging to allow him to recover some vitality. This was a piece of the cruelty of Chaves, thought James, as he slipped a billet of wood under the man's head, and rose to leave him. He could do nothing for him, and he had yet to accomplish the discovery he had come to make.

Notwithstanding the want of cover, he managed to gain the edge of the floor of the verandah undiscovered. This was elevated a couple of feet or so above the ground, and he could hear the voices of the two men in the room inside. As he lifted a corner of the rattans, M'Gibbon gave a loud laugh. James paused and heard a slight rattling sound, followed by a second or two of silence, and then a low chuckle of exultation. He knew now what he had come to find out.

PART II.

The sound was the rattle of the dice, and M'Gibbon and the Portuguese were the gamblers. For some time the pair continued to throw—the Portuguese always in silence and determinedly, while M'Gibbon threw very slowly but with ill-concealed impatience, gloating over each turn of the dice. Each noted down his gains.

At length, after a run of ill-luck, the Scotchman's impatience culminated in a hoarse cry of disappointment, and throwing down the dice-box, he rose, went to a side-table, and helped himself to spirits. The Portuguese sat with his legs stretched out before him, slowly adding up what he had won. Suddenly

M'Gibbon returned to the table. "Again," he cried, in Portuguese, and pushed the box over to his opponent, who nodded, and began to play. Nothing was now heard for a long time but the almost continual rattle of the dice. At last the Portuguese, in his turn, threw down the box, and taking up a piece of paper, added some figures to it hastily, and threw it over to M'Gibbon, whose face paled.

"Fifteen hundred mil réis!" he murmured to himself in English.

"E verdade" (it is true), said the Portuguese.

James started. Fifteen hundred mil réis in the Portuguese currency of the coast was over £300 sterling;

and where had M'Gibbon such a sum? Yet, as the two talked, he gathered that there had been many payments to account in goods. After a while the play recommenced, the Portuguese taking the whole matter lightly, and seasoning the course of the dice with reflections in his own language. And he could afford to do so; for fortune that night went over to his side so completely, and remained there so long, that the debt mounted up and up, until, for the second time, he refused to play on, though M'Gibbon, fairly exasperated with his ill-luck, challenged him to do so, and ended by throwing it in his teeth that he would not play because he was afraid of not being paid.

"Contas de perto e amigos de longe" (short reckonings make long friends), replied Chaves, coolly.

"How much is it now?" asked M'Gibbon, grinding his teeth.

"Quarto mil" (four thousand).

"My house is worth the money," returned M'Gibbon. "I will play you for it."

The Portuguese was surprised in spite of his self-control. Here was a man ready to risk his credit and very means of existence on the turn of the dice. Well, if he were willing, he should not be disappointed. And with renewed interest Chaves began to play. In less than ten minutes M'Gibbon was without house or home, and at last seemed to realise his foolhardiness—for he put his hands to his head, and did not speak.

"Quem tem quatro e gasta cinco, não ha mister bolsa nem bolsinho" (he that hath four and spends five, hath no need of a purse), soliloquised the Portuguese, tauntingly.

"Once more!" shouted M'Gibbon furiously, and seized the dice.

The Portuguese laughed. "Your grace," he said, in his own language, "forgets that you have no house,

and that you are as yet indebted to your humble servant to the extent of four thousand mil reis—enormous,—to pay which you have nothing—nothing. Stop," he added suddenly; and fixing his eyes on his opponent as if to observe his state closely,—“yes, you have one thing”—and as he leaned over the table to whisper, his eyes fairly sparkled, and he lost his cool manner; “you have one thing,—a sua irmã” (your sister).

James started to his feet; and if the Portuguese had not been engrossed by the thought of what he said, he would have surely heard the noise the listener made.

Not that the lad had understood at once all that the scoundrel meant. It was only as, sinking down again, he stared with fixed eyes through a chink between the rattans, and listened, that he comprehended the scoundrel's idea of playing M'Gibbon for the possession of Margaret.

That the brother did not at once take the brute by the throat astounded James; that he should hesitate even for a second was inexplicable to the lad; and he was about to rise and rush forth to denounce the villain himself when M'Gibbon began to speak. What he said James could not well catch, he spoke so low; but the interval gave the lad time to reflect that his best policy, for Margaret's sake, at present was silence; so he lay still, strained every nerve, and listened again.

"You do not know what she will say or do," at length spoke the Portuguese, in reply to the trader; "and your grace forgets you have no place for her. Mal via ao fuso quando a barba não anda em cima" (alas for the spindle when the beard is not over it)! "She will be better off with me than without me;" and he laughed.

James bit his tongue to keep himself quiet. The savage beast! to speak so of Margaret—his Margaret! He listened again.

But the voice of the Portuguese sank to a whisper; and after some time, the lad, to his utter dismay, saw the two men deliberately set themselves to play. And now again the dice rattled in the box, as the bearded scoundrels bent over the table to watch their course, by the yellow light of the smoking wick, which left all but the space about them in deep shadows. At last the Portuguese rose with a triumphant smile.

"By G—, you shall not have her!" cried M'Gibbon, with compunction in his voice, and also rising. But the Portuguese looked at him; and there was a devilry in his look which showed that he meant the chance of the dice to be kept.

"Once more," groaned M'Gibbon, sitting down. "I will work any debt out—every real of it,—I will."

"You will give me your sister," replied the Portuguese. "Moreover, I will be liberal. You shall have five hundred in cash for yourself, provided you leave *Donde* for good," he added quickly and decidedly.

M'Gibbon's eyes glistened; the all-absorbing spirit of the gambler was strong within him.

"But," went on the Portuguese, "the sailor must be got rid of."

"Must he!" ground out James between his teeth; and then he grew cold at heart as he heard the details of a plan dastardly in its cool brutality.

"Then you will acquaint the *Senhora Margarida* with the regard of your humble servant," concluded Chaves.

"And if—if she does not—does not consent?" stammered M'Gibbon,

glancing nervously at him, and stopping short.

"What have you to do with that?" returned Chaves, quickly. "She is not yours. Come, if you will leave *Donde* at once you shall have a thousand mil reis. I have five hundred by me," and he made a move to leave the room.

M'Gibbon did not stop him, and he went away. When he had gone, the ex-trader rose and walked unsteadily towards the edge of the verandah, where James was; and the lad had only just time to glide away into the darkness before the man put aside the blind and stood looking out into the night until the Portuguese returned, when he once more sat down.

The blind remained on one side, and James did not dare to venture near the little stream of light that shone on the ground; and he waited where he was until he saw the lamp burn low, flicker, and then go out, when he ventured to creep up to the verandah again. He saw in the darkness that M'Gibbon was lying sound asleep in a canvas chair, but that otherwise the room appeared to be empty.

Suddenly the voice of the Portuguese sounded, and James saw him bend over the sleeping man.

"Do coiro lhe sahem as correias" (the thongs come out of his own skin), he muttered, as he looked at him; and then he turned, and James heard his footsteps as he went into the inner part of the house.

It was now near morning, and the lad got away as quickly as possible, his thoughts full of alarm and rage. He came to the spot where the slave was chained, and turned to look at him: the man was dead.

All was quiet at the factory when he got back to it. Margaret was apparently asleep, and the two

guards were watchful. But, exhausted though he was by the excitement he had gone through, James could not rest. His mind was torn by doubt, and he paced up and down the verandah for the remainder of the night.

That instant flight was necessary for Margaret's safety was distinct and clear to him. But how, and in what direction? Even if she could get clear away, the stations along the coast belonged to Portuguese, who would be certain to favour their countryman Chaves.

M'Gibbon did not return until late on the next day, and went straight to his own part of the house. Of this James was glad, for by that time he had made up his mind to a course of action, and he sought Margaret. He told her what he had been a witness of on the previous night as softly as possible, and tried to soothe her agitation and alarm as she heard it; but in vain. She appealed wildly to him to save her, and cast herself at his feet in an agony of apprehension. Fearful of discovery, he hushed her cries and raised her tenderly—this coarse lad—and told her of his plan of escape to Kabooka, if she would trust herself with him. Or would she better risk an appeal to her brother's better nature? For reply, she clung the closer to James, and he then and there bade her be ready at a moment's notice. "It shall not cost you a thought," he cried, "if you can only bear up against the fatigue." And then he gently thrust her into her room, as he heard the trader call loudly for him.

"Here, you, Barker," said that ruffian. "You're due a month's notice or a month's wages. I give you the cash, and you can go as soon as you can get away."

James's heart gave a sudden bound. He knew by the offer that the money of the Portuguese had been accepted, but he managed to stammer out an expression of surprise at his own dismissal.

"You must see," returned M'Gibbon, that I have done no trade here for months; and therefore I can't afford to keep you, and feed you. The long and short of it is, I won't; and the sooner you go the better. No, I've no fault to find with you; but don't you see, Jim, I'm pretty well ruined already by this d—— hole," and he turned away. "You can have a boat and the boys to take you where you like," he added, turning back. And if you wish to go home, there's a steamer calling at your old place in three days' time. Eh, what do you say now?"

A gleam of hope sprang up suddenly within James's breast. One difficulty seemed almost dispelled—the difficulty of getting clear away. To conceal his joy, he pretended indifference to his own dismissal; and M'Gibbon, evidently pleased at the prospect of getting rid of him so easily, invited him into his room to take a *matabicho*, or "kill the worm,"* and even went the length of informing him, privately and in confidence, that he had sold the factory and its contents to the Portuguese, and was preparing to leave the place shortly with his sister, which was the reason why James had to go.

James made no remark, but swallowed his liquor, and said he would go and look out the boat-boys, and give them their rations, so that they might be able to start when wanted.

M'Gibbon consented to this, and the two men parted on good terms. James longing in his heart to tell

* The Coast expression for a drink.

his late master what a dastardly coward he was.

The journey from Donde to Kabooka usually necessitated the use of both boat and hammock: the boat for the first part, where it was difficult to go by land on account of the bad character of the natives, who were treacherous; and the hammock for the second part, some sixty miles from a solitary station, inhabited by a Portuguese, where bearers could be procured. James would fain have gone altogether by land for the sake of the increased speed; but he hesitated, for Margaret's safety, to take the risk. Moreover, it would be easier to get her away in a boat with him unperceived; and he trusted to the start he might have before her absence should be discovered, to reach his old factory in safety. He quietly summoned the head boat-boy, José, and bade him have his crew in readiness that night, and the heavy surf-boat hauled close down to the water's edge, with mast stepped and sail bent; and to insure his orders being carried out, he gave him a piece of cloth for each of his boys, and several yards of saved list for himself, the last there was in the factory. He then stowed away in the boat's locker with his own hands a little meat, some loaves of bread, a breaker of water, and a small keg of rum for the boys. Whilst he was doing this they came trooping down to the beach; and he gathered from their talk, and the alertness with which they got the boat ready, that they were as glad to leave Donde as himself. This, although they were not natives of the place, was strange; and he questioned José, who suddenly became cautious, and would not say more than that the captain, "Jimmy Jim"—the name James went by—did well to go away.

"Why?" asked James.

José shrugged his shoulders, and a light came into his black eyes, but he only grumbled, "Despacha, despacha, Senhor." And with this answer James, though puzzled, had to be content. It was so far lucky that the men were willing to go.

All the following day M'Gibbon did not stir out of the factory, much to James's dismay, who apprehended a visit from the Portuguese and what his sharp eyes might discover. But as the hours wore on nobody came, and after his dinner the trader drew his chair close up to a table, put thereon spirits and water, and then proceeded to smoke in silence. He had not seen Margaret that day, nor had he once asked for her.

In this way he sat for some hours by himself, during which James kept a discreet watch upon him from outside the door of the room, turning in his walk along the verandah so as to be able to eye him through the trellis-work of the upper part of the room without exciting his suspicion.

But M'Gibbon had none, and towards midnight his bushy red beard sank on his breast, the pipe he had been smoking dropped from his hand, and he sank backward in his chair asleep. After gazing at him for some minutes to make sure of him, James judged that now the time for flight had arrived. Before another sun had set it might be too late. Therefore he went softly along to Margaret's room and tapped gently at her door. She was ready, and opened it at once; and though she was pale and distressed with waiting, James was glad to feel that there was that in her manner, as she put her hand in his, which betokened her resolution. He took the pillows and blankets from her bed and then hurried her down to the beach. José and his crew at a

signal followed swiftly from the hut in which they lived, the impassive negroes luckily not taking any particular notice of the white woman, to whose presence they had become accustomed. Indeed they were too eager to be off.

Of late the trader had sent away most of the factory servants, so there was no watch kept, and no onlooker saw the boat launched into the water that lapped upon the beach. James wished the moonlight had not been so brilliant, but the late storm had cleared the sky.

He arranged the pillows in the narrow stern of the boat, and then, taking Margaret in his arms, carried her through the water. The boys then put their shoulder to the craft, and in a few seconds she floated, and jumping into her they gave way, silently at James's warning, but with a will, stimulated by his encouraging promises.

Indeed, so smartly did the heavy boat start forward under their strokes, that in a quarter of an hour she was well into the neck of water that formed the opening into the sea, and James, looking back, could see no sign of life or movement upon the beach. So far he had been lucky, and had no need of the rifle concealed beneath the blankets. Lifting the latter, he folded them tenderly round his companion, and she looked up into his face and thanked him sweetly—by which he was more than satisfied. And now the boat, leaving the shelter of the bay, began to feel the huge masses of sea as they passed beneath her, and shortly the roaring of the surf along the open shore of the coast was heard, and the white-crested waves were seen tumbling and bursting on the beach. But the boat's head was turned seawards, and having gained a sufficient offing, the lug-sail was

set to a favourable breeze, as against a strong current running to the north. For the rest of the night the boat made fair way, rolling to the send of the waves; but just at the first break of day, without the slightest warning, the mast snapped by the thwart. James roused the sleeping boys, cleared the wreck, and did his best to splice the mast, but it had broken too short off to admit of a repair that would stand the pressure of the sail, so the boys unshipped it, and took to their oars, pulling a long slow stroke hour after hour until well towards noon, when the sun, being most powerful, they laid in their oars and ate greedily of the cassada meal and ground nuts with which they had furnished themselves, washed down with a little water. James would fain have seen them eat something more substantial, for with the fall of the mast he had to depend entirely upon them for the further progress of the boat. He served them out a cupful of rum apiece, and they fell to work again, singing cheerily, as they rowed, a song led by José.

But as the afternoon drew to a close, the vigour of their strokes, instead of increasing with the cooler air, died away, and James, distressed himself, could not help them. For the heat out on the smooth rollers, at first without shade, and latterly without a breath of wind, had been almost unendurable, and even Margaret, though she had been sheltered by the sail, which James had spread over the stern of the boat, lay pale and exhausted. Suddenly José cried, "Olha, Senhor!" and pointed to the north-west, where, far away in the sky, and just above the horizon as yet, stretched a long line of dense black clouds.

It was a tornado, or rain-storm, coming towards them, and at any

rate would give them relief ; so they waited for it, the boat dipping its bows to the loud swell of the sea. On it came, increasing in size and obscuring the half of the heavens with an inky lining, and dotting the surface of the sea with little splashes of white foam, which were instantly beaten down by sheets of hissing rain. Rapidly it caught up to the boat, and for nearly half an hour nothing could be seen overhead and all around but the great black cloud and the white tops of the waves breaking before its steady rushing wind. Then the storm passed over to the south-east, having cooled the air and refreshed the crew, who resumed their oars.

Towards the night, which was cloudy, they edged the boat near the low barren shore of the part of the coast they were off, until the sandy beach, with the great rolling breakers, could again be seen. Then they cast a large stone, fastened to a rope, into the sea, which brought the boat's head to the rollers, and she rode at ease. James did not hinder them, for he thought the position of the boat secure enough, and the men were so utterly done up that they could row no more.

Indeed, once anchored, they stretched themselves along the bottom of the boat and along the thwarts, and became oblivious, wrapped in that deep sleep common to negroes. Towards midnight James, wearied, also fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not ; but he suddenly became conscious that he heard Margaret's voice, which made him broad awake at once. He looked over the side of the boat, and his eyes encountered a sight that made his heart stand still. By the light allowed by the clouds he saw that they were surrounded on both sides by breakers—great curling masses of water, whose crests shone phosphorescent and

pale, and whose sides were moving sea-caverns, until they suddenly toppled over and dissolved in long lines of white surf. A *kalemma*, or sudden rise of the surf, had taken place with the wind, and the boat had drifted into too shallow water. It was a mere chance that right ahead of it there was more depth than on both sides ; so that, while all around was white water, ahead the rollers as yet passed by it unbroken.

James perceived that the safety of the boat was a matter of moments, and, holding on to the gunwale of the pitching craft, crept forward and roused the crew, who leisurely took up the stone and pulled ahead ; and so sound asleep had they been, that it was not until a line of foam rose high right before them, and a roller trembled for a moment, and then burst, nearly swamping the boat, that they seemed to realise their danger, and gave way with all their strength.

But so soon as they were out of the peril, and into deeper water, they shipped their oars, and prepared to let down the stone again. He was powerless to prevent them, but he resolved that the boat should not be allowed to drift again for want of watching, and when she was baled dry he sat up in the stern-sheets with one arm supporting Margaret. She had borne up bravely so far, but the last shock had been sudden ; and when she chanced to look back at the wild seething sea behind her, which she had just escaped from, her heart failed her.

So the second night passed, and daylight, most welcome, broke again, when James set the crew to work, which warmed their stiffened limbs. He had hoped to make Cobra Grande, the point of the coast for which he aimed, and where he trusted to procure hammocks and

bearers for the land journey before the noon of the third day ; but in spite of all the vigour the boys could put forth—and to the poor fellows' credit they rowed most stanchly—hour after hour dragged away, and night had almost come again before the boat, after a brief struggle with the sea, buried its nose in the sand of the beach at the base of a great bluff, shaped in the fancied resemblance to the head of a snake. James left the boys by their craft, which they drew up on the beach, and gave them the remainder of the spirits in the keg ; and so pleased were they with the present, that they immediately forgot all their past troubles, and set themselves down in a circle on the sand to finish it, oblivious of him and his companion.

Owing to the increasing darkness the arrival of the boat had not been noticed by any one on shore, and when James entered the factory, which was situated round a corner of the great cliff that rose out of the sea, he found it tenanted by a single snuff-coloured half-bred, with unmistakable wool on his little round head, which he scratched sleepily, as he welcomed James in Portuguese, evidently not exactly understanding where he had come from.

But when this youth perceived Margaret, who had at first remained outside the door, his surprise knew no bounds. He leaped clear into the air with astonishment, and with difficulty recovering, stood gazing at her open-mouthed.

So fair a creature, this poor half negro, half Portuguese, had never seen or dreamt of.

And she *was* different from the brown-eyed, woolly-headed mulatto girls he had known in his rare visits to the town of St Paul de Loanda, or even to the ivory-tinted, black-eyed Portuguese ladies he had seen

in that city, as, lying back in their *maxillas*, they passed him by in the streets. And, in truth, the three, as they stood in the lamplight of the rough wooden bungalow, made sufficiently distinct pictures. James, tall, brown-haired, and resolute ; Margaret, pale and frightened ; and in the background the short squat figure and dun-coloured face of the half-bred. Never had he heard of the presence of the Englishwoman on the coast, and now she stood before him.

James took him by the arm and shook him out of his trance, and then he became at once all hospitality. He bustled about and roused out all his servants, and quickly had the remainder of his late dinner put on the table—oily fried fish, oily fowl soup, and stewed fowls smothered in little round beans drenched in oil. He got out a jar of his favourite olives, and slipped them into a little basin of water, and with his own hands drew a large goblet of “vinho tinto,” the best wine he had, from a cask that stood in a corner.

As for the Senhora proceeding on her journey that night, he could not hear of it. He should feel too much responsibility if he permitted it,—he should indeed. And he placed a plump, brown, and dirty hand in the bosom of his coloured shirt, and bowed to the ground.

But James gave him to understand that it was imperative that the Senhora should go on, and that she would be much beholden to him if he would procure bearers for her ; and Margaret looking acquiescence in this, Senho Pepe at once hurried outside, and after a while came back with the information that he had, much against his will, sent messengers to the native village for the bearers.

Then he returned to the duties of the table, and, waiting on Mar-

garet himself, pressed her vigorously to eat of all the oily little dishes, only pausing to gaze at her with such serious admiration, that she could not help smiling at him, when he would nod and laugh in reply, and drink glass after glass of the "vinho tinto" to her health. But James was all impatience, and now the shuffling of bare feet was heard on the soil outside the factory, and stopped suddenly at the door, and guttural voices rose on the night air. Then torn cloths were tightened as rations were distributed by the Senhor Pepe, who disputed, argued with, and abused the bearers at one and the same time at the top of his shrill voice. At last, all preparations being completed to his satisfaction, Margaret lay in her hammock, her head pillowed on one of the little man's own greasy pillows.

There were six men to carry her, two at a time, and James was glad to see by the torchlight that they were all strong full-grown bearers, fit for the long journey before them. Thanking the little half-bred for his kindness, and shaking him heartily by the hand, he swung himself into his hammock, and gave the order to start. As Margaret was carried past the Senhor, she put out her hand, which he seized, and conveyed to his thick lips, bending low over it, and running beside her hammock as long as he could. When at last he relinquished it, he stood for a long while gazing at the lessening lights as they flickered through the brushwood, and then he returned slowly to his solitary house in a state of profound dejection.

As yet all had gone passably well with the fugitives, and James congratulated himself as the cool night air swept against his face, and the tall grass rustled swiftly past the sides of his hammock, while

it was borne along the narrow bush path, the bearers running fresh and strong under his weight.

In this way the flight was continued for some hours, sometimes within sound of the sea, and sometimes diverging into the bush, until at last the party, after passing quickly through a native village, came to a halt on the bank of a broad stream, which flowed silent, dark, and treacherous between slimy mangrove-covered banks, and met the white surf about half a mile below where the panting bearers stood. On a cleared space a canoe hollowed out of a great tree trunk was drawn up, and a little inshore of it was the hut of the ferryman, who, awakened by the shouts of the bearers, came crawling out of his grass-thatched dwelling rubbing his eyes and quite stupid from sleep, until shown some cloth James had brought from Senhor Pepe, when he brightened up and consented to launch his craft without delay. Into it four of the bearers and James and Margaret got, and were slowly punted over, the current carrying the heavy and narrow canoe down the stream and quite near to the breakers before the opposite shore was reached. Then the ferryman returned for the rest of the men, who embarked in safety; but as they were in mid-stream the pole with which the man punted snapped, and the canoe at once swung round with the stream. Then there was a wild shout for help from the men in the canoe to the men on shore; but the latter could do nothing. Nor could the men in peril aid themselves, for the hammocks with their poles had been taken over on the first voyage. The canoe drifted swiftly down towards the mouth of the river, and was almost at once lost to sight, and the cries of the men after a while were not heard. Though it was probable

that they all swam ashore, yet not one of them was seen again on either bank of the river.

By this disaster, then, at one stroke James lost two-thirds of the bearers, and had not any way by which he might replace them, for he could not cross to the village, and he dared not stay until daylight to be seen from the opposite bank. So he set out again with the remaining four men, but with a sinking heart. And soon he felt that they were not able for the task before them. The two who carried Margaret went lightly enough for a while, but his own boys almost at once began to lag wearily behind, and went slower and slower through the tiring long grass, studded with spiky palms and cactus-bush, until just before daybreak they came to a halt on rising ground, beneath a huge stout-limbed tree, and cried for help to those in front. But this James would not allow, and jumped from the hammock, when the poor sweat-soaked, sore-footed creatures threw themselves on the ground at the foot of the tree, and lay there as if they never meant to rise. It was only the urgent necessity of the case—how urgent he did not then know—that made James threaten to use blows to them to get them on their feet.

The men who carried Margaret, easily disheartened by this state of their comrades, now pretended to show distress, and it was with many protestations and much unwillingness that they took the hammock-pole upon their shoulders, and again went forward with her. James half walked, half ran, by her side, encouraging them, while his own men brought up the rear with his empty hammock. In this way another start was made, and the men kept going through the early morning hours.

They had now got upon a long curve of sandy beach, and James calculated that there were not more than a dozen miles between them and Kabooka, and by-and-by he fancied he could see in the distance the nearest headland of it standing out above the slight mist. But after some time, happening to look behind him over the long stretch of glistening sand, with its tracery of surf, over which they had come, he thought he saw certain black specks a great way off moving along. He clutched the arm of the bearer nearest to him, and bade him look also as he ran; and the long-sighted negro at once said the black specks were men, and that they carried a hammock.

James said nothing, except to urge his men to go faster. He knew them too well to use violence to them at this critical moment, for with their friends in sight they would simply have stopped short; so he cheered them by voice and gesture, even joking with them. Yet the black specks grew steadily, and within two hours could be made out quite distinctly. There were eight of them carrying one white man. Consequently the bearers were changed so frequently that there was no chance of escape from them by flight, even if James's men had not told him they would stop. To this he responded by pointing to the headland, now quite clear, ahead, and promised to each man 150 yards of *panno da costa* (cloth of the coast) if he made yet another effort. As this offer was something great in its liberality they all raised a shout, and starting forward did their best to increase their pace, and for some short time the sand flew beneath their feet; but suddenly the effort died away, and

they came to a dead stop completely done.

By this time the pursuers had come so near that their shouts were heard; and Margaret, who had hitherto lain quite still and silent, raised herself in her hammock and for the first time saw them. She divined at once who it was that followed, and whispering "Chaves!" clung to James's arm. It was the Portuguese. There was no mistaking his figure and face as triumphant he rose from his hammock and ran forward gun in hand.

Then James put into execution the plan he had kept to the last. He called the two men who had carried him, and placing Margaret in his own hammock he set all four men to the pole. "A casa! a casa!" (to the house! to the house!), he shouted; and the men, catching something of his excitement and meaning, with one effort staggered away along the beach.

The Portuguese had now come within fifty yards of the lad, who waited for him, and Chaves, seeing his advance barred, also halted, and the two men stood confronting each other, the black boys standing well to one side of their master. His irresolution was but momentary, and summoning James in a hoarse voice to stand aside he again advanced. To this the lad responded by cocking his rifle and retreating slowly. His eyes were steady and his lips firm set, and there was not the slightest sign of flinching on his face, which was slightly flushed. "Guarda! guarda!" shouted the Portuguese, and brought his rifle to the present. All the natives fell flat on their faces on the sand. Both men fired simultaneously, and James flung up his arms, staggered convulsively

for a second or two, and fell a huddled-up heap on the sand.

"Ah!" shouted the Portuguese, as he ran forward. There was neither sound nor motion from his prostrate foe, and stooping down he turned the body over. Then he thrust his hand beneath the rough shirt and withdrew it—it was bloody. After this he stood in the bright sunlight dazed for a few moments. He had not thought to kill the boy outright. But a quick revulsion of feeling seized him, and he spurned the body with his foot. Then he turned to call his bearers, but not one was to be seen. At the discharge of the firearms they had all run into the bush, and the only objects in view were the men who still carried Margaret. Roused by the sight, the Portuguese shouted for his slaves, and promised to cut them in pieces if they did not come to him; but there was no response. Full of the fury of disappointment, he pursued the flying hammock on foot.

But the bearers of it had by this time obtained a good start, and on seeing him coming after them gun in hand, increased their pace through sheer fright and desperation, and he found he could not overtake them before they would make the headland of the bay where they would be in full sight of the English factory. So he was forced to turn back, and he sat down by the side of his hammock to wait. He knew his men would not go far into the bush on this strange part of the coast, and that they would return one by one when they found the danger past. As he sat, his fears for his own safety increased. Away close to the factory of the Englishmen he was in their power; but once in *Donde*, surrounded by his

slaves, he could defy revenge, and in that No man's land laugh at justice, even if what he had done had not been in a fair fight. As these thoughts coursed through his mind with a sense of dread creeping upon him in spite of the fierce determination of his character, he cast a furtive look now and again at the dead body, unconscious that already the faces of his men were peering at him through the tall grass.

Meanwhile the hammock that contained Margaret was carried across the bay, and drew towards the factory, and was seen. Moreover, the burden that it contained was noticed to be something unusual; and after a long look through a glass, one of the men in charge of the place cried out that it was a woman—a white woman! Upon this a tall sallow-faced man took the telescope, and looked eagerly through it, supporting it with trembling hands against a post of the verandah. All at once Monke, for it was he, gave a great cry, called to the servants to bring him a hammock and to the men beside him to follow him, and sprang down the steps of the verandah into the sandy yard. He had been on the coast only a few days, and had returned before his leave had expired, on a matter that had surprised and pained him infinitely.

When he met the hammock, Margaret summoned all her resolution and told him in a few brief words of the cause of her flight, of the pursuit, and of James's peril away beyond the cliffs; and Monke, at the bare mention of the lad's name, urged the men who carried him, forward, leaving his two companions to look to Margaret. One of them did so, while the other followed the trader.

On they went past the headland

and along the shore; but much time had been lost, and when they saw the men they sought, the latter were already far ahead. With a feeling of disappointment Monke acknowledged to himself that, with the number of men he had, he could not overtake them. But what had become of James? Was the lad with the men away in the distance there? Then a native, who had been standing shading his eyes with his hand, sprang forward and pointed again, this time to something nearer,—something lying on the sand,—and they all saw it, and went towards it.

As they approached, they knew that it was the body of a white man, and a thrill of dismay ran through them as the face became visible. With one loud shout they all rushed forward, Monke leading. He recognised it; he threw himself on his knees beside it; he clasped it in his arms; he tried to raise it; he supported its head on his breast; he called wildly for water! brandy! he chafed its palms between his own; and then, when he became conscious the life was out of it, he threw up his arms with one loud cry of "James, James, my son!"

He remained by the body, and would not allow any one to touch it—motioning all away; and, in truth, his companion was too much astounded by the utterly unexpected discovery, and the vehemence of the grief displayed, to intrude upon him. Even the natives, stoical and indifferent to the sight of death, were struck by the sorrow of the white man for his brother, as they thought, and stood apart. At last his friend ventured to approach him and to take the body from him, when the grief-stricken man rose and followed the party back to the factory. After a while he spoke, and told his friend how

he had discovered, when in England, that the lad whom he had known on the coast had been indeed his own illegitimate son; and turning, he halted, and in a sudden accession of grief, made him promise to give him his help and arms to pursue the Portuguese.

Margaret's grief was not less intense than that of Monke. She knew now that the poor lad who had died to preserve her had done so out of his affection towards her, and she threw herself beside the couch on which they had laid him. There Monke found her, and gently raising her, looked into her face, and thenceforth the new love that both had begun to bear towards him formed a bond of union between them.

On the next morning James was laid to rest with the ensign over him. He was buried on the sea-slope of the southernmost bluff of the bay fronting the great ocean. All the head-men of the factory attended in solemn silence, and with a twinge here and there among them of regret; but death to them was simply the inevitable, and to be as quickly and easily forgotten as possible. Therefore, when Monke and his friend swept out of the factory gates with a strong body of bearers, they only stopped the games of chance they were playing with small cubes of wood on a square board for a moment to look after the departing party, and then with a shrug of the shoulders they resumed their play—the white men's quarrels were not theirs.

All that day Monke and his comrade travelled along the sea-shore, and through the grassy plains, and over the dark river, and arrived at Senhor Pepe's house. The little man was astounded to learn for the first time what had happened, and

wrung his little hands in grief, only brightening up when he found that the Senhora was safe. To his credit he willingly told the Englishmen that Chaves had been at the factory, and the hour of his departure, and he placed his boats and boats' crews at their disposal, though he knew he ran the risk of incurring the anger and revenge of his countryman by doing so.

Thus enabled to proceed without delay, and having the current in their favour, the pursuers entered the bay of Donde by the night of the second day, Monke's heart thirsting for revenge. It was just such a night as that on which James and Margaret had left it, and apparently all was as tranquil on shore. But suddenly, as the boat passed on, a glare of light shone for a moment on a hill-top, and then shot up a steady stream into the still night air.

"What does that mean?" ejaculated Monke.

"The factory of the Portuguese is on fire," returned his companion, excitedly. "That is his; M'Gibbon's is to the right."

"Pull, boys, pull!" cried Monke, fevered by the sight. "And God grant that I may not be too late to punish him!" he exclaimed to himself, gripping his gun nervously.

But quickly though the boat went through the water, the flames grew and spread, almost at once devouring the old cane-work of the house with a rapidity that showed it must have been set on fire in many places. Also the building was too far inland, and the boat too far off the shore, to allow any sound to be heard; and the fire shone red and silent through the thick fringe of the forest.

But just as the boat touched the beach, the powder-house belonging

to the factory blew up with a terrific roar. This had been situated some hundred yards from the main building, and its destruction surely showed that it had been fired purposely. The boat-boys were awed and cowed by the roar of the explosion and its shock; but the two white men rallied them, and led them with a rush up the hill and through the forest. They noticed as they went that from the spot where M'Gibbon's factory stood came neither sound nor light.

As they drew near to the burning house, shouts and yells were plainly heard above the roar and crackle of the flames, whose light fell upon fully five hundred natives in the cleared space, some of whom crowded and fought round broached puncheons of rum, while others danced or reeled about the factory yard clad in all the fine cloths and shawl-pieces they had been able to pillage from the bales lying about, and adorned with strings upon strings of bright beads, which glittered in the fierce light. Many kept up a perpetual fusilade, loading their muskets with handfuls of powder from open kegs that lay strewed about.

As a background to this stood the dark and silent forest, into which the more cautious and sober of the negroes were stealing with their booty and returning for more. So intent were all upon the spoil, that the approach of Monke and his band was not noticed; and not until the two white men stepped into the circle of light made by the flames were they seen, when there was an instant stampede on the part of the marauders into the forest. Two of them were captured, and dragged on their knees before Monke, who had been driven back from the building by the intoler-

able heat; and on being questioned at the muzzle of a musket, they told how the slaves and the villagers had combined to rise against the Portuguese, and having surprised him, had tied him to his bed and then set fire to his house.

His cruelty had at last met with its reward. Monke, callous though he was to the severity of the fate that had befallen the man, could not help looking aghast at the house where the tragedy had taken place, and as he looked the roof fell in, and a shower of fiery particles rose up into the air, and the flames were dulled for a few moments, but only for a few moments. They shot up again fiercer than before.

The revenge of the Englishman had been suddenly snatched from him, yet it was with no feeling of disappointment that the task had not been spared to him, that he turned to the forest. And now the little band had to look quickly to their safety, for with returning courage, the pillagers began firing their muskets, charged with slugs, as they advanced to the edge of the wood.

Not wishing either to confront or harm the maddened creatures, Monke withdrew his men in the direction of M'Gibbon's factory, and sent two of them to search the house. They reported that it was empty, whereupon the party ran smartly along the beach for their boat, which they reached, the slaves following them down to the shore as if to cut them off; but suddenly they halted and turned back towards the Scotchman's house.

As the boat was pulled off shore, flames burst forth from the hitherto dark and tenantless factory. Of its owner nothing was heard or seen. Whether he was murdered,

or whether he escaped from Donde, remained always a mystery. It was supposed, however, that he was taken inland by the natives, and there put to death by them, to prevent any tales being told.

With the destruction of the two factories, the Bay of Donde returned to the possession of the natives; for the houses were never replaced upon its shores, and the only craft to be seen on its placid waters are the canoes of the native fishermen of the village, dotting its expanse with tiny specks.

When Monke got back to Ka-booka, he took Margaret under his charge and protection; and though at first it went hard with him to look at her without thinking of his son's death, yet as time passed, that feeling passed away with it, and was replaced by the recollection that she had been the lad's favourite; and it was for her sake that before

long he gave up his charge of the factory, and returned to England.

Margaret, on her part, was well aware of the feelings with which Monke at first regarded her, and she would fain have left him; but since he had not permitted that, she, mindful of her error, set herself to make him love her, and with such sweetness and success, that the two became inseparable, and were known in the little country village to which they retired as father and daughter. This village was situated inland, far away from the sound of the sea, which was distressful to Monke and to the girl—for it reminded the one of his son, and the other of the days she had spent on the far-off lonely African shore. Yet, as time wore on, the memory of the lad who had died on that coast became fainter and fainter with both, and at last, as at first, he was forgotten.

THE SITUATION IN EGYPT.

"THE war is over—send no more men from England," is the happiest and proudest message ever sent by a general to his country; and the heart would be indeed unpatriotic that did not respond with pride and thankfulness to the natural jubilation of the conqueror. Whatever may have been the feelings with which Great Britain saw itself launched into a war in Egypt, from the time that the sword was drawn there could only be one sentiment among us, that the campaign should be prosecuted to a speedy and triumphant issue. To this all parties have heartily contributed; and the rapidity and success with which our soldiers have put down the Khedive's rebels, are the fitting reward, as they are the result, of the national unanimity and patriotism.

The campaign itself is one that, as a military expedition, will always be dwelt upon with pride in British history. Although the materials are as yet wanting for minute military criticism, Sir Garnet Wolseley's mastery of his difficult situation speaks for itself. He had not one enemy but a score to to conquer, and of these the Egyptian rebels were decidedly the least formidable. He had to deal with a country where experience had long ago shown that warfare by European troops can be carried on only at most signal disadvantage. He had to organise his expedition, and to lay his plans with a rapidity that made the onlooker tremble lest at the critical moment some important link in the chain should be found to have been left out. There was the climate to be faced, which had inflicted sad havoc on both the French and British at the commencement of the century.

There was the usual deficiency of transport, which is inseparable from the best and most carefully organised British expedition; and there was but a very imperfect knowledge of the enemy's strength and means of resistance. That, in spite of these drawbacks, Sir Garnet Wolseley should have been able to bring the campaign so rapidly to a successful close, is most creditable to himself and gratifying to the country; and without attributing to him any of the supernatural military genius with which he has been endowed by the daily press, we may say that the Egyptian expedition has proved him to be a general upon whom Britain can with confidence rely in an emergency.

And Sir Garnet, as a good general, has been most ably supported. We have engaged in few campaigns in recent times in which the higher commands were filled up by officers of so great military skill and experience; and the troops have proved themselves to be the *élite* of our service. We feel a natural elation in seeing a Prince of the Blood once more in the field and quitting himself like a thorough soldier, sharing not merely the perils but the toils of his comrades. The Household troops, the Highlanders, and the Irish, have vied with each other in bravery, endurance, and steadiness; while the splendid march of the Indian cavalry, after the action at Tel-el-Kebir, is a famous testimony to the valuable auxiliary force which we possess in our native Indian army. Their behaviour in action appears to have impressed Continental critics with a deeper respect for the British army than they have vouchsafed to express for some time

back ; and yet it must be admitted that the fighting in Egypt will not bear comparison with what took place in Afghanistan under General Sir Frederick Roberts, or even in South Africa under Lord Chelmsford. After the Afghan and the Zulu, the Egyptian foe proved but cowardly ; and it was more his strong defensive position and the facilities which the sandy nature of the country afforded for intrenchments, than the determination with which it was maintained, that tested the courage of our soldiers.

Now that the war is over, the restraints which patriotic feeling has hitherto imposed upon criticism may be considered as removed ; and we may speak our minds freely regarding the lamentable blunders which launched us into it, and the difficulties which a tortuous and half-hearted policy are up to the present moment throwing in the way of a satisfactory settlement of the Egyptian difficulty. Like those of nearly all our present troubles, the seeds of the Egyptian war were sown by Mr Gladstone during his efforts to obtain office. His hatred of the Porte—simulated, we believe, at first, but waxing real as he became bitter—and the furious invective against Ottoman power in which he indulged, are the main reasons why we have been called upon to expend blood and treasure in Egypt. Lord Beaconsfield's wars sprang, we were told, from "lust of conquest," "earth hunger," and similarly improper motives. The Egyptian campaign, if traced back to its ultimate source, will be found to have its origin in the present Premier's petulance while in Opposition. He alienated the confidence of the Porte, and sacrificed all the influence by which the British Government had hitherto been wont to keep matters peaceful and orderly in the Sultan's dominions.

Can it be for an instant believed that, had our influence at the Sublime Porte remained on the same basis as that on which it rested when the present Ministry took it over from the Conservative Government, an expedition to Egypt would ever have been required at all ? Possessing as the Conservative Government did the confidence of Turkey, would the latter have made any difficulty about restoring order in Egypt upon terms which would have at least insured the maintenance of the *status quo* ? It is to the distrust, not of Britain, but of the present British Government, which Mr Gladstone has engendered by his language and by his policy, that the war in Egypt has been mainly due, and that all co-operation on the part of the Porte has been rendered impossible.

And while virtually breaking with the Porte on the subject of Egypt, Mr Gladstone has also practically broken with the European Concert. From the time when we undertook to deal single-handed with the insurrection in Egypt, we really withdrew ourselves from the other European Powers. It may be argued that in doing so we were justified by the special interests which we possess in Egypt ; we shall see, however, whether in the end these interests gain anything from our individual action that would not have been secured from the maintenance of the European Concert and the employment of Turkey as the natural mandatory of the Powers. We must remember, too, that though the Powers have allowed Britain to take her own way with regard to the suppression of the Egyptian rebellion, they have never renounced their right to decide upon the future of the country, and that they only wait for the thorough pacification of Egypt to summon us to the

bar to hear their award. Even France, who first led us into the difficulty and then allowed us to shift for ourselves, will have an opportunity of raising her voice in the European Concert, and demanding that Britain shall obtain no preponderance in Egypt sufficient to obstruct her designs of founding a North African empire. We have thus hurriedly embarked on a dangerous and costly undertaking, with the knowledge that its ultimate destinies lie beyond our own control, and that the other Powers who have not bestirred themselves will reap in a great degree with ourselves the benefit, and yet will be most likely to cut down our bill of costs. We have jealously excluded Turkey—although the Power more directly responsible for the preservation of order in Egypt—from all participation in our operations. Would it not savour of such political irony as Prince Bismarck delights in, if the Powers should decree that the Porte itself is to derive benefit from our forwardness?

It was so obvious, that though we suppressed the rebellion and restored the Khedive by our own unaided exertions, we should still have but one voice in the future settlement of Egypt, that we cannot think the Ministry ever seriously contemplated engaging in war. All the facts point very strongly to the conclusion that they had no such deliberate intention, and that in reality they blundered into it. Mr Gladstone has such faith in his "demonstrations" that he thought our ironclads had only to show themselves in Alexandria harbour to bring Arabi on board to offer his sword to Admiral Seymour. But he had miscalculated the desperate and irresponsible nature of Arabi's position, and the means of evasion which the country so freely offered.

And when, no choice left him, Admiral Seymour opened fire upon the town, in what position were we to follow up the blow? Alarmed at the entirely unexpected obstinacy of the rebels, the Ministry in desperation hurried out troops; but weeks had to elapse before a force could be massed sufficient to operate. And meanwhile Arabi was master of the country, was making use of his power to collect a strong force by appeals to patriotism, to fanaticism, and, where these did not avail, by force; the country was being desolated by his followers, its agriculture destroyed, its commerce for a season ruined, Alexandria pillaged and burned, and hordes of Bedouins let loose to rob and desolate in all directions. If the country suffered from the previous disorganisation, the evils were light compared with the havoc wrought between the moment when the bombardment of Alexandria gave the signal for war down to the time when an effective force could be landed in Egypt, and all because Mr Gladstone thought a demonstration would be sufficient to terrify the rebels, and thus drifted into a war in which we do not believe he ever seriously intended to engage. As a proof of this we may appeal to his own utterances. After Alexandria was in ruins, and while an army was being hurried out with all speed to Egypt, the Premier apparently could not bring himself to believe that we were actually at war—at least he refused to acknowledge the fact that was self-evident to all when taken to task on the subject by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When next the Ministry meets Parliament, in all probability its language will have undergone a considerable change in tone. The Premier has always been as ready to place a success to the personal credit of

himself and his colleagues as he has been to attribute failure to circumstances lying beyond the control of his own party. We shall doubtless hear of the wise prevision which interposed in Egypt at the proper time and in the proper manner; of the active concern for British interests, for the safety of our Eastern communications, and for the stake which civilised Europe in general has in the welfare of the Khedive's Government, which influenced the whole Ministerial policy; and of the integrity and single-mindedness which the Cabinet opposed to Ottoman dishonesty and European distrust. Patriotism, for which no better synonym than "jingoism" could be found a few years back, is again restored to its ancient place among political virtues; and "*tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento*" is the motto of the party who could only look upon the wars in Afghanistan and Zululand with the deepest detestation. But whatever facility the Ministry may exhibit in explaining its change of front and in justifying its new sentiments, there must be considerable difficulties in the way of the rank and file of the party wheeling round to their new position. The silence which the great mass of Liberal members have observed regarding the Egyptian policy, if not the result of a *mot d'ordre*, is not less ominous than the vehement condemnation with which it has been assailed by the whole mass of the Radical party, with the exception of the few whose mouths are closed by office. We can easily imagine the feelings with which members who only three years ago were sent to the country to denounce foreign policy, and were returned as the champions of a hard-and-fast system of non-intervention, realise the situation in

which they are now placed with regard both to the Ministry and their constituents. They will have to answer to the Radical tail of their supporters who had so much to do with the election of the present majority; they feel that they can no longer pose before the country as the supporters of entire abstention from meddling with the affairs of foreign Powers; while, if a patriotic attitude and the maintenance of British influence be assigned to them as their *rôle*, they will be apt to find that the consistency which Conservatives have always observed upon these subjects is more intelligible, as well as more trustworthy, in the minds of the electors.

The verdict on our Egyptian policy will not, however, depend upon the way in which the Ministry blundered into war, or even on the success and rapidity with which our military operations were brought to a happy conclusion. The great question for the country is—What is to come of our conquest? Admitting that the restoration of Tewfik Pasha's authority and the suppression of the military mutiny were the main objects of our expedition, we have still to acknowledge that there were considerable elements of self-interest imperilled by the insurrection. It was the danger to the Suez Canal from Arabi's desperate efforts to ruin his country that quickened our intervention; and hence the first desire of the country must be that the Egyptian settlement should make provision for securing to us permanently the command of our water-way to India. If the interests of British capital invested in Egypt hold a secondary place to the command of the Canal, these still deserve to be considered in their proper relationship to the future of Egyptian government. Whatever

return to the *status quo ante Arabi* may be attempted, there can be no wish to revert to the old Control system, which was, even when working most efficiently, but a clumsy makeshift, and which had much more to do in breeding troubles between Tewfik and his people than seems to be generally realised. It was always possible for either the Khedive or for any intriguing minister to turn the local jealousies of the French and English officials to account, and to forward his views by playing off the one nationality against the other. The joint Control system, in fact, has proved one of the most disturbing elements in Egyptian politics, if not a direct obstruction to the mutual harmony of Tewfik and his subjects. No doubt much of the recent improvement of the country has been due to the influence of the Control; but in the popular imagination, as well as in the practical administration of the government, it had to contend with great disadvantages—was, in fact, a fifth wheel in the coach. And such is the change wrought by the rebellion, that we believe it would prove impossible to restore the old system; and the Government will have to devise some better means of administering the British capital sunk in the country. The present opportunity places it well in its power to do so. So far as Egypt itself is concerned, we have an opportunity of influencing its future internal arrangements in the way that we may consider to be most conducive to its stable government and to the protection of our own interests; and our misgivings at present are, that a Government at whose head are Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville, will err in making too little instead of too much use of our means of power.

It might be bluntly said, Why not secure for ourselves a permanent

position in Egypt? Why should we not occupy the Canal under an arrangement with the Khedive, and place there garrisons which would not only keep the road to India in our own hands, but which would also protect his Highness in the exercise of his government, and enable him to dispense with the burden to his revenues and the danger to his power which the native army of Egypt has proved to be? There is much in such a suggestion that must commend itself to every sensible thinker. There can be no question as to the benefit which the natives of Egypt would receive in exchanging the suzerainty of the Porte for a British protectorate, modelled somewhat on the manner of our relations with native States in India. It is only under an arrangement of this kind that European civilisation, and a just and impartial system of government, can be brought home to the Egyptian masses. It might be said also, with considerable plausibility, that if we do not avail ourselves of our present opportunity of establishing ourselves in Egypt, we shall simply leave the province to be swallowed up in the onward march of French power in Northern Africa; and that we may have to fight at a future time for those very facilities which at present lie to our hand. We might turn to the Powers with Prince Bismarck's own motto, "*beati possidentes*," and urge that our services to the whole of Europe in quelling the rebellion entitled us to claim a substantial return. All these thoughts have been engrossing men's minds since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; and if they had not found frank expression, it has been rather because it seemed hopeless to propose them to a Government like the present British Ministry, than that they did not represent by far the great majority of intelligent minds among us.

But it is too sanguine to expect that the Gladstone Government, with its dubious antecedents, will be able to reap the legitimate fruits of our expedition to Egypt. We have, to all appearance, lost even more by diplomacy than we have gained by war; and it is by diplomacy that the final issues must be settled. It would be rash to assert that there is a single European Power which is not prepared to minimise the demands of England when she comes to submit them, —a course which, up to the present time, she exhibits a natural diffidence in taking. The Eastern Powers still maintain their attitude of suspicious observation and jealousy of the responsibility which England has incurred by single-handed intervention. Italy, it may safely be assumed, will do her best to obstruct any increase of British influence on the Mediterranean seaboard; and there seems reason to fear that France, now when all danger is over, will revive claims for the re-establishment of a joint control with England. But our main difficulty must still be with the Sultan's Government; and that difficulty will continue to breed, as it has done hitherto, troubles with the other States. The animosity which the Premier had expressed against Mohammedan rule naturally gave the Powers an interest in watching that Britain did not press too hardly upon the Porte in the negotiations about Egypt; and when it was found that we took up an impracticable and exclusive position towards all proposals emanating from the Sultan's Government, the latter naturally found that the Powers were inclined to sympathise with it rather than with the British. Had we been prudent enough to have taken up a more liberal and temperate attitude towards the Porte, to

have shown ourselves more mindful of the Sultan's position as suzerain of Egypt and head of Islam, we should have experienced less indifference from the other Powers, and would have, in the end, been more likely to have earned their good offices in inducing the Sultan's Government to fall in with our views. As it is, we have driven the Sultan into the arms of the Eastern Powers, who appear to have received him with sympathy, and to have adopted his views of the treatment which he complains of at the hands of Britain. Neither Austria nor Germany has any wish to see the Eastern question reopened at this juncture, and the whole tendency of our recent Eastern policy has again been to bring it prematurely before Europe. We say this not so much with reference to our operations in Egypt, or with regard to the consequences which our claims there might involve; but the spirit of hostility which Britain has displayed to the Ottoman Government since the Egyptian question began to press for settlement, is evidently exercising the worst effect upon the Sultan's authority. It has quickened the force of fanaticism, which has of late years been gathering strength in the East, and has kindled up a hatred of Christians in general, and of the French and British in particular, which might at any time burst into a flame that the Sultan's authority would be unable to quench.

It is this feeling, and the perception that the policies of the French and British Governments have contributed so much to endanger the peace of the Mohammedan subjects of the Porte, that are making the Eastern Powers stand upon their guard; and will also make them proceed with great caution in ratifying our reasonable

demands for having the settlement of Egypt carried out to our own satisfaction. The fact that Russia would most probably insist that concessions to Britain in Egypt necessitated the revision of the Treaty of Berlin, is another argument that would weigh heavily with both the German Powers and with Turkey in making them take up an unfavourable attitude towards any claims that England may have to make. In fine, it may be said that, however justly we might insist upon being allowed to establish a permanent preponderance in Egypt, and however advantageous such a preponderance would be to the best interests of the country, the unfortunate hostility which Mr Gladstone and his Government have shown to the Khalif and to Islam in general has thrown the gravest difficulties in our way,—if, indeed,

it has not altogether rendered it impossible for us to secure those benefits which ought to flow as the natural result of the campaign. When we remember the cordial footing on which Lord Beaconsfield left our relations with Turkey, it must be a source of unqualified regret that a British Minister should by his partisan vehemence and rashness have sown seeds of distrust which are bearing such serious fruits. However gratifying the Egyptian campaign may be to our military feelings, it can be truly said that it was a misfortune to the country to have to undertake it; and we cannot realise that such a misfortune could have befallen us, had British policy at Constantino-ple continued to be conducted on the same lines as were laid down by the late leader of the Conservative party.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE summer went over without any special incident. August and the grouse approached, or rather the Twelfth approached, August having already come. Every bit of country not arable or clothed with pasture, was purple and brilliant with heather; and to stand under the columns of the fir-trees on a hillside, was to be within such a world of "murmurous sound" as you could scarcely attain even under the southern limes, or by the edge of the sea. The hum of the bees among the heather—the warm luxurious sunshine streaming over that earth-glow of heather-bells—what is there more musical, more complete? These hot days are rare, and the sportsman does not esteem them much; but when they come, the sun that floods the warm soil, the heather that glows back again in endless warmth and bloom, the bees that never intermit their hum "numerous" as the lips of any poet, the wilder mystic note that answers from the boughs of

the scattered firs, make up a harmony of sight and sound to which there are few parallels. So Lord Millefleurs thought when he climbed up the hill above Dalrulzian, and looking down on the other side, saw the sea of brilliant moorland, red and purple and golden, with gleams here and there of the liveliest green,—fine knolls of moss upon the grey-green of the moorland grass. He declared it was "a new experience," with a little lisp, but a great deal of feeling. Lady Lindores and Edith were of the party with John Erskine. They had lunched at Dalrulzian, and John was showing his poor little place with a somewhat rueful civility to the Duke of Lavender's son. Millefleurs was all praise and admiration, as a visitor ought to be; but what could he think of the handful of a place, the small house, the little wood, the limited establishment? They had been recalling the Eton days, when John was, the little Mar-

quis declared, far too kind a fag-master. "For I must have been a little wretch," said the little fat man, folding his hands with angelical seriousness and simplicity. Lady Lindores, who had once smiled at his absurdities with such genial liking, could not bear them now, since she had taken up the idea that Edith might be a duchess. She glanced at her daughter to see how she was taking it, and was equally indignant with Millefleurs for making himself ridiculous, and with Edith for laughing. "I have no doubt you were the best fag that ever was," she said.

"Dear Lady Lindores! always so good and so kind," said Millefleurs, clasping his little fat hands. "No, dearest lady, I was a little brute; I know it. To be kicked every day would have been the right thing for me—and Erskine, if I recollect right, had an energetic toe upon occasions, but not often enough. Boys are brutes in general:—with the exception of Rintoul, who, I have no doubt, was a little angel. How could he be anything else, born in such a house?"

"If you think Lindores has so good an effect, Rintoul was not born there," she said, laughing, but half vexed: for she had not indeed any idea of being laughed at in her turn, and she was aware that she had never thought Rintoul an angel. But Lord Millefleurs went on seriously—

"Rintoul will despise me very much, and so, probably, will Erskine; but I do not mean to go out to-morrow. I take the opportunity here of breaking the news. If it is as fine as this, I shall come out here (if you will let me) and lie on this delicious heather, watch you strolling forth, and listen to the crack of the guns. No; I don't object to it on principle. I like grouse, and I suppose that's

the best way to kill them, if you will take so much trouble; but for me, it is not my way of enjoyment. I was not made to be a son of civilisation. Do not laugh, Lady Edith, please; you hurt my feelings. If you take luncheon to the sportsmen anywhere, I will go with you: unless you, as I suppose you will, despise me too."

"I don't think it is such a noble thing to shoot birds, Lord Millefleurs."

"But yet you don't dislike grouse—and it must be killed somehow," said John, somewhat irritated, as was natural.

"My dear fellow, I don't find fault with you. I see your position perfectly. It is a thing you have always done. It is an occupation, and at the same time an excitement, a pleasure. I have felt the same thing in California with the cattle. But it doesn't amuse me, and I am not a great shot. I will help to carry your luncheon, if Lady Lindores will let me, and enjoy the spectacle of so many healthy happy persons who feel that they have earned their dinner. All that I sympathise in perfectly. You will excuse me saying dinner," said Millefleurs, with pathos. "When we got our food after a morning's work we always called it dinner. In many things I have quite returned to civilisation; but there are some particulars still in which I slip—forgive me. May we sit down here upon the heather and tell stories? I had a reputation once in that way. You would not care for my stories, Lady Edith; you know them all by heart. Now this is what I call delightful," said little Millefleurs, arranging himself carefully upon the heather, and taking off his hat. "You would say it is lovely, if you were an American."

"Do you mean the moor? I think it is very lovely, with all the heather and the gorse, and the burns and the bees. Out of Scotland, is there anything like it?" Edith said.

"Oh yes, in several places; but it is not the moor, it is the moment. It is lovely to sit here. It is lovely to enjoy one's self, and have a good time. Society is becoming very American," said Millefleurs. "There are so many about. They are more piquant than any other foreigners. French has become absurd, and Italian pedantic; but it is amusing to talk a foreign language which is in English words, don't you know?"

"You are to come back with them to dinner, Mr Erskine," Lady Lindores said. She thought it better, notwithstanding her prevailing fear that Millefleurs would be absurd, to leave him at liberty to discourse to Edith, as he loved to discourse. "I hope you are going to have a fine day. The worst is, you will all be so tired at night you will not have a word to bestow upon any one."

"I have not too many at any time," said John, with a glance, which he could not make quite friendly, at the visitor—who was flowing blandly on with his lisp, with much gentle demonstration, like a chemical operator or a *prestidigitateur*, with his plump hands. Our young man was not jealous as yet, but a little moved with envy—being not much of a talker, as he confessed—of Millefleurs's fluency. But he had thrown himself at Edith's feet, and in this position felt no bitterness, nor would have changed places with any one, especially as now and then she would give him a glance in which there was a secret communication and mirthful comment upon the other who occupied the foreground. Lady

Lindores preferred, however, that he should talk to her and withdraw his observation from her daughter. Reluctantly, against the grain, she was beginning in her turn to plot and to scheme. She was ashamed of herself, yet, having once taken up the plan, it touched her pride that it should be carried out.

"I have always found you had words enough whenever you wished to say them," she said. "Perhaps you will tell me everybody has that. And Lord Lindores tells me you don't do yourself justice, Mr Erskine. He says you speak very well, and have such a clear head. I think," she added with a sigh, "it is you who ought to be in Parliament, and not Rintoul."

"That is past thinking of," John said, with a little heightened colour. He thought so himself; but neither could the party bear a divided interest, nor had he himself any influence to match that of Lord Lindores.

"You are going to Tinto on Tuesday," said Lady Lindores, "with the rest? Do you know, Mr Erskine, my boy has never met his brother-in-law since that evening here, when some words passed. I never could make out what they were. Not enough to make a quarrel of? not enough to disturb Carry——"

"I do not think so. It was only a—momentary impatience," John said.

"Mr Erskine, I am going to ask you a great favour. It is if you would keep in Rintoul's company, keep by him; think, in a family how dreadful it would be if any quarrel sprang up. The visit will not last long. If you will keep your eye upon him, keep between him and temptation——"

John could not help smiling. The position into which he was being urged, as a sort of governor to Rintoul, was entirely absurd

to his own consciousness. "You smile," cried Lady Lindores, eagerly; "you think what right has this woman to ask so much? I am not even a very old friend."

"I am laughing at the idea that Rintoul should be under my control; he is more a man of the world than I am."

"Yes," said his mother, doubtfully, "that is true. He is dreadfully worldly in some ways; but, Mr Erskine, I wonder if you will disapprove of me when I say it has been a comfort to me to find him quite boyish and impulsive in others? He is prudent—about Edith for example."

"About—Lady Edith?" John said, faltering, with a look of intense surprise and anxiety on his face.

There is no doubt that Lady Lindores was herself a most imprudent woman. She gave him a quick sudden glance, reddened, and then looked as suddenly at the other group: Millefleurs, flowing forth in placid talk, with much eloquent movement of his plump hands, and Edith listening, with a smile on her face which now and then seemed ready to overflow into laughter. She betrayed herself and all the family scheme by this glance,—so sudden, so unintentional,—the action of one entirely unskilled in the difficult art of deception. John's glance followed her's with a sudden shock and pang of dismay. He had not thought of it before; now in a moment he seemed to see it all. It was an unfortunate moment too; for Edith was slightly leaning forward, looking at her companion with a most amiable and friendly aspect, almost concealing, with the forward stoop of her pretty figure, the rotund absurdity of his. She smiled, yet she was listening to him with all the absorbed attention of a Desdemona; and the little brute had so much to say for himself! The

blood all ran away from John's healthful countenance to replenish his heart, which had need of it in this sudden and most unlooked-for shock. Lady Lindores saw the whole, and shared the shock of the discovery, which to her was double, for she perceived in the same moment that she had betrayed herself, and saw what John's sentiments were. Some women divine such feelings from their earliest rise—foresee them, indeed, before they come into existence, and are prepared for the emergencies that must follow; but there are some who are always taken by surprise. She, too, became pale with horror and dismay. She ought to have foreseen it—she ought to have guarded against it; but before she had so much as anticipated such a danger, here it was!

"I mean," she faltered, "that she should—meet only the best people, go to the best houses—and that sort of thing; even that she should be perfectly dressed; he goes so far as that," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

John did not make any reply. He bowed his head slightly, that was all. He found himself, indeed, caught in such a whirlpool of strange emotion, that he could not trust his voice, nor even his thoughts, which were rushing headlong on each other's heels like horses broken loose, and were altogether beyond his control.

"But he is himself as impulsive as a boy," cried the unlucky mother, rushing into the original subject with no longer any very clear perception what it was; "and Mr Torrance's manner, you know, is sometimes—offensive to a sensitive person. He does not mean it," she added hurriedly; "people have such different degrees of perception."

"Yes—people have very different degrees of perception," said

John, dreamily ; he did not mean it as a reproach. It was the only observation that occurred to him ; his mind was in too great a turmoil to be able to form any idea. To think he had never budged from his place at her feet, and that all in a moment this should have happened ! He felt as if, like a man in a fairy tale, he had been suddenly carried off from the place in which he was, and was hearing voices and seeing visions from some dull distance, scarcely knowing what they meant.

Meanwhile Millefleurs purred on like the softest little stream, smooth English brooklet, without breaks or boulders. He was never tired of talking, and himself was his genial theme. "I am aware that I am considered egoistical," he said. "I talk of things I am acquainted with. Now, you know most things better than I do—oh yeth ! women are much better educated nowadays than men ; but my limited experiences are, in their way, original. I love to talk of what I know. Then my life over yonder was such fun. If I were to tell you what my mates called me, you would adopt the name ever after by way of laughing at me : but there was no ridicule in their minds."

"I hope you don't think I would take any such liberty, Lord Millefleurs."

"It would be no liberty ; it would be an honour. I wish you would do it. They called me Tommy over there. Now, my respectable name is Julian. Imagine what a downfall. I knew you would laugh : but they meant no harm. I acknowledge myself that it was very appropriate. When a man has the misfortune to be plump and not very tall—I am aware that is a pretty way of putting it ; but then, you don't expect me to describe my personal appearance in the

coarsest terms—it is so natural to call him Tommy. I was the nurse when any of them were ill. You have no notion how grateful they were, these rough fellows. They used to curse me, you know—that was their way of being civil—and ask where I had got such soft hands." Here Millefleurs produced those articles, and looked at them with a certain tenderness. "I was always rather vain of my hands," he said, with the most childlike *naïveté*, "but never so much as when Jack and Tim d——d them, in terms which I couldn't repeat in a lady's presence, and asked me where the something I had learned to touch a fellow like that ? It occurred to me after that I might have studied surgery, and been of some use that way ; but I was too old," he said, a soft little sigh agitating his plump bosom—"and then I have other duties. Fortune has been hard upon me," he added, raising pathetically the eyes, which were like beads, yet which languished and became sentimental as they turned upwards. It was when he spoke of Jack and Tim that Edith had looked at him so prettily, bending forward, touched by his tale ; but now she laughed without concealment, with a frank outburst of mirth in which the little hero joined with great good-humour, notwithstanding the pathos in his eyes.

This pair were on the happiest terms, fully understanding each other ; but it was very different with the others, between whom conversation had wholly ceased. Lady Lindores now drew her shawl round her, and complained that it was getting chilly. "That is the worst of Scotland," she said—"you can never trust the finest day. A sharp wind will come round a corner all in a moment and spoil your pleasure." This was most unpro-

voked slander of the northern skies, which were beaming down upon her at the moment with the utmost brightness, and promising hours of sunshine; but after such a speech there was nothing to be done but to go down hill again to the house, where the carriage was waiting. John, who lingered behind to pull himself together after his downfall, found, to his great surprise, that Edith lingered too. But it seemed to him that he was incapable of saying anything to her. To point the contrast between himself and Millefleurs by a distracted silence, that, of course, was the very thing to do to take away any shadow of a chance he might still have! But he had no chance. What possibility was there that an obscure country gentleman, who had never done anything to distinguish himself, should be able to stand for a moment against the son of a rich duke, a marquis, a millionaire, and a kind of little hero to boot, who had been very independent and original, and made himself a certain reputation, though it was one of which some people might be afraid? There was only one thing in which he was Millefleurs's superior, but that was the meanest and poorest of all. John felt inclined to burst out into savage and brutal laughter at those soft curves and flowing outlines, as the little man, talking continuously, as he had talked to Edith, walked on in front with her mother. The impulse made him more and more ashamed of himself, and yet he was so mean as to indulge it, feeling himself a cad, and nothing else. Edith laughed too, softly, under her breath. But she said quickly—"We should not laugh at him, Mr Erskine. He is a very good little man. He has done more than all of us put together. They called him Tommy in America," said the traitress, with

another suppressed laugh. John was for a moment softened by the "we" with which she began, and the gibe with which she ended. But his ill-humour and jealous rage were too much for him.

"He is Marquis of Millefleurs, and he will be Duke of Lavender," he said, with an energy which was savage, trampling down the tough heather under his feet.

Edith turned and looked at him with astonished eyes. It was a revelation to her also, though for the first moment she scarcely knew of what. "Do you think it is for that reason we like him, Mr Erskine? How strange!" she said, and turned her eyes away with a proud movement of her head, full of indignation and scorn. John felt himself the pettiness and petulance of which he had been guilty; but he was very unhappy, and it seemed to him impossible to say or do anything by which he might get himself pardoned. So he walked along moodily by her side, saying nothing, while Lord Millefleurs held forth just a few steps in advance. Edith bent forward to hear what he was saying, in the continued silence of her companion, and this was a renewed draught of wormwood and gall to John, though it was his own fault. It was with relief that he put the ladies into their carriage, and saw them drive away, though this relief was changed into angry impatience when he found that Millefleurs lingered with the intention of walking, and evidently calculated upon his company. The little Marquis, indeed, took his arm with friendly ease, and turned him with gentle compulsion towards the avenue. "You are going to walk with me," he said. "An excellent thing in Scotland is that it is never too warm to walk, even for me. Come and talk a little. I

have been telling tales about myself. I have not heard anything of you. The first is such an easy subject. One has one's little experiences, which are different from any one else's; and wherever there are kind women you find your audience, don't you know?"

"No, I don't know," said John, abruptly. "It never occurs to me to talk about myself. I can't see what interest anybody can have in things that happen to me. Besides, few things do happen for that matter," he added, in an undertone.

"My dear fellow," said Millefleurs, "I don't want to appear to teach you, who are a man of much more intelligence than I. But that with a mithtake, I must say it. You can always talk best on the subject you know best. Don't you find it a great difference coming here after knocking about the world? Yes, I feel it; but society is quite fresh to me, as fresh as California while it lasts. Then I have had my eyes opened as to my duties. My father and mother are as kind as possible. A friend of mine tells me, and I am partly convinced, that to keep them comfortable is my chief business. You are of that opinion too? there is much to be said for it. It belongs to civilisation; but so long as civilisation lasts, perhaps— And so I am going to marry and range myself," Millefleurs said, with his air of ineffable self-satisfaction, turning up the palms of his fat pink-tinged hands.

"Really!" John cried, with faint derision, feeling as if this innocent exclamation were an oath. "And the lady?" he added, with a still more fierce laugh.

Millefleurs gave his arm a little squeeze. "Not settled yet," he said—"not settled yet. I have seen a great many. There are so many pretty persons in society. If any one of them would ask me,

I have no doubt I should be perfectly happy; but choice is always disagreeable. In America also," he added, with some pathos, "there are many very pretty persons: and they like a title. The field is very wide. Let us take an easier subject. Is Beaufort coming to you?"

"His answer is very enigmatical," said John. "I do not know whether he means to come or not."

"He is enigmatical," said Millefleurs. "He is the queerest fellow. What is the connection between him and the family here?"

This question took John entirely by surprise. It was so sudden, both in form and meaning. He had expected his companion, before he paused, to go on for at least five minutes more. He hesitated in spite of himself.

"There is no connection that I know of between him and the family here."

"Oh yes, yes, there is," said Millefleurs, with gentle pertinacity; "think a minute. Erskine, my dear fellow, forgive me, but you must have Beaufort here. If he is not near me, he will lose the confidence of my papa—who will think Beaufort is neglecting his precious son. I speak to you with perfect freedom. Beaufort and I understand each other. I am in no need of a governor, but he is in want of a *protégé*. Don't you see? By this arrangement everything is made comfortable. Beaufort understands me. He knows that control is a mistake in my case. He found me and brought me home, because I was already on my way: he keeps me from harm—for what you call harm has no attraction for me, don't you know. It is only my curiosity that has to be kept in check, and at present I have plenty to occupy that; but my father does not understand all this. Minds of that generation are a little lim-

ited, don't you know. They don't see so clearly as one would wish them to see. If Beaufort is long away from me, he will think I am in danger,—that I may bolt again. Also, it will interfere with Beaufort's prospects, which the Duke is to take charge of——”

“But this seems to me rather—not quite straightforward on Beaufort's part,” said John.

At this little Millefleurs shrugged his plump shoulders. “It is permitted to humour our elders,” he said. “It pleases them and it does no one any harm. Beaufort, don't you know, is not a fellow to walk alone. He is clever and all that; but he will never do anything by himself. Between him and me it suits very well. So, to save the Duke's feelings and to help Beaufort on, you must stretch a point and have him here. It will be thought he is watching over me at a little distance like the sweet little cherub, don't you know, in the song. What objection have they got to seeing him here?”

“None that I know of,” said John steadily, turning his face to the other side to escape the scrutiny of those small black bead-like eyes.

“Oh come, come, come!” said little Millefleurs, remonstrating yet coaxing, patting him lightly on the arm, “one sees it must have been one of the daughters. It will do no harm to tell me. Am I such an ignorant? These things are happening every day. Is it this one here?——”

“What are you thinking of?” cried John, angrily. “Lady Edith was only a child.”

“Ah! then it was the other one,” Millefleurs said, seriously; “that suits me better. It would have been a trifle ridiculous—Beaufort might keep in the background if there is any reason for it: but we must really think of the Duke.

He will be in a state of mind, don't you know, and so will my mother. They will think I have bolted again.”

“And when is it,” said John satirically, for he was sick at heart and irritable in the discovery which he had made, “that Beaufort's mission is to be accomplished, and the Duke to fulfil his hopes?”

Millefleurs laughed a soft rich laugh, not loud. “My dear fellow,” he said, “that is when I marry, don't you know. That is my occupation now in the world. When I have a wife, the other will be off duty. I am much interested in my occupation at present. It brings so many specimens of humanity under one's eyes. So different—for women are just as different as men, though you don't think so perhaps. It might make a man vain,” he said, turning out his pink-tinged palm, “to see how many fair creatures will take notice of him; but then one remembers that it was not always so, and that takes one down again. In California I was liked, I am proud to say, but not admired. It was, perhaps, more amusing. But I must not be ungrateful: for life everywhere is very entertaining. And here are fresh fields and pastures new,” said the little man. “When you have a pursuit, every new place is doubly interesting. It does not matter whether you are hunting or botanising or——, a pursuit gives interest to all things. Now is the time for the country and rural character. I sometimes think it is that which will suit me best.”

“Then I suppose you are on a tour of inspection, and one of our country young ladies may have the honour of pleasing you,” said John, somewhat fiercely. His companion, looking up in his face with deprecating looks, patted his arm as a kind of protest.

“Don’t be brutal, Erskine,” he said with his little lisp; “such things are never said.” John would have liked to take him in his teeth and shake him as a dog does, so angry was he, and furious. But little Millefleurs meant no harm. He drew his old school-fellow along with him, as long as John’s civility held out. Then, to see him strolling along with his little hat pushed on the top of his little round head, and all the curves of his person repeating the lines of that circle! John stopped to look after him with a laugh which he could scarcely restrain so long as Millefleurs was within hearing. It was an angry laugh, though there was nothing in the young man to give occasion for it. There was nothing really in him that was contemptible, for to be plump is not an offence by any code. But John watched him with the fiercest derision going along the country road with his cane held in two fingers, his hat curling in the brim, his locks curling the other way. And this was the man whom even Lady Lindores—even she, a woman so superior to worldly motives—condescended to scheme about. And Edith? was it possible that she, too—even she?

Everything seemed to have turned to bitterness in John’s soul. Tinto before him in the distance, with its flaunting flag, gave emphasis to the discovery he had made. For mere money, nothing else, one had been sacrificed. The other, was she to be sacrificed, too? Was there nothing but wealth to be thought of all the world over, even by the best people, by women with every tender grace and gift? When he thought of the part in the drama allotted to himself—to entertain Beaufort, who was the keeper of Millefleurs, in order that Millefleurs might be at liberty to follow his present pursuit, John burst into a laugh not much more melodious than that of Torrance. Beaufort and he could condole with each other. They could communicate, each to each, their several disappointments. But to bring to the neighbourhood this man whom Carry dared not see, whom with such tragic misery in her face she had implored John to keep at a distance—and that it should be her parents who were bringing him in cold blood in order to advance their schemes for her sister—was it possible that anything so base or cruel could be?

CHAPTER XXIV.

“The thing is that he must be brought to the point. I said so in town. He dangled after her all the season, and he’s dangled after her down here. The little beggar knows better than that. He knows that sharp people would never stand it. He is trusting to your country simplicity. When a man does not come to the point of his own accord, he must be led to it—or driven to it, for that matter,” said Rintoul. He was out of humour,

poor fellow. He had gone astray in his own person. His disapproval of his mother and of everybody belonging to him was nothing in comparison with his disapproval of himself. This put him out in every way; instead of making him tolerant of the others who were no worse than himself, it made him rampant in his wisdom. If it was so that he could not persuade or force himself into the right way, then was it more and more necessary to persuade or

force other people. He took a high tone with Lady Lindores, all the more because he had discovered with astonishment, and a comical sort of indignation, that his mother had come over to his way of thinking. He could not believe it to be possible at first, and afterwards this inconsistent young man had felt disgusted with the new accomplice whom he had in his heart believed incapable of any such conversion. But such being the case, there was no need to *ménager* her susceptibilities. "Or driven to it," he repeated with emphasis. "I shall not stand by, I promise you, and see my sister *planté là*——"

"You have used these words before, Rintoul. They disgust me, and they offend me," said his mother. "I will not be a party to anything of the kind. Those who do such things dishonour the girl—oh, far more than anything else can do. She does not care at all for him. Most likely she would refuse him summarily."

"And you would let her—refuse a dukedom?" cried Rintoul.

"Refuse a—man whom she does not care for. What could I do? I should even like now, after all that has happened, that it should come to something; but if she found that she could not marry him, how could I interfere?"

"Jove! but I should interfere," cried Rintoul, pacing up and down the room. "How could you help interfering? Would you suffer me to throw away all my prospects?" Here he paused, with a curious, half-threatening, half-deprecating look. Perhaps his mother would be one who would suffer him to sacrifice his prospects. Perhaps she would sympathise with him even in that wrong-doing. She was capable of it. He looked at her with mingled disdain and admiration.

She was a woman who was capable of applauding him for throwing himself away. What folly! and yet perhaps it was good to have a mother like that. But not for Edith, whose case was of an altogether different complexion from his own. He made a pause, and then he added in a slightly louder tone, being excited: "But he must not be allowed to dangle on for ever. When a fellow follows a girl into the country he must mean something. You may take my word for that."

At this moment the handle of the door gave a slight clink; a soft step was audible. "Pardon me for disturbing you, dearest lady," said the mellifluous voice of Millefleurs. The little Marquis had a foot which made no sound on the carpet. He was daintily attired, and all his movements were noiseless. He came upon these startled conspirators like a ghost. "Send me away if I am *de trop*," he said, clasping his plump hands. "It is my hour of audience, but Rintoul has the first claim."

"Oh, I don't want any audience," said Rintoul. He had exchanged an anxious glance with his mother, and both had reddened in spite of themselves. Not to betray that you have been discussing some one who appears, while the words of criticism are still on your lips, is difficult at all times; and Rintoul, feeling confused and guilty, was anxious to give the interrupted conversation an air of insignificance. "My mother and I have no secrets. She is not so easy as the mothers in society," he said, with a laugh.

"No!" said Millefleurs, folding his hands with an air of devotion. "I would not discuss the *chronique scandaleuse*, if that is what you mean, in Lady Lindores's hearing. The air is pure here; it is like living out of doors. There is no *des-*

sous des cartes—no behind the scenes."

"What does the little beggar mean?" Rintoul said to himself, feeling red and uncomfortable. Lady Lindores took up her work, which was her flag of distress. She felt herself humiliated beyond description. To think that she should be afraid of any one overhearing what she said or what her son had said to her! She felt her cheeks burn and tingle; her needle trembled in her fingers; and then there ensued a most uncomfortable pause. Had he heard what they were saying? Rintoul did not go away, which would have been the best policy, but stood about, taking up books and throwing them down again, and wearing, which was the last thing he wished to do, the air of a man disturbed in an important consultation. As a matter of fact, his mind was occupied with two troublesome questions: the first, whether Millefleurs had overheard anything; the second, how he could himself get away. Millefleurs very soon perceived and partook this embarrassment. The phrase which had been uttered as he opened the door had reached his ear without affecting his mind for the first moment. Perhaps if he had not perceived the embarrassment of the speaker he would not have given any weight to the words—"When a fellow follows——" Funny alliteration! he said to himself. And then he saw that the mother and son were greatly disturbed by his entrance. He was as much occupied by wondering what they could mean, as they were by wondering if he had heard. But he was the first to cut the difficulty. He said, "Pardon me, dear lady, I have forgotten something. I'll come back directly if you'll let me"—and went out. Certainly there had been some discussion

going on between mother and son. Perhaps Rintoul had got into debt, perhaps into love; both were things which occurred daily, and it was always best when such a subject had been started between parent and child that they should have it out. So he withdrew, but with that phrase still buzzing in his ears, "When a fellow follows——" It was a comical combination of words; he could not get rid of it, and presently it began to disturb his mind. Instead of going to the library or any of the other rooms in the house, he went outside with the sensation of having something to reflect upon, though he could not be sure what it was. By-and-by the entire sentence came to his recollection. "When a fellow follows a girl into the country—but then, who is it that has followed a girl into the country?—Rintoul?——" This cost him about five minutes' thought. Then little Millefleurs stopped short in the midst of the path, and clasped his hands against his plump bosom, and turned up his eyes to heaven. "Why! it is I!——" he said to himself, being more grammatical than most men in a state of agitation. He stood for a whole minute in this attitude, among the big blue-green araucarias which stood around. What a subject for a painter if there had been one at hand! It was honour confronting fate. He had not intended anything so serious. He liked, he would have said loved, the ladies of the house. He would not have hesitated anywhere to give full utterance to this sentiment: and to please his father, and to amuse himself, he was consciously on the search for some one who might be suitable for the vacant post of Marchioness of Millefleurs. And he had thought of Edith in that capacity—certainly he had thought of her.

So had he thought of various other young ladies in society, turning over their various claims. But it had not occurred to him to come to any sudden decision, or to think that necessary. As he stood there, however, with his eyes upraised, invoking aid from that paternal Providence which watches over marquises, a flood of light spread over the subject and all its accessories. Though he had not thought of them, he knew the prejudices of society; and all that Rintoul had said about leaving a girl *planté là* was familiar to him. "When a fellow follows" (absurd alliteration! said Millefleurs, with his lisp, to himself) "a girl into the country, he muth mean thomething——" and once more he clasped his hands and pressed them to his breast. His eyes, raised to heaven, took a languishing look; a smile of consciousness played about his mouth; but this was only for a moment, and was replaced at once by a look of firm resolution. No maiden owed her scath to Millefleurs: though he was so plump, he was the soul of honour. Not for a moment could he permit it to be supposed that he was trifling with Edith Lindores, amusing himself—any of those pretty phrases in use in society. He thought with horror of the possibility of having compromised her, even though, so far as he was himself concerned, the idea was not disagreeable. In five minutes—for he had a quick little brain and the finest faculty of observation, a quality cultivated in his race by several centuries of social eminence—Millefleurs had mastered the situation. All the instructions that Rintoul had so zealously endeavoured to convey to his mother's mind became apparent to Millefleurs in the twinkling of an eye. It would be said that he had left her *planté là*; he allowed himself

no illusion on the subject. So it might be said,—but so it never must be said of Edith Lindores. He was perfectly chivalrous in his instant decision. He was not to say in love—though did Providence bestow any one of five or six young ladies, among whom Edith stood high, upon him, Millefleurs felt positively convinced that he would be the happiest man in the world. And he was not sure that he might not be running the risk of a refusal, a thing which is very appalling to a young man's imagination. But notwithstanding this danger, Millefleurs, without hesitation, braced himself up to do his duty. He buttoned his coat, took off his hat and put it on again, and then pulling himself together, went off without a moment's hesitation in search of Lord Lindores.

An hour later the Earl entered his lady's chamber with a countenance in which gratification, and proud content in an achieved success, were only kept in check by the other kind of pride which would not permit it to be perceived that this success was anything out of the ordinary. He told her his news in a few brief words, which Lady Lindores received with so much agitation, turning from red to white, and with such an appearance of vexation and pain, that the Earl put on his sternest aspect. "What is the meaning of all this flurry and disturbance?" he said. "I hope we are not going to have it all over again, as we had before Carry's wedding."

"Oh, don't speak of poor Carry's wedding in comparison with this. This, God grant it, if it comes to pass, will be no degradation—no misery——"

"Not much degradation, certainly—only somewhere about the best position in England," with angry scorn Lord Lindores said.

But the lines were not smoothed away from his wife's forehead, nor did the flush of shame and pain leave her face. She looked at him for a moment, to see whether she should tell him. But why poison his pleasure? "It is not his fault," she said to herself; and all that she gave utterance to was an anxious exclamation: "Provided that Edith sees as we do!"

"She must see as we do," Lord Lindores said.

But when Rintoul came in, his mother went to him and seized his arm with both her hands. "He heard what you said!" she cried, with anguish in her voice. "Now I shall never be able to hold up my head in his presence—he heard what you said!"

Rintoul too, notwithstanding his more enlightened views, was somewhat red. Though it was in accordance with his principles, yet the fact of having helped to force, in any way, a proposal for his sister, caused him an unpleasant sensation. He tried to carry it off with a laugh. "Anyhow, since it *has* brought him to the point," he said.

This was the day on which Millefleurs was to be taken to Tinto to see the house and all its curiosities and wealth. In view of this he had begged that nothing might be said to Edith, with a chivalrous desire to save her pain should her answer be unfavourable. But how could Lady Lindores keep such a secret from her daughter? While she was still full of the excitement, the painful triumph, the terror and shame with which she had received the news, Edith came in to the morning room, which to-day had been the scene of so many important discussions. They had been perhaps half an hour together, going gaily on with the flood of light-hearted conversation about

anything and nothing which is natural between a girl and her mother, when she suddenly caught a glimpse in a mirror of Lady Lindores's troubled face. The girl rushed to her instantly, took this disturbed countenance between her hands, and turned it with gentle force towards her. Her own face grew grave at once. "Something is the matter," she said; "something has happened. Oh, mother, darling, what is it? Something about Carry?"

"No, no; nothing, nothing! Certainly nothing that is unhappy—— Don't question me now, Edith. Afterwards, you shall know it all."

"Let me know it now," the girl said; and she insisted with that filial tyranny against which mothers are helpless. At last Lady Lindores, being pressed into a corner, murmured something about Lord Millefleurs. "If he speaks to you to-night, oh, my darling—if he asks you—do not be hasty; say nothing, say nothing, without thought."

"Speaks to me—asks me!"—Edith stood wonder-stricken, her eyes wide open, her lips apart. "What should he ask me?" She grew a little pale in spite of herself.

"My dearest! what should he ask you? What is it that a young man asks—in such circumstances? He will ask you—perhaps—to marry him."

Edith gave a kind of shriek—and then burst into a peal of agitated laughter. "Mother, dear, what a fright you have given me! I thought—I didn't know what to think. Poor little man! Don't let him do it—don't let him do it, mamma! It would make us both ridiculous, and if it made him at all—unhappy; but that is nonsense—you are only making fun of me," said the girl, kissing her, with a

hurried eagerness as if to silence her. Lady Lindores drew herself away from her daughter's embrace.

"Edith, it is you who are making yourself ridiculous—consider how he has sought you all this time—and he came after you to the country. I have felt what—was coming all along. My dearest, did not you suspect it too?"

Edith stood within her mother's arm, but she was angry and held herself apart, not leaning upon the bosom where she had rested so often. "*I suspect it! how could I suspect it?*" she cried. It went to Lady Lindores's heart to feel her child straighten herself up, and keep apart from her and all her caresses.

"Edith, for God's sake, do not set yourself against it! Think, only think——"

"What has God got to do with it, mother?" the young creature cried sternly. "I will set myself against it—nay, more than that. I am not like Carry; nothing in the world will make me do it—not any reason, not any argument." She was still encircled by her mother's arm, but she stood straight, upright, erect as a willow-wand, unyielding, drawing her garments as it were, about her, insensible to the quivering lines of her mother's upturned face, and the softer strain of her embrace. No, not indifferent—but resisting—shutting her eyes to them, holding herself apart.

"For heaven's sake, Edith! Oh, my darling, think how different this is from the other! Your father has

set his heart on it, and I wish it too. And Millefleurs is—— Millefleurs will be——"

"Is this how you persuaded Carry?" cried Edith, with sad indignation; "but mother, mother, listen! not me. It is better that never another word should be said between us on this subject, for I will never do it, whatever may be said. If my father chooses to speak to me, I will give him my answer. Let us say no more—not another word;" and with this the girl unbent and threw herself upon her mother, and stopped her mouth with kisses, indignant, impassioned—her cheeks hot and flushed, her eyes full of angry tears.

It may be thought that the drive to Tinto of this strange party, all palpitating with the secret which each thought unknown to the other, was a curious episode enough. Millefleurs, satisfied with himself, and feeling the importance of his position with so much to bestow, found, he thought, a sympathetic response in the look of Lady Lindores, to whom, no doubt, as was quite right, her husband had disclosed the great news; but he thought that Edith was entirely ignorant of it. And Edith and her mother had their secret on their side, the possession of which was more momentous still. But they all talked and smiled with the little pleasantries and criticisms that are inevitable in the conversation of persons of the highest and most cultivated classes, and did not betray what was in their hearts.

CHAPTER XXV.

John Erskine was on the steps leading to the great central entrance when the carriage from Lindores drove up at the door. It was not by chance that he found himself

there, for he was aware of the intended visit; and with the sombre attraction which the sight of a rival and an adversary has for a man, felt himself drawn towards

the scene in which an act of this drama in which his happiness was involved, was going on. He hurried down before the footman to get to the carriage-door, and hand the ladies out. He had seen them several times since that day when Lady Lindores, unused to deception, had allowed the secret to slip from her. And he had accustomed himself to the fact that Millefleurs, who was in person and aspect so little alarming, but in other ways the most irresistible of rivals, was in full possession of the field before him. But John, with quickened insight, had also perceived that no decisive step had as yet been taken, and with infinite relief was able to persuade himself that Edith as yet was no party to the plot, and was unaware what was coming. He saw in a moment now that some important change had come over the state of affairs. Lady Lindores avoided his eye, but Edith looked at him, he thought, with a sort of appeal in her face,—a question,—a wondering demand, full of mingled defiance and deprecation. So much in one look!—and yet there seemed to him even more than all this. What had happened? Millefleurs was conscious too. There was a self-satisfaction about him more evident, more marked than usual. He put out his chest a little more. He held his head higher, though he refrained from any special demonstration in respect to Edith. There was an air about him as of a man who had taken some remarkable initiative. His very step touched the ground with more weight: his round eyes contemplated all things with a more bland and genial certainty of being able to solve every difficulty. And Rintoul had a watchful look as of a man on his guard—a keen spectator vigilantly attentive to everything; uncertain whether even yet he might not be

called upon to interfere. All this John Erskine saw at one glance,—not clearly as it is set down here, but vaguely, with confused perceptions which he could not disentangle, which conveyed no distinct information to his mind, but only a warning, an intimation which set every vein of him tingling. Lady Lindores would not meet his eye; but Edith looked at him with that strange look of question—How much do you know? it seemed to say. What do you suspect? and with a flash of indignation—Do you suspect me? Do you doubt me? He thought there was all this, or something like it, in her eyes; and yet he could not tell what they meant, nor, so far as she was concerned, what length her knowledge went. He met her look with one in which another question bore the chief part. But it was much less clear to Edith what that question meant. They were all as conscious as it was possible for human creatures each shut up within the curious envelope of his own identity, imperfectly comprehending any other, to be. The air tingled with meaning round them. They were all aware, strangely, yet naturally, of standing on the edge of fate.

Lady Caroline and her husband received this party in the great drawing-room which was used on state occasions: everything had been thrown open professedly that Lord Millefleurs should see, but really that Lord Millefleurs should be dazzled by, the splendour which Torrance devoutly believed to be unrivalled. It was in order that he might see the effect of all the velvet and brocade, all the gilding and carving, upon the stranger, that he had waited to receive the party from Lindores with his wife, a thing quite unusual to him; and he was in high expectation and good-humour, fully expecting to be

flattered and gratified. There was a short pause of mutual civilities to begin with, during which Torrance was somewhat chilled and affronted to see that the little Marquis remained composed, and displayed no awe, though he looked about him with his quick little round eyes.

"You will have heard, Lady Caroline, how I have lost any little scrap of reputation I ever had," Millefleurs said, clasping his plump hands. "I am no shot: it is true, though I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it. And I don't care to follow flying things on foot. If there was a balloon indeed! I am an impostor at this season. I am occupying the place of some happy person who might make a large bag every day."

"But there is room for all those happy persons without disturbing you—who have other qualities," said Carry, with her soft pathetic smile. There was a little tremor about her, and catching of her breath, for she did not know at what moment might occur that name which always agitated her, however she might fortify herself against it.

"If not at Lindores, there's always plenty of room at Tinto," said Torrance, with ostentatious openness. "There's room for a regiment here. I have a few fellows coming for the partridges, but not half enough to fill the house. Whenever you like, you and your belongings, as many as you please, whether it's servants—or guardians," Torrance said, with his usual rude laugh.

Something like an electric shock ran round the company. Millefleurs was the only one who received it without the smallest evidence of understanding what it was. He looked up in Torrance's face with an unmoved aspect. "I don't

travel with a suite," he said, "though I am much obliged to you all the same. It is my father who carries all sorts of people about with him. And I love my present quarters," said the little Marquis, directing a look towards Lady Lindores of absolute devotion. "I will not go away unless I am sent away. A man who has knocked about the world knows when he is well off. I will go to Erskine, and be out of the way during the hours when I am *de trop*."

"Erskine is filling his house too, I suppose," Torrance said. And then having got all that was practicable in the shape of offence out of this subject, he proposed that they should make the tour of what had been always called the state apartments at Tinto. "There's a few things to show," he said, affecting humility; "not much to you who have been about the world as you say, but still a few things that we think something of in this out-of-the-way place." Then he added, "Lady Car had better be the showman, for she knows more about them than I do—though I was born among them." This was the highest possible pleasure to Pat Torrance. To show off his possessions, to which he professed to be indifferent, with an intended superiority in his rude manliness to anything so finicking, by means of his wife—his proudest and finest possession of all—was delightful to him. He lounged after them, keeping close to the party, ready with all his being to enjoy Lady Car's description of the things that merited admiration. He was in high good-humour, elated with the sense of his position as her husband and the owner of all this grandeur. He felt that the little English lord would now see what a Scotch country gentleman could be, what a noble distinguished wife he could

get for himself, and what a house he could bring her to. Unfortunately, Lord Millefleurs, whose delight was to talk about Californian miners and their habitudes, was familiar with greater houses than Tinto, and had been born in the purple, and slept on rose-leaves all his life. He admired politely what he was evidently expected to admire, but he gave vent to no enthusiasm. When they came to the great dining-room, with its huge vases and marble pillars, he looked round upon it with a countenance of complete seriousness, not lightened by any gratification. "Yes—I see: everything is admirably in keeping," he said; "an excellent example of the period. It is so seldom one sees this sort of thing nowadays. Everybody has begun to try to improve, don't you know; and the *mieux* is always the *ennemi du bien*. This is all of a piece, don't you know. It is quite perfect of its kind."

"What does the little beggar mean?" it was now Torrance's turn to say to himself. It sounded, no doubt, like praise, but his watchful suspicion and jealousy were roused. He tried his usual expedient of announcing how much it had cost; but Millefleurs—confound the little beggar!—received the intimation with perfect equanimity. He was not impressed. He made Torrance a little bow, and said with his lisp, "Yeth, very cothtly alwayth—the materials are all so expensive, don't you know." But he could not be brought to say anything more. Even Lady Caroline felt depressed by his gravity; for insensibly, though she ought to have known better, she had got to feel that all the wealth of Tinto—its marbles, its gilding, its masses of ornate plate, and heavy decorations—must merit consideration. They had been reckoned among the things

for which she had been sacrificed—they were part of her price, so to speak: and if they were not splendid and awe-inspiring, then her sacrifice had indeed been made in vain. Poor Lady Caroline was not in a condition to meet with any further discouragement; and to feel that her husband was beginning to lose his air of elated good-humour, gave an additional tremor to the nervousness which possessed her. She knew what he would say about "your fine friends," and how he would swear that no such visitors should ever be asked to his house again. She went on mechanically saying her little lesson by heart, pointing out all the great pieces of modern Sèvres and Dresden. Her mind was full of miserable thoughts. She wanted to catch John Erskine's eye, to put an imploring question to him with eyes or mouth. "Is he coming?" This was what she wanted to say. But she could not catch John Erskine's eye, who was gloomily walking behind her by the side of Edith saying nothing. Lady Caroline could not help remarking that neither of these two said a word. Lady Lindores and Rintoul kept up a kind of skirmishing action around them, trying now to draw one, now the other, into conversation, and get them apart. But the two kept by each other like a pair in a procession—yet never spoke.

"The period, dear lady?" said Millefleurs,—“I am not up to the last novelties of classification, nor scientific, don't you know; but I should say Georgian, late Georgian, or verging upon the times of the Royal William”—he gave a slight shiver as he spoke, perhaps from cold, for the windows were all open, and there was a draught. "But perfect of its kind," he added with a little bow, and a seriousness which was more disparaging

than abuse. Even Lady Carry smiled constrainedly, and Torrance, with a start, awoke to his sense of wrong, and felt that he could bear no more.

"George or Jack," he cried, "I don't know anything about periods; this I do know, that it ran away with a great deal of money—money none of us would mind having in our pockets now." He stared at Rintoul as he spoke, but even Rintoul looked as if he were indifferent, which galled the rich man more and more. "My Lady Countess and my Lord Marquis," he said, with an elaborate mocking bow, "I'll have to ask you to excuse me. I've got—something to do that I thought I could get off—but I can't, don't you know;" and here he laughed again, imitating as well as he was able the seraphic appeal to the candour of his hearers, which Millefleurs was so fond of making. The tone, the words, the aspect of the man, taught Millefleurs sufficiently (who was the only stranger) that he had given offence; and the others drew closer, eager to make peace for Carry's sake, who was smiling with the ordinary effort of an unhappy wife to make the best of it, and represent to the others that it was only her husband's "way."

But Torrance's ill-humour was not as usual directed towards his wife. When he looked at her, his face, to her great astonishment, softened. It was a small matter that did it; the chief reason was that he saw a look of displeasure—of almost offence—upon his wife's countenance too. She was annoyed with the contemptible little English lord as much as he was. This did not take away his rage, but it immediately gave him that sense that his wife was on his side, for which the rough fellow had always longed—and

altered his aspect at once. As he stood looking at them, with his large light eyes projecting from their sockets, a flush of offence on his cheeks, a forced laugh on his mouth, his face softened all in a moment. This time she was no longer the chief antagonist to be subdued, but his natural supporter and champion. He laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder, with a pride of proprietorship which for once she did not seem to contest. "Lady Car," he said, "she's my deputy: she'll take care of you better than I."

Lady Caroline, with an involuntary, almost affectionate response, put her hand on his arm. "Don't go," she said, lifting her face to him with an eloquence of suppressed and tremulous emotion all about her, which indeed had little reference to this ill-humour of his, but helped to dignify it, and take away the air of trivial rage and mortification which had been too evident at first. Lady Lindores, too, made a step forward with the same intention. He stood and looked at them with a curious medley of feeling, touched at once by the pleasure of a closer approach to his wife, and by a momentary tragic sense of being entirely outside of this group of people to whom he was so closely related. They were his nearest connections, and yet he did not belong to them, never could belong to them! They were of a different species—another world altogether. Lady Car could take care of them. She could understand them, and know their ways; but not he. They were all too fine for him, out of his range, thinking different thoughts, pretending even (for it must surely have been mere pretence) to despise his house, which everybody knew was the great house of the district, infinite-

ly grander than the castle or any other place in the county. He was deeply wounded by this unlooked-for cutting away of the ground from under his feet: but Lady Car was on his side. She could manage them though he could not. Not one of them was equal to her, and it was to him that she belonged. He laughed again, but the sound of his laugh was not harsh as it had been before. "No, no; Lady Car will take care of you," he said.

"I hope," said Millefleurs in his mellifluous tones, "that it is not this intrusion of ours that is sending Mr Torrance away. I know what a nuisance people are coming to luncheon in the middle of an occupied day. Send us away, Lady Caroline, or rather send me away, who am the stranger. Erskine will take me with him to Dalrulzian, and another day I shall return and see the rest of your splendours."

"Mr Torrance has really business," said Carry; "mamma will show you the other rooms, while I speak to my husband." She went swiftly, softly, after him, as his big figure disappeared in the long vista of the great dining-room. After a moment's pause of embarrassment, the rest went on. Carry hurried trembling after her tyrant. When they were out of hearing she called him anxiously. "Oh, don't go, Pat. How do you think I can entertain such a party when they know that you are offended, and will not stay?"

"You will get on better without me," he said. "I can't stand these fellows and their airs. It isn't any fault of yours, Lady Car. Come, I'm pleased with *you*. You've stood by your own this time, I will say that for you. But they're your kind, they're not mine. Dash the little beggar, what a cheek he

has! I'm not used to hear the house run down. But never mind, I don't care a pin,—and it's not your fault this time, Car," he said, with a laugh, touching her cheek with his finger with a touch which was half a blow and half a caress. This was about as much tenderness as he was capable of showing. Carry followed him to the door, and saw him plunge down the great steps, and turn in the direction of the stables. Perhaps she was not sorry to avoid all further occasion of offence. She returned slowly through the long, vulgar, costly rooms—a sigh of relief came from her overladen heart; but relief in one point made her but more painfully conscious of another. In the distance Millefleurs was examining closely all the ormolu and finery. As she came in sight of the party, walking slowly like the worn creature she was, feeling as if all the chances of life were over for her, and she herself incomparably older, more weary and exhausted than any of them, and her existence a worn-out thing apart from the brighter current of every day, there remained in her but one flicker of personal anxiety, one terror which yet could make everything more bitter. The group was much the same as when she left them,—Lady Lindores with Millefleurs, Edith and John silent behind them, Rintoul in a sort of general spectatorship, keeping watch upon the party. Carry touched John Erskine's arm furtively and gave him an entreating look. He turned round to her alarmed.

"Lady Caroline! can I do anything? What is it?" he said.

She drew him back into a corner of the great room with its marble pillars. She was so breathless that she could hardly speak. "It is nothing—it is only—a question.

Are you expecting — people — at Dalrulzian?"

Carry's soft eyes had expanded to twice their size, and looked at him out of two caves of anxiety and hollow paleness. She gave him her hand unawares, as if asking him by that touch more than words could say. John was moved to the heart.

"I think not—I hope not—I have no answer. No, no, there will be no one," he said.

She sank down into a chair, with a faint smile. "You will think me foolish—so very foolish—it is nothing to me. But—I am always so frightened," said poor Carry, with the first pretence that occurred to her, "when there is any dispeace."

"There will be no dispeace," said John, "in any case. But I am sure—I can be certain—there will be no one there."

She smiled upon him again, and waved her hand to him to leave her. "I will follow you directly," she said.

What emotions there were in this little group! Carry sat with her hand upon her heart, which fluttered still, getting back her breath. Every remission of active pain seems a positive good. She sat still, feeling the relief and ease flow over her like a stream of healing to her very feet. She would be saved the one encounter which she could not bear; and then for the moment *he* was absent, and there would be no struggle to keep him in good-humour, or to conceal from others his readiness to offend and take offence. Was this all the semblance of happiness that remained for Carry? For the moment she was satisfied with it, and took breath, and recovered a little courage, and was thankful in that deprivation of all things—thankful that no positive pain was to be

added to make everything worse; and that a brief breathing-time was hers for the moment, an hour of rest.

Edith looked at John as he came back. She had lingered, half waiting for him, just as if he had been her partner in a procession. In that moment of separation Rintoul allowed himself to go off guard. She looked at John, and almost for the first time spoke. "Carry has been talking to you," she said hastily, in an undertone.

"Yes,—about visitors—people who might be coming to stay with me."

"Is any one coming to stay with you?" she asked, quickly.

"Nobody," John replied with fervour; "nor shall at any risk."

This all passed in a moment while Rintoul was off guard. She looked at him again, wistfully, gratefully, and he being excited by his own feelings, and by sympathy with all this excitement which breathed around him in so many currents, was carried beyond all prudence, beyond all intention. "I will do anything," he said, "to please you, and serve her, you know. It is nothing to offer. I am nobody in comparison with others; but what I have is all yours, and at your service,—the little that it is——"

"Oh," said Edith, in a mere breath of rapid, almost inaudible, response, "it is too much; it is too much." She did not know what she said.

"Nothing is too much. I am not asking any return. I am not presumptuous; but I am free to give. Nobody can stop me from doing that," said John, not much more clearly. It was all over in a moment. The people within a few yards of them scarcely knew they had exchanged a word; even Rintoul did not suspect any communi-

cation that was worth preventing. And next moment they separated. John, panting and breathless, as if he had been running a race, went up to where Millefleurs was discoursing upon some bit of upholstery, and stood by in the shelter of this discussion to let himself cool down. Edith kept behind in the shelter of her mother. And just then Carry came softly out of the door of the great dining-room from behind the marble pillars, having recovered herself, and called back the smile to her face. In the midst of all these emotions, Millefleurs talked smoothly on.

“My people,” he said, “have a place down in Flintshire that is a little like this, but not so perfect. My grandfather, or whoever it was, lost confidence before it was done, and mixed it up. But here, don’t you know, the confidence has been sublime; no doubt has been allowed to intrude. They say that in Scotland you are so absolute—all or nothing, don’t you know. Whether in furniture or anything else, how fine that is!” said the little marquis, turning up his palms. He looked quite absorbed in his subject, and as calm as a man in gingerbread. Nevertheless, he was the only person to notice that slight passage of conversation *sotto voce*, and the breathless condition in which John reached him. What had he been doing to put him out of breath?

When the house had been inspected, the party went to luncheon—a very sumptuous meal, which was prepared in the great dining-room, and was far too splendid for an ordinary family party such as this was. John, whose excitement had rather increased than diminished, and who felt that he had altogether committed himself, without chance or hope of any improved relations, was not able to subdue himself to the

point of sitting down at table. He took his leave in spite of the protests of the party. His heart was beating loudly, his pulses all clanging in his ears like a steam-engine. He did not get the chance even of a glance from Edith, who said good-bye to him in a tremulous voice, and did not look up. He saw her placed by the side of Millefleurs at table, as he turned away. He had all the modesty of genuine feeling,—a modesty which is sometimes another name for despair. Why should she take any notice of him? He had no right to aspire so high. Nothing to give, as he said, except as a mere offering—a flower laid at her feet,—not a gift which was capable of a return. He said to himself that, so far as this went, there should be no deception in his mind. He would give his gift—it was his pleasure to give it—lavishly, with prodigal abundance; as a prince should give, expecting no return. In this he would have the better of all of them, he said to himself, as he went through the great house, where, except in the centre of present entertainment, all was silent like a deserted place. He would give more liberally, more magnificently, than any duke or duke’s son, for he would give all, and look for nothing in return. The feeling which accompanied this *élan* of entire self-devotion and abandonment of selfish hope gave him something of the same calm of exhaustion which was in Carry’s soul. He seemed to have come to something final, something from which there was no recovery. He could not sit down at table with them; but he could not go away any more than he could stay. He went out through the vacant hall, where nobody took any notice of his going or coming, and emerged upon the wide opening of the plateau,

sheltered by fir-trees, upon which the house stood dominating the landscape. His was the only shadow that crossed the sunshine in front of the huge mass of building which was so noiseless outside, so full of life and emotion within. He could not go away any more than he could stay. He wandered to the fringe of trees which clothed the edge of the steep cliff above the river, and sat there on the bank gazing down on the depths below, till the sound of voices warned him that the party was moving from the dining-room. Then he hastened away to avoid them, taking the less frequented road which led by the Scour. He had passed that dangerous spot, but the way was still narrow between the bushes, when he heard the hoofs of Torrance's great black horse resounding upon the path. Pat was returning home after what had evidently been a wild gallop, for the powerful animal had his black coat flecked with foam, and was chewing the bit in his mouth. Torrance had almost passed without perceiving John, but catching a glimpse of him as he pushed along, suddenly drew up, making his horse rear and start. He had an air of heat and suppressed passion which corresponded with the foam and dishevelled looks of the horse. "Hollo!" he cried, "you, Erskine, have they broken up?" and sat swaying his great bulk with the impatient movements of the fagged yet fiery beast. John answered briefly, and was about to pass on, when Torrance gave him what was intended to be a playful poke with the end of his whip. "When's your visitor coming?" he said, with his harsh laugh.

"My visitor! I expect no visitor," said John, stepping back with anger which he could scarcely restrain.

It was all he could do not to seize the whip, and snatch it out of the other's hand. But neither the narrow path, nor the excited state in which both men were, was safe for any scuffle. John restrained himself with an effort.

"Oh yes, you are!" cried Torrance; "you let it out once, you know—you can't take in me. But I'm the last man in the world to find fault. Let him come! We'll have him up to Tinto, and make much of him. I told you so before."

"You seem to know my arrangements better than I know them myself," John said, white with suppressed fury. "I have no visitor coming. Permit me to know my own affairs."

"Ah! so you've forbidden him to come! Let me tell you, Mr Erskine, that that's the greatest insult of all. Why shouldn't he come? he, or any fellow? Do you think I'm afraid of Lady Car?" and here his laugh rang into all the echoes. "Not a bit; I think more of her than that. You're putting a slight on her when you ask any man not to come. Do you hear?"

"I hear perfectly, and would hear if you spoke lower. There's enough of this, Torrance. I suppose it's your way, and you don't intend to be specially objectionable—but I am not going to be questioned so, nor will I take the lie from any man," cried John, with rising passion. There was scarcely room for him to stand in safety from the horse's hoofs, and he was compelled to draw back among the bushes as the great brute pranced and capered.

"What! will you fight?" cried Torrance, with another laugh; "that's all exploded nowadays—that's a business for 'Punch.' Not that I mind: any way you please.

Look here! here's a fist that would soon master you. But it's a joke, you know, nowadays; a joke, for 'Punch.'"

"So much the worse," cried John, hotly. "It was the only way of keeping in order a big bully like you."

"Oh, that's what you call me! If there was any one to see fair play—to you (for I'm twice your size) I'd let Blackie go, and give you your fill of that."

John grasped instinctively at the bridle of the big black horse, which seemed charging down upon him; and for a moment the two men gazed at each other, over the tossing foam-flecked head, big eyeballs, and churning mouth. Then John let go the bridle at which he had caught, with an exclamation of scorn.

"Another time for that, if that is what you want," he said.

"No," cried the other, looking back, as the horse darted past,— "no, that's not what I want; you're an honest fellow—you shall say what you please. We'll shake hands——" The horse carrying him off lost the rest of the words in the clang of jingling reins and half-maddened hoofs.

John went on very rapidly, excited beyond measure by the encounter. His face was flushed and hot; his hat, which had been knocked off his head, was stained with the damp red soil. He had torn his sleeve in the clutch he had made at the bridle. He dashed along the narrow road at a wild pace to calm himself down by rapid movement. A little way down he encountered a keeper crossing the road, who disappeared into the woods after a curious glance at his excited looks and torn coat. Further on, as he came out of the gate, he met, to his great astonishment, old Rolls,

plodding along towards Tinto in company with another man, who met him at the gate. "Bless me, sir! what's the matter? Ye cannot walk the highroad like that!" was the first exclamation of old Rolls.

"Like what? Oh, my sleeve! I tore it just now on a—on a—catching a runaway horse. The brute was wild, I thought he would have had me down." There was nothing in this that was absolutely untrue, at least nothing that it was not permissible to say in the circumstances, but the explanation was elaborate, as John felt. "And what are you doing here?" he said, peremptorily. "What do you want at Tinto?" It seemed almost a personal offence to him to find Rolls there.

"I have something to say to Tinto, sir, with all respect. My father was a tenant of his father—a small tenant, not to call a farmer, something between that and a cotter—and I'm wanting to speak a good word for my brother-in-law, John Tamson, that you will maybe mind."

Upon this the man by Rolls's side, who had been inspecting John curiously, at last persuaded himself to touch, not to take off, his hat, and to say: "Ay, sir, I'm John Tamson. I was the first to see ye the day ye cam' first to Dalrulzian. I hae my wife ower by, that's good at her needle. Maybe ye'll step in and she'll shue your coat-sleeve for you. You canna gang like that all the gate to Dalrulzian. There's no saying who ye may meet."

John Erskine had not been awakened before to the strangeness of his appearance. He looked down upon his torn coat with a vague alarm. It was a start of the black horse while he held its bridle which had torn the sleeve out of

its socket. While he was looking at this, with a disturbed air, the lodge-gates were thrown open and the Lindores's carriage came through. Lady Lindores waved her hand to him, then bent forward to look at him with sudden surprise and alarm; but the horses were fresh, and swept along, carrying the party out of sight. Millefleurs was alone with the ladies in the carriage—that John noticed without knowing why.

A minute after, accepting John Tamson's offer of service, he went

over with him to his cottage, where the wife immediately got her needle and thread, with much lamentation over the gentleman's "gude black coat." "Bless me, sir! it must have been an ill-willy beast that made ye give your arm a skreed like that," she said: and John felt that his hand was unsteady and his nerves quivering. After all, it was no such great matter. He could not understand how it was that he had been agitated to such an extent by an encounter so slight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Old Rolls went up the road which led by the Scaur. It was shorter than the formal avenue, and less in the way of more important visitors. He was much distressed and "exercised in his mind" about the agitated appearance of his master—his torn sleeve, and clothes stained with the soil. He pondered much on the sight as he walked up the road. John was not a man given to quarrelling, but he would seem to have been engaged in some conflict or other. "A runaway horse! where would he get a runaway horse at Tinto?" Rolls said to himself; "and Tinto was a man very likely to provoke a quarrel." He hurried on, feeling that he was sure to hear all about it, and much concerned at the thought that any one belonging to himself should bring discredit on the house in this way. But whether it was an excited fancy, or if there was some echo in the air of what had passed before, it seemed to Rolls that he heard, as he proceeded onwards, the sound of voices and conflict. "Will he have been but one among many?" he said within himself. "Will they be quarrelling on?

—and me an unprotected man?" he added, with a prudent thought of his own welfare. Then Rolls heard a wonderful concussion in the air—he could not tell what, and then a solemn stillness. What was the meaning of this? It could have nothing to do with John. He turned up the narrow road down which John Erskine had once driven his dog-cart, and which Torrance continually rode up and down. When he came to the opening of the Scaur, and saw the daylight breaking clear from the shadow of the over-reaching boughs, Rolls stood still for a moment with consternation. Broken branches, leaves strewn about, the print of the horse's hoofs all round the open space as if he had been rearing wildly, showed marks of a recent struggle,—he thought of his master, and his heart sank. But it was some time before his fears went any further. Where had the other party to the struggle gone? Just then he thought he heard a sound, something like a moan in the depths below. A terrible fear seized the old man. He rushed to the edge of the cliff, and gazed over with dis-

tracted looks. And then he gave utterance to a cry that rang through the woods: "Wha's that lying down there?" he cried. Something lay in a mass at the bottom of the high bank, red and rough, which descended to the water's edge—something, he could scarcely tell what, all heaped together and motionless. Rolls had opened his mouth to shout for help with the natural impulse of his horror and alarm, but another thought struck him at the moment, and kept him silent. Was it his master's doing? With a gasp of misery, he felt that it must be so; and kneeling down distracted on the edge of the Scaur, catching at the roots of the trees to support himself, he craned over to see what it was, who it was, and whether he could do anything for the sufferer, short of calling all the world to witness this terrible sight. But the one exclamation Rolls gave seemed to thrill the woods. He felt a hand touch him as he bent over the edge, and nearly lost his precarious footing in his terror. "Is't you, sir, come to look at your handiwork?" he said, solemnly turning upon the person whom he supposed to be his master. But it was not his master. It was Lord Rintoul, as pale as death, and trembling. "What—what is it?" he asked, scarcely able to articulate, pointing vaguely below, but averting his eyes as from a sight he dared not look at. Divided between the desire of getting help and of sparing his master, Rolls drew back from the Scaur and returned to his habitual caution. "I canna tell you what it is, my lord," he said; "it's somebody that has fallen over the Scaur, for all that I can see. But how that came about is mair than I can tell. We maun rouse the place," said the old man,

"and get help—if help will do any good."

"Help will do no good now," cried Rintoul in his excitement. "Nobody could fall from that height and live. Does he move?—look—or the horse?" His tongue, too, was parched, and clung to the roof of his mouth.

"The horse! then your lordship kens wha it is? Lord in heaven preserve us! no' Tinto himsel'?"

Rintoul's dry lips formed words two or three times before they were audible. "No one—no one but he—ever rides here."

And then the two stood for a horrible moment and looked at each other. Rintoul was entirely unmanned. He seemed to quiver from head to foot; his hat was off, his countenance without a tinge of colour. "I have never," he said, "seen—such an accident before——"

"Did ye see it?" Rolls cried anxiously; and then the young man faltered and hesitated.

"Heard it. I—meant to say—I heard the horse rearing—and then the fall——"

He looked intently at the old man with his haggard eyes as if to ask—what? Poor old Rolls was trembling too. He thought only of his young master—so kind, so blameless,—was his life to be thus associated with crime?

"We must go and get help, my lord," said Rolls, with a heavy sigh. "However it happened, that must be our duty. No doubt ye'll have to give a true account of all ye've seen and all ye've heard. But in the meantime we must cry for help, let them suffer that may."

While this scene was proceeding so near her, Carry, upon the other side of the great house, had retired to her room in the weariness that followed her effort to look cheerful

and do the honours of her table. She had made that effort very bravely, and though it did not even conceal from Millefleurs the position of affairs, still less deceive her own family, yet at least it kept up the appearance of decorum necessary, and made it easier for the guests to go through their part. The meal, indeed, was cheerful enough; it was far too magnificent, Torrance having insisted, in spite of his wife's better taste, on heaping "all the luxuries of the season" upon the table at which a duke's son was to sit. The absence of the host was a relief to all parties; but still it required an effort on the side of Carry to overcome the effect of the empty chair in front of her, which gave a sense of incongruity to all the grandeur. And this effort cost her a great deal. She had gone into her room to rest, and lay on a sofa very quiet in the stillness of exhaustion, not doing anything, not saying anything, looking wistfully at the blue sky that was visible through the window, with the soft foliage of some birch-trees waving lightly over it—and trying not to think. Indeed, she was so weary that it was scarcely necessary to try. And what was there to think about? Nothing could be done to deliver her—nothing that she was aware of even to mend her position. She was grateful to God that she was to be spared the still greater misery of seeing Beaufort, but that was all. Even heaven itself seemed to have no help for Carry. If she could have been made by some force of unknown agency to love her husband, she would still have been an unhappy wife; but it is to be feared, poor soul, that things had come to this pass with her, that she did not even wish to love her husband, and felt it less degrading to live with

him under compulsion, than to be brought down to the level of his coarser nature, and take pleasure in the chains she wore. Her heart revolted at him more and more. In such a terrible case, what help was there for her in earth or heaven? Even had he been reformed—had he been made a better man—Carry would not have loved him: she shrank from the very suggestion that she might some time do so. There was no help for her; her position could not be bettered anyhow. She knew this so well, that all struggle, except the involuntary struggle in her mind, which never could intermit, against many of the odious details of the life she had to lead, had died out of her. She had given in to the utter hopelessness of her situation. Despair is sometimes an opiate, as it is sometimes a frantic and maddening poison. There was nothing to be done for her,—no use in wearying Heaven with prayers, as some of us do. Nothing could make her better. She had given in utterly, body and soul, and this was all that was to be said. She lay there in this stillness of despair, feeling more crushed and helpless than usual after the emotions of the morning, but not otherwise disturbed,—lying like a man who has been shattered by an accident, but lulled by some anodyne draught—still and almost motionless, letting every sensation be hushed so long as nature would permit, her hands folded, her very soul hushed and still. She took no note of time in the exhaustion of her being. She knew that when her husband returned she would be sent for, and would have to re-enter the other world of eternal strife and pain; but here she was retired, as in her chapel, in herself—the sole effectual refuge which she had left.

The house was very well organised, very silent and orderly in general, so that it surprised Lady Caroline a little, in the depth of her quiet, to hear a distant noise as of many voices, distinct, though not loud—a confusion and far-away Babel of outcries and exclamations. Nothing could be more unusual; but she felt no immediate alarm, thinking that the absence of her husband and her own withdrawal had probably permitted a little outbreak of gaiety or gossip downstairs, with which she did not wish to interfere. She lay still accordingly, listening vaguely, without taking much interest in the matter. Certainly something out of the way must have happened. The sounds had sprung up all at once—a hum of many excited voices, with sharp cries as of dismay and wailing, breaking in. At last her attention was attracted. “There has been some accident,” she said to herself, sitting upright upon her sofa. As she did this she heard steps approaching her door. They came with a rush, hurrying along, the feet of at least two women, with a heavier step behind them: then paused suddenly, and there ensued a whispering and consultation close to her door. Carry was a mother, and her first thought was of her children. “They are afraid to tell me,” was the thought that passed through her mind. She rose and rushed to the door, throwing it open. “What is it? Something has happened,” she said; “something you are afraid to tell me. Oh, speak, speak!—the children——”

“My leddy, it’s none of the children. The children are as well as could be wished, poor dears,” said her own maid, who had been suddenly revealed, standing very close to the door. The woman, her cheeks blazing with some sudden

shock, eager to speak, yet terrified, stopped short there with a gasp. The housekeeper, who was behind her, pushed her a little forward, supporting her with a hand on her waist, whispering confused but audible exhortations. “Oh, take heart—oh, take heart. She must be told. The Lord will give you strength,” this woman said. The butler stood solemnly behind, with a very anxious, serious countenance. To Carry all this scene became confused by wild anxiety and terror. “What is it?” she said; “my mother? some one at home?” She stretched out her hands vaguely towards the messengers of evil, feeling like a victim at the block, upon whose neck the executioner’s knife is about to fall.

“Oh, my leddy! far worse! far worse!” the woman cried.

Carry, in the dreadful whirl of her feelings, still paused bewildered, to ask herself what could be worse? And then there came upon her a moment of blindness, when she saw nothing, and the walls and the roof seemed to burst asunder, and whirl and whirl. She dropped upon her knees in this awful blank and blackness unawares, and then the haze dispelled, and she saw, coming out of the mist, a circle of horror-stricken pale faces, forming a sort of ring round her. She could do nothing but gasp out her husband’s name—“Mr Torrance?” with quivering lips.

“Oh, my lady! my lady! To see her on her knees, and us bringin’ her such awfu’ news! But the Lord will comfort ye,” cried the housekeeper, forgetting the veneration due to her mistress, and raising her in her arms. The two women supported her into her room, and she sat down again upon the sofa where she had been sitting—sitting, was it a year ago?—in the quiet,

thinking that no change would ever come to her,—that nothing could alter her condition—that all was over and finished for her life.

And it is to be supposed that they told poor Carry exactly the truth. She never knew. When she begged them to leave her alone till her mother came, whom they had sent for, she had no distinct knowledge of how it was, or what had happened; but she knew *that* had happened. She fell upon her knees before her bed, and buried her head in her hands, shutting out the light. Then she seized hold of herself with both her hands to keep herself (as she felt) from floating away upon that flood of new life which came swelling up all in a moment, swelling into every vein—filling high the fountain of existence which had been so feeble and so low. Oh, shut out—shut out the light that nobody might see! close the doors and the shutters in the house of death, and every

cranny, that no human eye might descry it! After a while she dropped lower, from the bed which supported her to the floor, prostrating herself with more than oriental humbleness. Her heart beat wildly, and in her brain there seemed to wake a hundred questions clanging like bells in her ears, filling the silence with sound. Her whole being, that had been crushed, sprang up like a flower from under a passing foot. Was it possible?—was it possible? She pulled herself down, tried by throwing herself upon her face on the carpet, prostrating herself, body and soul, to struggle against that secret voiceless mad exultation that came upon her against her will. Was he dead?—was he dead? struck down in the middle of his days, that man of iron? Oh, the pity of it!—oh, the horror of it! She tried to force herself to feel this—to keep down, down, that climbing joy in her. God in heaven, was it possible? she who thought nothing could happen to her more.

FALSE COIN IN SACRED HERMENEUTICS.

Not long ago an American journal suggested the expediency of forming a "Society for the suppression of cruelty to Scripture;" not, as might perhaps have been imagined, for the purpose of protecting the sacred volume from maltreatment by its open foes, but to save it from the "twisting, torturing, thumbscrewing, and other savage and outrageous processes" habitually inflicted on it by "its professed friends, in their desperate efforts to extort, haul forth, and by sheer and ingenious methods of torture, tear out of a Scripture passage doctrines which never were in any way or degree connected with or involved in it at all."

We propose to take this quaint suggestion for our text. It is impossible to help being amused at the scene which it conjures up before the mind,—of the reverend expositors assembled in the torture-chamber, like so many familiars of the Inquisition, and busy with a grim alacrity at interrogating the Divine Word by the *peine dure et forte*, till they wring from it, instead of its own truth, the confession or assent which they are determined by violence to extort. But the pity is that, under the exuberant and racy phraseology characteristic of Transatlantic humour, so much of solid truth should lie. Those who have had most experience in overhauling commentaries on the Bible, and exploring the enormous mass of current religious literature, will be the last, we suspect, to extenuate the fact or accuse the statement of exaggeration. That the representation is well founded, we have no shadow of doubt; and it is because we are sure that the evil to which it points is a crying one,

and is the cause of much of the distaste notoriously felt by the educated laity for sermons and books of theology and devotion in general, that we make the attempt to hold it up to reprobation, and furnish some brief hints for its abatement.

We do not for a moment pretend that the habit of wresting and misapplying Scripture is peculiar to modern times. It is as old as Christianity, even older, and by a long line of descent has come down to the divines of the present day as a *damnosa hereditas*—a traditional incubus and hereditary disease. Nor do we deny that, with the comparatively recent growth of the critical sciences, a better day has begun to dawn for Biblical exegesis in general, and even for the popular religious literature of tract and periodical and broadsheet, purveyed in such amazing quantities for the uneducated classes. But it seems to us that the very fact of the rise and spread of accurate criticism in other departments of study makes our protest against the still prevalent misinterpretation of the Bible all the more needful; for the last places to catch the light of the intellectual dawn have always been the haunts of theological discussion and exposition, and religion has grievously suffered from the shadows being permitted to lie over them undisturbed, while all around the gloom was breaking up, and the monsters of ignorance and error were flying before the advancing day.

The earliest and doubtless the most flagrant sinners against sound principle and common-sense in the use of the sacred books were the Rabbis of Israel, whose hermeneutical vagaries and monstrous appli-

cations of Scripture form the staple of the Talmud. To those doctors of the law, the Old Testament from beginning to end was a congeries of riddles, to the solution of which they dedicated their lives. In comparison with their own tortuous and mystical explanations, the plain grammatical sense had little interest for them. The inspired text they used to compare to water; but their *Mishna* or oral tradition to wine, and their *Gemara* or commentary to spiced wine. Every verbal resemblance, however superficial, every variation of spelling and peculiarity of arrangement or order, suggested to them a mystery; out of texts arbitrarily pieced together, meanings were evolved for which not a shadow of warrant could be found; from the mere metaphors latent in common speech portentous conclusions were deduced; in the numerical values of the letters of which words were composed occult meanings were discovered. The results may be imagined, and were perhaps surprising even to the scribes themselves in their saner moments; for among their traditions is one which depicts the amazement of Moses, when in a vision he saw some Rabbi of the future extracting whole bushel-loads of meanings and decisions from every angle, curl, and horn of every letter of the law.

We shall try, by a few specimens of the more quotable sort, to give an idea of the Rabbinical style of handling Scripture. It might seem to an unsophisticated reader rather difficult to determine from the text—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider"—what kind of scourge should be used to inflict the "forty stripes save one" on those who broke the law. But the

ingenuity of the Rabbis was not to be foiled. Ought not the men who know not, to be beaten by the animals whose knowledge shames them? Then twist together thongs of ox-hide and ass-hide, and lay the compounded lash on the back of the guilty. Out of Laban's invitation to Abraham's servant—"Come in, for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels"—evidence was extracted to show that the piety of the great father of the faithful was so transcendent and contagious as to be shared even by his camels; for by imagining some occult connection between the phrases for "making ready the house" and "removing idols," the meaning was reached that the camels piously declined to enter till the emblems of idolatry had been cleared out. In praise of the phylacteries, or little leathern boxes containing texts from the law, which the Jews were accustomed to bind on the brow and left arm, a proof that they were worn by Jehovah Himself was found in the text—"Jehovah hath sworn by His right hand and *the arm of His strength*"—i.e., the left arm bound with one of those curious amulets. But on entering a cemetery it was ruled that they should be taken off, on the ground that those who wore them in the presence of the dead would be guilty of the insolent ostentation condemned in the passage, "Whoso mocketh the *poor* reproacheth his Maker." On the narrative which relates that the news of the capture of Lot was brought to Abraham by "one that had escaped," the curious myth was founded of the escape of Og, the king of Bashan, from the Deluge, his gigantic stature being supposed to have enabled him to wade beside the ark till the waters subsided. The question whether prayer should be said on a low or an elevated place was decided in the favour of

the former by the Psalmist's words, "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee." That the second temple should lack five of the excellent things which distinguished the first, was inferred from the casual omission of the final letter, which happens to be the numeral for five, from the word for "glory" in the prediction, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former." A proof that it is the Messiah who shall bruise the serpent's head was discovered in the identity of the numerical value of the letters in the words for Messiah and serpent. A rule that no man ought to eat before he has fed his beast was extracted from the order of the words in the promise, "I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full," — "thy cattle" first, and "thou" afterwards. In the remark that Job's cattle increased—literally, *broke forth*—in the land, evidence was found of the extraordinary measure in which the divine favour rested on his possessions; the metaphor being taken as signifying that even his goats so broke through the ordinary course of nature, as to be courageous and strong enough to resist and kill the wolves that attacked them. To take one more specimen: the Rabbis laid it down that in speeding the parting guest one ought not to say, "Go in peace," but "Go unto peace:" for David said to Absalom, "Go in peace," and he went and was hanged; but Jethro said to Moses, "Go unto peace," and he went and prospered.

Here, then, in the Rabbinical method of handling Scripture, was the *fons et origo* of the evil practice of compelling the sacred text to yield up any meaning that the reader wished to extract from it. From the Jewish schools the infection was caught by the Fathers

of the Christian Church, of whose exegesis one of the principles seems to have been that whatever, of an orthodox tenor, can be got out of the Bible by any kind of mystic or allegorical interpretation may be safely accepted as the meaning of the Bible. A few specimens will be sufficient to exhibit their perverse ingenuity in making Scripture speak what they wanted it to say. No one can object to the *doctrine* said to have been conveyed by Constantine's vision of the Cross with the inscription, "By this conquer;" but nothing can be less satisfactory than to establish it by an appeal to the outstretched arms of Moses during the battle with Amalek, unless it be the discovery of it in the cross-like shape of the letter which in Greek stands for the number (300) of Gideon's conquering band, and more plainly still in the three letters which express the number of the trained servants (318) with whom Abraham defeated the marauding kings, on the ground that the first is the same cross-shaped numeral, and the other two are the primary letters of the word Jesus. The importance of the sacraments is unquestionable; but on no legitimate principle of interpretation can they be found in the table spread for the Psalmist in the presence of his enemies; or in the metaphorical use of liquor and wheat by the royal lover in the Canticles to depict the comeliness of his mistress; or in the genial advice of the Preacher—"Go thy way; eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart;" or in the two pence given by the good Samaritan to the innkeeper. The building up of the Church on the Gospel does not follow very naturally from the Psalmist's statement that the Creator has founded the earth on the seas, and established it on the

floods; nor the two advents of the Messiah, from the two goats of the ritual of the Jewish day of atonement; nor the number of the apostles, from the traditional number of the bells in the fringe of Aaron's ephod; nor the spread of the Gospel through Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the three measures of meal in which the woman of the parable hid her leaven; nor the union of Jew and Gentile in the Church, from the circumstance that two boats were filled with the fish caught in the first miraculous draught; nor the presence of the women at the Lord's burial, from the proverbial saying, "Wheresoever the carcass is, thither shall the eagles be gathered together." The spices used at the burial cannot have been really predicted by the "spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense" grown in the spouse's garden in the Canticles; nor the crucifixion in Isaiah's complaint, "I have spread out my hands all the day to a rebellious people." To go back to Eden for the origin of the obligation to fast, and deduce it from the prohibition to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, is curiously perverse; nor is it less so to turn the parable of the wise and foolish virgins into a eulogy on virginity and almsgiving, by making the lamps mean the former and the oil the latter; and the parable of the sower into an appraisalment of the respective merits of the married, widowed, and virgin states of life, in the ascending scale of the thirty-fold, sixty-fold, and hundred-fold. The extremely fanciful identification of the four-and-twenty elders of the Apocalypse with the Old Testament reckoned as twenty-four books, and of the four living creatures with the four Gospels, still has its advocates; but we are not aware that any modern exposi-

tor has ventured to endorse any of the patristic interpretations of the number of the fish, "an hundred and fifty and three," taken in the second miraculous draught. One scheme makes it up out of the fullness of the Gentiles reckoned at a hundred, the elect remnant of Israel at fifty more, and the three Persons of the Trinity, to whose praise they are all gathered. Another gets it by adding the ten words of the Decalogue to the seven gifts of the Spirit, and then summing the numerals from one to seventeen inclusive, which again brings out a hundred and fifty-three for the number of the redeemed. Another, having got the seventeen as before, multiplies it by three, the number of the Trinity; the fifty-one thus obtained, being one in excess of the jubilee period of the Jews, is taken to indicate the true rest; and this again, multiplied by three, indicates the total of the heirs of the heavenly rest. Or, if we prefer something simpler, there are other schemes to accommodate us. We may take the mystic number to mean that the Church would be composed of married, widowed, and virgin members in the proportion of a hundred of the first to fifty of the second, and three of the last; or that the divine kingdom would embrace the three known quarters of the globe, with an equal contingent, represented by fifty, from each.

Between the Fathers and the expositors of the modern world the medieval schoolmen form the connecting link; and of these the chief thing to be noted is that, besides keeping up the mystical and fantastic method of interpretation, they had their own peculiar stone of stumbling in their endeavour to weld together theology and philosophy in a compact, logical system of knowledge. Nothing is less cast in a systematic mould than the

Bible; and it was not possible to stretch it on the bed of the Aristotelian logic without sadly straining and distorting it. Under such treatment Revelation was transformed into a code of supernatural knowledge, out of which a theory of the universe might be constructed, and the inspired volume became a repository of propositions capable of being discussed like metaphysical problems. How uncritical was the Schoolmen's use of Scripture may be learned from the fact that even the greatest of them, the Angelical Doctor, Thomas Aquinas, takes "the least in the kingdom of heaven" to mean an angel of the lowest rank in the celestial hierarchy; establishes the pre-eminence of Satan by the highly poetical descriptions, in Job of the hippopotamus, in Isaiah and Ezekiel of the cities of Babylon and Tyre; proves the justification of a sinner to be the greatest of God's works by the text, "His mercies are *over* all His works," and to be instantaneous by the suddenness of the sound at the Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit; and bases the seven orders of the ministry in the Roman Church on Isaiah's prediction of the sevenfold grace that should rest upon the Messiah. If it is curious to find his predecessor, the famous Master of the Sentences, interpreting the "beginning" in the first verse of the Bible to mean the second Person in the Trinity, what can be said of a contemporary expositor who explains the cupidity of Judas by the statement, that the bribe offered him consisted of the identical pieces of money paid by the Ishmaelites for Joseph, which had come down through the ages as an heirloom in Israel, and were worth ten times as much as the current coins?

Such is the long ancestral line through which the habit of misin-

terpreting Scripture has come down to modern Christendom. From one point of view the antiquity of the practice may perhaps be pleaded in extenuation of our fault. We only follow our fathers, it may be urged, and, at any rate, we are no worse than they. True, we are not worse, for that were barely possible; but our guilt is that we are not greatly better—that we have taken so little to heart the warning that lies before us in their errors, and profited so little by the light which has illuminated other departments of study. If our indictment seems overcharged, let the reader reserve his verdict till he has weighed the evidence we shall adduce.

Probably the most prolific source of modern wrestings of Scripture is the desire to discover in it what the expositor himself wants it to say, or thinks that it ought to say. When a person has any topic on the brain, as the familiar phrase runs, it is surprising how that topic appears to him to lurk in the most unlikely places, and with what ingenious dexterity he hauls it forth, as a conjuror produces his miscellanies from what looks to the spectator like an empty sleeve. The mind of the commentator being saturated with the tenets of Christianity, he is tempted to read them back unconsciously into the documents of the preceding dispensation, and perceive them starting up on all sides out of the rudimentary teaching of the earlier ages of Revelation. Some particular doctrine, perhaps, has laid such an exclusive and tyrannical grasp on his thoughts, that everything in his eyes is coloured by it, or in some way or other contains it or leads up to it. What expositors of this stamp draw out of the text is not so much what is really in it, as what they themselves have brought to it. They discover it there because they have

unconsciously put it there, and, as the proverb says, "They who hide can find." They remind one of a man looking earnestly into a mirror to ascertain what is in it, and taking for answer the image that confronts him, which, of course, is nothing else than his own likeness.

We borrow from the late Arch-deacon Hare's very interesting work, 'Guesses at Truth,' a curious illustration of this process, because, ludicrous as it is from a critical point of view, it may not unfairly be taken as typical of a good deal of the exegesis still prevalent. A pious Frenchman, it is related, was bewailing the condition of his country, and pouring forth his sorrows in the pathetic words of the psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," &c.—a psalm, by the way, which we have heard ascribed to David's inspired foresight. Being somewhat foolishly interrupted by the question whether he did not feel a difficulty when he came to the savage denunciation of Babylon in the concluding verse—"Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones"—the honest mourner replied with touching simplicity, that for him the verse had no such cruel sense, but quite the reverse. The stones meant St Peter, the rock on which the Church is built; and the blessing was pronounced on those who should gather in the children of the heathen, and attach them to the Catholic faith. The story, as the Arch-deacon says, is a beautiful illustration of the transmuting power which enables a devout heart, in defiance of the critical intellect, to extract spiritual nutriment out of the least promising materials; but all the same it has a clear note of warning for the mystical expositor.

As to the instances that we now proceed to give, we can assure the reader that they are all genuine,

although, for obvious reasons, we shall scrupulously abstain from giving names and references. We are not attacking persons, but protesting against a traditional and mischievous method. Nor shall we attempt to be exhaustive: that would require almost as many volumes as we have pages at our service. It will be enough to make a comparatively small selection of characteristic specimens.

Beginning with the common case of reading doctrines into passages where no legitimate construction can possibly find them, we will take, first, the great doctrine of life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel. In spite of the certain fact that this doctrine was mysteriously held back in the earlier Revelation till near its close, our modern expositors are constantly forcing it out of *Old Testament* texts. When Korah's rebellious company were buried alive by the earth yawning under their feet, the simple phrase which describes them as going down "alive into the pit" is compelled to yield the preposterous sense that their disembodied souls passed on into Hades. When a parent in the old time spoke of going down to his son in the grave, or a patriarch or king was said to be gathered to his fathers, we are asked to strain the language so as make it imply a conscious reunion in the world of spirits. Because Josiah was told that he should be spared by his death from seeing the calamities coming on his people, the inference is drawn that news from the upper world does not penetrate the abode of the departed. From Isaiah's saying that the righteous rest in their beds, each one who on earth had lived uprightly, the headlong expositor takes occasion to expatiate on the moral energy of the disembodied saints. The Preacher's say-

ing that when man dies the breath returns to God who gave it, instead of being taken as simply meaning in his mouth the reversal of the original creative process, is turned into a proof of the true but later doctrine of man's continued personal existence in a future world.

But we must not linger on any single doctrine. What reasonable plea can be urged for finding the Atonement in the scarlet thread which Rahab was to bind in her window at Jericho, as a signal to the Israelites? or in the crimson lips of the spouse in the Canticles? or in the worm to which the afflicted Psalmist compares himself in his humiliation? What for discovering the Eucharist in the refreshment of bread and wine offered by Melchizedek to Abraham's weary troop on their homeward march? or in our Lord's condescension in receiving publicans and sinners, and eating with them? or in the whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as its central topic? What for tracing the mystery of the Incarnation in the circumstance that Jael was not helped by her husband to slay Sisera? and the Cross, in the murderous tent-peg which she drove through her victim's skull?

We have already mentioned that the Atonement and both the sacraments have been discerned in Solomon's beautiful and impassioned idyl; but that is only a small part of the extravagant symbolism found in his portraiture of the person of his beloved. There is scarcely a part of her body—and the delineation is certainly not wanting in detail—which has not been taken to express some feature of the Christian Church; as, for instance, her teeth, to signify the ministers who chew spiritual meat for the babes; and her breasts, the two Testaments, or else the preachers of the Gospel to the Jews and Gentiles: but a good

deal of this is not quite fit for quotation. Nowhere, perhaps, have the mystical interpreters run more wild. Far be it from us to deny that human love, on its spiritual side, is an expressive emblem or shadow of "the love which passeth knowledge"; or that Solomon's Song, viewed in the light of a sacred idealisation of the marriage bond, may as a whole be fairly applied to image forth the mystic union of the Redeemer with His bride the Church. What shocks the sober critical sense, as involving an inadmissible anachronism, is the divorce of the Hebrew lyric from its plain historical sense, and the literal transfer, item by item, to the yet unrevealed mysteries of Christianity, of its poetical and impassioned portraiture of courtship and love. Yet this is not without its parallels, one of which may be found in the application to Christians of the characteristics of the animals pronounced clean by the Levitical law. In the cleft hoof has been discerned their steadfast walk in the way of the Lord, or even their twofold faith in the Father and in the Son; in the ruminating function, their habit of meditating on the divine Word; in the fish's fins, the elevating and propelling power of their prayers.

Belonging to the same category as the extreme mystical interpretation of Solomon's Song is the direct application to the Christian Church of the oriental imagery employed by the Hebrew psalmists and prophets to clothe their expectations of the future triumphs of Israel. Thus the martial prediction—"I will render double unto thee, when I have bent Judah for me, filled the bow with Ephraim, and raised up thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece, and made thee as a sword of a mighty man"—is gravely explained to mean the mission of the

Apostles, as arrows shot forth from Jerusalem by the bow of Christ, to preach the Gospel to the heathen world. So again, the use of a feminine word in the noble processional psalm, probably in reference to the choirs of women in the sacred processions of Israel, has led to the passage, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the *preachers*," being interpreted of the part that devout women should sustain in the first planting of Christianity. Many persons must have heard the internal holiness of the Church deduced from the words, "The king's daughter is all glorious within;" yet the obvious meaning is merely that *inside the chamber* the royal bride is sitting splendidly dressed, as the parallelism of the next line shows, "Her clothing is of wrought gold." Something in the same style is the discovery of the perpetual virginity of the blessed mother of our Lord in the description of the spouse of Solomon's Song as "a garden enclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed;" and also in the gate of Ezekiel's visionary temple, which should for ever remain shut, "because Jehovah the God of Israel hath entered in by it." Such uses of Scripture must be pronounced, on all sound critical principles, as trivial and baseless as the finding of a priestly chasuble in the cloak left behind by St Paul at Troas, and altar-candles in the lights of the upper chamber at the same place, when he preached to the disciples until midnight; and of a divine model of ritual for Christian worship in the apocalyptic symbolism of the celestial temple, evidently borrowed from Jewish sources.

Another cause of much straining and falsifying of Scripture has been the idea that the inspiration of the Old Testament cannot be properly

vindicated, unless its statements from one end to the other can be shown to stand on the level of the purest morality and the most advanced science. To effect this, with whatever arbitrary violence both to its spirit and letter, becomes, therefore, the aim of a considerable class of expositors. When dealing with narratives of conduct contrary to the principles of Christianity, but which passed unproved, or even gained applause, in the rude times of primitive Revelation, they either resort to the dangerous expedient of inventing and reading into the narratives special divine commands, which they suppose able to turn wrong into right, as in the cases of Ehud, Jael, and other well-meaning but unscrupulous heroes and heroines; or else they take on themselves to bring the narratives up to the proper level, by putting quite a different complexion upon them, as when they deny that Jephthah offered his unfortunate daughter as a burnt sacrifice, and reduce his treatment of her to a dedication to perpetual virginity. In the same spirit they subject to a degrading violence the sublime psalm of creation with which the Bible opens, and the various descriptions of nature which occur in the poetical books, that they may reconcile them, as they call it, with modern physical discoveries, and make them speak the language of science instead of their own noble but simple poetry. Book after book is published to carry out this purpose, and very wonderful are the exegetical feats which are accomplished. Reading these works, we find wrenched out of the sacred text, by hook or by crook, the luminiferous ether and the nebular theory; the globular form, daily rotation, and annual circuit of the earth; gravitation, electricity, galvanism, chemical affinities; the stratification of the earth's surface,

and the remains preserved in it of the fauna and flora of the primeval world,—all extorted out of the simple poetical phrases which describe the aspects of nature as it presented itself to the eyes of the inspired prophet or poet. Thus poetry is turned into prose, primitive religion into modern science, the glory of the spiritual into the materialism of the natural!

But on that part of the subject we have no time to dwell, so many are the instances which crowd on our recollection of learning misapplied, historical fitness violated, and every sound canon of literary criticism set at defiance. We take up a couple of erudite commentaries, and find two doctors of theology exhausting the resources of their learning in determining the form and nature of the animal which tempted Eve; one deciding in favour of an "ouran-outang," the other of a brilliant-winged dragon, such as he supposes the celestial seraphim to be. To bring the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea more within our comprehension, we are treated to a serious discussion about the part played in it by the east wind; and are told that as the sea at that place was twelve miles broad and twenty-eight yards deep, and a wind strong enough to scoop out a sufficient trench through it for the crossing, dry-foot, of the six hundred thousand men of Israel would certainly have blown clean away the entire host with all their cattle, we must suppose the trench through the waters to have been formed by other means, and must limit the use of the east wind to drying the bottom afterwards and making it easy walking. Among the strange comments to which the chronicle of the arrest of the sun and moon during the battle of Beth-horon has given rise, two deserve especial notice as illustrations

of wooden-headed dealing with the early literature of Israel. One gives us a calculation, in horse-power, of the force sufficient quickly to stop the earth's rotation, and at the end of the proper interval to reproduce it, without causing on either occasion any perceptible shock to the inhabitants; the other elaborately works out the conclusion, that the derangement produced on that occasion in the earth's position was exactly counterbalanced by the second derangement, seven or eight centuries later, in Hezekiah's time, when the shadow went ten degrees backward on the sun-dial of Ahaz, so that the absence now of any trace of either is satisfactorily explained. Every one knows the controversy, which is almost coeval with Christianity, about the precise relationship to our Lord of His "brethren;" whether they were His own younger brothers; or sons of Joseph by a former wife, according to the general belief of the Church; or, as St Jerome maintained, to save Joseph's virginity as well as Mary's, sons of a sister of the Virgin, and therefore first cousins to Jesus. The question is scarcely soluble, except on sentimental grounds; but a solution of it has just been published by a would-be critical expositor, which is worth noting as showing how far we still are from a reasonable use of Scripture. Is it not written in an ancient Messianic psalm, "I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother's children"? *My mother's children!* Surely, then, prophecy settled the matter, so as to preclude further inquiry, hundreds of years before they were born! Perhaps it is even a worse, because more serious, wresting of Scripture, to put, as we have seen done even in Bampton Lectures, the imprecatory psalms into our Lord's mouth, and assert

that they were His own personal utterances just as much as any of the words spoken by Him when on earth. What must fairly educated people feel when a preacher coolly reminds them that Solomon was one of the most voluminous writers in the Bible, and in proof tells off on his fingers Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, the Book of Wisdom, and some of the Psalms to boot? or when an essayist, enamoured of the ceremonial ordinances of Leviticus, pronounces the 119th Psalm to be nothing else than an elaborate eulogy of them? or when an annotator bids us observe what additional emphasis is given by the spectroscope to St Paul's illustration of the resurrection, by the familiar fact that star differeth from star in brightness?

Few more flagrant specimens of what may justly be called Philistinism in literature are to be found than those that are abundantly furnished by the homilists, who lay themselves out to *improve*, by ethical and spiritual applications, the narratives and incidents of the earlier parts of the Bible. The lessons thus enforced may be in themselves unexceptionable; but when they are fathered on texts that know them not, and like parasitic growths destroy the life of what they feed upon, they become both offensive and hurtful. Space would fail us to give any adequate representation of the enormous currency of this sort of false coin, and half-a-dozen instances must suffice. We may only smile when a preacher on the continuance of the sinful nature, even in the regenerate, founds his discourse on Joseph's inquiry about his father, "The *old man* of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?" or when an archbishop lashes the despisers of Episcopacy from the words, "Sirs, ye should not have

loosed from Crete;" or when tobacco smokers are admonished from the text, "That which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." But it is a serious outrage on the historical truth of Scripture, and not merely on common-sense, when, to point a denunciation of murder, Moses is held up to reprobation as a conscience-stricken homicide, fearfully burying out of sight the dreadful evidence of his crime, and escaping from the stroke of justice to expiate his guilt by forty years' of exile and hardship. We should like to know what St Stephen would have thought of such a version of the great deliverer's conduct. Notwithstanding quaint old Herbert's consolation under bad sermons,—

"The worst speak something good; if
all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth
patience,"—

we cannot withhold our pity from congregations who are called on to illustrate "the patience and the faith of the saints," by listening while some tedious pulpiteer, from the trivial circumstance that Ehud who treacherously assassinated Eglon was left-handed, deduces the wisdom and goodness of God in causing eccentric and abnormal variations to break the usual uniformity of nature; or makes the inquiry of Manoah, the father of Samson, respecting the dedication of his promised child to be a Nazarite, the pretext for a long string of platitudes on the duty of educating children religiously; or propounds the amazing thesis, that as Jephthah's daughter was adopted as the offering of her people, and became the vicarious sacrifice of their repentance and faith, so the Son of God became the world's atonement; or finds important indications of the nature and fortunes of the

universal Church in the burning bush of the wilderness, the brazen sockets of the tabernacle, the pillars Jachin and Boaz of Solomon's temple, and the sponge filled with sour wine which was put to the Redeemer's lips as He hung upon the cross.

We have kept till the last the widespread misuse of Scripture, which comes under the head of what we venture to designate "modern apocalyptics." From time to time, especially since the close of the twelfth century, when some of the mystic periods of prophecy were supposed to be running to the end, an epidemic of prediction broke out in Christendom, and generation after generation shook with the terror of some imminent catastrophe of the world, whether by fire or water, which disturbed imaginations read in the dates and symbols of the most mysterious parts of the Bible. Notwithstanding the falsification which has hitherto invariably dogged the steps of all such vaticinations, this method of using Scripture is as rife as ever, and the crop of fanciful speculations yielded by it during the present century far surpasses all previous experience. How many times the year has been fixed for the final convulsion, and has passed unmarked by any unusual occurrence, it would not be easy to reckon. But nothing discourages our prophets. They revise their dates, and prophesy again. It is no warning to them that the course of this kind of prophetic interpretation is strewn with failures, as the shore is strewn with wrecks after a storm. Scarcely a war or a revolution breaks out on the theatre of Christendom, or a novel tenet arises in philosophy or science, or a new phase comes over ecclesiastical affairs, without these lynx-eyed observers spying out

something in the prophetic imagery that corresponds to it, and sounding a fresh note of warning of the nearness of the end. Their manipulating skill never fails them; bricks they will manufacture, straw or no straw. If the historical facts are stubborn, so much the worse for the facts; if the inspired text is reluctant to confess, there are exegetical racks to extort from it a semblance of assent. And so, though wiser men shake their heads, and the world is taught to scoff, the stream of wild vaticination rolls gladly along.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

One of the most singular and persistent of modern prophetic myths is the one that identifies with a Napoleon the antichrist who is expected, in the expiring days of the age, to head the final revolt of the world against Christ. Since the time when the well-known philanthropist and champion of the slave, Granville Sharp, went to Pitt, Bible in hand, to show him Bonaparte in the "little horn" of Daniel, and provoked the astonished statesman to exclaim, "Good God, sir, you don't mean to call Bonaparte a *little horn*!" the romance has preserved its vitality through all the vicissitudes of the Corsican family. We well recollect with what exultation Prince Louis Napoleon's selection to the Presidency of the French Republic in 1848 was hailed by one of the ablest advocates of this strange identification, whose faith had been sorely tried, but not overthrown, by the untoward death of the first Napoleon at St Helena nearly thirty years before. "Here," said the aged prophet to us, "here is the solution of the mystery. Wounded to death? Yes, but the deadly wound is healed.

Napoleon lives again in his nephew and legal heir, whom you will presently see make himself Emperor of Rome, and gather the armies of the earth to the battle of Armageddon." Well, that Napoleon has gone the way of all flesh, and his poor son too; but the myth lives on, and in its latest form points, we believe, either to Jerome, with Gambetta for his forerunner, or to some yet unborn member of the family, whom the soul of Nero will come back from the abyss to animate!

Another of the extraordinary prophetic myths of the age, also based on misunderstandings of Scripture, circles round the ten tribes of ancient Israel which were carried into captivity by the Assyrian monarch Shalmaneser, and thenceforth vanished from the sacred history. A romance, preserved among the eccentric visions of the second apocryphal book of Esdras, describes them as having miraculously crossed the Euphrates, as Israel crossed the Jordan under Joshua, and journeyed eastward for a year and a half to a mysterious land named Arsareth, where they are to remain hidden till—at the time of the end—the river shall be again dried up for their return; and this romance has become, in one shape or other, an article of faith to thousands of modern Christians. It is difficult enough to understand how any one of even moderate education can believe, in the face of history and of geographical and ethnical science, that these lost tribes, as they are called, are still bodily concealed in some unexplored Eastern land, waiting for the divine summons to reappear in the last crisis of the world's apocalyptic agony. But surely there is a still more outrageous defiance of common-sense in the

other form of the myth, which represents these old Semitic tribes as having long ago emerged from their hiding-place, and grown up into the Anglo-Saxon race! Yet this monstrous belief has won to itself so many dupes, through a pretended appeal to Scripture, that it has generated a sect and a literature of its own. It has been well said that one might, with less violence to probability, trace back the roses in the Temple gardens to slips of the olive brought home by the Crusaders from Gethsemane.

Indeed, the whole story of prophetic exegesis lends a sad plausibility to the old saying that the study of the Apocalypse drives mad those whom it does not find so already. The moment we recognise the fact that the function of the inspired prophets was not to utter predictions of a distant future to people who had no concern with it, but to speak on behalf of God and His righteousness to the men of their own generation who needed practical guidance and warning, the use of their words to divine beforehand the long course of history for thousands of years, and to fix our own position now in the on-sweeping current of Time, cannot appear otherwise than a baseless and perilous superstition. What in the world, we shall be inclined to ask, could the sad captives in Babylon, or the gallant Maccabean heroes in their struggle with Antiochus Epiphanes, have had to do with the wars of Napoleon, or the advance of Russia in Central Asia, or the Crimean war, or British railroads and school boards? How could the primitive Christians, as they entered the shadow of the tremendous convulsions which heralded the fall of Jerusalem, and gave occasion for the visions and messages of the Apocalypse, have been concerned

with the rise of the Saracens and Turks, the growth of the medieval Papacy, or the catastrophe of the French Revolution? Is it credible that the seer of Patmos, on whose prophetic soul lay the burden of the thickening gloom, and whose burning desire was to sustain his brethren through the conflict and terror by visions of the divine kingdom that should rise in ideal beauty out of the wreck of the opposing world-powers,—is it credible that he should have trifled with the Church of his day, by setting before it a series of riddles which must wait long ages for a solution? Is it within the limits of even the most strained probability, for instance, that he should have had in mind the heraldic frogs that preceded the fleur-de-llys in the blazon of the royal arms of France, when he likened to frogs the three unclean spirits from the mouths of the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet? Or that he should have meant the withholding of the Old and New Testaments from the laity in the modern Church of Rome, when he foretold the martyrdom of the two wonder-working witnesses in the street of the apostate Jerusalem? Or that he should have predicted the emancipation of the seven Dutch provinces from the Papal rule of Spain, under the form of the slaughter of seven thousand men by the earthquake of the second woe; and the missionary and Bible societies of the nineteenth century, by the angel bearing in mid-heaven the everlasting Gospel; and the cross keys of the Vatican by the mark of the Beast? Yet of such interpretations as these many of our modern apocalyptic commentaries and treatises are full.

But while we ask these questions, and make our protest against the

wresting of Scripture to the purpose of vaticination, we would not be understood to suggest the slightest doubt of the value even to our days of the prophetic books of the Bible. It is our firm conviction that their inspired teaching is for all time; that they nobly illustrate, for those who can use them rightly, important principles of the divine government and eternal laws of the spiritual world, and may therefore be turned to good account, so long as the Church is militant, to guide her in comprehending and dealing with each crisis that arises in her long conflict with error and sin. What we do most earnestly reprobate is the practice of employing the sacred records as manuals of divination, and subjecting them to cruel perversions and dislocations in the hope of forcing their language into some fantastic semblance of agreement with events and expectations that lie utterly beyond their scope.

Let the reader now honestly try to estimate the magnitude of the harm caused by that chronic and widespread misuse of Scripture, of which the evidence has been laid before him, remembering at the same time that our presentation of the subject is necessarily so incomplete as to be little better than a faintly traced outline. The more he considers the matter, the less, we think, will he be able to escape from the conclusion, that of the internal evils with which Christendom has been afflicted, there is scarcely one that has not been grievously aggravated by the disastrous perversion of the divine oracles. It is this, more than anything else, that has doomed religion to be always fighting a losing battle against advancing science, has alienated from her the leaders

of thought, and given occasion for the most plausible of the flouts and gibes flung by insolent sceptics at the truths of Revelation. It has been of misinterpreted texts that the extravagant doctrines have been engendered, which have shocked the moral sense of mankind, and produced a fatal harvest of faction, heresy, and schism. It was by means of perverted texts that the Papal usurpation was consolidated, and the worst corruptions of the primitive faith enforced as divine verities on the outraged conscience of the Church. It was the foul wresting of Holy Writ to devilish ends that steeled the heart of the persecutor, sanctified treachery, lying, and outrage, worked the racks and kindled the fires of the Inquisition, and reddened the story of Christendom with intestine war and bloodshed.

“ In religion

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?”

We promised, before concluding, to offer some brief hints for the abatement of the evil ; and bold as the undertaking may seem, we will not shrink from the attempt to fulfil it. For in spite of the amazing vitality of bad customs, we by no means look despairingly to the future of Biblical exegesis. Even here the schoolmaster is already abroad ; light is penetrating the dark quarters ; a noble band of pioneers is hewing a way through the rubbish of centuries, and laying open for the multitude an easy access to a just understanding and use of the Bible. With the help of the immense critical apparatus recently prepared for us by the masters of scholarship, candour, honesty, and common-sense may be trusted to

do all that is essential. What strikes us as the chief want at present is a fuller appreciation of the progressive character of the revelation of truth recorded in Holy Writ. The expositor must ever bear in mind that the Bible is no single treatise, all of one time and on one level, but a library of treatises, covering a millennium and a half, and standing on very different levels of knowledge and teaching. He will then be in a position to perceive that the revelation recorded in it never proceeded by leaps and bounds, but was always gradual and continuous, like an orderly development, in which neither gaping chasms nor startling surprises are to be found. As he advances from book to book, following the chronological succession as nearly as it can be ascertained, he will recognise how the inspired teachers, as they were raised up one after another, built on the truths already possessed, and cast their instruction into the existing moulds of thought, adding of new truth just so much as the contemporary generation was able to receive, but always keeping within the limits of its comprehension and its practical needs. He will thus be brought to conceive of divine revelation as a leaven, working slowly and by degrees within the human mass ; or as a stream growing fuller and purer as it flows onward through its devious channel ; or as the light increasing little by little from the faint gleam of earliest dawn to the radiance of perfect day ; or as a course of education beginning with the parables and metaphors suited to infancy, and ascending through primers and school books towards the final stage of mature knowledge and unadulterated truth. With this idea constantly before him of

the order and method of the Bible, the expositor will never be tempted to wrench away any part of it from its historical basis, as if it could be interpreted in the abstract without reference to the time and circumstances of its origin; nor will he be in danger of reading back the more advanced teaching into the elementary forms, and thus incurring the catastrophe which, as the parable warns us, is wont to follow the putting of new wine into old wine-skins. What will chiefly engage his attention is the line of spiritual and eternal truth, ever broadening as it came down the ages, and stage by stage disembarassing itself of such transient accretions and imperfect moulds as the divine wisdom may have been pleased to employ, for the purpose of accommodating it to the capacities of the ignorant and rude; but the

riddles and forced uses, whether of the mystic interpreters or gross literalists, will have no charm in his eyes. To disentangle the spirit from the letter—to trace the divine amidst the human—to ascertain what each inspired message really meant to the men of its own time, and how that same meaning bears on our circumstances and duties now, under very different conditions of life,—such will be the aim of the expositor in whom the critical temper of mind is united with the faith and reverence of the devout believer; and just in proportion as this aim is pursued with an open eye and a sincere heart, he will be preserved, we are confident, from turning the divine order of the Bible into chaos by random interpretations, and drawing the poisonous draughts of error out of the wells of salvation.

THE FACTOR'S SHOOTING.

I AM a factor. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say I *was* a factor, for at the present time I am without occupation. One day, two or three years ago, I set myself down to inquire carefully into my affairs. The problem to be solved was not a difficult one: Given a small capital on which it is impossible to live—granted a certain yearly deduction from it to pay bills with,—how long will it be before the capital vanishes away altogether? I found that this period would occur in about seven years, and the next day I announced to my friends that I was going to look out for “something to do.” I had had what is called a first-rate education: a long course of expensive schools and tutors had ended in Oxford, though I left that university without taking a degree. I could read and write, and do easy sums; by the help of a “Liddell and Scott” and a grammar I could construe all but the hardest passages in Homer and Thucydides; and by making copious use of convenient spondee adjectives, I was capable of turning out immense quantities of correctly scanning Latin verse. My friends all said, “There will be no difficulty in a fellow like you getting a good berth,” and at first I shared their confidence. But as time wore on my hopes died away. To begin with, I considered myself debarred from certain kinds of work. Having been accustomed to country life, to freedom from noise and dirt and confinement, I determined that whatever happened I would have nothing to do with anything which would necessitate always living in a town. I had been ploughed for mathematics in “Smalls” and “Mods;” and all the hazy notions

about papering rooms, or dividing apples and oranges in certain proportions amongst a given number of children, which once possessed my brain, had long ago deserted it, and I felt myself unequal both in inclination and capability to grapple with accounts. I had, of course, no money to invest in business, and pride prevented me from thinking of anything absolutely menial. As I look back, I sometimes wonder what kind of employment it was I did expect to meet with; but indeed, after a time, I ceased to have any expectations at all. My heart grew sick with waiting; small mean pecuniary troubles hemmed me in on every side—ever increasing in inverse ratio to my capital; anxious days followed on weary nights, and there were hopeless waitings for “something” to come by the post. Then my friends began to change their tone. They said, “You really ought to make an effort—we are afraid your education has been but a poor preparation for your future life.” I never could see that they took much trouble in looking out for “things” for me, or indeed did anything but give advice; but perhaps they worked in secret, and were ashamed of their good deeds seeing the light.

Whether this was so or not, there was no visible result, and matters were at their worst when I received an offer from an old Manchester merchant to take charge of a small property he owned in Scotland. I met this old gentleman on a railway journey, did him some small service in looking after his lost luggage, and afterwards in a moment of confidence told him of some of my difficulties. Then he mentioned his want of a factor, and asked for

references as to my character and capabilities. I gave him the names of two old friends; and the answers they sent to his inquiries perplexed him so much, that he showed them to me and asked me what they meant. When I read the letters, I was not surprised at the old gentleman's bewilderment—I could not understand them myself,—that is, I could not make out the meaning of the sentences, but I knew well enough *why* they were so mysteriously worded. It was evident that my friends, whilst unwilling to say anything definite against me, were determined to take no responsibility upon themselves; and they had succeeded so well that I would defy any lawyer or expert to attach any responsibility to them, or make out what they really meant. They told me afterwards (not knowing I had seen the correspondence) that they had given me an exceedingly good character; and I thought it best to affect ignorance and thank them, for I did not know how long it might be before I should again require their good offices—such as they were. Whether Mr Weatherby (that was the merchant's name) was deceived, or whether for some reason or other he really took a fancy to me, I don't know—he gave me the offer of the place.

I had the vaguest ideas of the duties of a factor: as I look back, I must confess I was singularly ignorant of almost everything which belonged to such a post. Though I had spent much of my life in the country, I had done so to little purpose. I could shoot a little, and was an enthusiastic follower of all kinds of sport. But though health, pleasure, and in some desolate countries profit, is to be got by means of the gun, I could not help feeling that a practical knowledge of its use is not an indispensable qualifi-

cation to a factor even in Scotland; and, considering the matter carefully over, it seemed my only one. I learnt, by-and-by, that it was part of the duty of a factor to look after woods. I could distinguish, as well as any man, the difference between a larch tree and a beech, or even between a larch and a Scotch fir. But a silver fir and a spruce seemed to me perfectly alike; and it was after carrying about little sprays of the two kinds with private marks of identity on them for a long time, and playing a kind of guessing game with them, that I was able to rightly name the one from the other. As to being able to distinguish between the timber of these trees when sawn up, I never could, and never shall, be able to do it. Some kinds of wood are to be told from other kinds by a smell of resin; but a Scotch factor cannot well go about smelling planks; and indeed it is not so easy to do naturally as one would think. I was aware that an agent should be more or less intimate with everything connected with land, on it or under it—subsoil, and crops, and cattle, and ploughs, and dairymaids, and pigeons; and I knew about none of these things. Like a distinguished northern politician, I thought all cattle “rather slack about the shoulder;” one plough was as another plough; one dairymaid seemed to me like other dairymaids, except that some were prettier.

I accepted the offer at once. In spite of this long list of negative qualifications, I never hesitated for a moment. I could not bear to face the reproaches of my friends at throwing away a chance. I trusted to practice, to books, to luck, to everything but myself. I remembered that a hundred years hence anything I might do would have been forgotten. I was sorry

for Mr Weatherby, but I closed rabidly and at once with his offer. As I have said, probably some prejudice in my favour, or some small compassion for my position, weighed with the latter. Being a townsman himself, he fancied that all country folk understood all about country matters; and he knew, of course, he could easily get rid of me if I turned out an unsatisfactory character.

I felt very grateful to the old man. He was in many ways difficult to deal with; and yet, on the whole, I did not get on badly with him; and I may say at once, though I have left his service, I did not do so on account of any proved incapacity on my part for the work. My great safeguard lay in this fact, that he was infinitely more ignorant than I was. If all matters appertaining to land were Greek to me, they were Chinese or Sanskrit to him. He called himself a cloth manufacturer; but I believe his principal business consisted in making bags for artificial manure, though he knew nothing whatever about the various ingredients which filled them. I have seen him carefully examine a pile standing at a station waiting to be trucked; he used to pat them complacently, and search, I thought, for some mark to identify them by. In his middle age he had rented a small bit of rabbit-shooting near Manchester. A year or two before I met him he had bought a small property in a large Scotch county, and he considered himself somewhat of an authority on sport. He may have known something about rabbits, but he was certainly singularly ignorant of all matters connected with grouse. When he got a point he always started off as hard as he could to it—either by the noise he made putting up the birds, or else arriving in such a state of breath-

lessness that he could do nothing with the easiest chance. If he wounded a hare (and he seldom killed one outright) he used to loo his old setter after it; and nothing pleased him more than a successfully conducted chase of this kind, for, as he said, the process combined the pleasure of shooting with the excitement of a course. And one day on getting a snipe he sent it off immediately to M'Leay's at Inverness to be stuffed. This old man was easily satisfied: two or three head *per diem* to his own gun contented him, and half-a-dozen made him triumphant; but when, as sometimes happened, he got nothing at all, he became despondent, and made me a kind of scapegoat to vent his disgust on. One day he took me out with him to the moor, and was at first much exercised to find that in shooting, at any rate, I was his superior: indeed, I feared he would not ask me again. But our united bag was naturally heavier than his single one. He always immediately claimed every bird which came down from a brood at which we had both fired, and I never disputed his right to do so—it was not for me as a Scotch factor to argue with my employer. When Mr Weatherby found out this, he never went on the hill without me.

The property was not large considering it was in the Highlands. There was a big house, some 1500 acres of moor and wood, and two or three small arable farms lying between the latter and the great loch which formed the march on one side. I entered on my duties with fear and trembling; but as time wore on I became used to the position, acquired a certain amount of confidence in myself, and, on the whole, managed to get on pretty well. It is true I made

some terrible mistakes—mistakes which caused me to feel uncomfortable then, but which make me blush now when I think of them sometimes in bed. I spoke to one of the tenants about putting a bandage on the fetlock of a cow; I very nearly bought some oats from another at 70s. a quarter; and I drove almost into frenzy the old man who acted as my lieutenant on the place by proposing to get the surplus water off some lea by drains seven feet deep and ten feet apart. As a rule, I got out of these holes of error. The blank astonishment in the worthy farmer's face, when I offered him for his corn, told me I had made some mistake; and a search in Stephen's 'Book of the Farm,' made it plain that such drainage as I contemplated would be equally bad for the land and the proprietor. Still now and then I went too far, and Mr Weatherby suffered. He was, however, so ignorant himself, that I always managed without falsifying anything, or without falsifying to any great extent, to persuade him that all was right—that matters were as they ought to be.

In a measure, I soon got rather to like Mr Weatherby. He had a sister who kept house for him, and I never could endure her. She was a vulgar, conceited woman, fond of snubbing me whenever she got a chance, and too apt, I thought, to treat me as a servant. Of course I was a servant in a way; but I knew that both by birth and education I was her superior. She could not keep her h's in their proper places, much less make Latin verses; and I thought she might have shown me a little more consideration. I could not afford to quarrel with her openly, and I tried with all my might to affect to misunderstand her sometimes offensive insinuations. She

made me go stupid messages which the servants could just as well have carried; and she even tried once to impress on her brother that it was part of my duty to get up and ring the big bell which was supposed to rouse the household—but he stood my friend in this matter, and though, as a rule, pretty much under the influence of his sister, peremptorily vetoed her suggestion.

I took up my abode in Scotland in January; in August the owner and his family arrived; and about the end of September he announced to me that he should be obliged to cut his stay shorter than he had intended and go South immediately.

"Stoney," (that is my name) he said one morning, "business requires me to go to Manchester at once, and as it is late in the season, I shall hardly come back again this year. I should like you to send me a box of game about the middle of next month—five brace of grouse and two hares. You will find it perhaps difficult to get them without my aid, but you must do your best." And then he added graciously, "You may shoot a grouse and a hare for yourself—a blue hare." Those I had to send him were to be brown. From his cheerful countenance and measured language (when put out he always swore a good deal) I felt sure that the trade in manure-bags was looking up. Before he left he gave me many further directions as to the twelve head of game I was to send him. "And Stoney," he said, "shoot as few hen birds as you can. I won't have any hen birds killed; we can keep the cocks till they are tender." "But," I asked, "how am I to tell a cock from a hen when they are flying?" "You can distinguish them," he replied,—"you can distinguish them—by—their woolly legs." I knew that

he knew as much about the sex of a grouse as about the moral character of a salmon, and I cheerfully promised. "And, Stoney," he went on, "don't disturb that stag. I won't have that stag disturbed. If that old scoundrel who lives at" (making a fearful mess of the Gaelic name) "hunts that stag, I'll turn him out of his farm." "But he has a lease," I ventured to interpose, "and there's thirteen years of it to run, and you can't turn him out." Then Mr Weatherby went off grunting into the house. The farmer was a peaceable old fellow, who had probably never used a gun in his life, and the "stag" was a roe which we had put up one day in going through a wood.

At last the day of departure arrived. I accompanied my employers across the loch to the little station, where they met the train which caught the night mail to the South. We had a big boat-load — servants, luggage, and Miss Weatherby, — herself no inconsiderable weight. As a last chance of making herself disagreeable, she ordered me, rather than asked me, to row. I think her heart softened a little just as the train was starting, for she put out her hand as if to say good-bye; but at that moment Lord Blackadder, the rich owner of a large deer-forest in the district, came out of the booking-office, and she hastily withdrew it, not wishing to appear on intimate terms with the factor before that nobleman. I could not help feeling rather triumphant when the great man shook hands with me (I had had an interview with him on some question of a disputed march), and spoke pleasantly to me. "You are going to be here for the winter, I suppose, Mr Stoney. I don't intend to kill any more stags this season; but there will be some

hinds wanted about Christmas, and I have told Campbell, the head keeper, to let you know when they go after them." I thought this very kind of Lord Blackadder, and thanked him. I saw Miss Weatherby hold half open the door of her carriage, I saw Lord Blackadder bow to her and get into another compartment further down, and as I watched the train twisting along the shore of the loch I rejoiced within me at the little snub.

When the train was out of sight I rowed home again. I well remember that row. The yellow and red and crimson beeches and larches which fringed the shores of the great loch were repeated in the water without their reflection being disturbed by a ripple. There was a haze in the distance, the sun shone brightly but with little power, and there was a pleasant smell of autumn and frost and dead leaves in the air. I looked with some pride and sense of proprietorship at the little territory over which I was to rule undisturbed for the next nine months. The stooks were still standing in the oat-fields close down by the loch: then there came the trimly squared pastures, each sheltered by its broad belt of wood; and above these the moor, brown now with its faded heather, stretched away for miles till it joined the distant haze. My eyes dwelt longest and with most affection on this moorland, for it was there dwelt the eleven grouse and three hares which I had been directed to slay.

I had made many good resolutions by the time I sculled the heavy old tub into the little landing-place, — that I would really work hard for Mr Weatherby — harder than I had done before, — that I would make his interests my own, — that I would be courteous to cross old Maggie the house-

keeper,—and finally, that I would not shoot more grouse than I had been ordered. Brimful of good intentions, I started directly I had moored the boat to the nearest farm to make an appointment for the next day with the tenant to measure some sheep drains we had been cutting on the hill. He was working amongst his corn: and as I went in at the top of the field I was greeted and startled by a loud whirring noise—a dozen grouse had been feeding on the stubble, and they flew back on to the moor, following carefully in their skimming flight every undulation of the ground. I went down to old Rory the little farmer, and we chatted together for some time on diverse matters, but I made no appointment with him: I determined, though I made a feeble struggle in favour of the drains, to devote the next day to grouse. My conscience told me I was wrong in this. It is true, Mr Weatherby had not told me *not* to go out the next day, but he had specified the time when he wanted the game,—a full fortnight hence. I made another attempt on the road home to conquer myself, and nearly turned back, after all, to speak to the farmer; but at that moment I was passing through the stooks, and I saw they were almost all within gunshot of the wall. Before going to bed that night, I in a measure salved my conscience by determining that the grouse I was to slay in the morning should be the grouse that rightly belonged to me, and no other; and having made this compact, I slept the sleep of the just. The morning was keen and bright; there was frost. The dahlias in front of the lodge were cut down by it, and the beds of heliotrope were withered and blackened. I knew that up on the moor the heather would be dry in an

hour; and after having devoured hastily my oat-cake and bacon breakfast, I shouldered the gun and was off—feeling far more eager about this, my first attempt *solus*, than I had ever done when acting as bag-carrier and dog-beater to Mr Weatherby. By ten I was far up on the moor: the men were working amongst the stooks, and there was nothing there. By eleven I had killed my grouse; the day was young—the best part of the ground was untouched—the brood to which my bird had belonged lay like stones,—and yet my work was over. I ought to have thrown all my cartridges into a peat-bog and run home as hard as I could. Alas! I threw away nothing but empty cases that day. The grouse all lay like stones that day; they lay too well. Everything favoured me—I found them easily—I knocked them over as I had never done before: double shots, snap-shots, long shots—it was all the same; down came a bunch of rich brown and black and russet feathers. I had no dog except a little sky-terrier, and yet I never lost a bird. When I emptied out the contents of the bag at four o'clock, I was almost sick with fright at the display. Six and a half brace lay before me. I had killed on the very first day a brace more than the full allowance for the season for my employer and myself. Old cocks? Not they. I had never thought of the warning that had been given me—I had never looked for the woolly legs. Here was a pretty beginning,—a curious corollary to the resolutions scarcely twenty-four hours old. I had begun by intending to shoot one bird—my lawful bird; then I killed another in lieu of my lawful blue hare, and then—. I was very miserable; I felt no pleasure in looking at the bonnie dead birds.

I remembered how Christopher North had resuscitated the snipe by blowing down his neb, and longed for his power. What on earth was I to do with my spoil? I put a brace back into the game-bag, and the remainder I buried carefully in a moist peat-hag—eleven as fine grouse as ever man saw: plump, and in perfect plumage, and all with the woolly legs which my master considered the characteristic of a cock. Two pounds' worth of grouse did I stick into that slimy hole, and hated myself for doing so; but no other course lay open to me. I dared not send them away, and Maggie would have betrayed me if I had taken them home. As I lay awake that night, I felt a great change had come over my moral character. Only a few hours had passed since I had been brimming over with virtuous self-complacency. A few hours had changed all. I was a poacher; I had betrayed the trust of my master. I was a coward for burying the birds in a bog—nay, I almost felt as if I was a liar; for I had half made up my mind, as I came down the hill, to account for my many shots by saying I had been firing at a mark. No one had questioned me. But then my uneasy conscience began to inquire whether the intention was not of as much value as the act; and while debating this nice point I fell asleep.

It would not be profitable in any sense to give a daily account of what I did on the moor between that day and the 10th of December. I was often on it. There was not very much work for me on the place, but to a certain extent I neglected what there was to do if I thought I should have any luck on the hill. I tried sometimes to resist the fascinations of the sport; but I think I must be a little

weak-willed—at any rate in that particular direction—for I hardly ever did ultimately fight the temptation successfully. Perhaps I might have succeeded better if it had not been for those fatal stubble-fields. The grouse used to come down every afternoon and feed—confiding things!—within gunshot of the walls. About 3 P.M. they used to arrive—not many, for there were not many on the place. About 3.5 they used to fly off again—some of them; and some would be sprawling on the crisp stubble, or lying quiet in brown feathery masses. The end of this kind of thing was that I did serious injury to the shooting—I almost destroyed it. The marches were narrow, the grouse naturally few. They were exceedingly greedy birds; like myself, they gave way readily to temptation, and the penalty they paid for their sensuality was a heavy one. I consider, if the season had lasted ten days or a fortnight longer, that the *Tetrao Scoticus* would have become extinct so far as that moor was concerned. As it was, a few wary old cocks and one small brood alone escaped.

It will naturally be supposed that this kind of work could not be carried on altogether in secret. Wood-pigeons and crows might account for the firing, and I avoided the farm-folk as much as possible. If ever I enter the diplomatic service, the experience I gained in dealing with the people on this Scotch place will be invaluable to me. And I used to crouch, to lie down, to assimilate my shape to that of a tree, to pay particular attention to the colour of a back-ground. The shepherd must have had a pretty good idea of what went on on the moor. But the shepherd hated Mr Weatherby, who had called him a damned old woman one day, when certain holes

in his little hut's walls had been pointed out and complained of; and I used to give him tobacco and whisky sometimes, and let him help himself liberally to firewood. This man was solemn and reputedly devout; he had an acrid and severe countenance, and he was wifeless. This latter state greatly encouraged me to hope that he would be silent.

I harried the place shamefully, and what grouse were left had good cause to bless the sun which rose on the 11th of December. As for the "stag" I met him one evening when coming home from the hill in the dusk, and fired two barrels of small-shot at him; and the poor beast was found a week after in the wood, dead and wasted.

So came Christmas; after which festive period, spent by me rather dismally in thinking of my sins, and wondering whether I should be found out, I got a companion at the lodge. I advertised in the 'Field' for a pupil; and though when I got an application I was almost frightened at my audacity, the man who made it came. Perhaps he was lured by the good fishing which formed a part of the advertisement. For a time I tried to make him do a little work. I set him down to the estate account-book one day, and persuaded him to make a copy of it, as an example of what such things should be; but he detected a mistake in my adding up in the second or third page, and after that I left him alone so far as money matters were concerned. We both fished a good deal in the loch, and in the small burn which ran through the property; and I should have had a pleasant spring, if it had not been for the fact that summer came next. As the months sped on, I became more and more alarmed. As a proof of how easy it is for a tolerably virtuous young man to become

at short notice something distinctly the reverse, I may mention that at one time I seriously contemplated setting the heather on fire just before the season for muirburn ended—of course accidentally—and burning the whole of it; but I discovered in time that such an act is looked on by the law as a criminal offence, and is punished by a long term of imprisonment.

Before Christmas, Lord Blackadder's keeper had come over to tell me of a hind-drive he was contemplating; and I went into the forest for a short visit, and had a pleasant time of it with the jovial gillies. We were on the hills all day, slept at night in a remote and lonely lodge, feasted on fresh venison-steaks, and scones, and whisky, and in the evening played "catch the ten" with indescribably dirty packs of cards, or "puss in the corner" with bonnie rosy-cheeked maidens. I never myself got any hinds, for they always seemed to come awkwardly to the places where I was posted; but I enjoyed the "puss in the corner" very much. I was, however, startled, when saying good-bye to the head keeper, at a remark he made—"You'll no' be having many birds o' your groun' for the season?" "Oh, Campbell," I said, "what makes you think that?" "Oh, it's the weather," he replied; "these black frosts is clean bad for the breeding." This happened before Christmas, and I felt sure grouse would not be thinking of such a thing; but there was a queer look in his eye when he spoke which made me suspect, early as it was, that he had paid a visit to some black bottle; and I was sorry for this, as Campbell was reputed a steady man, and much respected by his master on that account. "Oh no," he said again; "I'm afraid you'll no' make a very heavy bag on Rhian the year."

Summer drew near. It was evident that I was not altogether hardened into crime, for by the end of July I could not sleep at night, and on the first day of August I took Robert (the pupil) into my confidence. He was a nice open lad. We had got on together very well, and he seemed thoroughly to appreciate the difficulties of my situation. He was quite willing to do anything he could to help; but for a long time I did not see how we could do anything, and I resolved to let matters take their course. Old Mr Weatherby had been unwell during the summer, and at one time I thought my difficulties would be solved by his not being able to come North at all; but shortly before the Twelfth, he wrote saying he was much better, and intended finishing his cure in Scotland. He added he was much pleased to see by the papers that the grouse in our district were strong and plentiful. I wrote in a great hurry to say that this was not at all the case with us, and that the breeding season had been a very bad one (which was a perfectly true statement); but the letter had no effect in changing his resolution, and on the 10th he and his sister and household arrived.

It was with very different feelings that I once more acted as stroke in the family boat, and started for the station. On the way I firmly made up my mind to confess everything. I knew that the grouse all round us *were* plentiful; the oldest inhabitant could not remember a better nesting season. But I had acted as the French sportsman did who killed the hares "Desdemone" and "Alphonse," and left only "le vieux Achille" to breed. I had depopulated the ground.

My employer was looking out of

the train as it drew up: his face had lost its ruddiness, and altogether he was feebler than when I last saw him. He was very gracious, and seemed delighted to be once more in Scotland. The sight of his gun-cases and a new setter almost made me sick. There was no time then to explain matters, and long before we reached the landing-place I once more changed my mind. I *could* not explain things. Mr Weatherby asked many questions about the grouse, and I gave blurred, indistinct answers to some, whilst others I pretended not to hear, and laboured most diligently at the oar. The lapse of another year had not improved the temper of his sister, and what little she did say was disagreeable.

Robert and I had moved out of the big house to a small cottage close by; and as we were sitting by the smouldering peat before going to bed that night, I made a proposition to him. There is a kind of sport to be witnessed amongst the fells of Cumberland which is hardly known in other counties. It consists in dragging a skin steeped in aniseed across country for ten or a dozen miles, for dogs to hunt. This is called a "hound-trail." It takes place after wrestling-matches and pigeon-shootings and shows, and causes great delight to the sturdy sport-loving northern farmers. I told Robert of this, and asked him if he would be willing to go up on to the hill early in the morning of the Twelfth, and put such a skin down here and there; and I explained to him that the dogs would scent it, and work about as if after game, whilst, as Mr Weatherby was short-sighted, we might be able to induce him to believe that the birds had run and got up farther on,—that if this was carried out two or three times, his disgust

at their behaviour, and his weakness from his recent illness, might prevent him going out much more. Robert, after a little demur, agreed to perform his part; and the next morning, under the pretext of getting some remedy for toothache, I went to the little town and bought some of the strong-smelling drug.

It was not with much confidence that I embarked in this desperate course, but it was just possible that it might hoodwink Mr Weatherby. I knew his extreme ignorance on all matters connected with game. I bethought me of how, the last season, he had perpetually fired at small birds in mistake for snipe; how he had taken a roe for a red deer, an old carrion-crow for a black-cock; how, when he had tumbled head over heels into a peat-hag, and plugged up both barrels with black earth, he had wished to clear them by firing his cartridges; and how he had only been saved from destruction by my interposition. I remembered all this, and determined that it was worth while to run the risk; I could not make things much worse than they were. I gave the shepherd a pair of old boots and half a pound of tobacco, prayed heartily for a stormy morrow, and went to bed in a most unenviable state of mind.

Uneasy snatches of sleep were all I was able to secure; and at a very early hour I awoke Robert, and started him off with his rabbit-skin and little bottle, giving him many and minute instructions as to what he was to do.

Ah! if my conscience had been easy, how glad I should have been at the look of that morning! It was one of those early autumn days which give promise of heat: a heavy dew lay over everything. Robert left broad footprints as he crossed the lawn, and destroyed

myriads of gossamer and sparkling spider webs.

There was the usual delay in making a start, the usual collecting of cartridge-bags and flasks, and about ten Mr Weatherby and myself and the shepherd stood at the gate which opened on to the first bit of moorland. The former was full of cheerful anticipations: my mind, though I acted my part as well as I could, was filled with most dismal forebodings. I experienced, in an intensified form, the feelings of a schoolboy who is called up for a lesson he has not prepared: perhaps the thoughts of a clerk submitting falsified accounts to his employer would be still nearer akin to mine. What the shepherd thought I do not know; his sour face was unreadable by me. I had tried to persuade the old merchant that he (the shepherd) would be an unnecessary encumbrance, and that I could easily carry all the game myself—how easily none but I knew; but Mr Weatherby was obstinate. He insisted on our both taking enormous game-bags. I thought of the whisky, and tobacco, and firewood, and boots for which the shepherd was indebted to me, and fervently trusted that he did the same. I had expected Robert home before we started, but he had not made his appearance. The setters were let loose, and in three minutes they ran into a brace of grouse. My mind was so occupied and anxious that my fingers were unready, and I missed. Not so Mr Weatherby. To the great surprise of the shepherd and myself and the dogs—certainly to his own—he knocked over a bird. He was jubilant: he laughed at my dismal forebodings; he chaffed me for my bad shooting; he brought out his flask and gave us both a small mouthful of whisky “to wet the luck;” he prophesied an enormous

bag, and then he ordered an advance.

I knew those two old birds: I may almost say I knew them by sight, and probably they were as well "acquaint" with me. Many a time had I tried in the previous autumn to circumvent them, and only superior cunning on their part had saved them.

So we went deep into the moor: we waded through rich blooming heather; we passed by rushy patches, and green burns, and sunny hillocks, where grouse used to love to lie, and it was all as a city of the dead. Mr Weatherby got hot, and fidgety, and tired, and finally cross. He insisted on taking his own course, and would not be guided by my advice, and so we wandered a mile from the place where I had told Robert to cast off. The shepherd's face told nothing—he acted as "Brer" Fox did in the American story, "he lay low." I was wondering what on earth had become of Robert, and was picturing to myself that self-sacrificing individual stuck in a bog or drowning in a burn, when a loud *To-ho!* startled me. I saw Dash and Meg standing rigid about a hundred yards off, and Mr Weatherby starting after them as hard as he could go. I was too much accustomed to this proceeding to be much surprised at it. In defiant opposition to all the rules of shooting, the old bag-merchant ran furiously towards his dogs. Whenever he had a little breath to spare he shouted loudly *To-ho!*—though to all appearance the setters never meant to move again. He reached them in his usual state of mind and body—blown, shaking, and done.

Nothing got up: the dogs refused to budge an inch. I encouraged them, and patted them, and pushed them, and then their master kicked them, but they would not move.

"He has been here and made the stuff too strong," I thought, and I almost fancied I could smell it myself. Mr Weatherby began to swear and hammer the dogs with his gun: and the shepherd—"he lay low."

Suddenly the animals began to move—to draw; we stood round and watched them with much solemnity and anxiety: with slow and stately step and great rigidity of body they advanced, and we followed. Mr Weatherby, with his forefinger on his right trigger; I with my hammers down, half expecting to see Robert jump up out of a bunch of heather and run for it; and the shepherd with his stick held like a gun, ready to use in a moment. The dogs went steadily on and on. "They've run," said Mr Weatherby in a hoarse and excited whisper; "head them, Stoney." So I made a circuit and met the party, and, miserable as I was, could hardly keep from laughing aloud at the appearance it presented to one who was behind the scenes.

The funeral march of the dogs was gradually exchanged for a quicker step. They began at length to trot, to sniff in an excited manner here and there. Then they threw up their heads, they stretched their tails out straight behind them, and set off across the moor; Dash began to "whumper," and Meg fairly "yowled." Now and then they were hidden for a few seconds by a hillock, but they soon reappeared. They took a bee-line across the heather; we watched them cross the march, grind up the opposite slope, and then they faded from our view. Talk of a hound-trail—none better was ever seen amongst the fells of Cumberland.

I stared blankly in the direction the dogs had gone. I did not dare to look at Mr Weatherby; he broke out into a storm of fury, and con-

demned the dogs, and myself, and the shepherd, and the moor, to the hottest place he could think of. I said nothing in answer to all this—only looked at the shepherd; and the shepherd—"he lay low."

The bag consisted of one grouse that Twelfth. If the dogs had reappeared on the scene by the time we reached home, I think there would have been two setters added to the total; but they did not. I left Mr Weatherby when near the lodge, telling him the toothache had come on again, and flew to my small dwelling.

There, sitting in the last stage of exhaustion on his bed, was Robert. He was dirty to a degree, and neither his knickerbockers nor stockings showed any signs of their original colours. There was an awful smell of aniseed in the room. It appeared that he had safely reached the place where the scent was to be laid first, and had just arranged the rabbit-skin to his satisfaction, when he became aware of a man crouching down at some little distance, and evidently watching him. Robert said at first that he had walked slowly away, but afterwards admitted he had perhaps run a little, and I soon found out that he had run a great deal. The man started in pursuit, and Robert made the best of his way across the moor. But after proceeding with great rapidity for some time he tumbled over a tump of grass, and the bottle of aniseed, which he had put for safety in his trousers-pocket, was broken in the fall. He said that this was perhaps what the dogs had been hunting, —and I thought so too: I could have given him an hour's start, and hunted him with great ease myself—he smelt as if he had been dipped in aniseed.

I had barely time to take in all this, still less elaborate any plan

for the future, when there was a knock at the door, and, without waiting for an answer, in came a man—the shepherd. He sniffed once or twice with great noise and deliberation, and I thought he grinned, and then he said—

"The maister's waiting to see Mistar Rowbert in the LeebRARY."

Robert's face was too dirty to get white, but his lips quivered as they formed the word "Now?"

"Ay, the noo—at wanst," said the shepherd.

"I'll just change my clothes first, I think," said the agitated Robert. "I've—I've—had a little—accident, shepherd."

Once more there seemed a curious struggle in that individual's countenance between austerity and mirth, and again he loudly scented the air. He gave no reprieve. "But he's waiting," he said; and he almost button-holed the reluctant lad, and took him out of the room.

I had a terrible foreboding as to who that watcher on the moor had been. After a decent interval, I followed the two to the house, and, as I had had no time to communicate with my friend, and was quite ignorant of what he was going to say, I thought it wise to get into the middle of a laurel-bush which stood just opposite the window and garden-door of Mr Weatherby's smoking-room. I was disappointed in my plan, for I could hear nothing articulate; indeed, after a few minutes, I doubt if there was anything articulate to hear. For a short time I could hear nothing at all, but I knew Robert was in the room, and had gone in by that door, —I could smell him.

Then I heard a loud voice, a stuttering, stammering vociferation, the sound of a struggle, the breakage of something brittle, a plaintive cry in a different key, and then the

door was thrown violently open. I, crouching in the laurel-bush, watched. Robert came out first. I saw Mr Weatherby had him by what seemed the skin of his neck. Breathless, I saw the old bag-merchant poise himself on one leg, and then I experienced a violent concussion in my leafy hiding-place,—the plotter and the tool met in the laurel-bush. Robert's ideas had been very much confused by his day's work, especially by the last part of it, and I think when he saw me he imagined that Mr Weatherby had somehow managed to run round the bush to meet him and kick him again: he jumped back with the greatest possible alacrity, and fled like a hare down the avenue.

I instinctively shrank closer to the ground: the old man saw the movement. With what I can only call a howl, he sprang at me; but

I was too nimble for him. No one ever ran, or ever will run, faster from that house than I did that fatal day. I upset Miss Weatherby, who was coming up from the farm, and left her sitting wildly gesticulating amongst dozens of broken eggs. I soon distanced her brother, and got out of his territory. I spent a miserable night at a little inn, miles off; and after hovering about the next day, trying to make up my mind to venture back for some clothes, I gave it up, and left that hilly country for good.

It is but justice to Mr Weatherby to say that he sent me my personal effects, and what he called my "wages." I have never seen him since, or been within a hundred miles of him; but I understand that the sanctimonious shepherd has taken the place of the amateur factor.

BAGHDAD ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"When thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travels,
Make me partaker of thy happiness."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Her B. Majesty's Consul-General will receive to-morrow morning, between the hours of seven and eleven, on the occasion of the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Empress of Hindustan."

So ran a card handed to me on the evening of 23d May, just as the mail-steamer *Khalifa* anchored off the Baghdad custom-house, on the river Tigris.

"Hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar,

Which thousands, once fast chained to,
quit no more,"

I had left Bombay harbour, about three weeks before, under a strong impression that another season of work in the tepid heat of the capital of Western India might easily prove the fatal "one year more." It was of Calcutta, not Bombay, that a late venerable and facetious metropolitan used to say he always felt, in the rainy season—that is, from June to October—"like a boiled cabbage." But in Bombay too, the vapour-bath-like combination of heat and moisture characterising the same period is most trying to Europeans, producing in perfection the *capiplenium*, *languor*, *et expletio*, described by Petronius as so frequent among the luxurious and enervated Romans of his time.

An ocean-steamer, one of the fleet of the British India Steam Navigation Company, had carried us across the Arabian Sea, touching at Karachi, the port of Sindh, perhaps indeed of our whole north-west Indian frontier. After passing

through the Gulf of Oman, where it washes Biluchistan, we had entered, by the Straits of Ormuz, or Hormuz, the great Persian Sea, or Gulf, on the Persian margin of which stands one of those partly diplomatic, partly strategical positions by means of which England sentinels her Eastern empire, and holds piracy in check—namely, the Residency of Abu-shair. At the head, or northern end, of this gulf, the good ship had passed almost imperceptibly from the "salt-sea foam" into the *Shatt-al-Arab*, or river of Arabia, by means of which the blended waters of the Tigris and Euphrates pour themselves into the gulf. After ploughing our way for seventy or eighty miles up this turbid and shifty current, the banks of which reminded one rather of the Suez Canal, we had entered the Tigris, near the Arabian town and virtual seaport of Basra; exchanging at the same time the ocean-steamer for a river one of about five hundred tons—one of two which the firm of Messrs Lynch & Co. are allowed, under a treaty concession of old standing, to keep afloat for the carriage of mails and cargo between Basra and Baghdad. And now, after a run of four days and three nights, the *Khalifa* had finished her task, without once falling foul of the river-bank, or scraping too often against a shallow. At certain seasons steamers can run up the Tigris to Mosul, or about 500 miles higher up than Baghdad; and country-crafts, of course, are constantly plying between its upper reaches and the sea. But there is

no mail or passenger service by water beyond Baghdad. The Turks send their letters *viâ* Damascus to Bairut and Constantinople on dromedaries. The English Consul-General also has made arrangements of his own for the carriage of his mails by the same route; and when the contractor is kept up to the mark, letters from Baghdad should be delivered in London about the twenty-second day. It is said the Bedawin occasionally open a post-bag; but, on finding nothing in it except letters and newspapers, send it on again all right. Hence parcels of value have to travel from England to Turkish Arabia by some safer route than the Syrian desert. The Baghdad custom-house thus forming the terminus of regular water-communication between Asia and Europe *viâ* Turkish Arabia, a steamer, on reaching it, has only to blow off the steam, submit to the visitations of the "revenue-cads," who seem to be pretty much the same all the world over, and prepare to start again in a few days for Basra. Far less agreeable anchorages might be found than the Tigris in May, off Baghdad. The river lays aside just here its habit of winding, and forms a long straight reach, broader than the Tweed at Berwick, on either side of which the capital of "good Haroun Alraschid," or Aaron the Just, in its modern form, is spread. Christchurch meadows without the Isis, gives but a faint idea of what Baghdad would be without its river. What springs in the desert are to the nomad, the purifying and oxygenating organs to the animal body, and the breezes of heaven to the human frame, that to an Eastern city is a volume of water running through it, as the Tigris runs through Baghdad.

By this time the sun was about setting; and the *shimâl*, or north-

east wind, after keeping us cool all day, was beginning to blow fresher and fresher, making the river sparkle all over as if every eddy and ripple were a mirror. A Turkish steamer or two was anchored near us; but the only crafts astir were a number of curious round boats or creels—some of them with six or eight passengers, and perhaps a horse inside, packed like figs in a drum; others carrying only a solitary sculler—workable, apparently, with a single oar with equal safety up, down, and athwart the current, and looking more like big birds' nests being washed down by a spate than anything else. These, and multitudes of bathers and heavy fish leaping all round, as if angling had never been invented, and a bridge of boats, brisk with traffic, filled the picture with life. The further or right bank of the river was, evidently, not the fashionable one; and the houses of its inhabitants came straggling down to the water's edge in a way which would have been mean, or even squalid, but for the noble screen of palm-trees in which they were wrapped. The buildings on the custom-house side formed a much better contour. Prominent among them was the house rented as the British Consulate or Residency, with its tall flag-staff; its quaint and many-latticed river-frontage, as long as a street; its pleasaunce, filled with orange-trees and myrtles, stretching like a setting of emeralds between it and the water; and, above all, its own little steamer, the *Comet*, moored, in case of emergencies, under its lee. Both above and below the Residency, the houses of the chief European merchants showed themselves at a glance; and beside them, and overhanging the water, several large *khans*, or coffee-houses—the hostelryes and public-houses of Muslim cities—

attracted remark, if only from the crowding faces, representing almost every ethnological type in the world, which filled their unglazed and grimy windows. A little higher up the river sauntering groups of orderlies and messengers marked the *sara*, or block of buildings in which are the courts of justice, and in which all public business is conducted. Next came the barracks, filled with the sound of brass bands and the stir of military life generally, and swarming with soldiers of strikingly good *physique*, dressed in Zouave uniforms of blue cotton; and, last of all, the palace of the *Wali*, or Governor-General of the Baghdad *wildiat* or *satrapy*. And yet, with all its brave show towards the river, the city of the Caliphs hardly at first suggests the idea of containing, as it does, a population of, in round numbers, at least 150,000 souls. This is partly owing to its all standing on the same level, and partly to none of its bazaars being at right angles to the river, but all running parallel to, and with their backs towards it. The architectural effect of its numerous churches and synagogues is almost lost, from their having no spires or steeples, or respectable frontages even. The tombs of prophets famous in Bible history, as well as those of kings and saints belonging to the more modern annals of Islam, are all in the environs, near where the city walls, now thrown down, used to be; while of the noble mosques inside the town, all that is visible from a distance are the domes and minarets, some of them exquisitely coloured, which, mingling with the flags of consulates and the chimneys of one or two Government manufactories, shoot upward at frequent intervals through thick clusters of palm-trees.

Far on in the evening as it was,

the thoroughfares near the custom-house were all thronged like Cheapside, and with an extraordinarily picturesque admixture of races. Hundreds were taking life easily, lounging on benches outside the coffee-houses—smoking of course, and studying their correspondence, or perhaps disputing over some hard text in the Kuran. But a great mass of human beings was pushing onward in all directions, on mares, or mules, or on foot; immersed in business, evidently, yet very tolerant of one another, in a high degree clubable, and free from any tendency to scowl or take offence. A man whose "house is his castle" is apt to turn rather sulky, once he is inside it, with the front door shut, and the curtains drawn for the night. But people who live much in the open air, and in the society of one another, acquire perforce different tempers, where only the minor rubs of life at least are concerned. Even religious bigotry seems to run anything but high in Baghdad. Under a traditional policy of toleration, Christians and Jews, Muslim and Pagans, though occupying separate quarters of the city, meet genially enough on most of the platforms of life; and indeed so much split up is each generic sect or persuasion—there being, for instance, at least five varieties of Christians in the town—that the Davie Deans and Johnny Dodds of Farthing Acre line of religious policy, however well it may answer still at Cabul and a few other out-of-the-world places, would be preposterous in Baghdad. The only disability under which the Christians of Baghdad, numbering about 2500 males, labour, is that they cannot be drawn for military service, and have to pay a special tax instead. It is said that a few years ago, when recruits were scarce, a

large number of Christians offered to form themselves into regiments. This proposal was not at once rejected; but in the end cautiousness prevailed, and it was pigeon-holed. How different England's policy in India, where subject-races even more hostile to her, perhaps, than Christians are to Muhammadans, have been made to contribute so brilliantly, for a century and upwards, to the development of her prowess! Even as matters stand, however—that is, with Christians excluded from the army—there is no doubt that its Turkish Arabian districts are of the highest value to the Porte, from a military point of view; for the Iraki is in many respects a model soldier, of the old-fashioned kind,—all body and very little head; hardy, patient, and unreasoning; and, provided he is fed and clothed, content to go for years without touching a piastre of pay.

It is commonly said that there are no bugs in Arabia, the dry heat killing them all off; and certainly all the names given for the creature in Arabic dictionaries are either taken from the Turkish or manufactured. Considering what a vast field for blood-suckers is Baghdad, and what myriads of this particular species are constantly coming into it, if only from Bombay, in the boxes of travellers and pilgrims, *what* becomes of them all is a problem in natural history; anything like extreme heat, even supposing that to have the effect alleged, occurring only between June and September. Anyhow, it was a comfort to feel safe on that score at least in turning in for the night in a billet which, if there had been a member of the family in all Baghdad, looked as if it would have been sure to hold him. But morning brought the discovery that, if the bug was absent,

he was represented by a sand-fly, with a body hardly bigger than a mite's, a pair of wings like tiny sails, and a poison-injecting and blood-sucking apparatus of extraordinary calibre. Like Doctor Syn-tax, when the boiling water from Dolly's kettle had decanted itself into his shoes,—

“The scalding torment in his feet”

soon made the half-dressed victim fain to pull off his socks and rub till the skin was raw in hopes of getting out the venom. Some even ascribe to this cause the singular ulceration of the skin to which natives of Baghdad, especially in childhood, are liable, and which seldom fails to attack European and other strangers during their first year of residence. Either from the season when these sores generally break out being that when the date is nearly ripe, or from the scar left by them resembling that fruit in size and contour, they are commonly spoken of as “date-sores.” The number of people in Baghdad whose faces are more or less disfigured in this way frightens most new-comers. Hitherto the result of medical and surgical practice has gone to show that, on whatever constitutional, climatic, or external cause or causes depending, the affliction, like so many others, is best left alone. In the healthy it runs its course in about a year, sometimes only one sore appearing, but oftener a succession of them. They are not painful or dangerous; and except when on tender spots, or on parts essential to locomotion, natives of Baghdad seem not to mind them,—one instance more of the eel growing used to skinning!

The morning of the 24th was true Queen's weather—a violent shower during the night (far from common in Baghdad in summer)

having brightened up everything. The bridge of boats, at best but rickety, from requiring to be taken to pieces when the river rises, was much blocked up with the ammunition-mules of a detachment going out to reinforce H.E. the Munir Pasha or Field-Marshal commanding the Baghdad *corps d'armée*, who was then coping with an unruly tribe of Kurds towards the Persian frontier. The daily traffic, too, was in full flow; and what with the military *impedimenta*, and trains of peasants bringing in the produce of their fields and farmyards on the backs of donkeys, a number of townsmen who were setting out to cross the desert, with their wives and families packed on mules in panniers, had need of all their patience to save themselves from being hustled into the river. Instead of dropping down the Tigris in a little round boat to the river-front of the British Consulate, the route winding through streets and bazaars to its official entrance, in the middle of a narrow thoroughfare, was preferred, for the sake of a first glimpse of the interior of Baghdad, and a sight perhaps of the house in which Sindbad the sailor related to the poor porter the history of his seven voyages. If one can fancy one of the narrower of our London streets partially roofed with arches of masonry; the front walls and windows of the shops removed; the shoemakers, tailors, and shirtmakers all hammering or stitching away on the pavement instead of in cellars or attics; the gin-palaces turned into coffee-houses; the wheel-traffic transferred to porters and donkeys; and lastly, the women, except those of the labouring classes, masked, and wrapped from crown to sole in shapeless volumes of silk or cotton stuff,—then he will have some faint idea of what

a Baghdad bazaar is like at the present day. One or two shops more or less in the European style will perhaps be seen in it, notably a certain “*Magasin français*,” intended for the diffusion among the benighted Arabs of tight boots, Parisian corsets, patent medicines, and all the unspeakable blessings of civilisation, including perhaps, in a quiet way, a little French brandy. And yet, on the whole, Baghdad seems in no danger for a long time to come of losing its personal identity, so to speak, under foreign rule. Constantinople officials, imbued with the newest ideas, have been appointed at different times to the governor-generalship of the province. One or two of these may even have belonged to the Philistine school of administrators, the tendency of which is to pull everything to pieces and put it together again on new and improved principles. But none of these have ever made much way at Baghdad; and the Ottoman Government, in selecting the present *Wali*, who is a native of Aleppo and a Muslim of the old-fashioned order, seems, for the time being at least, to have accepted the conclusion that it is safest perhaps not to drive too fast in so outlying a province. At all events, the placing of an Arab of rank and learning, and of high local consideration, at the head of the Baghdad Government, is a measure of so liberal a character that all must wish it success.

The British Consulate, when approached from the town, made but a poor show compared with its river aspect; being one of a row of grim enough houses, with nothing to distinguish it from them except the Indian sepoy on sentry at the open door, and a blaze of white-wash evidently just bestowed on it in honour of the day. Visitors

were arriving fast, and a row of white riding-mules—their bodies fantastically decorated with red or saffron-coloured pigment—were fastened with iron pegs to the wall opposite the entrance. Street-boys and beggars were mustered in force, and directing their special notice to a functionary of a very old-world kind surely, who was lying along with a pile of scones under his arm, and singing out to the dogs of the town to come and be fed. “*Yuazh-zhinu lil kilàbi*”—“He is calling the dogs to prayer”—cried a waggish Ajami, or Persian, as he passed. This irreverent sally raised a laugh all down the street, showing that the Baghdadi is not too “good” to relish a joke which, in Cabul or Bokhára, might have led to bloodshed; and truly the shrill clear notes of the bread-carrier were a little like the sounds sent out a few hours earlier from the tops of the mosques. As for the respectable quadrupeds concerned, they evidently took the dole as a matter of right, and, forming as they do the only representatives in Baghdad of republican ideas and institutions, were careful to come up in a body, and accept what was offered to them with every proper sign of independence. Might not a similar municipal regulation be tried in England, instead of muzzles, as a preventive of *rabies*, the cost being met, say, by their worshipfuls dining together once the seldomer every quarter at the expense of the town?

The street-door of the Consulate opened into a fine quadrangle shaded with trees, having all the principal rooms laid out along two sides of it on the upper storey, with the post-office and other establishments on the ground-floor; and at its further end a second court—not, of course, exposed to view—which, if the occupant had been a Muslim, would have been jealously set apart

for the ladies and children. Just now the whole place was astir. The Consul-General's escort of five-and-twenty sepoys from the Bombay Marine battalion was under arms, waiting to pay the proper compliments to H.E. the *Wali*. A number of bandsmen, courteously sent for the day by the local authorities, were practising, in separate groups, different pieces of music. Here an African slave-boy, black as night, was preparing his master's long pipe; there a group of consular servants, tall, handsome fellows, dressed in the livery of our embassy at Constantinople, superintended the brewing of coffee and *sharbat*. Up-stairs, in a drawing-room looking out on the narrow street, and furnished partly in English, partly Turkish fashion, the Consul-General,—a lieutenant-colonel of the Indian army,—assisted by the Residency surgeon and the commander of the Comet, was receiving his visitors. The dragomen and clerks of the Consulate, after having paid their respects, each after his own fashion, were being served with refreshments. One after another, the heads of the English, Swiss, and other European mercantile houses, and many of their assistants and *employés*, called. Then came the bishops and superior priests or teachers of the Chaldean, Latin, Armenian, and other Churches, several of them obviously men of intellect and study,—their faces chiselled over with the lines of thought,—whose good wishes for her Majesty were conveyed with all the solemnity and *empressement* of a religious ceremony. The Jews, of whom it is said there are at least 10,000 males in Baghdad, were careful not to be unrepresented,—none perhaps profiting more than they from British protection, in connection with their endless ways of money-grubbing. Visits of cere-

mony were also, of course, paid by the Consul-General's three colleagues, as they are considered,—the Consuls of France, Russia, and Persia. Not very many Turkish officials called, but as many as represented most departments of the military and civil services. Indians and Persians naturally mustered strongest,—some of them birds of passage, visiting the famous tombs of martyrs and worthies of Islam at Kāzhimain and Karbalā; others, persons of more or less political importance, who, however unable to stomach British rule in their native provinces, can nevertheless appreciate the prestige and security enjoyed by them as subjects of her Majesty resident in Baghdad. "A man's tongue is his horse," says the Arab proverb; and if so, at least half-a-dozen coursers of different breeds and paces may be said to have been at exercise in that one room,—namely, English, Arabic, Turkish, French, Persian, and Hindustani. The Consul-General evidently found it more than he could manage to keep the conversation mixed. John Bull, in particular, showed his usual preference for his own vernacular, and his own topics, as well as for his own sofa or corner. Gentlemen from the *Sarā*, or Government offices, were full of talk about Egyptian politics. A man from Quetta had no belief in the evacuation of Candahar, and expected to hear of its reoccupation some day very soon by General Sir F. Roberts. The Persians were curious above all things about what the Russians were doing in the Merv direction; and all Islam seemed to hold to the opinion that the present condition of Ireland was due to the wrath of Allah at England's having fallen away from her alliance with the Porte. The pity was that, with such varied budgets on the *tapis*, oriental caution made

every speaker confine himself as much as he could to his own language and group. At last, pipes and cigarettes, coffee, *sharbats*, and preserved fruits had gone their final round; the gong in the courtyard told out eleven o'clock English, or 3.30 A.M. Turkish time; the band played "God save the Queen," and the curtain fell. In the evening it rose again. The Consulate was illuminated inside and out, both towards town and river. The band struck up afresh, and the Consul-General entertained H.E. the *Wali*, his consular colleagues, and a party of European, Turkish, Persian, and Indian guests at dinner. Her Majesty's health was proposed by his Excellency in his native Arabic, in the most courteous terms; after which a similar compliment was paid by the host to his Majesty the Sultan, and to the Shah, the Czar, and the French Republic.

Whatever political ends the day's proceedings may have promoted, to a stranger they suggested at one moment the greatness, at another the difficulties, of our position in the East. When a Muslim is asked to point to the miracle, or miracles, by which his prophet showed himself to be a "man sent from God," his answer always is "the Kuran;" and similarly, though in a different spirit, do Asiatics often refer to the Indian empire as the miracle of England. We ourselves, it is true, do not look at it in the same light, but regard it, and with justice, as the hard-won and well-consolidated product of more than a hundred years of labour and victory, favoured by a number of exceptional features in the character of the subject-races themselves. And yet how unmistakably have some of our greatest men shown, by the efforts which they have made to hem it in with defences, or at all events posts of observation, that their confidence

in its stability was mingled with a good deal of misgiving and apprehension. It is impossible to take even a casual view of this subject without thinking of the illustrious statesman whose death not long ago happened at a time so inopportune for England; and it may be worth noticing, before concluding, that during the brief period when the Gandamak Treaty seemed to promise the realisation of the Beaconsfield policy in one highly important quarter, the cordon of political outposts, so to call them, established, in connection with India alone, for the security of our eastern frontier as a whole, extended from Mandalay in the remote north-east, through Katmandhu in Nipal, Srinagar in Cashmire, Cabul and other points in Afghanistan, Khilat in Beluchistan, and Abu-shair on the Persian Gulf, right away to where Asia and Europe may be said to meet, politically, at Baghdad. Having to do at present only with the last-named spot, it is unnecessary to consider whether the dispositions now existing for the safety of our interests along the vast extent of country just indicated are adequate or the reverse. But with regard to Baghdad it is impossible to spend any time in it and fail to notice certain points of view from which it is highly interesting, and may at any time become highly important, to England. The further afield one travels, the more, on the whole, does it appear to him that what we have to apprehend in the East is, not so much this bugbear or that, as apathy and want of vigilance on our own part. Russia's brisk and forward policy, when contrasted with our own slowness of movement and laudable scruples against taking what is not our own, may naturally be driving one or two of her weaker neighbours, in appearance at least, to fawn upon

her, and turn their backs on us; but this symptom should not be taken for more than it is worth. In order to gain the goodwill of a State, it is anything but necessary to enter into very close relations with it, far less subject it to domination in any form or degree. Macaulay has somewhere observed, that "even the mutual animosity of countries at war with each other is languid when compared with the animosity of nations which, morally separated, are yet locally intermingled;" and the full force of this great natural law is probably being felt in Turkish Arabia by its present masters at this very day, notwithstanding the comparatively loose grasp which they have taken of it, outside at least of the larger cities. In the smaller towns of Arabia, the Turkish or Turanian governor, where one has been set up at all, is often more like a mere buoy floating, by way of a mark, on the water, than anything with actual functions to perform; while as for the boundless and trackless plains of which the face of the country is made up, their real masters, as is well known, are those multitudinous tribes of semi-pagan roamers, whose horses are objects of admiration and traffic in almost every part of the world. Whether these least civilised of the Semitic races have a future of their own yet before them, or are destined to be absorbed in other and less abnormal communities, is a question beyond the reach of conjecture. The Ottoman policy towards them, for the most part, seems to be one of subsidising and conciliation. Titles and dresses of honour from Constantinople do not, however, appear to fascinate them. With all their cupidity and love of money, when they can get it, they seem as jealous as the Scottish Highlanders were a couple of

hundred years ago of the smallest attempt on the part of officialdom to convert their free and tribal state into a subject and feudal condition. When a Bedouin, or even a Shamar, or a Montafik Shaikh accepts the title of Pasha, his people generally begin to fall away from him, until in time perhaps he is ousted from his chiefship altogether, in favour of some kinsman of more conservative views. Whatever the failure of these hardy and next-to-masterless nomads may prove to be, it is obvious that if ever, during the next twenty or thirty years, the territory lying between the Persian Gulf and the southern shores of the Mediterranean becomes the scene of important military operations, the Power knowing how to attach them, for the time being, to its cause, will secure for itself considerable advantages. In Turkish Arabia England is at all events jostling no one, and giving no offence or umbrage, except, of course, to the eye of downright ill-will and envy. Her *status* there evidently forms an integral part and necessary consequence of her ascendancy in Hindustan ; but her representative at Baghdad, though selected by the Government of India from its own officers, works in the main under the orders of H.M.'s ambassador at Constantinople—being considered as, strictly speaking, a consular, not a diplomatic, functionary, whose *raison d'être* merely is the protection of British commercial and general interests, and of the persons of British subjects.

Of all the many wants of Mesopotamia, the want of money is perhaps the greatest; and a good deal of this seems to be poured into it both by India and England in the course of every year. The contributions sent annually from Lucknow, Hyderabad in the Deccan, and other Shiyye cities, to the shrines round

Baghdad, must amount in the aggregate to something considerable. A good deal is spent also by domiciled and pensioned Indians, and by pilgrims. Even more beneficial is the enterprise, as far as it extends, of European merchants. The date-harvest of the Tigris valley, for instance, might rot in part on the ground, but for the steamers which carry it to London or Bombay. The fleeces shed on the banks of the Euphrates are to a large extent woven into cloth in Yorkshire ; and although the people are too poor, and the system of government is too uncertain, to favour the production of surplus cereals, yet what little corn Baghdad has to spare is always sure to be bought up by Englishmen on the spot and exported. The way we have of associating with the word "desert" the idea of a sandy waste, like that traversed by the old van-route between Cairo and Suez, often leads us far astray as to the aspect of Arabia generally. Deserted it may be, in the sense of uncultivated and uninhabited, but not in that of uncultivable or barren. On the contrary, its light loamy soils are, as a rule, amazingly fertile. At certain seasons, vast portions of it are clothed with natural pasturages not to be excelled in Canada or New South Wales. Even its barest surfaces are often to be seen covered with tiny verdure after the slightest shower. Its river-system is well adapted for works of irrigation of the small and useful kind. Speaking of the country as a whole, water is to be obtained, and cultivation started, merely by the digging of a well. The time may arrive when all these things will be done. Meanwhile perhaps it is not outside the scope of creative wisdom that certain large portions of the world should, as it were, lie fallow till their turn come round.

MY BATH.

COME here, good people great and small, that wander far abroad,
To drink of drumly German wells, and make a weary road
To Baden and to Wiesbaden, and how they all are named,
To Carlsbad and to Kissingen, for healing virtue famed;
Come stay at home, and keep your feet from dusty travel free,
And I will show you what rare bath a good God gave to me.
'Tis hid among the Highland hills beneath the purple brae,
With cooling freshness free to all, nor doctor's fee to pay.

No craft of mason made it here, nor carpenter, I wot;
Nor tinkering fool with hammering tool to shape the charmèd spot;
But down the rocky-breasted glen the foamy torrent falls
Into the amber caldron deep, fenced round with granite walls.
Nor gilded beam, nor pictured dome, nor curtain, roofs it in,
But the blue sky rests, and white clouds float, above the bubbling linn,
Where God's own hand hath scooped it out in Nature's Titan hall,
And from her cloud-fed fountains drew its waters free to all.

Oh come and see my Highland bath, and prove its freshening flood,
And spare to taint your skin with swathes of drumly German mud:
Come plunge with me into the wave like liquid topaz fair;
And to the waters give your back that spout down bravely there,
Then float upon the swirling flood, and, like a glancing trout,
Plash about, and dash about, and make a lively rout;
And to the gracious Sun display the glory of your skin,
As you dash about and splash about in the foamy-bubbling linn.

Oh come and prove my bonnie bath; in sooth 'tis furnished well
With trees, and shrubs, and spreading ferns, all in the rocky dell;
And roses hanging from the cliff in grace of white and red,
And little tiny birches nodding lightly overhead,
And spiry larch with purple cones, and tips of virgin green,
And leafy shade of hazel copse with sunny glints between:
Oh might the Roman wight be here who praised Bandusia's well,
He'd find a bath to Nymphs more dear in my sweet Highland dell.

Some folks will pile proud palaces, and some will wander far
To scan the blinding of a sun, or the blinking of a star ;
Some sweat through Afric's burning sands ; and some will vex their soul
To find heaven knows what frosty prize beneath the Arctic pole.
God bless them all ; and may they find what thing delights them well
In east or west, or north or south,—but I at home will dwell
Where fragrant ferns their fronds uncurl, and healthful breezes play,
And clear brown waters grandly swirl beneath the purple brae.

Oh come and prove my Highland bath, the burn, and all the glen,
Hard-toiling wights in dingy nooks, and scribes with inky pen,
Strange thoughtful men with curious quests that vex your fretful brains,
And scheming sons of trade who fear to count your slippery gains ;
Come wander up the burn with me, and thread the winding glen,
And breathe the healthful power that flows down from the breezy Ben,
And plunge you in the deep brown pool ; and from beneath the spray
You'll come forth like a flower that blooms 'neath freshening showers
in May !

J. S. B.

EXPERIENCES OF A NAVAL OFFICER IN SEARCH OF THE EIRA.

Few of those, perhaps, who have recently read of the rescue of the crew of the *Eira*, and of their safe return to their native land, after passing a winter on the inhospitable shores of Franz Josef Land, have considered what months of patient labour and inquiry, directed by intelligent forethought and practical Arctic experience, were requisite to set on foot and carry to such a rapid and successful conclusion a search after the missing crew, such as that recently undertaken by the steam-whaler *Hope*, under the command of Sir Allen Young.

With but vague knowledge of the intentions of Mr Leigh Smith; with but very meagre information of his actual movements during the summer of 1881; and with a vast area of polar sea and coast-line to deal with—over which the explorer might have taken his vessel,—it is indeed a remarkable fact that the relief ship should have been able to appear at the right time at the exact spot where she was required, to pick up Mr Leigh Smith's boats on their emergence from the ice after their arduous and adventurous voyage of forty-one days amongst the floes. That an element of good fortune much assisted the relief expedition no one can deny; but luck is a factor of the utmost importance in all polar expeditions, and he who best knows how to utilise his good luck and to neutralise his bad luck, possesses perhaps some of the most valuable qualities which go to make a successful Arctic navigator.

The *Eira* was specially built at Peterhead for Mr Leigh Smith, and was a steam-vessel of 350 tons burden, strengthened and otherwise fitted for voyaging in the Arctic

seas. Mr Leigh Smith made in her a very successful summer voyage in 1880, during which he made important and interesting discoveries upon the coasts of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen.

Mr Leigh Smith sailed upon his second voyage in the *Eira* on the 13th June 1881, taking with him Dr Neale as surgeon, Mr Lofly as ice-master, and a crew of twenty-two men. He was provisioned for fourteen months, with further supplies of bread and flour enough to last two years.

To quote the words of the letter addressed by Mr Valentine Smith to the President of the Royal Geographical Society—

“The explorer's intention is believed to have been to visit Franz Josef Land a second time, with a view of making further discoveries on its western side, and he wished, if possible, to push northward near the meridian of Wickes' Land. But he would on this occasion, as heretofore, have been guided by the state of the ice, using his best endeavours to enter upon new work, in that direction which appeared most open and promising.”

Inquiries instituted during the winter of 1881-82 by Sir Henry Gore Booth amongst those Norwegian walrus-hunters, who, his practical knowledge of the coast of Nova Zemla told him, might possibly have seen and communicated with the *Eira*, resulted in the information that she was last seen by the schooner *Proven*. The *Proven* first fell in with the *Eira* on June 30th off Matotchkin Sharr in Nova Zemla, and she was then steaming north; on the 2d July, however, they saw her steaming south, having evidently been turned by

the ice; then, again, they met her off the south-west part of Nova Zemla on the 8th July steaming north, and supposed that Leigh Smith had tried to get round the south point of Nova Zemla, had been stopped by the ice, and was now going to force his way north.

The above facts and suppositions were carefully formulated and examined by Mr Valentine Smith's committee; all possible information was obtained as to the state of the ice in 1881-82 in the Barents Sea and on the coasts of Nova Zemla and Spitzbergen, and the opinion of the most eminent Arctic explorers of Europe was taken. Sir George Nares, who sat on the committee, drew up an exhaustive memorandum, thoroughly examining every eventuality which might have occurred to the explorers; and Sir Allen Young, having offered his services, was intrusted with the task of selecting, fitting out, manning, and commanding the relief vessel—Government so far co-operating as to contribute £5000 towards the expenses of the expedition, at the same time allowing any naval officers to serve under Sir Allen whom he might select; whilst the Royal Geographical Society contributed £1000—any further cost being undertaken solely by Mr Valentine Smith.

The Hope, a steam-whaler of 276 tons register, was chosen by Sir Allen Young as a vessel in all respects suitable for the work of the expedition. Strongly built, double-planked about the waterline, fortified within with iron frames, and shod with iron at the bow, she had a reputation even amongst whalers as being a ship of no ordinary capacities for encountering heavy ice; and those who sailed in her were fully persuaded that she was as good a ship for the

purpose as could be procured. The crew whom Sir Allen Young engaged for the voyage consisted in part of old whalers, some of whom had served previously in the Hope, and of ex-man-of-war's men, with a few trusted hands who had been with Sir Allen in his Arctic voyages in the Pandora. The vessel was brought round from Peterhead to London to be completed for sea, and lay in the West India Docks, taking in her two years' stores and engaging her crew, where she excited no little interest from the peculiarity of her appearance—the crow's nest at the maintop-gallant masthead being a novel feature in the low latitude of London.

All being at length ready, articles were signed and the blue ensign and burgee of the New Thames Yacht Club (the same to which the Eira belonged) hoisted on June 19th; and on the following day the relief ship steamed out of the docks and down to Gravesend. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales evinced a lively and kindly interest in the enterprise, and sent as a present to the officers' mess a handsome silver inkstand and a silver bell for summoning the waiter. On Saturday, June 24th, the Hope finally left the shores of Old England, passing Flamborough Head towards evening, and thence steering due north on the meridian of Greenwich. On the following morning England had sunk below the horizon, and we continued our course towards the icy regions over the solitudes of the ocean. The paucity of bird-life in the North Seas is very marked, as compared with the great number and variety of sea-fowl in the Antarctic regions, where the great wandering albatross is a never-failing object of interest and admiration, and petrels of smaller size, down to the

little "Mother Carey's chicken," are never absent from the neighbourhood of the ship. At a point 100 miles west of Stav Fiord in Norway, we chanced upon a Norwegian fishing-boat lying at anchor in 100 fathoms of water, and obtained a very welcome supply of fresh cod in exchange for tobacco, salt meat, and biscuit. The gradually lengthening days, the setting of the sun later evening after evening, and, finally, the emerging into the long summer's day of months' duration of the Arctic regions, brought home to all the fact that we were getting well into the region in which our work lay. Darkness had now vanished, and with it the stars; and the moon, shining with but a feeble reflection of the great illuminator, alone remained to remind us of such a thing as night. Busily employed in getting ready stores to land at depots, sledges and other travelling gear for use at a moment's notice, and serving out and altering the warm clothing to the various shapes and sizes of humanity on board, we passed up the North Sea and approached the coast of Norway in a thick fog on the morning of July 2d, and encountered a Russian barque, also groping her way in towards the land. About noon the mist lifted and enabled us to make out the precipitous cliffs of North Kvalo and its dangerous outlying rocks, and to continue on our course towards Hamerfest. Steaming across a broad bay, hemmed in by high and snow-flecked islands and by the mainland of Norway, we entered the narrow channel leading to Hamerfest towards midnight, the stern and forbidding scenery lighted up and softened by the warm hues of the midnight sky, while the distant snow-peaks shone brilliantly in the rays of the sun,

which was hidden from us by the high land to the north. Here we took a pilot, who conducted us without mishap to Hamerfest, enlarging the while upon the desirability of the barren land we saw as a place of residence, and on the grandeur of the city we were approaching. What a charming provision of Nature is it that the great majority of men, of whatsoever race they be, should be convinced that their own country, and no other, is the very finest place in the world; and how pleasant it was to see our honest Norseman's face light up with pride and pleasure as we praised his bleak hillsides and wooden houses nestling beneath them! This town, the most northern in the world, is but 1160 miles from the North Pole, a distance over which an express train might pass in twenty-four hours, could the rails only be laid. It contains about 2000 inhabitants, who live on the products of the sea; for those who do not catch fish either cure them, trade in them, or keep stores for the supply of clothes, &c., to the fishing people. The little town is now pretty well known to the British tourist bent upon "doing" the midnight sun and doubling the North Cape; for it is the last port of call of the tourist steamers on their way north. The island of Varö, on the west side of which Hamerfest stands, is nearly circular, and about ten miles in diameter, rising in the interior to a height of over 2000 feet, and is devoid of vegetation except certain mosses and lichens, trees being represented by a stunted birch, which attains a height of 7 or 8 feet in the sheltered valleys near the sea, but on the hillsides grows horizontally along the ground, being only thus able to support life in face of the

furious winter blasts. This scanty vegetation suffices, however, to nourish herds of semi-wild reindeer, the property of the mountain Lapps, which roam at pleasure over the interior, and are lassoed by their owners as they are required for food, clothing, or draught purposes. The interior of the island is cut up into numerous valleys and covered for the most part with snow, so that progress is rather slow. I succeeded, after four hours' trudging, in reaching the top of a hill overlooking the sea-coast, and from it walked along the central ridge of the island, from which the surrounding islands and fiords could be surveyed to advantage. The highest point I found to be 2180 feet, situated almost in the centre of the island and commanding an extensive view of its desolate snow-fields and rock-strewn valleys, down which the heat of the afternoon sun was now causing the snow-waters to dash towards the sea.

A lowering hill just to the south of Hamerfest is a standing grievance to the inhabitants, for it robs them of much of their dearly-prized sunshine, and has earned for itself the title of Tyd Fjeld (Thief Mountain). As the sun is altogether below their horizon for two months in the winter, and is then cut off from them for a further considerable time by this hill (which is 1420 feet high), the good people regard it with no friendly feelings. Of the inhabitants of the island, the Lapps are perhaps the most interesting. These are of two kinds—mountain Lapps, and sea or fisher Lapps. The mountain Lapps are very few in number, and depending as they do for every necessity of life upon their roaming herds of reindeer, their habits are necessarily nomadic. The reindeer supplies these diminutive mountaineers with food and cloth-

ing, and with all the weapons and utensils which are needed in their simple life, and is besides their beast of burden and sledge-drawer. The fisher Lapps are only met with on the coasts, and indeed seldom leave their boats. They are far more numerous than their brethren of the mountains, living as they do on the products of that Norwegian mine of wealth, the sea. They also are small people, and as miserable-looking as they are small. Whilst the mountain Lapps have the full use of their limbs, and are healthy and vigorous, the sea Lapps are doubled up in body, weak-legged, and sickly-looking, taking advantage, when on land, of every opportunity to support themselves against anything which may be at hand to relieve their legs of part of the weight of their bodies. An interesting speculation presents itself as to what manner of man will in future ages be developed from the fisher Lapps if they continue their present mode of life.

The reason of the delay of one week at Hamerfest was to buy and fit out a second vessel to act as a tender to the *Hope*—the craft chosen being a Norwegian smack of about 45 tons, called the *Martha*, which had then to be double planked round the bow and water-line to fit her to meet ice. A Norwegian skipper and four hands were engaged to man her; and as soon as all was settled, we took her in tow, and left on 9th July, with great exchange of flag-dipping and handkerchief-waving between the *Hope* and the *Martha* on the one hand, and the town-people on the other. We now made for Porsanger Fiord, the great inlet on the east side of the North Cape, passing, however, to the southward of the Cape through Magarö Sund, the channel which separates Magarö

from the mainland. The North Cape is, as is well known, one of the northern points of Magarö. The scenery in Magarö Sund is striking and impressive, on account of its extreme wildness and desolation; and the narrowness of the channel permits of both sides being closely scanned from the deck of the passing vessel. The scream of seabirds, the swirl of contending tide-currents, and the splash of fish, with an occasional rolling accompaniment, as some boulder, with its attendant stone-shower, comes plunging down the steep slopes, are the parts in the song which Nature sings in this remote region of Finmarken.

We found the coal-hulk lying off Little Tamsö, an island well up Porsanger Fiord, and filled up our bunkers from her, besides putting forty tons into the hold of the Martha and taking a load on our own decks, and finally left Norway on our search for the Eira on July 11th, encountering a strong gale from the south-east the same night, which lasted two days, and drifted the Hope, with the Martha in tow, far north into the Arctic Ocean. July 14th turned out sunny and fine, with the remains of the gale blowing cold from the south-east—so cold, indeed, that ice was divined to be in that direction, and so probably to the northward as well. And this turned out to be the case; for a look-out man having been sent to the crow's nest, reported ice on the northern horizon in detached hummocks, and we ran into it about mid-day, finding it to be in loose streams lying north-west and south-east, the direction of the wind. Dodging the floes as we steamed on our course for Nova Zemla, we got clear of the ice again about 5 P.M., having evidently passed through the tail of the pack, which would

probably be found compact twenty miles or so further north.

We now maintained a general easterly course across the Barents Sea, experiencing southerly winds, which, when they drew to the south-east, became extremely cold, which was afterwards found to be caused by the presence of large masses of ice in the sea to the south-west of Nova Zemla. Heavy mists were now frequent, so that caution was necessary to avoid running into the pack again. On the afternoon of Sunday, July 16th, we were twenty miles west of Cape Britwin, in Nova Zemla; and the weather still remaining thick, we lay to under steam waiting for a chance to make the land. It seemed inclined to clear off in the evening, when we just caught a glimpse of a band of snow on the land, but the mists then closed in again. On the afternoon of the next day it became rather clearer, and we steamed towards Möder Bay, and were able to make out the land vaguely, and presently saw a schooner standing out, which proved to be the Dutch surveying schooner Willem Barents, with which we communicated by boat. This schooner had also been trying to get to an anchorage, and had stood in to 17 fathoms, which must have been close to the land; but not being able to make out any signs of it, was now going north to Matotchkin Sharr to try to get through into the Kara Sea. They were three weeks out from Vardö in Norway, whence they had tried to reach Bear Island, but had been prevented by close pack-ice; they then tried to get round the south point of Nova Zemla, and were again stopped by the ice, being at one time actually beset, and having to cut their way out with considerable labour. The Willem Barents is sent annually to these

seas by a Dutch scientific society, for the purpose of taking deep-sea temperatures and making general scientific observations, with a view to throwing light upon the course of the ocean-currents and movements of ice in the polar area, and is commanded by officers of the Dutch Royal Navy. One of their main objects was to reach Ice Haven, the harbour on the north-east coast of Nova Zemla in which Willem Barents wintered in 1596-97, and to place there a memorial stone which they had brought with them from Holland. For several years past the Barents has tried to accomplish this object, hitherto without success, and it will be interesting to hear the results of their voyage this year. Having parted company with the Willem Barents, we again stood into Möder Bay, and made out the land dimly through a rift in the fog—a snow-patched, ghostly-looking land,—and then the mists closed in, and we stood off to sea again after sounding in 25 fathoms.

On the afternoon of the following day, having previously obtained an approximate position from rough shots at the sun, with no horizon to speak of to take his altitude to, we stood into Möder Bay again, and as the mist lifted a little, made out our position by the land fairly well, at the same time sighting a ketch ahead, with a crow's nest at her masthead, which saw us simultaneously, and tacked to approach us. She proved to be Sir Henry Gore-Booth's yacht, the *Kara*, which we fell in with at Hamerfest, and which left that place before us. She was also trying to get to an anchorage, and had been in rather dangerous proximity to a bad reef two miles south-west of Cape Britwin, on which we saw great masses of ice piled up, making it look like an

island. Over this reef the northerly current, setting out of the bay, rushes with great velocity, making it a very dangerous place for a sailing vessel to get into in light winds. We tailed the *Kara* on astern of the *Martha*, Sir H. Gore-Booth and Mr Grant, his companion in adventure, coming on board the *Hope* to spend the night; and thus, in stately procession, the three vessels paraded Möder Bay all through the night, sometimes making the land, sometimes seeing nothing within fifty yards of us because of the fog, and unable to anchor because we found nothing but hard rock wherever we hove the lead. In the morning the fog suddenly lifted and rolled off up the hills, revealing an Arctic scene of snow-clad mountains and ice-dotted sea, bathed in warm sunshine. We were instructed to land a depot of provisions at the Russian settlement, known to be somewhere in the great bight called Möder or Möller Bay. After much examination of the inlets, we decided upon one as the likeliest for the settlement to be in, chiefly from seeing a vessel's masthead peeping over an intervening point of land, and finally steamed into Little Karmakula Harbour, which turned out to be the right place,—there being here a few wooden houses tenanted by Russians and Samoyedes, and several Russian schooners at anchor off them. The bay-ice was streaming out as we entered, and large pieces of the ice-foot, which runs round the base of the cliffs, frequently broke off with a mighty splash and floated away to sea. One of the Russian schooners was positively beset by the outward-going ice, and would have been carried out of the harbour had not her crew turned out and cut her free.

From one of the walrus-hunters

we had news of the Eira—she having been seen and boarded off this coast on the 8th July last year—the same day as the Proven reported having seen her; so we thus had confirmation of previous intelligence, but nothing new. The settlement at Karmakula consists of a few wooden houses and a reindeer-skin tent or two; the inhabitants, when we were there, being a few families of Samoyedes and half-a-dozen shipwrecked Russian walrus-hunters, who were living with the Samoyedes. These people, who are akin to the Esquimaux, are natives of the Samoyede peninsula and neighbouring land along the coast of Siberia. The men are stoutly built, and very short, being only about five feet high; they have a strong Mongolian type of feature, and olive-coloured skin. The women are brighter-coloured in complexion than the men, and three or four inches shorter. Both sexes dress in seal or reindeer skin, trousers and boots in one, with the hair outside; and coat of the same material, with a hood to pull over the head. They stand about in clumsy attitudes, especially the women, who turn their toes in; the men, on the contrary, turn theirs out. They remind one of nothing so much as a group of wax-work figures. They have the reputation of being most kind and hospitable to sailors in distress; and, indeed, endless are the instances of their having befriended and saved the lives of castaways on their barren coasts. Hence Sir Allen Young distributed amongst them numerous small presents, impressing upon them that, should the crew of the Eira come among them, they would be expected to do all they could for them, and would be amply repaid for any expenditure. These people live on

fish and reindeer in summer, with the addition of seals, walrus, and bears in winter, when the ice closes in. They are skilful hunters, and prepare skins for barter with the Russians. Their tents are made of two thicknesses of reindeer-skins spread on converging poles, with an aperture at the top for the escape of smoke; the outer skin has the hair outside, the inner one being turned inside, and the floor is carpeted in the same manner. The cooking is done in a separate tent, the hook-pot being then brought into the living tent and slung on the fire to keep hot. The interior of the tent into which I went was occupied by men, women, and children, a number of dogs, and a young polar bear, all lying about amongst a profusion of skins and rugs of various kinds. We had expected to find here a Russian officer, who pays an annual visit as governor, but he had not arrived. After waiting for some days, as he was expected daily, Sir Allen Young decided to land a depot of provisions at once, and to leave it in charge of the head Samoyede. This depot would serve either for the use of the Eira's crew should they arrive here, or for ourselves, should we have to abandon the Hope and fall back on our depots; and it was carefully stored in the lifeboat-shed, which we were surprised to find here—and with a lifeboat in it too. I was unable to find out its history, as our interpreter was not very efficient, and if bored too much, would answer "yes" to everything. We had expeditions after reindeer and wild-fowl, and one day saw twenty-four white whales captured,—all agreeable and sometimes exciting experiences, but which, having no bearing upon the objects of the expedition, must be left undescribed here. I got one good

bird's-eye view of Möder Bay from the top of a neighbouring mountain, and could see that the whole country was covered with large snow patches and drifts, with extensive snow-fields on the uplands, the heads of the bays and fiords still choked with ice, and an ice-foot running along the whole coast, under which the sea surging and murmuring could be heard from afar. After taking on board eight sledge-dogs for use in case of wintering in Franz Josef Land, and being delayed several days by thick fogs, we were able to get away on July 25th; and followed by the *Kara*, and with the *Martha* in tow, we started with a fresh breeze from the S.W. for Suchoi Noss, where the next depot was to be placed; but the breeze increasing to a gale next day, it was deemed imprudent to approach such an unknown lee shore, and instead the ship's head was turned towards Matotchkin Sharr, the strait which separates Nova Zemla into two islands, and in which we were sure to find a secure harbour. From thence we might perhaps send the *Martha* on to Suchoi Noss to lay the depot down, as that promontory is but thirty miles or so to the north, and not convenient for a large ship to approach.

We found a good anchorage in a bight called Altgläubigen Bay, or the Bay of the Old Religion, so named long ago by a party of Germans who, like the "Pilgrim Fathers," hoped to find abroad the religious independence which was denied them at home, but who had very soon to give up their attempt to colonise barren Nova Zemla. As soon as possible I went up one of the mountains to look round, and was rewarded by a fine view of the strait and the snow-clad mountainous country about

this part of Nova Zemla. I could see the schooner *Willem Barents* about six miles up the strait, and found out afterwards that she had been stopped by the ice a little further on, and was waiting for a chance to get through. Two Russian schooners were in the bay waiting for white whale and salmon, and picking up an occasional walrus or reindeer. We found geese and ducks here; and there are plenty of reindeer for those who can afford time to go after them. As it was, the only one we nearly got was hit by one of our men, who then dropped his rifle and ran up to finish the deer with a stick; but the animal promptly recovered and ran off, followed by a shower of uncomplimentary epithets in the Scotch language. Sir Henry Gore-Booth and Mr Grant, in the *Kara*, got plenty of deer; but they went further up the strait, where the animals had not been frightened.

As the weather cleared up again, and seemed settled, it was decided to take the *Hope* herself to Suchoi Noss, and with that intention we left after a very short stay, and commenced coasting as near the land as possible, in order that we might see the *Eira's* boats or their encampment, should they be on their way down. Whilst thus engaged—the sea being perfectly smooth, and no breakers visible over shoals—we unfortunately grounded on a rocky bank, lying two miles out at sea. This shoal is not marked on the Admiralty chart, but is on a Russian one; and in consequence of this, Sir Allen Young had made inquiries about it through our interpreter, who said the Russian skippers had found 18 feet over it. We found just half that depth.

The way in which the crew worked, without any rest during

the twenty-six hours we spent on that shoal, was beyond all praise, and the assistance rendered by Sir Henry Gore-Booth's little craft contributed in no small degree to the happy result; so that when we escaped with only a sprung stern-post, we considered that we had got off very cheaply, and put back to Altglaubigen Bay to repair damages and start afresh. As soon as the Willem Barents heard of the accident she came down the strait, and with the assistance of her carpenter and one from the Kara, our own men were very soon able to rig a jury stern-post and rudder.

It really seemed as if all the vessels in these seas had agreed to rendezvous at Altglaubigen Bay; for whilst we were preparing for another start north, the Dutch Meteorological Expedition arrived in two steamers to try and get through the strait into the Kara Sea, and so on to Dickson's Haven, where they proposed to winter. When we came away they were still trying, and would not get through this year, I am sure. From them we heard of the war in Egypt, and many other items of interesting news.

All being at length ship-shape on August 3d, the Willem Barents took her carpenter back and got under way, intending now to try to get to Ice Haven round the north of Nova Zemla, whilst we prepared to make an immediate start, place the depot at Suchoi Noss, another at some point further north, and then make a dash for Franz Josef Land, taking the Martha with us or not, as circumstances might dictate. After the Barents left we watched the pretty little craft beating out of the strait, when she suddenly hove to about two miles from us, and some of us heard a sort of

shout on board her: then she anchored and hoisted flags at her mastheads. Some said a boat had been seen to pull alongside her before she anchored—at any rate, here was a puzzle which no one could make out; and as the Barents seemed to be riding comfortably at her anchor, and not in want of assistance, no further notice except an occasional inquisitive inspection through a telescope was taken of her eccentric proceedings. In about an hour a boat was seen pulling from the Barents towards us with three men sitting in the stern-sheets, one holding a huge Dutch flag tied to a boat-hook; this again was extraordinary. "Why should Dutchmen pull against a strong headwind with a large flag held up to make their work the harder?" A sort of glimmering of the truth began to prevail; and as the boat approached, Sir Allen leaning over the counter, the better to use the only eye which frost and snow have left him, shouted, "Who is that? who are you?" To which a voice replied, "Don't you know me? am I so altered then?" when instantly a tremendous yell and cheer broke out from every one on deck, which was taken up by the Dutch boat's crew, and re-echoed from the distant Barents, whose crew were watching everything that passed. Up tumbled all hands from below, into the rigging, anywhere they could see from and shout from, and a scene of the wildest enthusiasm prevailed as Mr Leigh Smith was pulled, rather than walked, over the side, followed by Dr Neale, Mr Lofly, and then by Captain Hoffman of the Barents. In a few moments all was told, and the mystery we had been sent to solve was cleared up. The Eira was lost a year ago—having been nipped in the ice and

sunk off Cape Flora, Franz Josef Land. The crew were now on shore here, close to us; that was enough for us. With one accord boats were manned, and a race began to reach them and bring them off. We found them soon—they were but three miles away; their boats, begrimed by blubber-soot, and jagged by ice-collisions, hauled up on a beach at the head of the very next bay—called henceforth Eira Bay. The men—who ran our boats up on the beach for us as we landed—were as healthy-looking as men could be, and they were actually arraying themselves in their best yachting clothes, which they had saved, when we surprised them. They had lived for a year on bears, walrus, and preserved vegetables, their only sorrow having been that there was not enough of such food to satisfy their enormous appetites. On a rising ground behind their present camp they had built a small cairn with a boat-hook staff surmounting it, and flying on it was the Eira's burgee of the New Thames Yacht

Club. The boats, in which they had lived for forty-one days, and travelled over sea and ice from Franz Josef Land, were housed in by canvas awnings, and crowded with tools, weapons, and clothes, everything wet through from the gale of the day before, during which the Hope had been dragging her anchor all round Altglaubigen Bay. They had made straight for Admiralty Peninsula on leaving Franz Josef Land, but being stopped by the ice, had been obliged to keep more to the west—and after many adventures had cleared the ice ninety miles S. W. of Matotchkin Sharr, and then had been driven by a gale of wind right into the arms of their deliverers, with but a few days' provisions left. Their ship was lost on August 21st; they lost the sun on October 21st; the sun returned on February 21st; they left Franz Josef Land on June 21st; and lastly, we landed the whole crew, officers and men complete, at Aberdeen on August 21st, on the anniversary of the loss of their ship.

SKETCHES FROM THE DUTCH SEASIDE.

THOSE who have cruised along the low, flat, and unpicturesque coast of Holland, may well dread lest sketches taken looking seaward should merely prove the natural components of the very plain picture seen from the outside. The prevalence of this idea very probably accounts for the fact that so few English venture to see whether the first impression presents a converse side. Dutch watering-places seem to have no attractions for foreign visitors, and as a rule are resorted to only by those natives who, from pressure of business or narrowness of means, cannot repair to the freer breezes of Heligoland, or to the gaieties of Trouville and other French bathing towns. Dutch watering-places scarcely as yet have a place in our British pharmacopœia. Even the conscientious guide-books are very guarded in recommending them. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of advice; and we shall give a brief account of how we fared on the Dutch sea-coasts, leaving the reader, perchance *blasé* of the usual resorts, to judge for himself whether our fresh fields and pastures new do not contain attractions which compensate for the temptations held out by better known beats.

We need not describe our passage over, and shall ask the reader to join us at the Hague, where we thankfully availed ourselves of the hospitalities of the Hotel Bellevue. We use the word hospitality advisedly, because the kind and excellent people there gave us much that money cannot obtain. They took the greatest interest in our plans, down to the youngest waiter. They got information for us, and gave us advice; took a great deal

of trouble for us, and showed us a great deal of real kindness.

Holland is dear—that is, it is dearer than Germany, and most parts of France—but we did not find it ruinous, or so dear as England; and you get certainly more for your money. We were some time at the hotel, and found 9s. a-day a-head paid for everything; and as it is in the best situation in the Hague, looking on to the Deer Park (the Count's Park, which gives its Dutch name to the Hague—'S Graven hage), and is airy and pleasant, and very comfortable, we do not think it can be called very expensive. Dutch money in itself makes life seem expensive till you thoroughly understand it, because the cents are double the value of the French cents and the German pfennigs; therefore one has to remember that *one* always means *two*, and three six—that is, that 30 cents mean 6d. The money is therefore a little puzzling at first. When you see 50 marked, it is so natural to think it means 5d., or at least half a mark; whereas it really means half a florin, or 10d.

The Deer Park is a very pretty little park, open to every one, with plenty of trees and water. It is naturally a favourite promenade, and there is often music there.

Most people know what a charm lies in the Hague—in the quiet dignity of its long lines of trees, its picturesque buildings, and its canals. The watery highways give a silence to the traffic, broken by a few carts, waggons, or carriages alongside, jolting on the rough pavement, and by the shrill voices of the people. There is a great absence of bustle, a deliberation in their movements, a well-to-do air,

which is essentially characteristic of the Dutch.

There is a great fascination in the way in which the ships and barges glide up close to the windows sometimes. Looking down the canals, there is an ever-changing, ever-moving kaleidoscope of colour, which is a perpetual delight. Endless barges come and go, and toil up and down, their rich brown hulls in fine contrast to the reddened sails. These flap idly in the wind, or are partially furled. Sometimes the barges are loaded with vegetables,—piles of purple cabbages, pale endives, and splendid carrots, mixed with great gourds and pumpkins obtrusively sunning themselves in the yellow and flickering light, as it shines through the leaves of the trees in fitful gleams.

Along the sides of the canal, their *sabots* clicking sharply against the brick (and most trying) pavement, move the tidy, upright, cleanly people, their dress much modified, though they still wear a superabundance of petticoats, but with head-dresses still distinctive of the different provinces. In the space of a few minutes you pass a dozen different styles, from the gold or silver casquets, with fine lace or muslin laid over them, kept in place by gold-headed spiral pins, which stick quaintly forward, to the higher head-dress, with its flowing veil of rich and costly lace, which heirloom is often now, alas! surmounted by a hideous modern bonnet with cheap and tawdry artificial flowers, looking singularly out of keeping with all its surroundings.

The Gallery at the Hague has too often been written about to need mention here; but it is disappointing that so many copies and doubtful pictures are allowed to take up space; and except the Young Bull, which gives Paul Pot-

ter his renown, and which has a favourable place, the pictures are seen to great disadvantage, being housed in a large building, formerly private property, with windows in no way adapted for setting them off. There are some private collections at the Hague really more interesting than the Gallery, and with far finer "examples" of the old Dutch painters.

But the Dutch seaside was our aim; to go there and to see therefrom as much of Holland as we could was our cherished plan, and a few days saw us established in some pleasant rooms in a little villa on the sands of Scheveningen (pronounced Skeveningen).

Lodgings, in the English sense of the word, are not to be had at Scheveningen. We have rooms. Those rooms are kept, and very well kept, for us. We have boiling-water to make our tea or coffee with, our tea-things are washed for us, our boots are brushed, and here all service on the part of the landlady ends.

We very much enjoy the novelty of our position, and the coffee gets better every day. Our foraging expeditions for bread and butter, for fruit and other edibles, are very amusing. German enables one to understand a great deal of Dutch, and by adapting some words we make ourselves understood very easily. The bread all throughout Holland is most excellent, and the butter delicious. We have enlarged experiences on the subject of dinners, and we try the different restaurants in turn. Scheveningen may be said to consist of the fishing village lying behind the great sandhills or dunes, and the numberless hotels, built all along upon the top of the dunes themselves. There are very few villas or private houses near the sea, though some are being built farther inland.

It may be useful to some people to state the result of our manifold experiences. The Hotel d'Orange is much the most expensive and much the best arranged for residents—the cooking certainly beyond the average of Dutch hotels. The Zeerust, almost a new hotel, is very much less expensive, and the cooking is very nearly as good. We thought all the other hotels very much alike, except the Hotel Garni, where a very unfortunate arrangement obtains. The house is beautifully kept, the rooms are pleasant, and the proprietors are civil, reasonable, and obliging; but the whole commissariat of the hotel is let to a restaurant, and both the quantity and quality of the food are bad, and the cooking very indifferent. At this hotel the almost exploded fashion (in good hotels) of having but one knife and fork with every dish reigns in all its disagreeableness. We found our experiment of dining there did not answer; and though the situation of the Zeerust is less desirable, we soon dropped into the habit of always going there.

But if the great wish of the people at Scheveningen is ever to be realised, and the highest class of English people are to go there in numbers, the hotel-keepers have much to learn in matters of refinement. If English people pay all they are expected to pay on their side, they must get what they pay for. All this will one day come, for Scheveningen is a very queen of watering-places. It unites in itself, and in the facility with which from it you can see without long journeys the most interesting part of Holland, the charm of the most complete solitude, and the enjoyment of the most vivid pictures of the past. Nowhere in the world can you so completely live your own life, and, if you choose, ignore your

fellow-creatures, because of the immense stretch of its sands, and the great space, which prevents the possibility of being jostled against your will by other people.

On the other hand, if you are tired of your own society, you can join the people who congregate along the promenade and be sociable. If the monotony of the sea becomes at all wearisome, you are within reach, and very easy reach, of all that is most interesting in the most wonderful country in the world. The sea is full of phosphorescence at Scheveningen. Sometimes on dark nights the crest of each curling wave on the great mass of water shone like liquid fire, and the effect was weird and beautiful.

The gently sloping beach makes it a paradise for children, and the fine sands are beautifully white and clean. On windy days we find (as do other people) that we get more sand than we bargained for: it flies all over us. But where could be got such air? so fine and elastic, with a softness in it which makes it delicious. It is said not to be bracing, but it is very healthy, and must be delightful to people who do not like *sharp* winds.

The sea view is superb. On every side there is a boundless sweep of water, which takes on numberless hues as the clouds move swiftly between it and the sun. On a grey day, on a bright day, even on a rainy day, Scheveningen has a great charm for us. There is solemnity in the sameness of colour, a splendour in the sunshine, and a look of greatness in the desolate aspect the prospect wears when the skies are weeping and the wind lashes the sea into a white and whirling foam.

And Holland is a rainy country; and though this summer is a particularly dull and rainy one, and perhaps we have more rain here than

is usual, even the Dutch, who are slow to see faults in a country so dear to them, talk of its climate as "damp." Every day we feel thankful for the foresight which armed us with waterproof cloaks, which were so light as to be no trouble to carry, and to turn a sharp shower of rain, which would probably have drenched us. They cover us from head to foot, and are the envy of every one. But it is not only the rain, but the sudden way it comes upon you, which makes constant anticipation necessary. There may be a promising sky and a light wind; you are justified in expecting fine weather. From some unexpected quarter the clouds mass together, the wind dies away, and you are under a steady, heavy, pattering rain.

All the usual seaside appliances of civilisation reign at Scheveningen. The temperature of the water and of the air, the pressure of the wind, every variation, is carefully registered. There is a huge disc to show people how long they have been in the water; bathing-machines with the sunshades (so utterly unnecessary this year); and bathing-women, who add so much to the terrors of the little children who find themselves handed over to the tender mercies of females with voices like men, and plunged into the sea before their fears and astonishment have found vent in tears.

Fourteenpence is the price of a bathing-machine and attendant; and a child counts for nothing. The wind is sometimes very high, but we never feel it sharp; and a good walk in the face of a breeze is very pleasant, when that breeze has the taste and smell, the freshness, of the sea in its breath. We enjoy a good battle with it; there is something pleasant in the sense of not being daunted, and a glow of

satisfaction and exhilaration afterwards, which puts one on good terms with one's self.

There are, of course, bee-hive chairs. Sometimes a carefully attended lady is deposited in one, and her feet quickly immersed in hot water; but the chairs are usually occupied by the elder members of a family, who watch with delight the gambols of the children. You pay a fixed sum up till twelve, and then about a penny an hour; but if you get up for a second you forfeit your chair, and nothing amused us more than the anxious and greedy look of the proprietors, who hovered round to take instant advantage of an unguarded move.

There are no English just now, and only a few Americans; no smart dress or attempt at "fashionable" life. The people here are here to bathe and to bathe their children, or to be near their married daughters and sons. They sit long hours on the beach revelling in the freedom of the life and in the ripple of the sea. It cannot be all imagination that something in the place fills one with contentment and good-humour. Every one seems to be prepared to enjoy and not to cavil; faces have smiles and a pleasant expression, and we sit on the beach and make friends, especially with the Dutch babies and delightful Dutch children, who are confiding, and not shy—frank, fair, and round-limbed—and who are invariably so gently and wisely managed, that they are obedient and docile, and, even at that early age, have the look of repose and quiet happiness which strikes one in their elders.

Holland is not cheap; and yet, after a little bargaining, we buy a good large melon for 10d. from one of the men who move about with enormous baskets of fruit and cakes

in either hand; and with a hunch of good bread, we enjoy like other people a lunch *al fresco*—lunch which a light breakfast of rolls and coffee before eight and this bright air make us quite ready for at eleven o'clock.

The Dutch language, spoken rapidly all around us, and before we have made it out, sounds like a mixture of German and English; and further acquaintance with it proves it to be the case. Sometimes, however, a sentence sounds very amusing: "*Crabe op de Beestie*" is one of the military orders given to dismounted men; and though the officers say "*Steig op*," the order "mount" is given in those words. Dutch grammar is not nearly so difficult as German grammar, and a Dutch newspaper is not at all troublesome to read to any one who knows German, so many words are like either that language or English to *look at*.

There is one amusement provided at Scheveningen, and only one—a band plays every night for two hours. Nothing is paid, but every one sits—as they do all over the Continent—at little tables, and drinks tea or coffee, or beer, or other beverages, for the good of the proprietor and for their own delectation. Coffee, for some unexplained reason, is never good in Holland—tea always is. We got excellent coffee—making it ourselves; and we achieved boiling water: but the system of tea-making presupposes that, once tea is made, no more boiling water will be required. A thing like a coal-scuttle encloses a smaller pan of live charcoal, and on this the kettle reposes. Now in a few minutes the charcoal begins to glow less and less, and in a few more is nearly out. We promised ourselves that on our next visit to Holland we would take along with the wa-

terproofs we had learned to value, a small pair of bellows, which we think would effectually help us.

It is a novel but very pleasant sight, to see all the little family parties making their tea, and nodding approbation as the band played something which appealed to their sympathies more particularly. Along the broad bricked road below, the numberless carriages from the Hague drive up and down enjoying the sea air and the music—a habit which has a good deal of danger for those who prefer walking there,—and it is the only level ground,—as no coachmen in the world have less idea of what driving means than the Dutch coachmen. They drive through streets and along roads with one fixed idea, which is that every one is bound to get out of their way, and that they have nothing to do but to sit still. At Scheveningen the coachmen never even look before them—they sit slouching, with a rein in each hand, lying loose upon the horse's back, and are either gazing at the sea in a meditative mood, or are staring at the band. A sudden cry from an opposition carriage causes a halt, a good deal of scuffling takes place, and the danger over, they resume their broken dream, generally one leg crossed over the other. We could hardly believe that, as there was plenty of room (there is no foot-path), they intended driving over us; but they never moved an inch out of their way, and we had to scramble on to the stone dike whilst they "pursued the even tenor of their way." In the narrowest streets, wherever you happen to meet a carriage or to be overtaken by one, their habit is to drive straight on and expect every one to make way for them. Luckily the pace is slow, and the horses fat and quiet, for it is sometimes diffi-

cult to reach a friendly doorstep ; and in narrow streets, with no protecting pavement, it is a matter of some anxiety to secure a retreat.

There are a few shops in what is called the *Galérie des Glaces*, above which flourishes a hotel and more restaurants. One of these shops is a curiosity-shop, and with a good deal that is evidently made up for sale. There are some very quaint things to be had and to be seen : Delft cows, with the quantities of wreaths of flowers which make them look like sacrificial oxen, but which is a reproduction of what is still done every Easter when the favourite cows are decked with flowers all over the land ; old silver cups, two of which have one of those jests more in favour in the rude old times than now, as, when the wine poured in is drunk, up springs a baby in the centre.

One evening during our stay the sunset was something lovely and wonderful, even where very beautiful sunsets are the rule. Joseph Israëls was at Scheveningen, and declared that it exceeded everything he had ever seen there or elsewhere. To us the scene was strange and enchanting. It was Sunday evening ; the terrace or promenade near the band was densely thronged by an ever-moving crowd, the greater part of whom were the fishermen, their wives and children, and the country folks. The whole sky was in vivid flame-colour, tinging the wide mass of water, flecked here and there with ever-varying tints of pearly grey. The strong glare of light touched the gold and silver head-dresses of the people, and gave the crowd a most brilliant aspect. Nothing can surely equal the prettiness of their quaint Dutch holiday-dress, with the spotless white aprons, sometimes a kerchief, the curious fullness of the petticoats, and the fair

and pretty faces set off by the close rich head-dress. The weights these women carry are something beyond belief. I saw a young woman shoulder a box and march off with it as though it were empty and not full ; and the Dutch housemaid, a girl of seventeen, lifts up and empties a large travelling-bath full of water with perfect ease, and as often as not brings it into the room full instead of filling it where it stands.

The Dutch, mostly Calvinists, observe Sunday more strictly than any country after our own — though they enjoy music and make a very innocent holiday of the evening, sauntering about often arm in arm ; and when two girls, dressed, as they always are, in the immensely full and stiffened petticoats, walk close together, it naturally follows that these same petticoats stick out very oddly upon the opposite sides. They are most regular in their attendance in church, both morning and afternoon ; and no prettier sight exists than that afforded on Sunday at Scheveningen, especially on a christening Sunday, when the handsome young mothers, surrounded with sympathetic friends, march to church carrying the infants. Nothing strikes us more than the care taken of young children in Holland, and the extreme cleanliness and tidiness of even the poorest children ; and on the occasion of a christening, the robes are beautiful, so well and richly embroidered, and so exquisitely “got up.” But going through the streets, you see but little of the robes or the babies, because the mother wears a christening cloth—a long square of finely embroidered muslin trimmed with lace, which is pinned to her shoulders and falls to her feet, and under which the baby in her arms is completely concealed. These cloths are, like most of the head-

dresses, heirlooms—and are often rare and costly.

The Dutch women strike us as being very handsome; even the older women, who are weather-beaten, and have early lost their bloom and their youth, have fine features, and the reserved and intellectual expression peculiar to them. They toil unceasingly, but with a method and a definite aim free from hopelessness; and it is quite delightful to see so little poverty. Only once have we been directly asked for help. An old fisherman told us his history: his wife had died seventeen years before, and his sons were all dead but one (two having been drowned), and he pathetically showed us his empty tobacco-pouch, which his son would fill when he returned, and which in the meantime we gladly filled for him. The Dutch are said to love money; but a thrifty, hard-working people naturally have a tinge of the vice belonging to the corresponding virtue. They often do us a service without waiting to be paid for it, and we do not find that any one exacts more than is just. We find them particular and very methodical. We get all we stipulate for; and on their side they are perfectly contented with the original arrangement, whatever it may be. But it is better to have a distinct understanding as to what is expected and what is to pay, as, if anything has been left vague and undefined, it is very difficult to come to a definite understanding afterwards. We find the people, as the days go on, civil, willing, and obliging, and learn to respect their self-restraint and self-reliance. At all seaside places we have always had a compassionate feeling for mankind. When he has plunged into the sea in the early morning, has shown himself in the light of a good father, and taken his progeny

for walks, and conceived it his duty to show them the sea-anemones and shell-fish, perhaps even the different sea-weeds, he finds his time hangs rather heavily upon his hands. He is bereft of his club, his occupations and his amusements; he probably does not know a soul to talk to: he ends by seeing all the discomforts of his position, and is not recompensed as fully as he might be by the cheerful sight of the brown faces of his offspring. Abroad, his sufferings are more severe. He goes to a French watering-place with the intention of killing the proverbial birds and giving his children sea air, and that foreign residence which more readily than anything else unlocks the English tongue of childhood. He hates the food, which is to him mysterious, and he detests his bed. He is surprised to see Tompkins, his nearest neighbour, and Tompkins is surprised to see him. The children are strictly enjoined not to associate "because of French." He makes it an act of virtue also to avoid Tompkins, which act lasts twenty-four hours. Mutual discomfort draws them together; the children soon break the rule, and the English tongue reigns once more upon a "foreign strand."

Still something has been gained, if France is in question. The very fact of having bargained and bought things in French gives the children the confidence necessary to break the ice. But nothing can be more absurd or more futile than the idea possessed by some people, that in Belgium, as French is the language of society, it must also be the dialect of the Flemish fishermen. And yet only because of this can it be that Ostend, Blankenberg, and other places are so largely patronised by English people, while Scheveningen is left out in the cold. Dutch—rich as it is, interesting as it is—

is not a passport anywhere: it is of no outside value. But if the mistaken idea about Belgium be laid aside, and a complete change of sensations and the most delightful sea-bathing, be sought for only, Scheveningen would be, and will be, one of the most desirable places within a few hours of London.

It takes us some time to realise how short a distance lies between us and places we have longed to see. To stand on the great Polder (drained lake) near Haarlem; to try and realise the facts connected with that immense enterprise, and that, where those rich lands now give their mass of luxuriant crops, ships once sailed and were often tempest-tossed as though on the ocean; to see the traces of the great siege; to touch with reverence the flag held by Kenau Hasselaar as she led her three hundred Amazons; to see Franz Hals's masterpieces,—in short, to see Haarlem, was our cherished wish, and here we were within one short hour of it!

There are three ways of spanning the two miles between Scheveningen and the Hague: a steam-tramway, with its first and second class; a gondola, which bears you romantically through the windings of a canal, taking an hour and a half to do what you can accomplish the other way in twenty minutes; and an unfashionable horse-tram, which we prefer often, because the way lies under an avenue of trees, and is very pretty, and also because in its more homely manners it conveys many a *bourgeoise*, who with a little encouragement tells us much that is interesting. The horse-tramway deposits us in the centre of the Hague, and we change trains, and are taken on to the Hollandsche Spoorweg (railway). Every one shows us very great kindness, and an anxiety lest we should go

wrong—the driver of our first train getting down to tell the other he was to show us the ticket-office (which he did) on our arrival.

The train, though a “quick” train, goes very slowly through the flat and open country. The wide canals are studded with water-lilies, both white and yellow, and are fringed with sedges. Windmills follow each other in very constant succession. Here and there is a wood and a country-house, and the rich fields contain quantities of the black and white cows which prevail in Holland. There is a good deal of wood, and one place, where a small station invites the train to stop, is called by a Dutch name signifying, “The place of the singing of birds.” The environs of Haarlem are very pretty: the look of luxuriance which the crops have on these “drained lakes” always points them out. Here the lake was eleven leagues in circumference, and took twelve years to drain—about one thousand million tons of water having to be pumped out of it; but the million of money this grand scheme cost was very soon repaid by the cultivation.

The centre of interest for us, of course, lies in the Great Church and the Town Hall. We timed our visit so as to hear the magnificent organ, and the richness of its tone is unsurpassed; but the church, in itself a grand building, is cruelly despoiled and bare. This is partly because at the time of the great siege some of its statues and ornaments were used to assist the people to defend themselves, and partly because the extreme Calvinism of the Protestants led them to strip the churches of all that reminded them of the Roman Catholic religion. The place is disfigured beyond belief: the huge pillars are white-washed; black and white cover everything that can be painted;

the centre aisle is choked with hideous pews and seats, and the people assembled to hear the organ neither take off their hats nor show the smallest reverence—at intervals talking, laughing, and nodding to their acquaintances. The same absence of reverence prevails externally (but, as far as this goes, we have often felt this keenly as regards some of our most beautiful cathedrals at home): the grand old walls are used as backgrounds to shabby little shops and sheds (even a small stable clinging to it), all of which surroundings go far to neutralise the effects of the grandeur of the building.

With a feeling of disappointment we went to the old Stadt Huis (Town Hall), and here all exceeded our expectations. It is a most wonderful old building, and in perfect preservation. As we trod the boards of the Council Chamber, it was easy to imagine the commotion there in 1572, when in December the siege began, and the Burgomeister, getting anxious and cowardly, fled, leaving the people to prove their heroism for seven long months. The most prominent figure of the defence, Kenau, was a widow, and she got those three hundred women together who did such good service under her leadership.

The old house has a great many relics of that grand if ineffectual struggle—stone balls, some of the pikes and guns used, and the torn flags, with much besides. Certainly never was it our good fortune to see more really interesting things. They are all kept in an old room, which goes by the name of the Spanish room. A picture of Kenau is there—a plain determined-looking woman, with an upright figure and a composed and self-reliant air.

The pictures by Franz Hals must be seen, because, unless they are seen, we shall be accused of exag-

geration. Every one in the least interested in art in Holland speaks of these pictures; outside comparatively few people know them. To us he is far beyond any painter, as a portrait-painter, we have ever seen, and none of the pictures bearing his name in galleries, except in Amsterdam, are equal to these. The first impression was, that we had never seen real portrait-painting before. His people *live* in the most extraordinary way; their eyes look through you, and seem to read your very thoughts. A German gentleman complained of their being very much alike; but I cannot say we, any of us, thought so. There is an individuality, a subtle expression of its own, in each powerful face. You feel that the painter had that insight into character without which portrait-painting stops short of being at all interesting.

Studying those marvellous pictures was a sort of revelation. There are but two portraits I have seen lately that in my mind have something of the same indefinable power. Millais's portrait of Gladstone, and Bisschop's of Motley the historian, which latter hangs in the Japanese room in the Palace near the Hague. The colouring in Hals's pictures is splendid, and they are all painted with a freedom and ease which give the idea that he knew his power, and revelled in it. He lived before Rembrandt. His pictures are so absolutely real, that they would repay a long and wearisome journey, and Haarlem is twelve hours from London.

Once we had left the marketplace and the surrounding old buildings, it was much more difficult to realise the story of the siege; there is such an air of repose and tranquillity about the place. Was it really here that the Spaniards, when by treachery they

had got into the town, kept five executioners and their assistants at work for days? All looks so fair and calm; flowers bloom as they should do at Haarlem. The quiet waters flow on, all is bright and peaceful, but we think that the past struggle has left its impress on the faces of the inhabitants as on their bearing and character. They have more the reflective expression of a people with a past history to be proud of, than the eager and expectant look of a new people with a future and no past. Every visit to Haarlem increased our admiration for it.

Some of the names of the streets sound so familiar, that the difference, in fact, was almost startling. Park Laan is, however, a pretty mixture of water, greensward, and flower-beds, stretching before a single row of houses: one dog-carriage, two women, and ourselves represented the traffic one day when we rested a few moments there—rather a contrast to the Park Lane we know so well.

It is perhaps hardly fair, when dwelling with so much pleasure on the many delights of Holland, to pass over in silence those things which were by no means a delight. The pavements are detestable in all the towns, consisting of hard bricks set up on end. They punish the feet most terribly, and make walking a penance. One other thing truth forces us to confess. As in all Continental places, and even worse than in many, at the least expected moments odours anything but savoury assail you,—only at Scheveningen we were entirely free from this trial, where there are no fields to cultivate, and nothing as yet to task the energies of “drainage commissioners.” No! there nothing comes to spoil the perfect air. The sands are thickly planted with bent-grass, which represents at present all its vegetation, and no manuring is required.

Within a very pretty walk of the Hague is the Palace, where the late Queen Sophia passed much of her time, and where, in old days, Mary of Orange lived. It is a pretty and cheerful place. The ball-room is painted throughout by Rubens and his pupils. All the paintings are scenes commemorating the triumphs of Frederick William; and at the very top of the dome by which this *salon* is surmounted, and set into the ceiling, is a portrait of his wife, who is supposed to be looking down approvingly upon the pictures.

Not very far from the Palace we were shown over what we particularly wished to see—a model Dutch farm. Anything so pretty and so exquisitely neat we never saw: red and blue, here and there white and yellow, were the prevailing colours. On entering we were directly in the kitchen. One large corner was raised and made a platform: on this platform the family had their meals and spent their leisure hours, which, judging from the activity we saw, must be few and far between—for it was a farm where all the sons and daughters worked, and few hired hands were employed. The stove was a perfect picture—bright as steel; and the china *plaques* facing it (blue and white) looked so tempting and pretty. All the pails, &c., were painted blue, and the iron hoops were polished till they looked like silver. The dairy was beautifully kept, but so totally different from our ideas of a dairy! The farm is famous for the skim-milk cheeses—not those round red cheeses we call Dutch cheese, or the Gouda cheeses, which are considered in Holland as inferior to others, but large, rather flat cheeses. The milk-pans are extremely deep, and narrow at the base, and the milk stands one day and night. It is then skimmed, the cream makes

butter, and the whole of the milking of the day before makes one cheese. They make about 250 cheeses in the year, all of which go direct to England. The pans are all set on the ground, which, like all the rest of the building, is tiled and painted red.

The cow-byres were also all painted red, walls and floors, except the stone coping which divided the mangers from the cows, and this was painted in red, blue, and white stripes. There was no division between the cows, who are fastened by a clumsy-looking but simple contrivance when they inhabit this beautiful home. Just now they are out all day and night, and are milked in the fields. One thing all through Holland gives a well-finished and pleasant look to all country life, and was particularly noticeable in the out-buildings of this farm — the woodwork, it is so beautifully finished. The railings of the outdoor staircase to the hay-loft might adorn many a gentleman's house in England; the bars are round and polished; the commonest ladders are not rough; the gates are ornamental and almost always painted; and the palings are beautifully neat. The good *vrouw* was pleased by our keen appreciation, and led the way to a very small sitting-room (which is never used), to show us a glass bookcase. Each shelf was full of silver ornaments which had been presented to her and her husband the year before on their silver wedding-day. All round the place the greatest tidiness prevailed. The cows are almost all black and white: you so seldom see any other colour; when you do, it is generally dun colour. They are sometimes a great size, but the most prevailing kind are not very large. Here the cows were very fine: we counted twenty in one field near the farm, and

there may have been more. I wanted to know how many they kept, and was told the number varied; when they had a good cow they kept her, when they saw a good cow they bought her, and when they had a bad cow they sold her.

There is, of course, a certain air of resemblance in the Dutch towns — the canals and trees prevailing everywhere. The bricks in common use, and the style of the picturesque buildings, give a likeness; but it is not given to every town to have ancient buildings in such excellent preservation as at Haarlem or Delft; and of the many towns we saw, Delft will always live in our memory as second to Haarlem in its old-world look, and as first in point of beauty. It is a small town; but at every turn we took it presented a new picture. The pointed towers of the old gateway and some of the other buildings are like some of the towers at Lübeck.

We went to Delft on one of those lovely days of capricious sunshine which I always think more enchanting than a cloudless sky. It takes a very short twenty minutes from the Hague, and we arrived feeling a little strange, knowing not one soul in the place. Walking up the side of a canal which led straight away from the station, we saw the name of a Swiss watch-maker, and the happy thought occurred to us to ask him concerning the porcelain manufactory, about which, even so near as the Hague, we could learn nothing. No more successful idea could have come to us; he was the most sympathetic, the most friendly of men. His French was very Swiss and very rusty, but his overflowing goodwill gave him eloquence. After explaining the turns we were to take, and those we were to avoid, he came to the conclusion that we were quite incapable of finding the

place—so he called his servant, a pleasant, clean-looking girl, and sent her with us to show us the way.

It certainly would have been very difficult to recognise the place—because it is level with the street, and nothing about the entrance marks it from any other house. A very small and modest *plaque* alone gives the proprietor's name, and the words *porzellan fabrik* have to be looked for. The mission of his servant did not end here: she interviewed the foreman, explained what we wanted, and only left us when quite certain all was thoroughly arranged.

As we could see nothing during the men's dinner-hour, we bade her good-bye and walked about quite charmed by the still beauty of everything. Every one was having his mid-day meal; the horses stood with the one loosened trace to prevent their running off—a precaution which looks so unnecessary when you see the absolute contentment with which they stand stockstill, apparently too sleepy to do more than idly reach a mouthful of hay or grass, and whisk a tail the worse for wear in remonstrance when a peculiarly aggressive fly annoys them. The barges went slowly on. We found it was time to go back to the *fabrik*, and sauntered down the street, pausing at the bridges to take note of the different long vistas made by the lopped trees. At the *fabrik* we were received by the son of the proprietor, a very pleasant and well-bred man, speaking the most excellent English, and he showed us over every corner of it.

The first intelligence he gave us was rather a shock to our feelings. The clay all comes from England, and is the same as that used by Minton. This is why Delft is very dear—dearer than the Dresden china at Meissen. It is also very

much less durable, but I do not think the two can be compared. The modern Meissen china is excellent for wear and tear, and is as nearly unbreakable as china can be; but though modern Delft is not prized, there is a particular attraction in it to all of us,—the creamy tone and the extreme softness of the colour make it quite unlike any other china. The building in which the whole manufacture is carried on is the same as that used in old days. For many years nothing was done, and the whole place was shut up. Five years ago, the enterprise of the present manufacturer started it fresh on the old premises. The intelligent gentleman who showed us everything is ambitious, and hopes at no distant day to add to what is done at present the revival of the old coarse grey pottery, of such value in the eyes of connoisseurs, as works of art and for ornament. Every one acquainted with Delft knows that it is the most fragile china in the world, whether as regards its finer kind or the earthenware. Indeed, on this account so little of the real old Delft is left to tell its story, that it is, when genuine, priceless from its extreme rarity.

All china manufactories are alike. Here the extraordinary tumble-down buildings were more interesting to us, from the associations they carried, than the bravest new buildings could have been. The oldest man who was working there, had begun his work in the old factory sixty years ago, and had been of great use to the new enterprise. One difference lies in the blue china-painting here and at Meissen. There the *zwiebel* (onion pattern) is printed, and then touched by hand: here all is hand-painted, and there is no printing. Another thing here struck us which

we do not remember to have seen at Meissen—an arrangement of magnets to attract the iron in the clay as it passes them in its liquid state. There is a small but very choice collection of china kept in the showroom—china from real old Delft to Worcester, Dresden, &c.; and a good many of the antique shapes are most admirably reproduced both in form and colour; and putting them side by side, it was difficult to tell which was which. It was altogether a very interesting and enjoyable visit, which we were delighted to have accomplished. No china is sold at the factory itself; but there is a depot of it in the town, where anything can be ordered or purchased.

We wanted to see the "New" Church, which was built in 1331, with the monument to the memory of our William the First, Prince of Orange; and, in searching for an open door, had another of the many proofs we received of the extreme kindness of the Dutch to strangers. A lady who had noticed us going round and finding every door shut, ran all round by one of the bridges, and arrived breathless to tell us where the sacristan lived. "I saw you were strangers," she said, with a pretty smile, "and came to assist you." Before we could thank her in adequate terms, she had gone. The monument is splendid; it is in black and white marble; and the little dog that saved his life is lying at the feet of the Prince. The figures at the corners are very spirited and well modelled. It is here that all the royal family are interred; "thirty-six kings and queens," the sacristan said proudly, "lie underneath."

Except this monument, there is nothing to admire in the church. The proportions of these old churches are always fine, but the universal black and white colour

gives a cold and formal look. The old church has a very leaning tower, but is said to have been in the same state for many generations: it is caused by a sinking in the foundations. It is always difficult to remember how much of this extraordinary country has been reclaimed from the sea, and what a hand-to-hand fight it has been. Besides the craving appetite of the sea (and it must be remembered that great part of Holland is below the sea-level), it has the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Ysel, the Waal, and the Leck to take precautions against. It is much too large a subject to touch upon in a sketch like the present; but to appreciate the nature of the engineering works required, to understand how the laws have to be made to meet the emergencies always possible, and to be able to do proper honour to the indomitable energy of the Dutch people, there are many available books; and a concise and very clear account by Lord Thurlow should be studied. The water-staat is a most important branch of the government. Only one part of the laws affect travellers, and that is, one which summons, *if need be*, every man, woman, or child residing in the country, "to assist in repelling an invasion of the sea," and in repairing the weak spot of any dike in the neighbourhood. We can safely say that had such an emergency arisen, we all would have done our very best!

Katwyk am See is at present a small sea-bathing place in its extreme infancy, and not worth a visit. The fishing village, unlike fair Scheveningen, is dingy and dirty. There are a few small and very second-rate hotels, and a limited beach unpleasantly near the village, the odours of which are most unsavoury. People some-

times talked of a future for Katwyk, but it wants space, as the whole extent is too much hemmed in.

No : the place for which probably a great future looms is Zandvoort, or Zandpoort as it is often spelt. It is the natural outlet for the residents of Haarlem and Amsterdam (which is only twenty minutes from Haarlem). Here is much that reminds one of Scheveningen—the immense stretch of sandy dunes, the shelving beach, and the grand sweep of the rippling sea. But at present it lacks much that its fairer neighbour has ; and though the neighbourhood of Haarlem is well wooded and beautiful, the woods and shade do not extend above half-way to Zandvoort, and the delight of shady walks, and the song of birds, accessible in a few moments from the Scheveningen beach, is beyond a walk for most people at Zandvoort. There are some huge hotels ; and life is as dear, if not dearer than with its more fashionable neighbour. We should think it will be a long time before it can in any way be considered its rival. What makes Scheveningen so delightful a residence is, that you have within a few moments everything the heart of man can wish for. Society, antiquities, art-treasures, and a thousand subjects of interest, besides natural beauty. “Society” requires one or two introductions. The Dutch, like the Belgians and ourselves, do not rush into acquaintance ; but if society is wished for, one or two introductions will

bring many more. We shall always remember the daily gatherings at one lovely spot, where we were made welcome, and where, in the gardens, near courts devoted to lawn-tennis, begonias on a gigantic scale filled the beds, set off by the thick woods behind them.

No doubt the Dutch may have many faults ; but looking at them, no one can deny that some of the finest types of humanity are to be seen among them. Watching their faces you can see and better understand the natures which braved so much. From this small spot on the earth’s surface, how many naval heroes have sprung ! and what a history of endurance, of patient struggling against adverse circumstances ! Inch by inch they fought and still fight with the sea for the land they live in. The Spanish invasion—the endless points in their history—have surely something to do with the steadfast resolute look in their eyes. The poorer classes have one misfortune—they have painfully shrill, harsh voices. Luckily they are not often raised in anger. They look to us, as they move to and fro, busied about their own concerns, in their peculiarly quiet manner, types of the strength which lies in patience. Fortitude and patience have gained them a glorious name in the past ; and it doubtless will continue to do so ; and if a time should ever come when the future calls forth the same great qualities, once more the world will look on, marvel, and admire.

RESEMBLANCES IN LITERATURE.

FITZOSBORNE has somewhere said that modern Latin poems put him in mind of Harlequin's snuff, collected by borrowing a pinch from each man he met, and retailed to his customers under the pompous title of "*Tabac de milles fleurs*." In recurring to classical authors, gentlemen of Fitzosborne's day had the precedent of Tacitus, full of reminiscences of Horace's Odes, or in their own country and in verse of George Herbert, whose '*Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Angliâ*' regularly winds up with a Horatian phrase. But in each of these precedents there was something that should have warned modern snuff-makers they were not to be haphazard followed. Tacitus has snipped his pinches, but without detriment to the thought he was already working out, so that they have dropped into his composition and become part of it. And for Herbert, though something akin might readily be urged, his poached particles were probably intended rather to show that he had been visitant in the high regions whence they came, than to throw ridicule and satire on even the author of the '*Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria*.' Still, in these cases, as the granules of now milder, now more pungent snuff passed from the hands of men not ashamed to lend into and through Harlequin's, and took their place in Harlequin's box, moulded into the *tabac*, just as his plastic wit adjudged, so with Tacitus, and in a fair sense with Herbert; what they have taken has become their own, been gathered of their own diligence, sifted and arranged by their own intellectual powers, and presented in a form indistinguishably and essentially one. But has

it been always so? The proportion of borrowed matter leads one to fear not—to fear that thought and imagery, asported not appropriated, seized but unassimilated, have been used where the author's concern with them has been nothing more than that they are included in a compilation, whose subscription at-tests at once the rifler and his want of skill. And why? Merely because to the copier there must always have appeared, and must always appear, something attractive in what he reproduces; while there can seldom have been, and can seldom be, the fitness arising out of association with his immediate subject and context, or out of exact harmony with the scope of thought individually his, which alone can justify the reproduction. Wherever beauty or power is seen, let the world by all means be gladdened by its perpetuation or increase—and through the agency of him whose merit it is to have perceived the beauty or the power; but will the world be gladdened, will a right be wisely exercised, unless there is observed conformity to a principle pervading true imitation in, not literature alone, but all the arts?

There is difficulty in the precise formularising of the principle, but its nature is readily understood; the thing itself is not at all remote. It is seen crystallising whatever is of genius in the sculptured Hercules of the ancients; in the painted Menippus of Velasquez; in the fugues of Bach; the '*Barbier de Seville*' of Beaumarchais; or in the garden whose cultivated luxuriant richness mocks the tutored bush and geometrical parterre, or the *human* pantomime, or such a parody as Mr Calverley's '*Arcades*

Ambo,' or such a character as David Copperfield, or such maxims as Rochefoucauld's, or such descriptive pieces as are many of Sir Walter Scott's. The thing presented may be specific—instinct, electric with the peculiar and the individual: for cognisance by man it *must* have form; but the production is not worthy if, consciously or unconsciously—the unconsciousness is often nothing less than the rapidity of genius—the artist's mind has not discerned and proceeded on *apt generalisation*. There is indeed, we know, a something which passes as imitation, and has its merit and mechanical skill; but its unvarnished name is copying. And it is to this that Aristotle refers when in his 'Rhetoric' he says: "Everything is pleasant which has been correctly imitated, although the original object of which it is the imitation may not in itself be pleasant, for one does not feel pleasure on that account, but there is an inference that 'this means that,' and thus it happens we learn something."

If, then, there is a universal principle that imitation in all the arts is only properly carried out after generalisation—the particular form which the imitator seeks as his exponent being determined by the thing on which he is engaged—there is importance, no doubt, in attention to it in its application to literature. The importance lies in this: that since in the original the idea will be found embedded in all its peculiarities, if the writer is unable to perform the generalisation, and fix the expression proper to the place in which he uses the idea, his different context will give the peculiarities of the writer he copies, no longer modified by their proper context, an exaggeration, with this result—that instead of idealisation, the issue of highest genius, there will be unintended

caricature, the hardly yielding evidence of inability or carelessness. Should we, in what follows, not recurrently apply the rule now stated, it will be merely because we are of no doubt that the wit of the reader will unerringly apply it, and thus give its true connection to what may seem somewhat out of joint.

Rapin says of Terence, who himself is modest,—

"Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo
male
Ex Græcis bonis, Latinas fecit non
bonas,"—

that he wrote in a manner "et si naturelle, et si judicieuse, que de copie il est devenu origine." This is exactly the reverse of what Boileau has affirmed concerning writers who revolve for ever about themselves—"D'un original on fait une copie." But the *ratio* of the dicta is one. And it is in closest harmony, as well with the enunciated proposition as with the rule of Condillac, that the art of writing well consists in tolerating nothing which is not in association with what precedes. Take an example. Cowley, in what he conceived and misconceived to be his masterpiece, is labouring to impress upon us the bottomlessness of the bottomless abyss. It is, he says—

"Beneath the dens where unfleht tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try."

Now what does Young, so many of whose "Night Thoughts" had been by others already brought to the light of day, make of this? Why, careless of sublimity, he bids us "elance our thought"

"Above the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar."

It had served equally well if, bid-

ding one examine a star, he had desired him to look above the ditch. The example, however, is not yet to be lost. There was nothing very meritorious in Cowley's performance, however it may compare with Young's; and this Dryden perceived. In his "Macflecknoe" he accordingly throws it into ridicule:—

"A nursery erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future
heroes bred;
Where unfledged actors learn to laugh
and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices
try,
And little Maximins the gods defy."

Mrs Barbauld, mistaking the parody for serious poetry, big with thought and prediction, transferred it to her Rhymes addressed to some Grammar School:—

"Its modest front it rears,
A nursery of men for future years;
Here infant bards and embryo statesmen
lie,
And unfledged poets short excursions
try,"—

unless, indeed, she was in part inspired by Shenstone's "Schoolmistress":—

"Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits
appear!
E'en now sagacious foresight points to
show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er
shall die!"*

Ah! would that writers would bear in mind the advice given by Swift in his "Letter to a Young Poet"! Do you not use the ancients "as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve

upon them, and make their sentiments your own, which is an effect of great judgment, and thought difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching. For I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own." The distinction is just. The doctrine of traduction, *ut lumen de lumine*, applies not only to souls. One does not object when Ben Jonson sings,—

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me.

Since which it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee,"—

because Martial had more tersely said,—

"Intactas, quare mittis mihi, Pollo,
coronas?

A te vexatas malo tenere rosa."

But here the song has its entirety; the one thought makes it. There is no question of any awkward, *unprepared* sentiment—so suggestive of adoption from an outside source. But *when* it is otherwise—that is, suggestive—a single instance, all the better if free from any biasing contention of mere plagiarism, makes plain. In Mrs Edward Liddell's recently published 'Songs in Minor Keys'—a volume cheerful in its simplicity, and with a power of peering beneath the surface, especially in natural objects—is a piece called "The Outlook." The second verse runs thus:—

"On the old window-sill she leans,
Her warm hands pressed upon the stone;
The tall carnations breathe their prayer
Of fragrance on the evening air,
And soon for Day the skies shall weep,
Passed gently to the realms of sleep."

* Isaac Disraeli thought there was more than casual likeness between this passage of Shenstone and the reflection in Gray's "Elegy"—"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest," &c.

To the last two lines it has been objected, and properly, that "the bright sky of starlight does not weep for a bright day passed, nor is it in any sense appropriate to the subject of the picture to represent the sky as likely to weep for the passing of the day." But what, so far as the authoress is concerned, was the true cause of this blemish, has not been perceived. It lies in the fact that the image of the lines is borrowed. In the ninth book of 'Paradise Lost,' Milton has this beautiful thought:—

"Sky lowered, and, mutt'ring thunder,
some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original,"—

which Wordsworth (of nice acquaintance with whose writings Mrs Liddell discovers many instances), in contrasting Imagination and Fancy, opposes to a conceit attributed to Lord Chesterfield:

"The dews of the evening most carefully
shun;
They are the tears of the sky for the loss
of the sun."

But this mode of transplantation is practised in respect of nothing more than the simile. At times the foreign flower (or shrub) is so tended as to appear indigenous; at others it attracts, but only to its withered life: better far were it that, unseen for ever, it had shed its leaves about its native bed. All this is illustrated in the history, previous and subsequent, of that celebrated passage in the 'Essay on Criticism,' which concludes—

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps
arise."

"The comparison," says Samuel Johnson, "of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. . . . [It] has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture

by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension and elevates the fancy." As Warton pointed out, the simile and the panegyric belong to Drummond:—

"All as a pilgrime who the Alps doth
passe.

When he some heaps of hills hath over-
went,
Begins to think on rest, his journey
spent,
Till, mounting some tall mountaine he
doth finde
More heights before him than he left
behinde."

But whether Pope's or Drummond's, the 'Essay' was hardly published before the 'Spectator' (who chagrined Dennis by praising the 'Essay' much about this time) is found making use of it: "We are complaining," the writer says, "of the shortness of life, and are yet perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain imaginary points of rest. . . . Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these. . . . Are we not marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." The simile no doubt passed through many hands before it became the possession of that gentleman who literally translated his 'Contrat Social' from Huber's 'De Jure Civitatis, Libri iii.,' and indulged in several other similar vagaries. In the fourth book of 'Emile,' Rousseau discovers that

all conquerors are not killed ; all usurpers do not fall victims to their designs. On the contrary, he says, to the populace these evil-doers oftentimes seem happy ; but he who, challenging appearances, judges of happiness by piercing to the heart, will trace sorrows in the midst of their successes : “ Il verra leurs désirs et leurs soucis rongeurs s’étendre et s’accroître avec leur fortune ; il les verra perdre haleine en avançant, sans jamais parvenir à leurs termes : il les verra semblables à ces voyageurs inexpérimentés qui, s’engageant pour la première fois dans les Alpes, pensent les franchir à chaque montagne, et, quand ils sont au sommet, trouvent avec découragement de plus hautes montagnes au-devant d’eux.” Few could hope to vie with Jean Jacques in turning an affiliated idea to honour and advantage : Sir Walter Scott was not among them. By 1808 the successes of Napoleon had impressed the most resolute of his enemies that it was not the will of Providence they should continue to resist their predestined master. “Austerlitz,” wrote his knightly biographer, anxious to fulfil his engagements with “the great Napoleon of the realms of print,” “had shaken their constancy ; Tilsit destroyed it ; and with few and silent exceptions, the vows, hopes, and wishes of France seemed turned on Napoleon as her Heir by Destiny. Perhaps he himself, only, could finally have disappointed their expectations. But he was like the adventurous climber on the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most dangerous precipices and ascending to the most towering peaks only shows yet dizzier heights and higher points of elevation.” What with indifferent English, and the notion misapplied, really the poet of the Pelicans is not materially worse:—

“Ocean, breaking from its black stupor,
pineness,
Drowned in his own stupendous uproar
all
The voices of the storm beside : meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface ;
Mountains, each other swallowing ; and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys
Upstarting, joined the battle.”

Quite in another spirit is the use made by Sir John Herschel, in the Introduction to his ‘*Outlines of Astronomy*,’ of this (to borrow an expression from Perrault) long-tailed comparison :—

“No man can rise from ignorance to anything deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress. To reach from the plain the loftiest summits of an Alpine country, many inferior eminences have to be scaled and relinquished ; but the labour is not lost. The region is unfolded in its closer recesses, and the grand panorama which opens from aloft is all the better understood and the more enjoyed for the very misconceptions in detail which it rectifies and explains.”

It would be a curious problem in the doctrine of chances, worthy of the mathematico-literary tastes of the late Professor De Morgan, to ascertain what is the likely number of these authors, who, if Drummond had not put “Alps” first in his category of mountains, or if Pope had not pitched on Alps, would have supplied some other range : the general structure of their sentences would no doubt have been the same.

Indeed a well-addressed simile so admirably embodies a truth, and is so communicative of it, that

where one has to deal with a subject the cardinal point of which has been so presented, he would be unjust to those he offers to teach in repressing it. And if he be a man of weight, he will not need the authority of the name of its originator to support it. Accordingly, Hazlitt, though he has not, like Coleridge, either in his 'Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age,' or in any other work, translated Schlegel wholesale, has yet, in the delivery of one of these lectures, seen well to appropriate a passage from the German critic's 'Lectures on Dramatic Literature,' thus rendered by Mr Black: "The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey or the Church of St Stephen at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakespeare." This, Hazlitt has at once condensed and adapted to his audience with admirable skill: "Sophocles differs from Shakespeare as a Doric portico from Westminster Abbey." But clearly as an idea must be seized before it is pithily expressed, where an author has and uses the power of expanding without enervating, the grasp is as decisive and the invention more in play. Here, with the critic most resolved for the just distribution of literary fame—perhaps here alone—the lips that, the justness of that distribution threatened, open but to crush, must be set wide to praise.

Hesiod describes the rise of Aphrodite from the sea, and tells that

"Where her delicate feet
Had pressed the sands, green herbage
flowering sprang."

Persius, in characteristic close-set words, refers to the tradition in making the superstitious grandam pray that the footsteps of her cradle-child may press the springing rose:

"Quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat."
But Ben Jonson revels in the thought. He knows how lingering is melancholy joy, and will have us, in "Sad Shepherd," to perceive how appetising is this reflection to a sorrowed mind:—

"Here she was wont to go, and here, and
here,
Just where those daisies, pinks, and vio-
lets grow,
The world may find the spring by follow-
ing her,
For other print her airy steps ne'er left,
And where she went the flowers took
thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous
foot."

In the "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth, though with exquisite choice of words, does not approach the older singer. For he suffers himself to call before the reader's mind another and as rich a source of floral birth:—

"Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

A later writer has returned to the older thought. Dr Westland Marston calls his piece, "Three Dreams of Death." The dreams are related by a girl in her last illness to her betrothed:—

"What heralds sent
From self-subsisting affluence of light
Visit our pensioned world? O happy
pair!
Beneath our steps are crushed the casual
flowers
Which theirs bequeath as memories."

Butler, seizing the comic aspect of the episode, finds in it irony directed against lovers' praises of their mistress:—

"Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet." *

Thus is there broad application of what, upwards of two centuries since, Rymer said of a dramatist, to whom we have already so referred

* In Dr Percy's 'Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions,' an old poem called "Death and Life" is given as a specimen of alliterative versification. In a
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as to show the good sense of his remark: "I cannot be displeased with honest Ben, when he chuses rather to borrow a melon of his neighbour, than to treat us with a pumpon of his own growth."

Among the things to be learnt from tracing the same thought in various writers, and noting the resembling closeness of its vestures, are these—which of his predecessors a writer read, and in what spirit he read or studied them. The influence on one of an appreciated writer is recognised; such influence has led in great measure to the formation of distinctive schools. In writing a life of Goethe, it was therefore found well to examine the entries at public libraries that showed what books he had perused. And it is evident that if we know the self-chosen masters, we know something of those that have learned from them. No man who is great is utterly self-stocked; and however resource and vigour of mind and soul may mould the objective as it presses upon us, the nature of the objective influence is material. It is, then, markedly in this point, more strongly even than in that already instanced, that the principle of true imitation, the study of plagiarisms, and the study of the history of literature, are connected. "We are indebted," says "January Searle," in speaking of the difference in manner obtaining between Emerson's earlier and later essays—"we are indebted to Montaigne for this change in Emerson's style and mode of thought. It is clear that Emerson has studied him, that he has to some extent adopted his scepticism, and become

more catholic than he was wont to be." The mention of Montaigne suggests a number of names—the names of those who, in one form or another, have reproduced some part of the thoughts loosely lying but richly scattered there. Nothing could better illustrate his relation to later literature than the manner in which his treasures (mostly borrowed, and from Plutarch and from Seneca) have been used by Pascal, Sterne, Emerson, and Prior; and at the same time, of the characters of these four men there are reflections, not much broken, in the modes in which their works present the thoughts derived through him. To turn to the last of the batch. "If Prior's poetry be generally considered," Johnson has said, "his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention: his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. I have traced him among the French epigrammatists, and have been informed that he poached for prey among obscure authors." What a correspondence there is between the first part of this judgment and the remainder! It was even closer than Johnson supposed; for the design of the longer pieces was no more original than was that of the shorter. Thus "Alma," the philosophy of which has provoked sufficient praise from Dugald Stewart, is an expansion of some lines in Montaigne on "Drunkenness," professedly not his: "The natural

description of "Our Lady Dame Life," of exceptional beauty, occur the following lines:—

"And as she came by the bankes, the boughes eche one
They lowted to that ladye and layd forth their branches;
Blossoms and burgens breathed full sweete,
Flowers flourished in the frith where she forth stepped,
And the grasse that was gray grened belive."

heat first seats itself in the feet, that concerns infancy; thence it mounts into the middle region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my opinion, the sole true pleasure of human life—all other pleasures, in comparison, sleep. Toward the end, like a vapour that still mounts upward, it arrives at the throat, where it makes its final residence, and concludes the progress." Now compare what Matthew explains to Richard as "my scheme:"—

"My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees.
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at length hereafter.
Mature, if not improved by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence compelled by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage."

There are three circumstances confirming the suggestion that Prior—effectively enough, it must be allowed—has borrowed from the Essayist: (1.) The alternative title of "Alma" is "The *Progress* of the Mind;" the concluding word of the passage quoted from Cotton's translation. (2.) When Prior inquired of Pope what he thought of his "Solomon," and Pope insisted in reply on the merits of "Alma," Prior pooh-poohed him. (3.) We know that Prior was familiar with Montaigne, for we find him writing verses in a copy of his works. But if Prior could philosophise on a hint by the page, he could follow one couplet in another; and Alleyne, the author of a poetical history of the times of Henry VII., having said that

"For nought but light itself, itself can show,

And only kings can write, what kings can do,"—

Prior could vary the conceit, and retain its prettiness:—

"Your music's power, your music must disclose,
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows."

Facts, however, culled from the natural outside world—and the truth common to Alleyne and Prior is one of them—do belong to the great general magazine of thought. "Poussin is not accused of plagiarism for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both hands at the death of Germanicus, because Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter—judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at the sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil." And the spirit of the criticism extends to whatever has found expression in proverbial form. Epigrammatical force makes his the line Wordsworth is conveying to posterity—

"The child is father to the man."

It is not unoriginal, because Dryden had already said—

"Men are but children of a larger growth;"—

because Pope had said—

"The boy and man an individual makes;"—

because Lloyd had said—

"For men, in reason's sober eyes,
Are children but of larger size;"—

because Mallet had said—

"She kissed the father in the child;"—

or because in France the sentiment had for two centuries been recognised—

"C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant."*

* Cf. 'Tirocinium,' l. 149: "The man approving what had charmed the boy."

One of the most curious results comparison of authors tends to show is, that the world is better than its literature would tell. The result is well marked. To all but ultra-pessimistic philosophers it is pleasant. There is a Chinese saying that marble for being polished is no whit less cold, is no whit less hard: that so it is with courtiers. La Bruyère puts it thus: "La cour est comme un édifice bâti de marbre; je veux dire qu'elle est composée d'hommes fort durs, mais fort polis." A different application had been made by Tasso. The harshness of his verses is reproached against him. He replies: "Son duri, e pur son belli i marmi." Mirabeau, coming back to courtiers, is as brief: "Hommes de marbre, homme durs et polis!" Poor Mirabeau! unscrupulous in self-concerns, a statesman of unyielding honesty, in everything resistless—in what depths is there solved the problem of thy life! An episode of Romilly's helps to tell. In 1788, Romilly visited the Bicêtre, and was disgusted with what he saw there. Meeting Mirabeau, he mentioned the impression made on him; and Mirabeau urged him to put his thoughts in writing, and give them to him. This Romilly did. Mirabeau translated the notes into French, published them as a pamphlet, "Lettre d'un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de Bicêtre," to which he affixed his name. On the other hand, Romilly afterwards printed his original letter as a translation from Mirabeau's French. Nor is it to be supposed that Romilly's act was worked out in forgetfulness. Forgetfulness may, however, sometimes have a place in similar events; for it is authentically stated that the criticism of a German paper appeared translated in the columns of a French paper, and was by the very paper originating the criticism

referred to in evidence of the superior critical skill of the French. The subject was that Requiem of Mozart which is marked, perhaps,—the work of Dumas et Cie. always excepted,—by the most striking series of frauds, and most wholesale appropriation of others' work, the history of plagiarism offers.

But it is the ladies, above all other parts of the human race, who have cause to be thankful for the labours of such as are deep in the lore pertaining to

"Those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books,
And ruin half an author's graces,
By plucking bon-mots from their places."

Thus, to the wise of the fair—the beautiful blues—it must be matter of warm self-gratulation to know that the vulgar criticism which concerns itself maliciously—not statisticianly, that is bearable—with the question of feminine *taille*, is based on repeated scandal, and is not the result of independent observation. Scaliger has the following passage: "Soccus humilis est. Italas mulieres altissimis usus vidimus, quamvis diminutivâ voce dicant socculos. Patris mei perfacetum dictum memini, ejusmodi uxorum dimidio tantum in lectis frui maritos, altero dimidio in soccis deposito." But the wit of Scaliger's father is no excuse for the bad taste which allows Charles Copeau to apply the jest to his mother, and say of her that she wore her "patins si haut, qu'elle ne se déchaussait jamais sans perdre justement la moitié de son illustre personne." Garasse, in his 'Doctrine Curieuse,' illustrates some abstruse theological point by the same story, in the aspect given it by St Vincent Ferrier. One of the aristocracy, marrying by proxy, had only seen his wife in portrait, and there saw represented to all appearance a lady of presence and fine

figure. "Il se trouva bien trompé lors qu'il la vid dans sa chambre sans patins, car elle auoit diminué et descreu de la moytié, ce qui l'effraya si fort, que s'adressant à elle il luy tient ce discours à demy en cholere. Ubi posuisti reliquum personæ tuæ?" Every one knowing anything of the 'Mémoires de M. de Brantôme' will not be surprised to find that author bringing to his mind (and to his reader's) a young lady whose experiences were sufficiently similar to enable him to point the lessons of a flowing robe. It is well the good Abbé spoke to the women of his own country; for English beauties, at least those of half a century later, seem, in Cowley's experience, to have combined the disadvantages of high shoes and long gowns. "Is anything more common," asks that philosophising poet, "than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up?"

This, however, is not the only instance in which baselessly a

"Thought hangs like a cold and slimy
snail

On the rich rose of love"—

to borrow an expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed by him from Keats:—

"Speak not of grief, young stranger, or
cold snails

Will slime the rose to-night."

The philosopher, too, "i' the melancholy corners of his mouth"—to borrow another expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed from another expression of Keats, "by the melancholy corners of that mouth"—has found lurking complaints. Why terms of reproach should have been heaped on poor

Hobbes because he held "no law can be unjust," and not on Pascal, who expresses the same thought more unfolded—"La justice est ce qui est établi; et ainsi toutes nos lois établies seront nécessairement tenues pour justes sans être examinées, puisqu'elles sont établies,"—is difficult to tell. Why—but the subject is dry, and we pass to another.

There is, then, always something interesting, as well as instructive, in the knowledge of the means chosen by an author for dressing up his materials. Sismondi seems in one instance to have been let into the secret. Meeting an Italian barber who eked out his income by disposing of sermons to monks too ignorant to compose them, Sismondi discovered that his new friend had an ear sensitive to rhythmical movement, and had acquired facility in constructing a sufficient number of periods, in which sense alone was wanting. Understanding French slightly, and *bibliophile* enough to dive into all old books he came across, he was accustomed, in order to compose the sermons he sold, to add together the rhetorical flashes of such Christian authors as his researches brought to him; while, to guard against any imputation of plagiarism, it was invariably by the middle of a phrase that he commenced his excursions into these foreign fragments, and in the middle of a phrase he as invariably terminated them. "He consulted me," says Sismondi, "on one of these sermons, without first divulging his secret. And I was not a little astonished," adds that excellent historian, "at these bombastic periods, whose ends never corresponded with the beginnings, and whose several members had never been constructed to go together." A process not very dissimilar in results seems to have been followed

by Dr Blomfield. At least Dean Alford has thought it worth while to point out that there is a passage in the original work of his own Greek Testament to which a pas-

John xiii. 21-30.—“Announcement of the treachery of Judas: his departure from the supper-room.”—*Dean Alford*.

Now, seeing that our Lord did not depart at all, the words are, as the Dean says, at least startling. But how did they arise? The suggestion is, that the Doctor caused the Dean's comments to be read aloud to him, paraphrasing, in the meanwhile, as it suited him; that, in this process, “treachery of Judas” became “Judas's treachery.” The “his,” then outstanding, had to be definitised, and was wrongly transformed into “our Lord's;” and “the supper,” read as “this upper,” the sensitive scholarship of the Doctor transmuted to “that upper.”

The sacrifice to truth this mode of procedure—the use of an author not understood—occasionally involves, has the advantage of leading one to the originals. But where the matter is biographical, the general reader is often without the means of detecting error. The borrower, however, is for the most part a compassionate creature, and of this comparative helplessness is willing to take account. He resolves accordingly, by way of compensation for the errors in fact he introduces, to copy as correctly as he can the reflections and descriptions, and everything which gives life to fact. Some very amusing examples of this occur in private magazines we have before us; but the custom extends to works offered to the public as the fruits of honest industry. There is indeed, in some instances, the modification that the source applied to is available to all; and then, no doubt, the writer's

sage in an advanced edition of the Doctor's Greek Testament bears a remarkable resemblance, but from which in manner yet more remarkable it differs:—

John xiii. 21-30.—“Announcement of Judas's treachery: our Lord's departure from that upper room.”—*Dr Blomfield*.

expectation that every one will solve the riddle, “here's eloquence, where did I get it?” not only does away with everything like fraud, but entitles the copyist to the gratitude of amused society. One is disposed, therefore, to think the comments of a Saturday Reviewer on one of the contributors to ‘*Worthies of the World*,’ lately edited by Dr Dulcken, a little severe and unimaginative. “He goes”—these are the Reviewer's words—“beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny.” And he bases this accusation on passages in one S. I. A.'s sketch of Pitt, compared with “passages in Macaulay, on which the robbery has been committed.” But there is really no particular reason why this instance should be singled out, when but a little later a single day put before readers (through different magazines) complaints by Mr Hartshorne that Mr Downs, in his ‘*Records of Buckinghamshire*,’ had improperly availed himself of “Notes on an Effigy, attributed to Rich. Wellesborne de Montford, and other Sepulchral Memorials in Hughenden Church,” published some while before in the ‘*Archæological Journal*;’ showed Mr Hogg writing threatening letters, seemingly—we know not if with justice—provoked by the ‘*De Quincey*’ of a present distinguished scholar and professor; and found a journalist holding up Mr Griffin Vyse's ‘*Egypt*’ as “a specimen of really scientific plagiarism,” and

saying that "it is necessary, in the interests of literary morality, to protest against such attempts to foist on the public mere worthless compilation as original work." Truly, as an old writer well phrased it in his day, there are "many modern bunglers, which are rather *ex-scriptores* than *scriptores* ; and, as it was merrily said, bad springs of water, but good leaden spouts."

Unfortunately there is no need to burrow among the obscure. There are too many of weight to whom one may have recourse. Who can tell what is the exact title of Benjamin Franklin to the translation of 'De Senectute' done by Logan ; or to the counsel against intemperance copied out of the works of Jeremy Taylor ; or to the fable against persecution translated at second-hand from the Hakacet in the Boostan ? And does not the same sort of difficulty attach to the connection of Schultz, not Porson, with readings in *Æschylus* ; of Bombet-Bayle with Carpani's 'Letters on Haydn ;' of Rougemont with 'Raphaël d'Aguilar ;' of Descartes with many "new" propositions found in our own Harriot ; of David Pareus with the 'Medulla historiæ profanæ ;' of Molière with 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' acted in substance two years before by the Italian comedians ; or of John André with the additions to Durant's 'Speculum,' that already seemed contained in Oldrade's 'Consilia' ? Is not much of John Corey's 'Generous Enemies' from Sir William Lower's 'Noble Ingratitude,' itself adapted from the French ; of Thomas Durfey's 'Commonwealth of Women' from Fletcher's 'Sea Voyage'—of his 'Trick for Trick' from the 'Monsieur Thomas' of the same author and his colleague Beaumont—of his 'Sir Barnaby Whigg' from Shakerley Marmion's 'Fine Com-

panion' and the novel 'Double Cuckold ;' and of Thomas Shadwell's 'Royal Shepherdess' from J. Fountain's 'Reward of Virtue' ? 'The Country Innocence ; or, the Chambermaid turn'd Quaker,' a play acted and printed in the year 1677, was first published by its genuine author, Anthony Brewer, many years before. Of modern playwrights we fear to speak. According to the 'Edinburgh Review,' George Dalgarno's 'Ars signorum' was copied by Wilkins in his 'Essay towards a Philosophical Language.' Pierre Breslay published in 1574 'L'Anthologie, ou Recueil de plusieurs discours notables ;' next year ("c'était un peu prompt," naively adds one of M. Querard's supplementers) Jean des Caures followed him word for word in his 'Œuvres Morales,' levying like contributions on Grevin, Coras, and other authors of the day. Zschokke's 'Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Man,' translated into French in three volumes in 1813, appeared without acknowledgment of source in the 'Revue de Paris' in 1847. Paul Ferry had not long printed 'Isabelle' in his first poetical works, before De la Croix transferred it to his 'Climene.' On the misdoings of Moore, Pope, Mason, Gray, and several others, entire books or lengthy papers have been written. Lord Francis Gower was the subject of unwelcome criticism in the 'Athenæum ;' and of a sometime Lord Wm. Pitt Lennox, 'Punch' sagaciously divined that his favourite authors were Steele and Borrow. Rogers's 'Human Life' is more than based on Gay's 'Birth of the Squire,' a piece confessedly in imitation of the 'Pollio' of Virgil. Longfellow has so accurately translated the Anglo-Saxon metrical fragment "The Grave," that his version agrees almost verbally with the Rev. J. J. Conybeare's ; and

Mr Bohn objects because Mr W. C. Hazlitt has alleged that his 'English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases' are collected "from the most authentic sources." In this list the classes of literature affected and the ages stained—and the list presents but a hardly appreciable fraction of that which a full list would embrace—are various and far apart enough; yet it does not justify the rhymes:—

"The trade of knowledge is replete,
As others are, with fraud and cheat;
Such cheats as scholars put upon
Other men's reason, and their own;
A sort of drapery, to enconce
Absurdity and ignorance;"—

but it does go far to justify Horace Smith's definition of originality as "undiscovered or unconscious imitation." "Ah, how often," said the books to the clergy of the day of the author of 'Philobiblion,' "do you pretend that we who are old are but just born, and attempt to call us sons who are fathers, and to call that which brought you into clerical existence the fabric of your own studies? In truth, we who now pretend to be Romans, are evidently sprung from the Athenians: for Carmentis was ever a pillager of Cadmus; and we who are just born in England shall be born again to-morrow in Paris, and being thence carried on to Bononia, shall be allotted an Italian origin, unsupported by any consanguinity."

When Fadlallah, Prince of Mousel, was tricked by the dervish who had the power of reanimating a dead body and flinging his own soul into it, so that the soul of the dervish occupied the body and the dervish himself gained the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah, while the late prince tenanted the body of a nightingale, the affections of Queen Zemroude were centred in the bird, though she paid to the dervish the

honour due to her royal lord. In the same manner, there have been those who, entombing the thoughts of the truly great in their unfit names, have attracted to their persons the honour that seemed naturally to accompany the admiration of the thoughts supposed to be their own. But the ultimate fate of the dervish should have been remembered; for just as circumstance had no sooner transplanted Fadlallah's soul to his original body, and thrown the dervish's into the nightingale's, than Fadlallah twisted the neck of the nightingale, so, immediately upon the discovery of the imposture, the impostor's name is tarnished and left to point a moral down through posterity. This has been the case with Peter Alcyonius. Cicero's 'De Gloriâ,' referred to in one of the letters to Atticus, was known to have been in existence in the fourteenth century, for Petrarch had seen it. By bequest it came into the possession of a house of monks, who held it early in the sixteenth century. Now, in the sixteenth century, Peter (he died 1527) produced a treatise, 'De Exsilio,' which attracted immediate attention on account of the extraordinary outbursts of eloquence, sustained sometimes for a page or two, and strikingly in contrast with the general dullness of the book. It was then remembered that Peter, and he alone, had had free access to the monastic library; it was found that the precious manuscript was no longer in its place; and it was eventually proved, that to satisfy his thirst for fame, this miserable man, having stolen what pleased his fastidious taste, had burnt the priceless book, whose worth he had sought to make a trumpet to his fame.

The Bishop of Ugento, Augustin Barbosa, presents a much more imitable example to book-sinners. The

good bishop's cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin MS. Something in it aroused the prelate's attention: he greedily attacked the leaf; ran into the market, and peered from stall to stall till he found the book of which he had the fragment. He presently published, "to the greater glory of God," his 'De Officio Episcoporum.' The work is better known, when in a little less bulky state, as 'De Officiis.' But then, as Martial argumentatively puts it:—

"Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina Paulus,
Nam quod emit, possit dicere quisque suum."

One of the freaks most difficult of prediction that arises from the use of thoughts common to one's self and an earlier writer, is instanced in the life and the continuation of the life of Dr John Haywardes. Elizabeth, the sovereign under whom he lived, was not a little displeased with a treatise written on the de-thronement of Richard II. and the transfer of the crown to Henry IV. The Doctor was sent to the Tower, and there was talk of bringing him to the scaffold. In this state of things the Queen consulted her

chancellor as to whether or not the publication contained treason. "No, not treason," was the answer of Lord Bacon, a friend of the author, and a student of the humours of his royal mistress; "but a good deal of felony." "Felony! how so?" "Because he hath stolen most of his expressions and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus." And the Queen relented.

With Bacon himself, similarities have led to results in a quite different direction. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which so affected the wits of Lord Verulam's namesake, the poor Miss Delia Bacon, and has been thought worthy of being pushed by men so gifted as Judge Holmes and Lord Palmerston, seeks countenance, among other things—perfectly regardless of the assertion of Meres in 'Wit's Treasury,' that "they that have once tasted poetrie cannot away with the studie of philosophie"—from the remarkable number of parallelisms the writings of the great dramatist and of the great philosopher offer. A single example is inadequate to put such a momentous issue to the test, but the one given is fairly selected:—

"I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to recover, it being hard to restore the falling reputation."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries."—*Julius Caesar*.

The sentiment is surely common to a host of writers. But this is not always a sufficient answer. It is not when there are a number of unrelated passages brought together in one, and afterwards in another work. Thus, Voltaire's 'La Pucelle' has here and there throughout, sets of lines closely translated from 'Hudibras.' The subject-matter of

some of them does not allow their reproduction; but if the two pieces are perused, it will be out of question shown that authors of power and repute are sometimes at the trouble of appropriating what, at any rate out of its context, is of little merit. Here are unobjectionable passages, less closely like than others, yet not unlike:—

"And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch,"
&c. —*Hudibras*.

Still Voltaire has ever been allowed to be among those "good pilferers" to whom Lord Byron, confessing his indebtedness to Scott and other writers—even his beautiful address to the ocean is based on a chapter in 'Corinne'—desired to be commended; for "you may laugh at it as a paradox," said he, "but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

There are three points disregarded by writers on this subject, in which literature comes in contact with this aspect of the character of its creators. In the first place, it is an element distinctly requiring recognition in forming opinions of our institutions, as well as in seeking to trace the history of these and of the people. Thus, Dr Carl Güterbock has supplied ample materials for showing that Bracton has influenced, has indeed given an altered complexion to our law, by perfectly unauthorised, in many places quite inappropriate, introductions from the Roman law. Not only is the substance, but the arrangement and phraseology are borrowed; so that it is not to be disguised that this lawyer, favoured by circumstances which allowed his method of writing "English" law to pass at the time undetected, has imposed a system upon us which in great part was not ours. The first two books of Littleton's 'Tenures' are, on the other hand, from Norman sources; while again, in Scottish law, its most ancient treatise, the 'Regiam Majestatem,' is plainly copied from English Glanvill. Now, when we remember how the body of law under which

"Ainsi qu'un chat qui, d'un regard
avide
Guette au passage une souris timide,
Marchant tous doux, la terre ne sent pas
L'impression de ces pied délicats,
Dès qu'il l'a vue, il a sauté sur elle," &c.
—*La Pucelle*.

we are to-day has been developed out of that of our ancestors; or how, with results of yet greater moment, the parts unsuited to later times, which would not admit of logical development, or of development in any sense, but required breaking down to fit them to the needs of society that will not yield, have issued in some of those great upheaving movements that mark the eras of a nation's history,—we can but consider that this borrowing is not as insignificant as most affect to think. And to carry this remark from institutions to the chroniclers of them, the intelligent industry of living historians has alone made unnecessary. But, in the second place, unacknowledged copying bears on literature through the history of that in which it finds expression—language. Euphuism is an element whose importance, except at the hands of Professor Morley and Professor Arber, has probably been underestimated. It is not, indeed, due or confined to Lyly; but he is its chief exponent, and the work is frequently quoted in illustration of the Elizabethan speech. It is worthy of notice, then, that many phrases, and some passages, are from "A petite Pallace of Pettie his plesure,"—an agreeable collection of Italian stories, several of which—as, for example, the first, Sinnorix and Camma—have in other forms been represented on our stage within the last ten years. Not merely, however, our own literature, but, in the third place, the dead languages, derive light from observation of parallelisms. The passages in the 'Satyricon' that have resemblance to

expressions of Martial and Statius, tend to show the relative dates of those writers and of Petronius Arbiter.

Notwithstanding, however, that there are these great fields in which this pleasant study might be almost without limit pursued; that there remains almost untouched the drama, old and modern—the modern drama might commence with ‘The Heiress of General Burgoyne,’ in which is seen, since the plot is from Diderot, the characters from Mrs Lennox, some of the sentiments from Rousseau, a variety of forms of adaptation—and that there are still uninstanced such examples of literary fraud as that of Dr Pierrotti, who appended his name to sketches of ruins and buildings, in which the same persons in the same positions were represented as appeared in published work of earlier draughtsmen;—notwithstanding these facts, and an attempt to have consciousness of what they import, the impression a candid study of literature, and particularly of English literature, will leave upon the student’s mind, there can be no difficulty in asserting. For all Pope Ganganelli’s dogma, it is not that much is borrowed, but that there is a stupendous uninterrupted expenditure of genuine, original, self-outwrought thought. It is as Pascal—who, though he borrowed right and left, has still a title to be heard—says with pith: “A mesure qu’on a plus d’esprit, on trouve qu’il y a plus d’hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de différence entre les hommes.”

It is, indeed, unquestionably true, that “faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.” And

Sheridan—for he it is who has it so—is illustrated in an interesting case found in the poems of Isaac Hawkins Browne. In the pastoral soliloquy entitled “The Fireside,” the poet evidently thinks, as he makes, the notion of these lines his:—

“I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,
That the town is man’s world, but that
this is of God.”

Cowley, who died forty years before Browne was born, has in his “Garden” this line—

“God the first garden made, the first
city Cain,”—

supposed, rather fancifully,—and though Cowper (but this, so far as we know, has not been before noted) wrote seven years after the publication of “The Fireside,”—to be the origin of the thought, standing out quite distinctly towards the close of “The Sofa”—

“God made the country, and man made
the town.”

The idea, wherever got, is, after all, nothing more than that Varro in ‘De Re Rusticâ’ expresses thus: “Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.” Curiously enough, it is in this, its original form, that—at least in Quebec, if we are to trust to the unsuspecting ‘Montreal Daily Star,’ April 15, 1882—it has become a “gem of thought:” “Divine Providence made the country, but human art the town.” As to Hawkins Browne, however, there is evidence that he was not a believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or one might have suspected that he conceived himself to have “said at home” in the person of Cowley, and “abroad” in that of Varro.

But we cannot yet leave either Browne or Cowley. Not Browne,

because, in his poem on "Design and Beauty," he has a passage demonstrating how authors may have present to their minds the same constituent ideas, and yet arrive at an opposite result—a point which strongly argues the likelihood of like sets of thoughts, and of course with the issue of a like result. The passage is this:—

"In sound, 'tis Harmony that charms
the ear,

Yet discords intermingled here and there,
Still make the sweet similitude appear ;"

and is to be compared with the

"Discord oft in music makes the sweeter
lay"

of Spenser, and the—

"For discords make the sweetest airs,
And curses are a kind of prayers,"

of Butler. Nor can we quite part

"As when a storm in vernal skies
The face of day doth stain,
And o'er the smiling landscape flies
With mist and drizzling rain ;
If chance the sun look through the
shower

O'er hill and flowery dale,
Reviving nature owns his power,
And softly sighs the gale."

—MR KEIGHTLEY.

Perhaps, these few instances in view, one cannot better conclude than by transcribing the terms in which La Fontaine, avowing that he was no slavish imitator of Virgil, proposed to find a rule for practice. It is in essential harmony with that laid down at the commencement of this paper:—

from Cowley, for there are in "The Task" a couple of lines,—

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which none but poets know,"—

cited by Mr Keightley as having resemblance to these from Dryden's "Spanish Friar":—

"There is a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know,"

that remind us that that gentleman gives from his own experience an instance of unconscious likeness, perfectly credible, possibly not even capping all else in the region of credibility. He was, he tells us, at a time very familiar with Milton ; but it was only some while after writing the lines placed below to the left of our page, that he was "struck with the similarity" to those on the right:—

"As when from mountain-tops the dusky
clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps,
o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow,
or shower,
If chance the radiant sun with farewell
sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields
revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating
herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley
rings."

—MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii.

"Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et
les lois
Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes
autrefois.
Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez
eux d'excellence
Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle
violence,
Je l'y transporte, et veux qu'il n'ait rien
d'affecté,
Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'anti-
quité."

JEWISH TALES AND JEWISH REFORM.

THE enterprise of travel, the facilities of communication, and the literary activity of the present age, have so far revealed every corner of Europe to the public, that they may well be amazed to find that they have still been left in comparative ignorance of the political and social condition, the modes of thought, and the manners and customs of several millions of their fellow-beings who inhabit the Continent, with which they are supposed to be so familiar. The recent persecution of the Jews in Russia, the grievances of the same race in Roumania, and the *Judenhetze* of Germany, have called special attention to the position occupied by this people, more especially in the east of Europe; and the ready sale which the works of Sacher Masoch, of Bernstein, of Komperts, and of Franzos, have met with, shows that an interest has been excited among Christians as well as among the Jews of the West in the political, moral, and material condition of their Eastern co-religionists, which, had the real facts of the case been known sooner, would doubtless have been long since evoked.

Karl Emil Franzos's last volume, 'The Jews of Barnow,' which has been admirably translated by Miss Macdowall of Garthland, presents a most vivid and pathetic picture of life among the Jewish population of the small Podolian town in which the scene is laid, and which—though he calls it Barnow—if I mistake not, I passed through about twenty years ago on my way from Tarnopol to Zaleszczyki. Barnow, in fact, lying, as our author says

it does, on the road from Skala to Lemberg, and about three hours north of the town with the almost unspellable name beginning with Z, which I will spare my readers the attempt to pronounce a second time, if it be not altogether imaginary, can be none other than Czortkow. I see, in a late review of this work, that the writer, who assumes Barnow to be Tarnow, takes Mr Franzos to task for calling the district in which it is situated Podolia instead of Galicia; but the Jews of Eastern Galicia always called that part of the province which is now Austrian Podolia by its old name, and indeed there is little to distinguish the Ghetto of a town here from one in Russian Podolia. We see the same curls and caftan, we hear the same jargon, and it is only when we get farther into the interior of Russia that we begin to find that the characteristics of the Russian Jew vary in some respects from those of his Polish brother. Among Jews themselves, Polish Jews are the least esteemed; but they are not on that account the less interesting as a study, and we must take into consideration their antecedents if we would do full justice to their present condition.

When, after an interval of nearly twenty years, I again visited the east of Galicia, I was struck with a marked improvement which had taken place among the Jews, owing to the enlightened policy which has characterised the Austrian administration of this province since it has been granted almost complete local independence. The legal disabilities which press so heavily

upon Jews in Russia and Roumania do not exist here. They enjoy equal rights and privileges with other subjects of the empire. The Reichstag at Vienna is open to them, as well as the local House of Assembly at Lemberg. They have taken so skilfully advantage of the privilege of holding land, that the small peasant properties are rapidly falling into their hands, and the Christian owners who have become ruined through their own improvidence are not unfrequently to be found cultivating as day-labourers for the Jew proprietors, the farms which they themselves formerly possessed. The Christian schools are largely attended by Jewish children, and in the principal towns ultra-orthodoxy is fast losing its hold on the inhabitants. At Lemberg, for instance, the Kultus Gemeinde, which controls the affairs of the community, is practically in the hands of the liberal or advanced party, while the majority of the population are orthodox or Chassidim. It is against the bigotry and oppression of this narrow sect, whose influence, the farther east we get, becomes more powerful, that Mr Franzos points the moral of his stories. Animated by that sincere love of his race which is the characteristic of all Jews who have not become demoralised by social and material success in the United States or the corrupt centres of the most advanced civilisation, he dwells with an intense sympathy on the benighted condition of his co-religionists who are still held in the bondage of medieval superstitions, and he portrays with a most touching pathos the terrible injustices and self-inflicted miseries to which a combination of ignorance, credulity, and intense devotional sentiment have given rise. Those who have come much in contact with the orthodox Eastern

Jew must recognise in these tales the sensation which is felt far more acutely under the sphere of their personal influence. It is like entering some gloomy moral cavern; and taken in combination with the sufferings which they are still called upon to endure from Christian prejudice in some countries, and their crushed attitude generally, produces an effect of depression which at last becomes almost intolerable to one not of their own race, and not therefore trained to meet it. Mr Franzos has done good service in presenting these pictures not merely to Christians but to Western Jews,—for a Jew who has never left England knows as little of orthodox Ghetto life in a Podolian town, and would be almost as much out of sympathy with the methods of the religious practice of their inhabitants, as any other Englishman.

To some of these, Mr Franzos's stories must come as a revelation. Such, for instance, is that most skilfully told and pathetic of all, "Nameless Graves," where it is discovered that a woman, proud of her hair, had concealed it, with the connivance of her husband, on her wedding-day, instead of being cropped or shaved before her marriage-wig was put on, as is the custom. When this is accidentally discovered, and the husband still refuses to comply with the regulation and sacrifice the locks of his wife, the punishment of the "great *cherem*," or excommunication, is inflicted upon him. *Cherem* is simply a Jewish mode of boycotting, and is prohibited by the Austrian law, as is not to be wondered at when we read our author's description of the penalty which it entails.

"Whoever is thus excluded from the congregation is outlawed by them, and it is regarded as a good deed to

do him as much harm as possible, both socially and in his business relations. Neither he nor anything that belonged to him might be touched except in enmity; his presence could only be permitted with the object of doing him an injury. *Cherem* loosens the holiest ties, and what in other cases would be a terrible sin, is under such circumstances regarded as a sacred duty. The wife may forsake her husband, the son may raise his hand against his father. It is a war of all against one,—a merciless war in which all means of attack are admissible. No love, no friendship, can venture to break down the barrier of excommunication, contempt, and loathing that encompasses the culprit. It is a fate too awful to contemplate—a punishment terrible enough to break the most iron will. He who falls under this ban generally hastens to make his peace with the Rabbi on any terms, however humiliating.”

It thus follows that the thralldom of orthodox regulation may easily become more potent with a Jew than the law of the land, with which it perpetually comes into collision; and the State is as powerless to protect a Jew against persecution for a breach of religious observance by his own co-religionists, as one Jew is to protect another against the persecutions of the Russian Government. It is this power, exercised socially irrespective of the laws of the land, which constitutes a serious and legitimate grievance against the Hebrew communities on the part of Christian administrators; it is this Rabbinical *imperium*, exercised in the civil *imperio*, which gives rise to complaints against the Jews in countries where the Governments are most anxious to deal fairly with them. It is difficult to accord equal political rights to a people who are a law unto themselves, and resist all social incorporation; and it is in order to break down this barrier, and so deprive Chris-

tians of the pretext which it affords of political exclusion, that the more enlightened Jews oppose the views and practices of the orthodox party, as well as to relieve them from superstitions which operate not merely against their intellectual development, but tend to increase the burden of their sorrow. Thus the learning of High German, the study of profane literature, the very alteration of the costume from the caftan and curls to that of the ordinary citizen, is a heinous offence in the eyes of the strictly orthodox; and the Rabbis of the sect, who know that their influence depends upon the degree of ignorance which can be maintained in their congregations, sternly set their faces against innovations which may tend ultimately to emancipate them from their thralldom. This influence culminates in the veneration, almost amounting to adoration, paid to the Rabbi of Sadagóra—a personage frequently mentioned in the tales of Mr Franzos, but the nature of whose influence can best be judged of by the remarkable tale called “The Child of the Atonement.” This tale has, moreover, an especial interest, as illustrating one of the most characteristic doctrines of the ancient Jewish faith.

The cholera visited Barnow, and threw the people into consternation. And then

“the thought occurred to them—a fearful and crushing thought, and yet it brought comfort. Was not their God a God of vengeance? Was He not a jealous God, who exacted, for every offence, a fearful and inexorable atonement? And now, when He caused the evil and the good to suffer alike, was it not probably because the wicked sinned, and the good allowed their sins to pass unpunished.

“‘We will purify ourselves,’ the suffering people cried aloud in their agony. ‘We will seek the offender in

our midst, and by his punishment we will atone, and save ourselves from the wrath of God. . . .

"And they purified themselves. . . .
 "A tribunal was formed by the people—an awful court, which tried in secret, judged in secret, and punished in secret. It was stern and inexorable in the execution of its decrees, and no one could escape from it. It 'vindicated God's holy name,' and caused the hour of retribution to strike for many criminals who had evaded the laws. But with how much innocent blood had these fanatics stained their hands! Deeds were done in those dark days of madness and terror that chill the blood, and make the historian who attempts to describe them, falter.

"The pestilence became more and more terrible. The few doctors that remained folded their hands. They could not alleviate the suffering of the people, far less could they save their lives.

"Men ceased to persecute each other for real or imaginary sins. The growing burden of misfortune took away their spirit, and made them faint-hearted. They even prayed no longer; a mediator had to pray for them.

"The intercessor they chose was the Rabbi of Sadagóra, a little town in Bukovina. This man was called the 'wonder-worker,' on account of all that he had done, or was supposed to have done, for the people. To him the Podolian Jews turned in their dire necessity, imploring him to save them, by beseeching God in his own name—a powerful name; for it was believed that from his race the Redeemer was to spring: and it was said that he had upon the palms of his hands the stamp of the royal line of David. This mark was the outline of a lion imprinted upon the skin, and it was a sign that his mission was from God. Money and precious gifts were collected, and were given to the Rabbi to insure his intercession with God; even the poor gave all that they possessed.

"The disinterested Rabbi promised to help the people. 'You have all sinned against God,' he said, 'and you must all do penance.'

He made a calendar of the days of expiation, and the days of fasting and

mortification were punctually kept. Fear of death insured the fulfilment of all his injunctions. It may sound incredible, but it is literally true, that during this time the whole Eastern Jewish population only ate and drank every second day."

The Rabbi of Sadagóra, regarding whom I shall have more to say presently, prescribed the forced marriages of a couple in each community in the local burying-ground. These marriages were called marriages of atonement. The cholera came again, and the man died who was married in the Barnow burial-ground, having previously lost two children. Then the Rabbi of Sadagóra said "that the people they had dedicated to God did not please Him, so their children died. Now the man has died as a sin-offering for you all. If the woman has another child, it will also only live to be a sin-offering." So when, some years after, the rumour went abroad that the cholera was coming a third time, the local Rabbi went to the unhappy widow, who had a child then lying mortally ill of a fever, and told her that her child was doomed, because it was the child of atonement, and the Rabbi of Sadagóra had predicted that if the cholera came again its death alone would save the people,—on which her nature revolts against the doctrine. "You want to be just," she indignantly exclaims, "and yet you demand that an innocent child should expiate your sins by its death." Still public feeling is so strongly pronounced on the subject, that she feels that her only chance is to go to Sadagóra to beg for the life of her child, and on that unhappy mission she sets forth.

The influence which Mr Franzos attributes to the Rabbi of Sadagóra is by no means exaggerated, though it is strange that so little should be

known about him outside the countries over which that influence extends. It is some years since I first heard of the existence of this individual, but sought in vain to have my curiosity gratified in regard to him among Jews in Western Europe. No one that I asked about him had ever heard of him. It was only at Vienna, as I approached the sphere of his influence, that I could gain any information, and then only to hear him spoken of in terms of contempt. A man, however, who wields an absolute spiritual control over the consciences of at least three millions of people—probably many more—I felt to be worthy of a visit; and as my route at any rate led me to his neighbourhood, I determined to turn aside for that purpose. The town of Sadagóra—containing some four or five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews—is situated about five miles from Czernowitz, the capital of the Austrian province of Bukovine, and not far from the Russian frontier. Hither from all parts of Austria, Poland, Russia, and Roumania, flock pilgrims to consult the holy man, to lay presents at his feet, to ask his advice, and receive the oracular responses which have procured for him the name of “The Wonder Rabbi.” This appellation, and the vast stores of wealth which his miraculous pretensions obtained, were in fact chiefly earned by the present Rabbi’s father, who appears to have been a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and a certain mysticism of character calculated to impress the masses. His claims to be of direct descent from the house of David, as well as those attaching to his special gifts, are generally denied by the more liberal and enlightened of the Jewish communities, and even by many of the Rabbis of the neighbourhood,

who use the strongest language in regard to them. On the other hand, some of the most influential Rabbis in Russia, Galicia, and Roumania, are his devoted adherents, and indeed would lose all credit with their congregations if they threw any doubt upon his pretensions. I have met persons of very moderate views and liberal practices who, while they would not themselves submit to his influence, nevertheless consider the Rabbi’s acceptance of the offerings made him as perfectly legitimate, who have given him the highest character for benevolence and personal charity, who regard his piety as perfectly genuine, and whose opportunities of judging of it have probably been quite equal to, if not greater than, those enjoyed by Mr Franzos.

As I had given notice of our intended visit, the Rabbi sent his own carriage for us—a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of valuable horses, with coachman and groom with caftan and curls. As such incidents as the visit of a Christian and his wife to the Wonder Rabbi are rare, news of the event had got abroad, and when we reached Sadagóra we found the streets densely crowded with Jews, who compactly filled the whole courtyard of the large oblong building in which the Rabbi resides. Here we were received by a group of young men, all in rigidly orthodox costume, but scrupulously clean and neat. These were the sons and sons-in-law of our host. We were led by them into the hall, where several ladies were standing, their young, and in some instances pretty, faces sadly disfigured by the heavy black wigs which came low down upon their foreheads. These took charge of my wife, while I was accompanied by my entertainers to a large and gorgeously uphol-

stered apartment, where heavy embroideries, handsome furniture, and costly decorations attested the wealth of the owner. Here I sat and conversed for some time before the great Rabbi himself made his appearance, preceded by two functionaries, who ushered him in with great respect, all rising and remaining standing, very much as though in the presence of royalty. The trays upon which the refreshments were shortly afterwards served, and the vessels which contained them, were of solid gold, and the whole establishment was conducted upon a scale of opulence and grandeur for which I was totally unprepared. The Herr Gross Rabbiner himself was a man with a white beard, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, who conversed intelligently on the subject of the condition and prospects of the Russian Jews; but as I did not call on him in order to test his powers of divination, my visit did not enlighten me on that point. What I did desire to substantiate was the fact of his influence, and of that I have obtained indisputable evidence. That it is widespread there is also little doubt. Quite recently I fell in with a Rabbi from Palestine, where he habitually lives. I found that he was conversant with all the incidents of my visit, and he assured me that the influence of the Rabbi of Sadagóra was as great in Palestine as in Russia, and extended to Bokhara, to which country he was then himself bound.

As the Rabbi is by no means the only individual I have come across in the course of my life claiming to have higher gifts than those of ordinary mortals, and as I am convinced that in some instances these persons were sincere,—and it would be rash, therefore, to assume that such specially endowed persons

were all impostors,—I am by no means prepared to pass any opinion upon the claims of the Rabbi.

A curious illustration of the sentiment which is entertained towards him came to my own notice not long since, when a young Jew of my acquaintance had occasion to receive ten florins from him. He was offered immediately afterwards a hundred florins for the money which had been sanctified by having been in such sacred keeping—an offer with which my friend, in whose eyes it did not possess any such mysterious value, willingly closed, thus turning the superstition of his co-religionist to immediate pecuniary account, and proving that, so far as the purchaser was concerned, the religious sentiment, however perverted, was stronger in the Jew than the love of money. Indeed, in this respect, notwithstanding his reputation to the contrary, the Jew compares favourably with the Christian. Money-making and prayer-making are the pursuits of all civilised people in certain proportions; but prayer-making with the orthodox Jew is a far more absorbing occupation than even with the orthodox Christian, who, besides money-making, indulges in politics and science, in book-making, love-making, and fame-making in various ways, all more or less to the detriment of his religious aspiration, and all denied to the Eastern Jew, to whom all careers of ambition are closed, and whose thoughts are necessarily divided between his Talmud and his pocket, but who, it is fair to say, as a rule, puts, according to his lights, his spiritual before his material interests. Were it not so, he would be a more easily converted individual than he is, considering the great inducements which are held out to conversion, and the advantages which

Jews obtain, just in the degree in which they are ready to waive their religious prejudices. I am sorry to say that several instances have come to my notice in which distinct bribes have been offered to Jews, especially by Protestants, to abandon their religion and be baptised; and I have known these offers resisted, when nothing short of absolute starvation seemed the inevitable consequence. I have said that love-making even was denied to the orthodox Jews. Nearly all Mr Franzos's stories illustrate this peculiarity of their customs, and several of them are specially designed to portray the unhappy results, particularly the first two. All marriages are arranged by the parents; and in the majority of instances no other sentiment than that of mutual respect and esteem enters into the even current of their lives. "They were happy enough," says our author of one such couple whose happiness was destined to be disturbed, however, by the intrusion of an attractive Christian.

"They were contented with their lot, and were happy enough. Happy enough,—why were they not quite happy? Because they did not love one another. They knew nothing of love, except that Christians, previous to marriage, fell in love, and what concern had a Jew in Christian usages? They were happy enough, and their married life seemed firmly founded on esteem for each other, and on their common interests and work."

It is not always so, however, and the lives of Jewish women, who cannot feel this respect and esteem for the husband they do not love, are as miserable as those of other women similarly situated, but they rarely seek the same consolations. The cases of unfaithful Jewesses are especially rare among the orthodox—but they suffer all

the more acutely, says one of Mr Franzos's characters, bitterly alluding to this state of things.

"Yes, you are rich, and have the right to do as you will. You have therefore arranged that you should have a rich son-in-law. The girl is now nine years old; in six or seven years time you will give her to the wealthiest and most pious youth of the district, or perhaps to a widower, who is even richer and more pious. She will not know him—but what of that? She will have plenty of time to make his acquaintance after marriage. Then she will probably fear him or hate him, or else he will be indifferent to her. But what of that? What does the Jewish woman want with love? What more does she need but to love God, her children, and—let me not forget to mention it—her little possessions?"

The education of the orthodox Jewess is as a rule confined to learning to cook, to pray, and to count. This is enough for the house, for heaven, and for life. "When a Jewess girl knows how to pray," has come to be a proverb among these stern-natured men, "she needs nothing more to make her happy." The consequence is, that both among the men and the women the suppressed yearning of their affections finds expression in a passionate devotion to their children. No doubt many married couples do become strongly attached to each other after marriage, for by temperament they are an intensely affectionate people; but considering how limited their opportunities for enjoyment are, it seems a gratuitous and self-imposed addition to the gloom of their condition to forbid these young people the natural expansion of their hearts, and sternly prohibit them from falling in love with each other. The argument that the orthodox are among the most virtuous women in the world, because they

don't marry for love—opens up invidious comparisons with countries where the same practice exists with a very different result. The real cause of their virtue under such a trying ordeal is to be found in the strength of their devotional sentiment, and in the powerful moral hold which their religion exercises over their consciences.

The philosophical question which here arises is, whether, when you let in the light upon the ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, of which Mr Franzos draws such a gloomy picture, you do not weaken the influences by which people are held? When you emancipate women entirely from the thralldom of that religious bondage which appeals to the affectional and emotional part of their nature, and which causes them, so to speak, to hug the chains by which they are bound, you never improve their morality. Law without love is better than love without law; and this consideration carries us further, and opens up the whole region of speculation suggested by Mr Franzos's interesting book. To the narrow bigotry and superstitious regard for religious observance of the Chasidim, he attributes mainly the degradation of his race in those countries where they predominate, and where persecution is most rife. The ecclesiastical opposition to all knowledge in many instances only leads the more aspiring spirits to seek it secretly, and in their search after intellectual enlightenment they become victims to the dangers of the illicit pursuit.

"As the twilight," he remarks, "is more eerie than complete darkness, so a half education is more dangerous than absolute ignorance. Darkness and ignorance alike lay a bandage over the eyes, and prevent the feet from straying beyond the threshold of the known. Knowledge and light open the eyes of man, and enable him

to advance boldly on the path that lies before him; while half-knowledge and twilight only remove part of the bandage, and leave him to grope about blindly, perhaps even cause him to fall."

The question is, whether knowledge and light arrived at by a partly intellectual process *do* open the eyes of man to moral truths, or whether the highest truth does not need the development of the affectional qualities in man? whether the love of good as a dominant instinct must not be the guide of the intellect in its search for truth? whether brain progress, irrespective of heart progress, leads to any good at all? whether, when you do away with the requirements of the moral law, even though they be associated with bigotry and superstition, before you have found a higher moral code to substitute for it, and allow the intellect to run riot without the moral restraints furnished by the conscience, even though the conscience be darkened, you do not run a greater risk than by adhering to the old paths? Sooner or later the religious instinct will become dissatisfied with these,—it will outgrow the standards of its theology, and in its craving for light and search for higher good will come to perceive the fallacies by which it has been held in bondage; but it will not be in the lucubrations of speculative philosophers that it will find relief. The only test of the value of knowledge of this description is in the life which it produces.

If intellectual culture invariably produced the highest moral results, there might be something to be said for it. But in practice we do not find the centres of civilisation morally so much in advance of less enlightened countries, that we can be encouraged to believe in the effect of knowledge *per se* as a remedy for the moral disease of the

world. The Jews of Barnow, so far as a sincere acting up to their highest moral convictions is concerned, are probably more conscientious than those of either Petticoat Lane or Mayfair—and true religion consists not in a high condition of intellectual enlightenment, but in being thoroughly honest and uncompromising in the endeavour to realise the highest aspirations of the soul, even though it be a groping one deprived of intellectual culture. Civilisation does not tend to this uncompromising honesty, but rather to that sham of it which has a distinctly prejudicial effect upon the character. Viewed from this standpoint, even superstition has its uses,—and while there is something infinitely pathetic in the blind groping or unreasoning obedience of a conscience misled by superstition, there is more ground for solid hope than in one which has been deadened by a release from all moral restraints, excepting such as have been suggested by an enlightened and selfish expediency. The Chassidim, like the bigoted sects among Christians, and especially among Romanists, cling to the ceremonials and superstitions of their religion, because they dread the spread of that rationalism to which the Jew is especially susceptible. And while they admit that it may make him a more successful man, and possibly a happier one, because it tends to remove causes of persecution, and enables him to assimilate more easily with the people among whom he lives—experience has not proved that it improves his morality. That there is much need among the Jews of religious reform is however admitted amongst the most orthodox. Conversing not long since with an Eastern Jew, learned in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, upon the existing state of Islam, he maintained that its present decaying condition

arose largely from the fact that Mohammedans had fallen away from the original conception of their religion; and to my surprise he went on to say—"The same has been the case with Christians and with Jews; all three religions need a reform. And it is certain that if Mohammed, Christ, and Moses were to reappear upon earth, they would be the first to proclaim this fact." The elements of this reform, he maintained, were to be found in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, which Western Jews have long since repudiated as a study. To find a group of Jews who still devote themselves to the examination of its esoteric philosophy, we have to go to Baghdad, where the most learned of the sect are congregated. Thus do the extremes meet; and thus, while we find Mr Franzos, who represents the most enlightened thought of his modern co-religionists, calling out for reform from his point of view, does the same cry issue from a band of mystics, representing what he would call the superstitions of the dark ages.

It has been this instinct for a reform which might be found under new conditions, which has given rise throughout Russia and Roumania to that agitation in favour of a return to the Holy Land, which has attained during this year such large proportions. It is a mistake to suppose, as the Western Jews who have shown themselves opposed to this movement maintain, that the result of such an exodus would be an increase of Rabbinical influence, and a lapse into the bondage of a still narrower superstition than that by which the Eastern Jews are already held. Exactly the opposite effect would be produced by their emancipation from the social and political thralldom in which they are now enslaved in Russia and Roumania.

So long as an independent national existence is denied to the Jews, so long will they cling to the prejudices which have kept them separate as a people among the various nations of the world. It has been due to that very tenacity of ancient observances, to that rigid adherence to ceremonial rites, which Mr Franzós so bitterly deprecates, that they have been able to maintain their distinct racial character amid all vicissitudes and all persecutions; but once secure for them an independent national existence, and the moral emancipation will follow as a matter of course. And I know Rabbis of the Chassidim who would be the first to give it its impetus; but it would not necessarily be in the direction of the modern rationalism. There is room in the East for a higher moral growth which should correspond with, and even avail itself of, the higher intellectual growth of the West; and it is to a new nationality—the only nationality in the world whose name possesses a purely religious signification—that we must look for this development. Any scheme for the solution of the Jewish difficulty which tends to break down the barriers separating the Jews from the rest of the world, until they have formed themselves into a nation apart, and are strong and united enough materially to evolve into new and higher moral and social conditions, must inevitably tend to frustrate this consummation.

It is not to those scattered broadcast over America, nor to the wealthy and luxurious classes in Western Europe, that we must look for the moral regeneration of the race. The tendency there is all in the opposite direction: it is to

the assimilation of their ideas intellectually with the rational, and what is called the “advanced,” thought of Christendom. As an illustration of this tendency, I may mention the formation of a Jewish sect in the French colony of Algiers, who style themselves “*Les libres penseurs Israelites*,” and who outraged their fellow Jews, and inaugurated their free-thought, by giving a banquet on the solemn “Day of Atonement.”

“The Judaism of to-day,” writes a Western Jew, lamenting the religious indifference of his co-religionists, “to the great majority of its adherents, is nothing more than a tribal bond worn for social purposes. They are born Jews and remain Jews, simply for fear of being ostracised by their friends and relations. They cluster round Judaism like barnacles round a ship’s keel, but are no more Jews, if judged by Rabbinical Judaism—which, I suppose, is our index—than the barnacles are sailors, if judged by the Admiralty code. In fact, Judaism is observed by the many just as it suits the individual.”*

At the same time, the discussion to which Mr Claude Montefiore’s recent paper has given rise in Jewish circles, affords ample evidence of the craving which exists among the more earnest minds in the West for such an adaptation of the spirit of their creed as should meet the aspirations of their co-religionists; and if any assurance could be given them that the restoration of the Jewish race from the countries of their bondage to the land of their ancestors would really result in a religious development which should benefit humanity, there can be no doubt that both among Western Jews and Christians the strongest possible encouragement and support would be given to a movement in this direction. At present

* ‘Jewish Chronicle,’ Oct. 6, 1882.

they have no assurance that conditions exist under which any such new nationality could be created successfully, nor, if it were created, that the moral and religious results would be such as I have ventured to predict.

In regard to the first point, we shall probably not have to wait above a year for a complete revolution in the constituent national elements in the East. The conquest of Egypt by England means the disintegration of the Asiatic dominions of the Ottoman Empire. If Egypt becomes independent of Turkey, it becomes the leading independent Arab state—the country destined to lead a Pan-Arabic movement against the Ottoman Power—a movement which, according to a prophecy current throughout North Africa, is destined to spread from one T. to the other—from Tangiers in Morocco to Tripoli in Syria. That one of the first countries which must be affected by an independent Egypt is Palestine, which lies on its borders, is certain; that it must of necessity become the pivot upon which the destinies of the adjoining countries must turn, is no less self-evident. As our policy in Egypt develops,—as, under the pressure of circumstances, it is inevitably bound to develop, the assurances of the Government notwithstanding,—with the virtual administration of the country by England, the national susceptibilities of France, Russia, and Italy, already strained almost beyond bearing, will find active expression. Compensations will be demanded which must infallibly be the prelude to conferences, or wars, or both; when the European Powers will have to consider French claims in regard to Syria, Italian claims to Tripoli, Russian claims to Armenia, and the problem of Palestine and the Holy Places will present itself as the first

for solution. We shall not therefore have long to wait before the fate of Palestine will become a burning European question, and it is in anticipation of this contingency that it is desirable that the public mind should be familiarised with the idea—the only one which will probably be found practical,—regard being had to the jealousies existing among European Powers on the subject,—of neutralising the Holy Land under a European guarantee. But for this purpose it is necessary that it should be erected into a nationality; and this, in the absence of any local population worthy the name, can only become possible by the transference to it of the race to whom it formerly belonged.

The sacred associations which are attached to this consummation naturally here present themselves, as they exist so strongly both among Jews and Christians that they cannot be disregarded, if we would consider the question in all its bearings. It is singular that while I have found among Western Jews an inclination to shrink from this aspect of the subject, and even to oppose a movement tending to a reoccupation of their own country by the Jews, on the ground that Providence does not need human instruments to carry out His designs—in itself a fallacy—I have found no such feeling among Eastern Jews, who all recognise the fact that if Palestine is to be reoccupied, it must be by their own efforts. The circumstance that the Bible contains prophecies predicting such a restoration has indeed been one of the principal reasons urged by enlightened Jews why it should not be attempted by practical organisations in a rational manner. According to them, God will bring it about in His own way, and at His own time, and all they have to do is to sit still

and wait. I should rather have expected to have heard this not very enlightened view propounded by a fanatical member of the Chassidim, —but quite the contrary, they are fully prepared to act in the matter as reasonable beings, and do not expect miracles to be performed in their behalf—at least, none of those with whom I have conversed on the subject have such an anticipation. The fact that prophecies on the subject exist, however, does not seem to me to add weight to the suggestions which I have here ventured to offer, and which would hold good whether they existed or not. A Western Jew once remarked to me that Christians looked in the Bible, found a prophecy, and then said, “Oh, here is a prophecy, let us go and fulfil it.” The converse of this proposition, which was the one apparently acted upon by my friend, is, “Oh, here is a prophecy, *don't* let us go and do this thing, for fear if we do, we shall fulfil it,”—and so he set his face against any effort to restore the Jewish race to the Holy Land. The only sound and safe way to look at the question is irrespective altogether of what may be the human interpretation of mystical utterances fifteen hundred years old; and, if it is a good thing in itself, try and accomplish it. At the same time it is not to be denied that the religious motive based upon the interpretation of certain passages of Scripture operates strongly in the minds of a certain class of Christians who have interested themselves in the movement, no less than with a certain class of Jews. I have heard a sermon preached in a Christian church on the subject of the Jewish restoration to Palestine, on the same text taken from a chapter in Isaiah which I have heard read in a Jewish synagogue in Galicia, upon which the Rabbi preached a ser-

mon in exactly the same sense as the Christian priest; and I have been surprised to find that far less scruple existed among the orthodox about taking money to assist the movement than among the Western Jews, —but this no doubt arises largely from the fact that the former are apparently so much more eager for the accomplishment of the prophecy than the latter, that they wisely refrain from looking a gift horse in the mouth. I have found among them, nevertheless, strong suspicions of conversion projects underlying Christian munificence in this matter, which is not to be wondered at considering the aggressive tendency of certain missionary societies, and the means which are sometimes resorted to, and which have come to my personal knowledge, for making converts; and this has been taken advantage of by persons opposed to the movement to alarm their co-religionists—as it appears to me, quite unnecessarily. If there were any moral obligation incumbent upon Jews forming a colony with the assistance of Christian funds to become Christians, subscriptions from Christians to the Mansion-House Committee and other relief associations for the refugees the other day should have been refused. A colony of forty-five families has already been organised by the “Syrian Colonisation Fund,” of which the President, Lord Shaftesbury, is also President of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. At the request of the Rabbi, his Lordship purchased for the colony a handsomely bound scroll of the Law, which, in his unavoidable absence, was presented to the Rabbi by Lady Strangford, and the former on the occasion read an appropriate chapter in Hebrew from the Bible. It must be admitted that the Rabbi of a highly orthodox congregation, receiving on behalf of that congre-

gation a copy of the Torah from the President of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, is an extremely novel and most significant event. If no conversions result from it—and it rests with the Jews themselves to see that they don't—a very valuable precedent will have been created, which will go far to destroy the existing prejudice against taking subscriptions from Christians for the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine.

It is likely, however, that this colony, which is to be established in North Syria, together with another consisting of 288 families, organised by the Central Committee of Roumania, representing 49 sub-committees, and which has started for land selected for them on the plain of Hottin, near Lake Tiberias; and a third, the land for which has been purchased by Mr Lewontin, President of the Russian Society of the "Advanced Guard;" and a fourth, consisting of Russian students, who have selected land in Syria,—will all find serious obstacles thrown in their way by the Turkish Government, which is firmly opposed to colonisation in any part of Syria or Palestine. And it is not until the changes to which I have alluded alter entirely the existing conditions, that in my opinion any colony should be attempted to be established in either of those countries, for fear of their being overtaken by disaster, in the by no means improbable event of this region becoming a theatre of war.

In regard to the second branch of the question,—whether, supposing these changes to have taken place, and a Jewish nationality located, it would develop new moral and religious life?—I would ask those familiar with the Ghettos of Eastern Europe whether it is possible to conceive of them transferred in all their hideous squalor to the Land

of Promise? whether, when they felt that the day of their destiny had arrived, a new spirit would not seize their crushed and long-suppressed inhabitants? whether, with the consciousness of a new-born national existence, a new life would not be infused into them, under the stimulus of which the whole habits of their existence, which have, in fact, grown out of the exigencies of their position, would become revolutionised? and whether it would be possible for them to enjoy this material freedom without the impetus to a corresponding moral emancipation? whether the new-found energies, which would have to be called out in the development of the natural resources of the country, in the creation of an administration, in the expansion of commercial enterprise, would still submit to the Rabbinical trammels which Mr Franzos so eloquently describes? Can he imagine that when this young nationality was framing its laws, it would take those of the Ghetto of Barnow without reforming them?

The peculiarity of the Mosaic law is, that it is at once a religious and an administrative system, applicable to the conditions which existed 2400 years ago. Is it likely, on the one hand, that the new nationality will attempt to apply it literally now; or, on the other, inasmuch as its very essence is religious, that it will leave out the religious element altogether, and not rather that, keeping its religious basis, they will seek so to adapt and modify it as to suit existing conditions? And what will this amount to but religious reform?—and more than this, a religious reform founded upon the truest principles? In this "Jewdom" possesses the great advantage over Christendom, that it does not, like the latter, draw a wide distinction

between secular and religious life, but makes them inseparable. In Christendom laws are made for the protection of society irrespective of any sacred code—upon principles of enlightened selfishness. But the Jews believe that the laws which regulate their daily lives are from God, to such an extent that, as I have already said, the complaint made against them in this very Podolia of which Mr Franzos writes is, that where the laws of the land conflict with their own code, they obey the latter. In their struggle to evolve a religious code in consonance with that delivered to them by Moses, but adapted to the wants and exigencies of the present day, what more likely than that, in their search for divine guidance, they should evolve a new and higher ethical standard which should be the rule of their daily lives? and what other nationality exists of whom the same conjecture can be made? It remains, of course, merely a conjecture, but it is one based upon possibilities such as are supplied by no other race in the world. Therefore I say, that given the political chances of this new nationality becoming the only practical solution open to Europe of a great difficulty; and given the especial moral conditions owing to the Jewish application of divine laws to daily life under which it must of necessity be founded,—it becomes the duty of every Jew who has the welfare of his people at heart—nay, more, of every man who is animated by the love of humanity—to consider whether this is a subject from which he can lightly turn aside, or whether it may not, in fact, be so pregnant with momentous issues to society at large, that those who are penetrated with their importance should shrink from no sacrifices in order to bring it about.

That the best Jewish minds are much exercised on this subject of reform is clear, not merely from Mr Franzos's book, and from Mr Montefiore's article, but from the efforts which have been made in this direction in America. Here, however, owing to the conditions under which it has been attempted, the nature of the surroundings and the exigencies of existence which Jews are called upon to meet, it has proved worse than an utter failure, and has only resulted in a tendency towards gross materialism and infidelity. The 'American Hebrew,' a leading New York Jewish newspaper, in an article on this subject, headed "A New Departure," writes as follows:—

"At last European Jews seem to awaken to the fact that Judaism is not, on the one hand, a toy to be used with childish caprice, nor, on the other hand, a fossil fit only to be placed in a museum of antiquities, but rather a living reality, which has entered, and must continue to enter, into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance. The 'Jewish Chronicle,' which voices the best Jewish thought of Europe, finally realises that much of the "Shulchan Aruch" has outlived itself, and must be remodelled to suit the demands of our modern life. In this conclusion the 'Chronicle' is in unison with American Hebrews—at least, those who desire more the permanent weal of Judaism than the temporary convenience of Jews; and with the 'Chronicle' to lead the movement, it will acquire an accession of strength everywhere. Two facts stare us in the face with a pertinacity that will not down. The first of these is that the so-called Reform movement is a failure; that it does not prevent an alienation from Judaism of the flower of our Jewish youth; that they who should constitute our bone and sinew have not been brought into accord with us either in thought or deed. The other is, that fossilised Judaism is as repugnant to cultured Jews as reform is insufficient and illogical. Between these two facts, and

while the ministers of each party are widening the schism, Judaism is fast losing its hold on the hearts and minds of the young. In New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple. Let us not deceive ourselves. This picture is true, and the sooner we understand it the better it will be for us. The remedy can lie only in a readaptation of Judaism—a reform, not only of ritual, which is secondary, but a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit—a reform which shall make Judaism really progressive. The time is past for haphazard destruction. We must have, and speedily, else will it be too late, a convention of Jewish scholars who shall represent all Judaism, who must consider the transitory state in which we now are, and must legislate wisely and well if Judaism shall maintain its historic place.”

Here, then, we have the Jews, on the one hand, calling for “a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit,” and admitting, on the other hand, that the reform which has been attempted in a country where the laws for daily life do not pretend to have a divine origin, is insufficient and illogical,” and that “in New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple.” And yet, on the ground that Russian Jews needed enlightenment and civilising, more than 20,000 of them were sent by their Western co-religionists to be scattered over the United States, to pick up advanced ideas from the lips of the infidel orators here alluded to. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that the effort was not one of a perfectly pure and disinterested philanthropy. If it was mistaken, the error arose from

an insufficient knowledge of the conditions which were awaiting the emigrants, and under the pressure of which so many hundreds have been returning. But when the author of the article above quoted suggests, as the machinery for this much-needed reform, “a convention of Jewish scholars, who shall represent all Judaism,” he makes as great a mistake as his co-religionists who sent the refugees to America, if he thinks that such a convention will make “Judaism a living reality, which has entered, and must enter into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance.” Erudition does not necessarily make good living; moral needs are not to be met by scholastic learning. It is in the effort of social reconstruction that these daily experiences occur which tell people what their moral needs are. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory in such matters; and in the struggle consequent upon the evolution of a new nationality, based upon a religious moral code, will be acquired such knowledge of how to incorporate morality in the daily lives of men, as no convention of scholars collected from all the countries of Christendom could ever imagine or suggest. Therefore I again insist that the great panacea for the race is to throw it upon its own national instincts and religious aspirations, and to trust to these for developing a higher moral and social life in accordance with its industrial, political, and administrative requirements. Let this conviction be shared in by those who now, by their great wealth, mainly control the destinies of the people, and they will have it in their power ere long to inaugurate a reform which shall be neither “insufficient nor illogical.”

THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

EVENTS in these days march at the double; the good old slow-step has disappeared from the drill-books; railroads are voted slow; telegrams are fast elbowing out the penny stamp; and a campaign finished but yesterday, which would have lasted gossips a lifetime, is now merely a matter of history. Newspaper proprietors, who two months ago were amassing fortunes by special editions shrieked for sale every hour at the street-corners by ragged little boys, must now be content with the modest competence afforded by the morning penny. Idlers no longer gape on delightful details of slaying and slaughter. The geography of the "Sweet-water Canal," with the horrid corpse that invariably looked the correspondent in the face when he was taking his "life-giving draught," is forgotten. The Egyptian campaign is relegated to limbo, and expectancy awaits another and a bigger one; while thoughtful men, now the blare of the trumpets has done sounding, and the gilt of fiction is rubbing off the gingerbread of fact, endeavour to take to heart the lessons which it has taught.

Why did the necessity for a campaign at all ever arise? is a question that forces itself to the front. The speedy collapse of Arabi, and wholesale desertion of his followers, are proofs sufficient that the movement he instituted was not a national one, backed up by the whole or a greater part of the heart of the nation.

Perhaps Arabi thought it so himself; at any rate it was his game to think it such, and to publish his belief far and wide, and so impose the same upon a great many people who had no other means

of knowledge except that gleaned from newspapers. But why did not Mr Gladstone know the truth, and, with the exercise of but a fraction of the energy he has since authorised, suppress the rebellion in the bud, and save himself from a vast amount of what he once called "blood-guiltiness"—a term which just now it is convenient to forget?

He was not dependent on the daily press for an insight into coming events. He had clever men on the spot—in Egypt, at Constantinople, and in all the capitals of Europe—who draw large salaries, and achieve many decorations for the express purpose of keeping him informed as to how the wind blows: gales and hurricanes are recorded by the Fitzroy barometer of the press; they are public properties, and can be neglected; the side-winds that enter through official key-holes, the draughts that pass unnoticed up the stairs of a palace, the whispers that float through assemblies where great men congregate,—these, carefully measured, indicate truly the force and direction of the political wind; and of all these Mr Gladstone must have had the fullest measure.

Yet they appear to have told him nothing, and so we saw Arabi foisted on the world as leader of the National party in Egypt; the bombardment of Alexandria, with its resulting claims for six millions, which a little forethought and a couple of regiments would have prevented; a campaign which has given us much glory at the cost of many lives, and for which the bill has not yet been presented; the occupation of Cairo for an indefinite period by our troops; and, finally, the Egyptian question as

far from being settled as ever it was.

Of course we are met by the truisms, "It's easy to be wise after the event;" "Any one could back the right horse if he knew which would win;" but we argue that a Prime Minister ought to know—it is just what he is paid for. He is, to go back to the sporting truism, the trainer who is accredited in all the political stables; he knows quite well that Germany is to be "pulled;" that France is restive and will bolt; Turkey is half-hearted and won't stand the spur; Egypt is a cur, and will be the first beaten;—why, with all these "tips" at his finger-ends did not he pile his money upon the English horse, which he knew could win in a canter if only once let out? The answer is, that the ways of Mr Gladstone are not as those of other men, and that we must put our hands into our pockets and pay up cheerfully, thanking Providence for granting us such a "Grand Old Man." We are apt now to treat Arabi with too much contempt; his was only a poor bubble—one prick and it burst and became invisible; it is the penalty of failure—nothing succeeds like success. But Arabi was a clever man, and must have a great deal in him to hoist himself into the position he did, and to require a great part of a great nation to administer the prick to his bubble. His ambition and intrigue called up a great army; his belief in himself and in his cause almost made the Egyptian nation believe in him too, if indeed they do not believe in him still a great deal more than we think they do. The entire country was his for some months; he held us in check bravely, and without resorting to unlawful means, which were in his power to use at any moment; and he all but beat us at Kassassin by a well-executed military manœuvre. He

failed because his men failed him; they ran away; and if our men at Tel-el-Kebir had done the same as his men did, all the skill and pluck of "our only general" would not have saved him. There is a case very near home indeed to us English, in which we know of a general who, after doing all his part of the work well, was left by his men at the supreme moment to die alone.

So we should not write down Arabi as deserving nothing but our contempt, now he is beaten and down in the mire.

But while anxious to spare as much as possible the man whom we have conquered in fair fight, we must not be puffed up with inordinate vanity about our own heroism or deeds of daring. This is essentially an advertising age, of huge placards and flaming posters, but the thing is mostly in the hands of pushing tradesmen; let the army be content to leave the trade in their hands, and not begin to issue posters on its own account.

There has been too much puffing up ourselves in the Egyptian campaign, and naturally so when we remember that the general in his despatch boasts of the youth of his soldiers; and we know that young men are more prone to talk about their own exploits than older ones.

A boy's first battle is a great novelty. He has read of battles at school, and the accounts have left him under the impression that to leave the field with half your head sliced off is a usual and rather a lucky termination to the scene. But when the real thing has come and gone, he does not quite know how; for he only saw a dozen yards on either side of him by reason of the smoke and dust, while the noise of shouting and galloping drowned everything else except the cry of a comrade struck down quite close to him; his face is all over grins and

smiles, he feels every inch a hero, and, boylike, wishes to share the pleasure. So we get letters in the papers, sent home originally to dotting parents, and by them promptly forwarded to the nearest print. And in all this there is no harm. The boyish grins will wax fainter after his second battle; the third one will be looked upon as a harder day's work than usual, but better than "fatigues" and "orderly duty;" until an army composed of old soldiers comes to trouble the anxious parents at home with letters so few and far between, that the fact remains a standing grievance in the family circle.

It is not to this kind of puffing that we take exception. We object to the "puff direct," which has been painfully frequent lately, in which names of generals, of men high in rank, and old enough in military service to be above such trifles, allow their names to be continually brought before the public; coming up at breakfast-time with the bacon and buttered toast as regularly as the morning paper appears.

Every one behaved everywhere with "indomitable pluck;" the men always marched with a "stern look of resolution" in their faces, and so on. Of course, it can be urged that this was the fault of the correspondents, but it must be remembered that in the Egyptian campaign these gentlemen were tightly muzzled, and it rebounds on the head of the general who told off competent men to tighten on the muzzles when such silly trash was allowed to pass. After reading such twaddle, one is apt to feel an unpleasant flavour, and to picture Sir Garnet and his men of war as so many small bantam-cocks perched on the highest point of their dung-heap, flapping their wings, and crowing vigorously over the defeat-

ed Arabi just slinking round the corner.

For Sir Garnet is the greatest offender of them all, and so it is small wonder that the lesser sheep and lambs of his flock follow the big bell-wether.

In his despatch after Kassassin what could have been in worse taste than the bit of clap-trap which told us that the rôle of the British soldier is never to retire before any number of the enemy? and again, after Tel-el-Kebir, how well the puff-paragraph telling of the excellence of his young soldiers could have been omitted, seeing that every one knew it was not justified by facts; the writer of it having too good a head on his shoulders to trust himself in the field to young soldiers, as defined by short service.

But, unfortunately perhaps, Sir Garnet is a politician; he is an astute man, and can see what many cannot realise, that the avenue leading to military success is overgrown with political interests. A general may have the "Handbook" by heart; may keep every detail of his profession at his finger-ends; may be brave, beloved by his men, a man of society, and what not; and he may fight a big battle, and win it: there will be a great deal of tall writing in the papers, and the Queen will decorate him, the House of Commons thank him, the Aldermen turtle him—and that is all. He has not cultivated the men who pull the strings; he has not made himself useful to men who are in the groove and get on by picking other people's brains; he is unknown to head-clerks and permanent under-secretaries; he is too outspoken, and talks to these great men as if they were civilians, and himself a soldier on a perch a bit higher than theirs. And so they don't like him; he is not of

much account in their eyes ; his glorious deeds reflect glory only on himself, not on them—let him keep it, and we'll look out for some one who knows better on which side the butter is spread !

Now, at the bottom of all this is the growing feeling that a man can be everything. Of old we were content to stick to our counters ; the linen-draper to his yard-measure ; the politician to his blue-books ; the soldier to his men ; and like many things our fathers practised, and taught us to see forgotten by their sons, they were right. The oldest book in the world says, "A man cannot serve two masters,"—a man cannot learn two trades ; "either he will love the one and hate the other"—and so on ; and the old Book still teaches lessons which we can learn with advantage.

More than ever is this fact true in the present day, when mediocrity is barely tolerated. A man must be a good man to get on at all ; and "the cobbler should stick to his last." You can't serve two masters now, any more than in the days when the Jews were at the same game, and failed. You will hate one and love the other. You may not know it yourself, but your subordinates will ; more than all, in military life, your men will : they have plenty of time for reflection, they rub up habitually against their superiors, and pick up scraps from the mess-table which they remember, and enlarge upon, and they are in consequence uncommonly astute judges of men's characters. They see a man who uses them merely as a round in the ladder of his own advancement, and they don't see it, and won't help in the upward climbing more than they are compelled to do ; and when the moment arrives they are found wanting, and the aspirant curses his luck and sees his error when

too late. Another man may be hard and severe, but he lives amongst his men, and is of all things a soldier and nothing else ; so in the day of battle they fear and follow his voice, knowing that in his heart he is as one of themselves ; the common thought urges them on, and they carry him to victory.

"Oh !" cry the critics, "so did the soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir"—and so they did : the now unmuzzled correspondents have told us how "they wanted a great deal of leading by their officers," and a large proportion of officers were killed in consequence. Now this is just as it should be ; it is the officers' place to lead, the men's to follow : and as to the risks of being killed, every war proves that the proportion of officers to men is on the increase. But those officers who did this "great deal of leading," and got killed so fast, were without an exception regimental officers—the class of men that Sir Garnet has gone out of his way, notably in the 'Nineteenth Century,' to run down. They are, he said, useless, idle fellows, caring only for leave of absence, races, cards, and so on—we have not the periodical to refer to, but that is the gist of his condemnation. Yet at Tel-el-Kebir, where the chances of the day hung in the balance, and his young soldiers wanted a "great deal of leading," it was these same regimental officers who turned the scale for him, making Sir Garnet a viscount ; and Arabi, in his prison, only fit to be spat upon by the chief eunuch.

The regimental officers led the men, and the men followed their officers, knowing them to be just what they were themselves—mere soldiers, who had been out daily on the same parades with them ; had asked them a hundred times if, at dinner-time, they had any com-

plaints with the boiled beef or kidney potatoes; and had turned them out when "on guard" every wet night these last three years or more.

So when the first news of the victory came to us, we were told how the Royal Irish was the leading regiment in the attack; and all Dublin rejoiced, and voted swords, and dinners, and what not, in honour of so pleasing an event to a "conquered nation;" and now we find out in sober truth that it was not the Royal Irish at all that were first in, but the Highlanders. It may have been a slip of the pen; but it makes men suspicious, knowing how intimately connected the writer of the news is with the Government, and how much, in the difficult game it has to play in Ireland, such a trump-card would help it when judiciously played.

Tel-el-Kebir, as Sir Garnet tells us, was essentially an infantry battle, and our infantry officers and men won it for him. The staff had done their work, previous to the attack, well and skilfully; they organised a most difficult night-march with marvellous success, and when the moment arrived for hard blows, the men to deal them were there, and dealt them effectively. In this campaign we do not hear so much of staff officers usurping the duties of regimental officers. Of late there has been too great a tendency to exalt the staff, to the detriment of the regimental officer. Each has his own position, and at Tel-el Kebir they both appear to have found it.

That this has not always been the case, accounts for the fact that the men who have to do the fighting have become somewhat distrustful of the staff—particularly of the staff which Sir Garnet has drawn round him, and which has gained for itself a well-known title,

more or less deserved. It is true that the chief owes much of his success to his power of selecting good men to work under him, and no one is more ready to own it than he is; and, so far as he is concerned, they are most excellent examples of men thoroughly well trained in the duties they are called on to carry out. Yet no body of men is more disliked, as a body, than that which is popularly known in the army as the "Society." As a correspondent in a weekly paper said, "there is such a lot of back-scratching." They recognise, insensibly perhaps, that their present chief has climbed so high, putting talent aside, by parliamentary and official favour, and they, as a matter of course, play "follow my leader." Their chief achieved the certainty of success by becoming a party man, by identifying himself with the Liberal party, at a time when it was a rarity to find a military man other than Conservative; and they will follow so good an example, and become party men too. All outside the charmed circle are not to be thought of, poor fellows! They are only regimental—while we—hence the "back-scratching" so annoying to the honest-minded regimental officer, who, all the more honour to him, in spite of it and of the aspersions cast on his character by the head of the "Society," is ready to do his duty nobly when the time comes.

The truth is, that many of the late so-called army reforms have had in view the turning of the Queen's army into a parliamentary army; and so far the effort has been successful. The War Minister, a member of the Liberal Cabinet, asserts himself as the head of the army, nominally under the Queen; his lieutenant, and the hero of the day, is a prominent Liberal, over whose elevation to the peerage

the Liberal press exults, as one more scrap of leaven in that old Conservative loaf, the House of Peers. And officers begin to be conscious of the change, and recognise that if any of them wish to advance beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Tommy Atkins, he must be something more than a soldier, more than a Conservative; he must go with the times and say, "My father was a Conservative, and I am one too; but we must float with the tide, and drift into Liberal believers in Cardwell-cum-Childers."

In days gone by, who of those round a mess-table knew who was War Minister? The Duke was their head, and they knew no other. Now the Duke is put on one side, and for once that you hear his name mentioned, you hear that of Mr Childers a dozen times.

In all this let us remember France in 1870; she had then a Political army; Lebœuf, the man who wore his heart on his sleeve, one of its leading ornaments; Bazaine, who surrendered Metz, another; and we all know the history of that army, and of France itself, in consequence. Do not let us follow France down that hill. England had a Parliamentary army once, when Charles I. was king; that taught us a lesson not yet forgotten. By this we don't mean to say that if we do succeed in getting a Parliamentary army, it will lead to the Prince of Wales hiding up an oak-tree, or laying his head on a block; but we shall not win Tel-el-Kebirs with Parliamentary armies; we shall face the realities rather of Gravelotte and Sedan; and after that, perhaps the deluge.

Hints are appearing about the want of discipline shown by our troops in Egypt, and doubtless there is more than meets the eye in the complaint. Now, in fairness to the short-service system, we must not seek to lay all the blame

for this want of so vital a part of an army's existence to its door. Short service is a necessity, we admit, and is no doubt the cause of much indiscipline. But the real cause lies in the general raising up of the class from which we draw our soldiers, and in the spread of education.

Discipline means "blind obedience;" and for a man with his eyes open to yield blind obedience means that his faculties are blind, and that he stupidly follows the man a little better and cleverer than himself. No doubt men of this stamp make admirable soldiers, but they are not to be obtained in this age of lectures and school boards. In the political world we have reduced the franchise to far too low a level, as Lord Beaconsfield knew to his cost; and we have done the same to the soldier class, by educating it to think for itself; consequently, the soldiers it produces do think for themselves, often at the wrong moment, and cease to give that blind obedience to their superiors which is at the bottom of all discipline.

We don't advert to the acts of thieving and violence but too common among our soldiers at present, because our army is in a state of change; and until it can fairly be set going on the new lines laid down for it, it will surely attract many characters which, as it progresses, will find themselves out of place in its ranks, and will so keep away.

Another story which the unmuzzled correspondents are telling relates to the shortcomings of the transport and supply departments; horses landed without forage, men without food, and hospitals without medicines; a tale which, though contradicted by interested authorities, is still very much believed in by others. Yet it is the War

Office now which is omnipotent, sheltering the antiquated Horse Guards under its wing, while a civilian element teaches the old military machine how wars ought to be conducted.

We take many lessons from other nations, for in that respect we are not proud; why, then, do not we take a lesson from them how to feed and move an army? We need not go to the Continent for what we want; we can look at our own India, where the commissariat service is as excellent as ours is the reverse. We find in this campaign that the Indian Contingent slept under good canvas and ate good meals after seeing their horses were eating theirs, while our men were squatting under bell-tents and eating nothing at all.

Now the "bell-tent" was invented many years ago, when our wars were generally conducted in Europe, and is perfectly adapted to that sort of campaigning. But to stick some dozen or more men under a rag of canvas which lets in every ray of sunshine, in a country like Egypt in September, is to risk losing our men by sun-stroke rather than by bullets, to put altogether aside the inhumanity of the affair. India is a poor country, and England is a rich one; yet in the one case we are told the men slept comfortably, while in the other they got little rest at all.

But the Indian commissariat is officered by military men and not by civilians—there is not a civilian in the department; while with us all are civilians, with a grievance that fighting men don't think them soldiers. How can Mr Major Simkins get through his work to his own satisfaction when he is sore at heart because Major Timkins of the Royal Suffolk Slashers does not prefix Mr to his title, and wears a yard

more gold-lace on his tunic than does an assistant commissary? or how can Mr Lieutenant-Colonel Brown take an order from Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the Brighton Beefeaters, when he knows that Colonel Jones is three days his junior, and should have "requested" and not "ordered" supplies to be sent to his starving regiment?

There was an army in the field not so very long ago which was somewhat wanting in some of the articles of food supplied to soldiers, and for lack of vegetables scurvy appeared. Preserved vegetables were known to be at the base depot, some hundred miles away, but none would come up. An officer happened to pass through this base depot, and there he saw mountains of stores piled up in admirable order, squadrons of clerks, and many gold-laced commissariat officers in charge of squadrons and stores. All day long they sat in their offices, corresponding freely, but only with one another. Mr Captain had neglected to apply on the proper War Office form, through Mr Major, for the requisite authority of Mr Lieutenant-Colonel to sanction the issue of, say, two blankets and a pound of pipeclay. It took a day to settle this matter of form and precedence amicably and according to regulation, and then came the outside correspondence. In it was much demand for vegetables, but it was dinner-time, and too late to attend to it to-day, so to-morrow would be time enough. But to-morrow brought a fresh case of official neglect on the part of Mr Captain, and so the vegetable issue was put off till the next day, and so on again and again. Day after day time and paper were wasted over silly bickerings about rank which had no value, or in sending back forms incorrectly filled

in; and so the army marched, and fought, and returned, and buried the men with scurvy; and the survivors got a medal and were thankful.

Now if these commissariat officers had been as other officers are, majors or colonels, not merely titular, but in reality such, these misunderstandings could not have arisen. They do not occur in a regiment. Every officer there has a recognised rank, and knows it, and every one knows it too. But civilians, plastered up with military titles which are unmeaning, become sore and touchy on the point, and resent any fancied interference with their dignities, which at most only exist in the number of stars or crowns they can sew on to the collars of their coats: much heartburning ensues, and the service suffers.

In the Italian service, as in the Indian, it is a prize for a man to get into the commissariat, and all its officers come from the combatant ranks. Let it be a prize to the same class of men in our own service, and there will be less disputing over rows of gold-lace on the coats, and fewer empty stomachs in the next campaign.

In the Egyptian expedition all that the Horse Guards was set to do was done, and done well: the only department failing at all was, strange to say, that of the Quartermaster-General, which was managed until lately by Sir Garnet Wolseley himself, and has always been his pet study. Every one speaks in praise of the manner in which the Admiralty worked the ships; no complaint has been heard of shortcomings in the sea-transport service, — nothing but admiration at the conduct of the Marines. But the War Office, with Mr Childers at the head, and its vast machinery, complex and expensive, at his beck and

call, fails repeatedly, and would have landed us in disaster and defeat had it not been for the pluck and determination of our soldiers and sailors, who, however, don't count for much at the War Office.

A great deal has been said about the good service the Mounted Infantry did, and said rightly too. The work they did was constant and excellently done during those first long weary weeks of waiting. Always in the front, keeping contact with the enemy, it was impossible for the slightest movement in advance of their lines to be made without the Mounted Infantry giving notice of it. So men got to have a personal liking for the plucky little fellows; and all felt that they had lost a well-known friend when Lieutenant Howard Vyse was shot. At first this was all natural; but as time went on, the constant mention of their ubiquity and wonderful reconnoitring feats, to the almost entire exclusion of the cavalry, whose work they had usurped, seemed to point to a desire to make us believe that the sun of cavalry had set, and that this brighter and more modern luminary had taken its place.

In the operations before Alexandria, where no cavalry happened to be, the Mounted Infantry were an excellent substitute, and did work of which any cavalry man might be proud. But later on, at Ismailia, we still read of the little body doing continual wonders; and it was not until the charge of the Life Guards saved our troops from defeat at Kassassin that we were conscious that the mounted arm of the service was represented at all, except for purposes of rest and refreshment.

Yet our cavalry have proved themselves to be as good men as they ever have been in action, and have fairly settled one moot point with the new school as to whether

or not cavalry, as it exists, particularly heavy cavalry, should not be numbered with things of the past. But Kassassin proved, what the German cavalry proved at Rezonville, that cavalry have one great purpose always in reserve: they can ride straight into the jaws of death and silence a battery which has opened fire unexpectedly, and which threatens to turn the scale against the army it finds such an excellent target; or can seize the moment, when a flank is bare and exposed, and by a rapid charge turn an overwhelming advance into a rolled-up mass of trampling men. This is what our cavalry did in Egypt, and yet they appeared to have been selected from those most unfit to struggle with the climate, and the sand of its deserts; and correspondents were always telling us in accents of wonder how the Life Guards managed to rough it with the best, as if they were a different class of beings from English soldiers, recruited only to perform circus-rides, in very bright cuirasses, through the streets of London.

And if the heavy cavalry vindicated its claim to be counted as a useful arm of the service, quite as much did their lighter brethren in the magnificent ride to Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir,—an episode than which none is brighter, none more splendidly executed, in this or any other war.

Mounted infantry at present is only a makeshift to fill the place of cavalry absent. Two distinct ideas are represented by the term: one, the setting on horseback one or more battalions of infantry for the purpose of conveying them speedily to a given spot where they can anticipate the enemy; that reached, the horses are discarded, and fighting in ordinary infantry formation ensues. This was the plan used with success

by the Americans in their late war. The second, the mounting of individuals who can ride well and shoot well, to be used as scouts and reconnoitring patrols, fighting and firing invariably on foot, trusting only to their horses for locomotion; and it was to act like this that our mounted infantry was organised in Egypt. But it is notorious that the shooting of our infantry has been next door to infamous, and mounting them does not improve the accuracy of their aim. So the principle which should govern this idea of mounted infantry is lost sight of, and the men are turned into bad cavalry without the long training that cavalry men require. The Boers taught us a great deal about mounted infantry; but we must read the lesson aright, and not copy the upstrokes without learning to lean on the downstrokes.

Mounted infantry is the latest novelty in warfare, and history tells us that victory leans to that side which uses the last new thing. Frederick won his battles by substituting a flexible line for unwieldy columns; Napoleon by dividing his army into separate corps, moving along different roads, timed to arrive simultaneously at a given point; the Germans by the use of company columns, and the rapid massing of guns and men; the Boers by straight shooting and good riding.

And if our mounted infantry are to become a really useful arm, they must be trained to shoot straight, and to ride well; two things that can only be achieved by commencing early in life, remaining at it till manhood, learning just sufficient drill to enable them to march in "open file," and skirmish in the loosest manner, and to feel that, though by no means cavalry, still no contingency short of bad riding or bad shooting

can put a mounted infantryman into the ranks of an infantry regiment.

But much as we may see the value of mounted infantry, we can all see the still greater importance of straight shooting amongst our infantry. On all hands we are told that the shooting in Egypt was wretchedly bad,—fortunately that of the enemy was worse; had they shot straighter Tel-el-Kebir would still have been theirs. The days of “blazing away” are past and gone. Black men still believe in the efficiency of making a noise with their guns; they have a harmless habit, which has lately conducted much to our own successes against them, of fixing the butts of their rifles on the ground and letting the bullets fly into space. The Zulus put up the highest “sights,” under the impression that the gun shot all the stronger; and we are told that the Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir did much the same.

Drill now must be made secondary to firing, and our firing practice must be radically changed. To fire at targets fixed at known distances would be useful enough if we could induce our enemies in the next campaign to ticket themselves with the distance they happen to be apart from our men, and to lay down their own rifles till the regulated number of rounds had been “loosed off” by ours; but until we can be sure of meeting with so obliging a foe, we must teach our men to fire at unknown distances, and to fire at them a great deal more often than they do now at known ones. It will cost money. Cartridges are expensive; but this is a case to which penny wisdom does not apply. If our soldiers can’t learn to use their rifles as they are made to be used, let us get rid of them and utilise them as Army Service or Army Hospital Corps men, who only carry rifles for show.

Another want which the campaign disclosed was that of a properly trained railway volunteer staff. Railways now play such a leading part in war, that it is unwise to intrust the working of them to our already overworked Sappers. We had a Volunteer Post-Office Corps at the war, and, to judge by the entire silence which has rewarded its efforts, it must have done its work well. There are plenty of practical men—such as traffic managers, locomotive inspectors, permanent way overseers—who would willingly join such a corps, which on mobilisation could always be recruited up to working strength by men in railway employ. Place them under their own officers, dress them in just so much uniform as would entitle them to the rights of belligerents; otherwise let them continue as civilians without a pretence of military veneer, which will disgust good working men, attracting only the shams and worthless; and in the next campaign we shall hear less of the railway’s obstruction, and more of the railway’s assistance.

In taking a glance at the more prominent features of the campaign, every one must acknowledge how greatly the Ministry are indebted for their success to Lord Beaconsfield. Cyprus has made an excellent exterior base for the collection of men and the arranging of hospitals; indeed, in the early days of the war, when the first instalment of men was prepared there, it was intended to make the descent on Arabi by the Canal, as it subsequently was made; the possession of the island pointing out this course as most natural—the employment of the Indian Contingent affording us invaluable aid in the most pressing moments of the war, and doing more to cement our Mohammedan Indian subjects to

our rule than the wildest concessions ever dreamed of; the purchase of the Suez Canal shares giving us so practical a weight in the Company as enabled us to get rid of M. de Lesseps with a very good grace. Yet these same acts of the late Ministry were very severely handled by Mr Gladstone in those celebrated Mid-Lothian speeches as acts which he would never have been guilty of himself.

But Cyprus never was used as intended; for when Sir Archibald Alison sailed for Port Said with his troops in the execution of the original scheme, he was met by an urgent message from Sir Beauchamp Seymour requesting him to come at once to Alexandria, as Arabi was attacking the town, and reinforcements were absolutely necessary to relieve the blue-jackets and marines, quite worn-out by the constant work on the ramparts. Sir Archibald's reply was his appearance in Alexandria with the 38th and some engineers, whom he at once landed, together with a battalion of marines, and took up an advanced line on the fortifications, thus giving the sailors a night's rest. The men got their sleep, and Sir Archibald set to work vigorously to throw up an open trench—to organise a commissariat department—to centralise the military operations somewhat under an extempore adjutant-general's office—to establish a battery of light field-guns manned by sailors. By these means so much energy was thrown into the work that, in the course of two days, the town was garrisoned by a perfectly organised little force, including a field-battery drawn by blue-jackets, and a most useful corps of thirty mounted infantry, while a month's supply had been got together.

The exceptionally speedy termination of the campaign, and the

remarkably complete victory at Tel-el-Kebir, have put into the shade the vast amount of activity which was displayed by this early pioneer force, and which, as much as anything else, prepared the way for such happy results. It presented a check to Arabi, which effectually prevented him from spreading the rebellion over a wider area of country; it crippled the prestige which the possession of Alexandria would have given him with the natives; and it prevented the possibilities of escape that might have been left to him had he been free to take up his position and make a stand in some locality less accessible to our troops. As it was, the watch which the little garrison of Alexandria kept upon Kafr-Dowar proved the surest means of weakening the rebellion. Sir Archibald Alison kept them astir by continual reconnaissances, which generally resulted in brushes with the enemy, and which had the happy effect of inspiring and training our own troops, and of equally depressing the defenders of the intrenchments. Indeed, the whole campaign was characterised by the admirable and risky reconnaissances undertaken by so many of our officers, which will venture comparison with the best of those undertaken by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war.

The declaration of the Aboukir forts for Arabi made the situation at Alexandria much more anxious and difficult; but the exertions of the garrison and of the fleet were redoubled, and Arabi successfully prevented from deriving any fresh advantage from the accession.

But as much, or more praise, is due to the general, who, through all that trying time of reconnoitring, and keeping an all-watchful eye against surprise, never allowed himself to deviate from his orders.

It is no easy task to stand by and know that whatever chances occur you are not the man told off to take advantage of them; to feel that, after bearing so much of the heat of the day, a bigger man is on his way to absorb most of the credit; to be conscious that your men are eager to be led out, and imagine that it is your fault that they are not; and to read in every newspaper hints and sneers about the "iron train," and the battles without bloodshed, when the public are thirsting for real business. To do this is to possess one of the highest attributes of a soldier.

Sir Garnet's first move on Alexandria has much the effect of being a Gladstone demonstration. He hoped that at sight of his general and his men, Arabi and his men would repeat the history of the walls of Jericho, and fall down before him. But the poor deluded Egyptian did not fall down, and so the general and his men had to sail up the Canal and make him do so by brute force.

Now a great deal of nonsense has been talked about the wonderful strategy displayed in this campaign by the flank attack, and many of Sir Garnet's admirers have gone out of the way in trying to credit their hero with properties which he himself would be one of the first to disclaim. Lord Northbrook, in a speech at Liverpool, lately went further still, and by telling his audience how he saw Sir Garnet at the War Office before starting put his finger on the map of Egypt at Tel-el-Kebir, and say, "Here I shall fight the decisive battle of the campaign, and that on the 13th of next month,"—sought to invest him with the gift of prophecy; an art which we poor mortals are given to think is only possessed by the gods, and sporting tipsters.

"Defend me from my friends,"

may well be Sir Garnet's motto; for what can do a man in his position so much harm as to be made ridiculous. Nothing can be more mortifying to a successful general than the consciousness that a Ministry are regarding him as an item of their political stock-in-trade, and that their laudations of his victory are not intended as compliments to him, but as persuasives to the electors to continue their confidence. The people who listened to Lord Northbrook knew that he was talking nonsense, for the thing was put to them in a light which made it appear so to men like themselves who are not educated sufficiently in military science to understand the reason the general had for making the remark. No idea of prophecy occurred to him. He had been told that Arabi would not fight; but he thought that he would, and the plan of the campaign which practical soldiers knew would be necessary, contrary to the opinion of the visionaries, who held to the dream of the Jericho revival, had been arranged. This naturally enough was, that with the command of the seaboard we should go by sea—an inexpensive route—as near to Cairo, which was our objective, as we could; and the nearest point to Cairo is Ismailia. By landing there we save some forty miles' land journey over the road from Alexandria; besides avoiding those nasty-looking works at Kafr-Dowar which lay across that way, and which we hoped Arabi would not have time to repeat elsewhere. He would try to repeat them across our road to Cairo when he found we were coming that way, and of course choose the spot on the edge of the cultivated delta where the green disappears in the sand; keeping his men in comfort while ours slept out in the desert; and that spot was Tel-el-Kebir. It was not

Arabi who selected it; Sir Garnet had already done that with his finger when it was decided to advance by way of Ismailia.

As to the date fixed by him for the battle, if it were ever fixed at all by Sir Garnet except as a joke, we know that had it not been for the breakdown in the transport our men would have been at Tel-el-Kebir some days before the 13th September; and no one was more anxious to falsify his own prediction than the prophet himself—every day's delay adding another entrenchment to Arabi's position.

Strategy in this campaign would have been wasted; tactics resolved themselves into mere frontal attacks. Sir Garnet did not use either, because such polished weapons would have been out of place. He just used his superior knowledge, and found it the weapon most suited to the occasion.

He made himself thoroughly master of the geography of the country, knowing to a yard the distances and routes between various points; he assured himself of the worthless character of Egyptian soldiers, and played a bold, and, at times, a hazardous game, on the principle "nothing venture nothing win;" he arranged with consummate skill the night advance on Tel-el-Kebir when he had once decided upon it; and when the attack succeeded, he crowned all his work by the dash on Cairo, finishing the war by a stroke, and silencing his critics, who had to admit his ability as a general, once for all.

This ride for Cairo reads now as an ordinary sequel to the victory at Tel-el-Kebir; but it is more—much more.

After a battle, a time of great exhaustion ensues to conquering and to conquered alike: the bonds of discipline are never so loosened;

the vanquished are all for flight, and in that wild race are ready to yield up everything for bare life's sake; the victors, exultant beyond measure, have no other thought in that supreme hour but to enjoy it to the fullest, and require all that their leaders know to pull them together again for a second effort. Look back at the delay after the Alma, and count what that cost us: a bold dash then, and Sebastopol was ours without another shot fired. Look at Ulundi, where a small forward movement—and Cetewayo was there waiting to be captured—and all the long-drawn-out after-campaign in search of him would have been avoided.

From the first the probable destination of the army was most carefully concealed: indeed, with the exception of the chief of the staff, it is doubtful whether a single one of the generals shared Sir Garnet's confidence.

The general impression among experienced officers, however, was that he would only make a feint of landing at Aboukir, and sail away in the night for Port Said and Ismailia. The feeling was that Sir Garnet was too good a soldier to incur the certain heavy loss and doubtful success by attacking Arabi on the sea-board, when he could make certain his retreat from his fortified position, and hurry him back on the Ismailia-Cairo line by an advance from Ismailia.

To preserve this secrecy the most elaborate measures were taken—the commissariat at Alexandria providing rations for the Aboukir scheme; while contracts which had been made at home for Ismailia were cancelled just as the expedition sailed. Any way he sailed ostensibly for Aboukir, and the correspondents who had paid for steamers and boats with which to

follow and see the fun, were disappointed. Yet what sensible man could ever have thought for one minute that he intended to attack forts which, when taken, would have left him very much where he was before; and which, if taken at all, would have cost an enormous loss of life.

He "lied like truth," and every one was taken in. The garrison at Alexandria continued to do him infinite service, under Sir Edward Hamley, by distracting Arabi's attention, and in practising the Highland Brigade in reconnaissances and demonstrations, to be of the greatest use to them when it came to the tug of war at Tel-el-Kebir.

Arrived at Ismailia, Sir Garnet was all for pushing on at once, dispersing his enemy, and possessing himself of Zagazig, but had to change his plans, and confess that the Egyptians were not to be scattered without a big fight. It was here, too, that he found that the transport which his civilian friends at the War Office had assured him was a staff to lean upon with safety, was after all but the rottenest of reeds.

In pursuance of his first intention—as also to cut the dam which had been thrown across the fresh-water canal at El Magfa—he moved to that place with a force of something less than 1000 infantry, two guns, three squadrons of the Household Cavalry, and the mounted infantry, finding himself at once in front of ten guns and more than 4000 Egyptians. The march had been made under great difficulties, and the men arrived in a very exhausted state; yet all that day they fought in the blazing sunlight, the gunners only kept to their guns by having buckets of water poured on their heads. The horses just landed from shipboard, stiff limbed and half

starved, were at their worst. Giants refreshed could not have stood out against such odds had the men composing the foe been Europeans: even as it was, it was all our soldiers could do to hold their own, and Sir Garnet got a lesson, and began to think twice over his original scheme of driving the Egyptians before him to Zagazig.

However, next morning saw the Egyptians, for no reason at all, in full retreat, and Sir Garnet at once betook himself to the offensive, hoping to capture some of the trains which he saw steaming away in the distance. This he did not succeed in, but our cavalry took some guns, forty-five waggon-loads of provisions, and over a hundred tents.

At Kassassin, 14 miles farther along the canal, was a lock, and the chances were that, with its possession, all trouble about the water-supply would be at an end; so an advanced-guard of some 1900 men were marched on it that same day. More could not be sent for want of transport, neither could any but a very small allowance of provisions accompany the force for the same reason.

It was at Kassassin that Sir Garnet finally gave up his original plan, and had to be content to wait till his transport allowed stores and ammunition to come up; for the Egyptians made an attack on General Graham's brigade, acting here as the advanced-guard of the army, with a skill and pertinacity which all but beat us. But the stout-hearted fellows stood through that long day in the sand, fighting hard, waiting for the reinforcements which would not come. The two guns were silent for want of ammunition, and the day seemed hopeless. Then General Graham made a great effort, by pushing on an advance against the enemy; the men still steady and firm, though that

day's work must have told its tale upon many; while on the right, in the moonlight, Baker Russell was stealing under a sandy ridge—gliding onwards with his cavalry, till they dashed out on the flank of the Egyptians, taken utterly by surprise, and at once turned what was all but a defeat into a brilliant victory. Surely no one will deny that Sir Garnet is a lucky man to be so well served by the men under him.

After Kassassin came days of weary waiting—waiting for men, stores, and ammunition to arrive; if we are to believe Lord Northbrook, waiting for the day to come which Sir Garnet had fixed on for his attack: and the critics at home began to grumble at the want of "copy" for their papers, and to point out, to the tune of "We told you so," that it was easy to commence a campaign, but required a general to finish one. But Sir Garnet was not to be hurried by such clamour, even when the Germans joined in the chorus, but went his way, and waited patiently, employing the time in reconnoitring the works in front, and so getting, as he tells us himself, a very fair estimate of their size and profile.

Meantime General Hamley had brought round the Highland Brigade, under Sir Archibald Alison, from Alexandria. It landed at Ismailia on the 9th, and started immediately for the desert. It was hard work, but very few fell out, and a little tea on arrival at the camping-ground made the men comfortable, as they felt so done up that none cared to touch the biscuit, of which every one carried two days' supply, but gladly lying down, with their haversacks for pillows, turned their faces to the stars, and slept the sleep of the weary. After a short early march on the 10th, they rested through the heat of the day,

improvising shelter from the sun by hanging blankets across their rifles and bayonets, setting out again in the evening, and reaching Kassassin the following day.

On the 12th September Sir Garnet took his generals outside the camp, and in view of the enemy's lines told them of the intended advance, and issued instructions for their guidance in carrying it out; and at 6 P.M. the army struck its tents, and falling in according to the order of attack, moved silently into the desert. At this interesting moment two Arabs started off full speed from our camp, and got there quickly to Arabi with the news. All that was known of Arabi's lines was, that if the 2d Division marched nearly due west for five and a half miles or so it would come on them. The Highland Brigade, 3000 bayonets, was 1000 yards in front of any other, and both were 2000 yards from the Canal, with no troops between it and them.

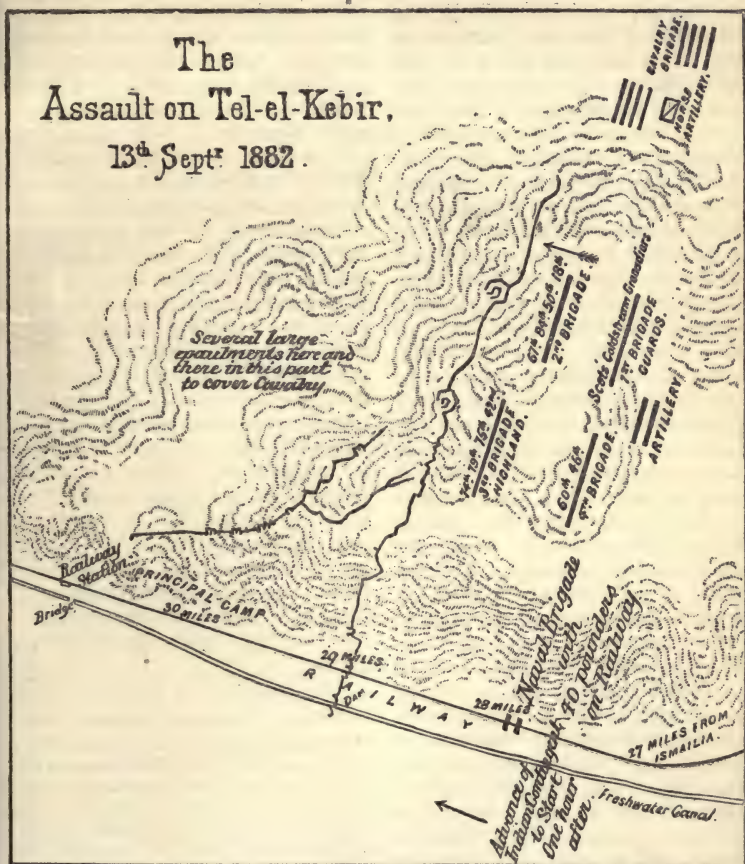
At 11 P.M. a halt was made, and the men lay down for a short sleep, Sir Garnet wishing to time the advance so as to reach the lines at first dawn, an art of which he is a perfect master. After about two hours' rest, a small dram of rum was served out all round, and the advance began.

Each brigade was formed up in two lines, half a battalion in each, the men in extended order, one pace apart; the whole line connected by files; the only guide the stars, and a few posts which had been erected. Sir Garnet followed the telegraph posts, on which the wire was still stretched, and was in telegraphic communication with the Indian Contingent on the south of the canal by means of an insulated wire.

It can be imagined that the silent tread of these thousands must have

been solemn and impressive,—the only sounds to break the silence, the measured tramp or the whispered commands of the mounted officers. Only once was the direction at fault, when the Highlanders

by some slight change of front found half the brigade was moving diagonally across the front of the rest; but arrangements were so well made that the mistake was corrected as soon as discovered, and



the line again moved on in unbroken order.

It was close on 5 A.M., on the morning of the 13th, when a lighter cloud in the east told of daybreak coming. There was a slight mist clinging round the sand hills, and

it shrouded both English and Egyptians alike; when suddenly a single shot broke the stillness, followed by a score of dropping shots in quick succession. A dark line seemed to grow out of the dim night in front, and General Alison's voice

is heard above all else, "Lie down ; fix bayonets !" Then the dark line in front lit up with a blaze of fire ; rifles and big guns roared and crackled ; rockets whizzed overhead ; and at the magic word "Charge !" the whole brigade sprang to its feet, and rushed straight at the blazing line, the battalion on the left meeting so hot a fire that five officers and sixty men went down before they got to the ditch. For an instant the onward rush was checked, but the bugler beside Sir Archibald sounded the "advance." A wild cheer was the response, and the Highlanders dashed forward with a bound, and, after a race of some 150 yards, found themselves under the great sand heaps which formed the enemy's stronghold. No time to stop now—over they went, clambering and climbing, using each other's shoulders as ladders ; sticking their rifles into the sand as posts to hold on to ; one way and another they got over and inside, to begin that short, ghastly work, the beginning and end of a "glorious victory." There was no pause on the parapet, but each group of soldiers as it gained the crest dashed at the enemy, and the *mêlée* became general and desperate. The 79th and 75th could be seen in a large knot engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with a body of rebels who were desperately defending an inner line of works, which met the front line at right angles, and was strengthened by redoubts at the angles. The men gallantly stormed these, which were as resolutely defended. Generals Alison and Hamley, the former revolver in hand, were in the thick of it ; the Scotchman, on foot, leading a dozen different assaults, where the Highlanders rushed in and bayoneted the Egyptians. The fighting had lasted about half-an-hour ; there was still a strong redoubt to be

taken, and a crowd of the men went at it.

The enemy's fire was extraordinarily brisk and rapid ; the air was alive with bullets and shells. The Highlanders in front of the curtain found themselves fired on on three sides, and a great number began to retire. That was a very ticklish moment ; but the officers succeeded in stopping them, and they were reinforced from the second line, and again went on.

The point in the entrenchments which the Highlanders carried had been fortified with much care, and was apparently the key to the position, as the rough sketch on the preceding page shows. A strong line nearly two miles long had been constructed at right angles to the main line, to guard against a turning movement ; a second line parallel to it in the same direction. Everywhere redoubts had been constructed, and wherever there was cover there the Egyptians stood. General Hamley, however, rallied the men who were standing thickly, but in no formation, inside the front line which they had just carried, and led them straight along these entrenchments, getting on both sides of them, and thus taking their defenders in reverse.

As one of the Black Watch says—

"Up the bank we went, and it was full of men, and they turned on us like rats in a trap ; but the infantry did not stand long. However, honour to whom honour is due, the artillerymen stood to their guns like men, and we had to bayonet them. As soon as that job was done, I saw two regiments of cavalry forming up on the right. "Prepare for cavalry" was given, and in less time than it takes to write this, we formed in a square, and were waiting for them ; but when they saw this, they wheeled to the right about, and off ; they would not face a square of Scottish steel. Just then two batteries of our artillery

came into the field in fine style, and our men cleared out and gave them room to work. Our men helped to wheel the guns into position, and so far as we were concerned, the fighting was over."

Arabi's camp now lay under the view of the storming party, who at that point did not amount to more than 300 or 400 Highlanders, supported by a Horse Battery which had come up on the left. With this small force a rush was made upon the camp, which was already in a state of disorganisation, and the complete wreck of the rebel army only took a few minutes to accomplish.

One scene from the other side of the canvas and we have done. The same soldier says—

"The havoc made by our shell-fire was terrific. I saw one burst in the centre of a crowd of Arabs, and heads and legs went flying in all directions. In going round the trenches it was horrible to see the sights—men who had been wounded about the head burying their heads in the sand to cool them, and all who were able crying for water. We had very little of it, as it had been used during the long, hard march. However, I gave away the little I had. I then proceeded to the Canal, where I filled the bottle two or three times with water that you would not wash the door-step with, as it was thick with blood and mud, many of Arabi's men swimming across in order to escape. It was then that the cavalry did their work, cutting them down right and left. I saw a poor young woman shot in the breast. She had an infant in her arms, and the ball just grazed it. It was alive, and some one picked it up. A nice white rabbit ran out from one of the tents, and we had a fine hunt after it, and had it for dinner."

However, the Highlanders had done their work; they had secured a number of trains, the engines only escaping; had captured the immense commissariat stores and thousands of camels; and by seven

o'clock had sat down comfortably to breakfast on the scene of the victory.

Now, while the Highlanders in the centre had been doing all this, the rest of the army had been actively engaged: the 1st Division on the right arriving at the parapet only a few minutes after the Highland Brigade, and giving an excellent account of themselves; but they had not the good fortune to assault at a vital point. Here were the Royal Irish, the Irish Fusiliers, the 84th, and a battalion of Marines, supported by the Brigade of Guards. Across the Canal the Indian Contingent had started an hour after the rest, but came in time enough for a gallant attack made by the 72d—again a Highland corps—on a strong redoubt, which they took, with a ringing cheer. In the centre was the artillery, in line; on the right of all, the cavalry brigade, ready to charge home when the time came.

But how was it, we are tempted to ask, that after the information brought to Arabi about our advance from Kassassin, he allowed himself to be surprised? and the query might take the shape of a conundrum—

Why was Arabi surprised at T-el-Kebir? Because he had not read the Handbook!

It is quite certain that had Arabi published his own military knowledge, Sir Garnet would have purchased a copy before anything else.

Arabi tells us himself that he knew we were coming, but thought we would attack some time during the night, and, in anticipation of this, he kept his men on the parapets till after midnight; when, finding no sign of our approach, he imagined that Sir Garnet must have changed his mind, and so the men were sent down, and the officers went to bed.

But if he had read the Handbook, or even the common Drill Book, he would have learned that attacks are always delivered at daybreak: the night is used to favour the advance unseen; the daylight to show the attack the position of the enemy, and how best to slaughter his men: and for this reason soldiers are told that the pickets round an army are always to be relieved an hour before dawn—that being the time when attacks may be expected. So because Arabi did not invest one shilling in the opposing general's Handbook, he lost his forts, his army, and perhaps will lose his life.

Our success in Egypt has made our Continental friends captious, and not over-well pleased. Criticism has congratulated us somewhat morosely; and our "only general" has been damned with faint praise in nearly every Continental journal. But the latest assertion, or, to call it as it deserves, the latest lie, about the inhumanity of our soldiers after the victory at Tel-el-Kebir, published by these kind friends, has fortunately been so fully exposed by Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, that its sting has been extracted, and little harm done.

Our young soldiers may be wanting in discipline; they may be fond of breaking into houses after loot; they may be drunken, idle, stupid, but they are not cruel or inhuman. They are still Englishmen, and if anything, the lower orders amongst us err on the side of an almost puling humanity towards the sick, or those they consider beneath them. Natives especially are treated by them as a species of dumb animal, to joke with, address familiarly as "Johnny," and pet much as they pet their dogs or monkeys. Wife-beaters form the one exception to this rule, and are a class on the increase

among us; but wife-beaters don't care to become soldiers, preferring the discipline of the domestic poker at home to that of the drill-sergeant in the barrack square.

Nevertheless we cannot help feeling, that in all the accounts of the campaign, there were many shortcomings, springing out of recent changes in our military organisation, which have been glossed over or altogether suppressed. Instead of singling out these defects as mistakes to be remedied before another war, the cue is to take no notice of, or to explain them away in a manner agreeable to the War Office. One point deserving of earnest consideration is the conduct of the Reserve men. The infinity of trouble the Reserve men caused their officers, and the evil influence their conduct exerted on the younger soldiers, have been established beyond controversy. We are told "they snapped their fingers at officers and non-commissioned officers to show their independence after the three or four years of civilian life, because they found, on their return, boys whom they knew as recruits, sergeants and colour-sergeants." Here is an authenticated anecdote that supplies a fitting illustration of the truth of these remarks. A commanding officer went up to a man who was blazing away, and told him he would cut him down if he continued firing without orders, whereupon the Childerian presented his rifle at the commanding officer, and would have shot him had another soldier not knocked his rifle up. Nothing was done; the man belonged to the Reserve and was a stranger, and through the difficulty of identifying any one in a scramble, he made his escape. In fact, the state of discipline among the home portion of the troops, the Guards perhaps excepted, affords a convinc-

ing commentary on the folly of recent changes in the military penal code. And yet, Mr Childers, either because his flatterers will not lay the facts before him, or because he himself has no wish to have his system tested by the results of experience, takes it upon himself to arrogate success to the War Office schemes where failure has been the only result.

The most startling lesson taught us in the fighting part of the campaign is the awful power of modern artillery firing shrapnel-shell against men in the open. Both at El-Magfa and Kassassin, when our guns once got the range of the Egyptians, they withered away and dissolved. The accounts by eyewitnesses of the sights inside the parapets at Tel-el-Kebir tell us the reason, no human creature having the head to stand up against such terror-dealing missiles. The shells thrown by the Egyptians were mostly common shell, with percussion fuses, which buried themselves harmlessly in the sand, and seldom exploded. And if our two guns at El-Magfa and Kassassin were so irresistible, what shall we say when artillery is massed in groups of 300 or 400 guns, as was done by the Germans at Gravelotte? Nothing can stand against such; and though we can partially save infantry by adopting open formations, our guns must still remain excellent targets for the enemy's fire. How they are to be protected is a question which will be solved before the next war, probably by the use of shields, which will turn the onward rush of shrapnel-bullets when directed against the gunners behind them.

Behind shields we could work breech-loaders with impunity; and it is to be expected that our recent experience will prove that, notwithstanding all which has been

said in favour of muzzle-loaders in the field, the artillery arm of the future with an army will be the breech-loader, as it is already the infantry arm.

Once more; let our civilian friends put their pride in their pocket and confess that these "territorial titles" are mere nonsense, just so much difficulty put in the way of the men who have to command soldiers, without one particle of use or advantage. Sir Garnet and the 'Times' alone have stuck to them through this war. It was their own game they had to play, and they have kept it up to the last trick without a revoke. But on the ground the staff and commanding officers worked by the old numbers, and the odd trick was the consequence. With the old time-honoured numbers went out much of that which soldiers cherish; these are gone, soldiers say, not to return. All they ask now is to be granted to address each other, and to be addressed in some rational way which commanders can remember and which men can understand.

One more cry from the army itself—from the men who do the fighting and hard work. Civilians who sit at home in offices, and think that campaigns can be dictated from arm-chairs, don't starve your men, or your guns when in the dirty field, either in food or in ammunition, for the sake of presenting a little bit smaller bill to Parliament than your predecessor did. It will cost more money in the end; and it is bad to fight on an empty stomach. Everything regimental is now voted bad; and we shall end in the regiments themselves becoming bad. A regiment used to have its own doctor, and its own medicine-chest; but the plan was expensive, and money is saved by forming general hospitals, and carting off

sick soldiers indiscriminately to the care of the "surgeon of the day." It is less expensive, and is a good plan in peace-time; we have seen the straits it landed us in during war-time. Give the regiments their own doctors, responsible as they used to be for the health of their men; give each regiment its own transport—not a span of half-a-dozen leaden-coloured carts, with no animals to draw them, and no men to drive them, except those picked out of the ranks at the eleventh hour, when the articles are served out; but enough to carry it through a short campaign under the responsibility of the commanding officer.

Let us try to bear in mind that one hundred soldiers might just as well leave their rifles behind, as their carts, or mules, or horses, for all the good they are in the field; multiply the hundred by ten and we have a regiment—the unit of infantry organisation, which we should endeavour in every way possible to preserve intact, if it is also to be effective.

Our men fought well in Egypt notwithstanding every disadvantage, because there was little or no resistance. Had there been any but the mere show of such, we might have seen other bubbles than that which Arabi blew, burst and disappear.

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ALISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WHILE few species of narrative command so much serious interest as Autobiography, there is none that requires to be received with more discrimination. It presents us with but one side of the picture; and though that is the most important one, being the view from an inner stand-point that the world cannot occupy, we still feel that the prayer has never yet been granted—

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselvs as others see us.”

A perfect autobiography supposes that the writer has realised the unrealisable “know thyself” in its fullest application; it also presumes on the not less improbable condition that the writer is honestly desirous to admit the public to his inmost confidence. Hence there are two important qualifications that must affect our reception of every one's account of his own life; and the more introspective that account is, the more imperfect

are the tests of truth that we have at hand to apply.

There are many standards by which the value of autobiography is usually appraised, but few that can with certainty be relied upon to furnish true results. Frankness is a quality which is generally accepted as an evidence of the autobiographer's intention to deal truly with his readers. But frankness itself is often but a stream of light flashed forward, in order that the recesses behind may be buried in greater obscurity from our searching gaze. It does not necessarily follow that an autobiographer who parades his faults and failures is dealing with us ingenuously. We have many notorious examples of men who have untruly magnified their defects, and even their vices, for the sake of producing a desired effect upon public opinion,—a species of affectation which is even more calculated to mislead than deprecatory effects at glozing over

Some Account of my Life and Writings : an Autobiography. By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Edited by his daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London : 1883.

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errors. The perception of a prudent measure of reticence on the part of the self-biographer often affords us a greater assurance of sincerity than is conveyed by an appearance of eagerness to admit us to his inmost thoughts. It is, after all, but fragments of any one's life that will bear being committed to record. It has been well said, "The man does not live who dares to outrage humanity by a full, true, and particular account of everything he has said, done, and thought during even the least guilty year of his youth, manhood, or old age." No; there must be an unwritten supplement to every autobiography, readable easily to eyes immortal, which it is well to keep under strict lock and key. We instinctively distrust the man who in full forum beats upon his bared breast, and bellows *mea maxima culpa*, so that all men may hear.

On the other hand, there are lives whose autobiographers would err as much by an affectation of reticence as if they were to lay their hearts upon their sleeves. There is an honest mean between these extremes along which the judicious writer will hold his course. Not that Scylla and Charybdis, the confession of vanity and the affectation of modesty, are easily given a wide berth to. The suggestion of the one affords an impulse towards the other. To the experienced man of letters the task of self-description is especially perilous. He has been accustomed to aim his pen in the direction of public sympathy and applause; he has lived more or less on the praise and appreciation of the public; and we instinctively feel that there must be dangerous suggestions at work within him, and twitchings to make use of old tricks of the pen, as he writes the story of his life. And as a matter of fact, recent auto-

biographies of literary men have not escaped this reproach in more instances than we could count on the fingers of one hand. Had Sir Archibald Alison's Autobiography, which now lies open before us—and which has found a most competent and judicious editor in his daughter-in-law—appeared fifty years later, it is very probable that the critic would have been tempted to find in it from internal evidence what the elder Disraeli calls the "ebriety of vanity and the delirium of egotism." He complacently offers us the most ample facilities of introspection. Again and again he ventures on the perilous experiment of appraising himself and his exertions with undissembled satisfaction. He opens his thoughts about himself to us as freely as he speaks his mind about his neighbours, and with a frankness in both cases for which it would be difficult to find a parallel without going back to the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.

Fortunately we can apply a better and more trustworthy test than the rules of criticism afford to the value of this Autobiography. Though Sir Archibald Alison belonged to the last generation, his life overlapped the present one. Whether in London drawing-rooms, in the higher circles of literary men, in Edinburgh society, or in the courts of Glasgow, we have abundant memories of him left to guide us in forming an estimate of the accuracy of his self-portraiture; and the numerous survivors who were acquainted with him or who enjoyed his friendship, will readily perceive that he has left behind him an honest and conscientious, as well as characteristic, account of himself and his doings.

Every successful man who has raised himself to rank and fortune by honourable self-exertion, feels, or ought to feel, proud of the

result; and a clear statement of the course he followed, of the obstacles he had to overcome, of the assistance he enjoyed, and of the account to which he turned his rewards, is a valuable legacy to the world; and certainly Sir Archibald Alison was a successful man, than whom no one has a better right to lay the story of his life before the public. Notwithstanding his espousal of the unpopular side in politics, his advocacy of opinions that were diametrically opposed to the watchwords and hustings platitudes of his day, and the hostility and affected scorn with which many professional critics treated his works and opinions, Alison's success as an author has few if any parallels in his own generation. His career furnishes another proof of the old adage, that no author was ever written down unless he wrote himself down. He kept himself apart from the coteries that claimed the monopoly of manufacturing literary opinion; he paid none of that blackmail in mutual admiration which our truculent critics in the present day levy so unsparingly, and with so high a hand, over their weaker neighbours of the pen. He threw his works to the world and turned his back upon the reviewers; and the result, as recorded by him in these volumes, is quite striking enough to shake our faith in the consensus of current criticism being an essential to literary success.

Alison was fortunate in so far that his career had another side than its literary one. He could afford to give full play to his convictions, even when these had to be expressed in the teeth of the popular wind. And his professional work differed so much from his literary pursuits that, as he tells us, the transition from the one to the other was in itself a

relaxation. In his *Autobiography* Alison presents himself to us under three aspects. We see him as the successful author, as the energetic magistrate, and as the man of the world, with something to say to, as well as to say about, the notable persons with whom he came into intercourse. His experiences in the last capacity, and his recollections of the many distinguished intimacies which he was able to form, diversify most agreeably the narrative of his personal history.

Alison's '*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*' was a book much read and studied in days before heaven had begun to endow the journalist with a natural gift of criticism. Its author was an Episcopal clergyman of Edinburgh, and the father of the autobiographer. Lord Cockburn, who was a Presbyterian, declares that he was "without a single defect, except the amiable one of too soft a manner." "As a preacher," says Cockburn, "he was a consummate artist in his own peculiar line of feeling and impressive elegance. His voice was clear and sweet, his taste very refined, and his air and gesture very polite. It was the poetry of preaching. The prevailing defect was, that it was all too exquisite." The historian's mother was a woman not less remarkable. She was a daughter of Dr John Gregory, a member of a family that stood pre-eminent in science, letters, medicine, and philosophy, throughout the last century. Through the Gregorys the younger Alison could count kin with Reid and Dugald Stewart, the Scotch metaphysicians, and claim to have a portion of the blood-royal of the Bruce in his veins. His mother, after her father's death, lived with her godmother, Mrs Montague, of blue-stockings fame; and at her house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, which

was ever wide open to philosophers and authors, Miss Gregory must have made the acquaintance of the society which was best worth knowing at the time. Her godmother was disposed to seek a better match for her ward than a country parson could presume to put before her, and the young lady had to repel "the offer of several brilliant alliances, one of which, combining high rank and large fortune, was warmly pressed upon her by Mrs Montague, from an ardent desire to cement the attachment she felt for her by the bonds of a family connection." This temptation was put aside, and Miss Gregory became the wife of her brother's friend, the Rev. Archibald Alison, whose only preferment then was a living at Sudbury, in Northamptonshire. The publication of the "Essays on Taste" procured its author the patronage of Pulteney, who conferred on him the perpetual curacy of Kenley in Shropshire, the vicarage of High Ercal, and the rectory of Rodington, to which we believe a prebendal stall in Salisbury Cathedral was subsequently added. It was in the Kenley parsonage, in December 1792, that the historian was born, and where many of his earliest impressions, which were not destined to be without effect in after-life, were formed. The home influences by which he was surrounded were well calculated to call forth talent and mould high types of character and taste. His first notions of the outer world came through the French Revolution, the progress of which was then anxiously watched in many an English home, and in none with more intense interest than in the Kenley parsonage. A Whig in politics, the Reverend Archibald Alison had hailed the Revolution as likely to extirpate many of the evils of society. "Proportionally great was his disappointment at the

calamities and wickedness with which its first brilliant aurora was so soon overcast. He received daily the 'Chronique de Paris' from France; and so extreme did his anguish become during the Reign of Terror, that I have repeatedly heard him say that, as long as Robespierre's power lasted, he never shut his eyes till four in the morning." Then, when the war with Buonaparte came, the fortunes of the British were carefully followed, and victories like those of St Vincent or the Nile "were celebrated by sheep-roasting and extraordinary rustic festivities, which he [Mr Alison] gave to his parishioners on the joyful news being received in that secluded district." The picture of boyish life at Kenley drawn in the Autobiography is in every respect pleasant. The education seems to have been imparted more by influence and talk than by formal lessons; while now and then some notability of the great outside world, Pulteneys, or Butes, or young Lord Palmerston on his way home from Edinburgh College, would look in upon the quiet life of Kenley; and an annual visit from cousin Dugald Stewart, then in the height of his metaphysical fame, was an event to be looked forward to; although it may be doubted whether the philosopher was as heartily welcomed by the boys as were the frequent visits of Telford the engineer, who, when a young stone-mason, had found his first appreciative patron in Mr Alison, and whom rising fame only served to attach still more to his old friends.

In the first year of the present century, Mr Alison, chiefly for the sake of the educational advantages which Edinburgh afforded, accepted the offer of an Episcopal charge in the Scotch capital. He could still retain his English livings; and the

exchange was not a bad one. The departure of the family from Kenley recalls memories of the 'Vicar of Wakefield;' for they were followed for several miles on the way to Shrewsbury by the whole parish, "most of whom were in tears."

In Edinburgh young Alison soon began to manifest an individuality of character and taste which bore promise, if a proper vent were found for it, of marking him out among his fellows. It is not wonderful that his Greek Professor found him a little deficient. A boy who has constructed for himself a dreamland of his own, where a Christian and a Mussulman Power are engaged in a deadly war, suggested by Vertot's 'History of the Knights of St John,' and in which, we may presume, the dreamer himself was not the least important actor, would have considerable difficulty in applying himself to the mastery of Greek irregular verbs and crabbed aorists. The imagination which proved so powerful a distraction in youth, was, however, speedily mastered, so soon as he began to discern a purpose in life. It is significant of his keen powers of observation even in his boyhood, and of his aptitude for turning every youthful advantage to account, that he is able to trace so much of his success to the experiences of his early days. As an example of this, he tells us that the daily sight of the Volunteers drilling in the vicinity of his father's house made him acquainted with military movements, and was "the cause of an early interest in the events of the war, which I afterwards found of great importance when I came to describe them in my History." A taste for landscape-drawing, which he successfully cultivated with comparatively little assistance, and his passion for reading, made him—while not yet in his teens—a collector of prints and a book-hunt-

er. "The first book I ever bought," he tells us, "was a copy of Hume's 'History of England,' in five volumes, printed at Montrose, which I still possess. Never shall I forget the exultation which I felt when it was knocked down to me at an auction opposite the College of Edinburgh for fourteen shillings, and I brought the whole home under my arm to Brunsfield Links." He had also, in company with his friend Patrick Fraser Tytler, afterwards the historian of Scotland, begun to frequent auctions of engravings and etchings. In fact, the young gentleman was possessed of a variety of fine tastes, all of which he cultivated more diligently than the prescribed curriculum of the College, although his natural abilities enabled him to take good places among his contemporaries, some of whom—such as Edward Irving—afterwards distinguished themselves in the world. There seems to have been some danger of young Alison drifting into diletanteism in spite of the strong practical bent of his character, had he not happened, in his educational excursions, to light upon the path which his father's keen judgment at once perceived to be the one most fitted for his son to tread. We shall let him tell in his own words the incident which was destined to exercise so weighty an influence on his future career. He had then scarcely completed his sixteenth year:—

"The summer of 1808 which followed this contest was in more than one respect an important era in my life. I took with ardour during its early months to the study of political economy, and read the works of the French economists, particularly Letrosne's 'L'Ordre Social,' with the deepest interest. This led to the study of Malthus's Essay on Population, which had been published ten years before, and the doctrines

of which were then implicitly adopted by almost all who thought on these subjects. My father often conversed with me on that important branch of social philosophy, particularly on the fundamental proposition that the human race has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, and that this is the real cause of the misery which pervades the world. This, he constantly affirmed, was entirely erroneous, and a fallacy fraught with the most fatal consequences, as tending to throw on Providence the consequences of human corruption; and he pointed out the true answer to it—viz., that by a fundamental law of Nature the labour of one man's hands is more than adequate for his own support, and that, were Malthus's proposition well founded, arts, and capital, and a separation of professions never could have arisen in the world, for all these things imply a surplus in the hands of the cultivators above what is required for their own maintenance. So strongly did this idea get possession of my mind that I soon came to think of it continually; and in the autumn of 1808 I wrote the first draft of an Essay on Population containing all the fundamental views which were afterwards developed in my work on that subject.

"This first attempt led to another determination fraught with the most important consequences to my future life. I was now in my seventeenth year, and my father, who at first had thought of making me a civil engineer, from my liking for mathematics, and our intimacy with Mr Telford, had more recently entertained the idea of my following the profession of a banker, from some advantages which a connection by marriage on his sister's part seemed to hold out. When I had finished my Essay on Population, however, which was nearly two hundred pages long, I showed it to him, and he read the whole attentively. When he had finished it, he walked twice or thrice with a hurried step about the room, and then said, 'Archy, I won't allow you to become a banker; you were made for something very different from that: what would you say to the Bar?' I had no particular predilection for that more than for any other profession, but I readily embraced his

views, which had often before occurred to myself, and had only been checked by a dread of the slow progress usually made in that line. It was accordingly resolved that I should conclude my philosophical studies during the next session of college, and the following year commence my legal ones.

"It was on the 6th June 1809, after one of those frequent and long conversations which I had with my father while sitting on his bedside (where he lay reading or thinking generally till two o'clock in the afternoon), that I first conceived the design of making a great effort to write a work on Population. We had talked long and earnestly on Mr Malthus's doctrines, which had occupied me much during the preceding winter; and he entirely concurred with the more matured views which I had now come to form on the subject. 'Keep these ideas in your head, *my mannie*' (his usual name for me), said he at its close; 'it's a great thing to have seen the sun through the clouds.' I left his room in a transport of joy which I find it impossible to describe. I resolved to devote my life to the refutation of Mr Malthus's doctrines, and became impressed with a conviction which has never left me, and has directed my subsequent efforts, that to vindicate the Divine administration in the order of the moral world, and trace the misery which exists to its true source—the wickedness and selfishness of man—was a great duty imposed upon me. Most imperfectly have I executed it; but I have never lost sight of the sense of obligation. I immediately left the house to purchase a book for my MS., and, too impatient to walk, I ran down Bruntfield Links to the Meadows on my way to Edinburgh with my head swimming with visions, till fatigue and want of breath compelled me to stop. I returned with a large quarto volume under my arm, and the same evening commenced my labours, which I continued assiduously at every leisure moment through the whole of that summer and the following winter. The first sentence now lying before me in the original MS. explains the object of the work better than any I believe I have ever since added."

It was nearly forty years after before the work on Population saw the light; but though the manuscript was thus laid on the shelf, the principles for which he had contended continued to occupy a central place in Alison's mind, and supplied more or less directly the impulse to all the more important works of his after-life. He seems at an unusually early age to have laid in a stock of general principles, many of which had doubtless come to him from his father; and these he rather elaborated than added to in after-life. It would be assuming too much to say that he always overcame the strong temptation which thus lay in his way to seek more for corroboration of his preconceptions than for proof of their verity. But it must be remembered that faith in an all-oversuling Providence, and in its moral government of the universe, was a fundamental article in Alison's creed from his childhood; and it is impossible to this day to quarrel with Alison's doctrines without cavilling at the standard by which these were directed.

The elder Alison was a Whig of the mild and patriotic type, whose benevolence led him to form rather optimistic views of possible approaches to human perfectibility, and to believe in raising the masses by assistance from above. As his son says, "he had not enough of the devil in him to find the devil out." The son took a more practical as well as a more just estimate of humanity. His view is akin to the uncomplimentary estimate of the Great Frederick,—"*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race.*" But, as was natural, young Alison began life as a Liberal, defended Catholic emancipation, and pleaded for Parliamentary Reform. "Like most young men of an ardent

temperament," he says, "I began by overestimating the good qualities of human nature, and ascribing the evil which generally exists to the influence of erroneous political institutions. I afterwards came to see that those institutions are in general rather the effect than the cause, and that the real source is to be found in the corrupt and selfish principles of our nature."

When the conclusion of the great peace threw open the Continent, Alison, in company with some other young friends, among whom was Patrick Fraser Tytler, crossed over to France, and spent some time in Paris, which was then in possession of the Allied forces. His introductions brought him into contact with the most notable of the Foreign Ministers and Generals who were assembled there; and he was afterwards able to draw upon his experiences in writing the graphic sketch of the early days of the Restoration in his 'History of Europe.' The art-treasures of Paris, enriched as they then were by the plunder of Italian and German galleries, kindled his enthusiasm to a high pitch; while the Parisian stage, on which Talma, Mars, and Bigotins were then playing, made a deep impression on a mind that was always keenly susceptible to dramatic influences. But the taste for foreign travel which this excursion bred in him produced desires that seemed to militate against the steady application requisite for professional success. This was in 1814; and next year, although just called to the Bar, the temptation to revisit the Continent again proved irresistible. It must be remembered that foreign travel "sixty years since" was not the expeditious and cheap undertaking of our own days; and such flights, in a young man of moderate prospects, and who had his way to

make by steady application, must have given his contemporaries cause to doubt of his future. By extreme carefulness he had in 1816, two years after his call to the Bar, saved £200, and this was expended on a tour through the Alps to Genoa and Venice, and home by the Tyrol and Rhine. In 1818, when increasing practice had enabled him to put past £300, he visited Rome and Naples with Captain Basil Hall as a travelling companion, making acquaintance during the tour with Lord Byron and Canova. Two very different accounts of their reception by Lord Byron are given by Captain Basil Hall and Mr Alison. We have no means of determining which is the correct one; but if we set Alison's extraordinary memory against Hall's well-known inaccuracy with regard to details, we are naturally inclined to attach more credibility to the statements of the former. That Alison had actually met Lord Byron at Venice, the following extract places beyond doubt. His visit, it must be remembered, took place while the poet was under his infatuation for Margarita Cogni, the Fornarina:—

“As Captain Hall was a distinguished literary character, and had brought letters from Mr Murray, their common publisher, he received us with great cordiality, took us to his favourite ride at Lido, and in his gondola round the Great Canal, and made his hotel, during our stay at Venice, in a manner our home. The character of this justly celebrated man, as seen on a near approach, was so totally at variance with what I had previously conceived from his writings, that I could hardly believe it was the same person. Occasionally, indeed, the fervour of the poet warmed his expression, and always the fire of genius kindled his eye; but in general, an affectation of fashion pervaded his manner, and the *insouciance* of satiety spread a languor over his conversation. He was destitute of that simplicity of thought and

manner which is the attendant of the highest intellect, and which was so conspicuous in Scott. He was always aiming at effect: and the effect he desired was rather that of fashion than genius; he sought rather to astonish than impress. He seemed *blasé* with every enjoyment of life, affected rather the successful *roué* than the great poet, and deprecated beyond everything the cant of morality. The impression he wished to leave on the mind was that of a man who had tasted to the dregs of all the enjoyments of life, and above all of high life, and thought everything else mere balderdash and affectation. Every reader knows how strongly this tendency is perceptible in his poems; ‘Don Juan’ conveys a faithful portrait of his mind as it was at that period. Yet, amidst all this wretched conceit, traces of inherent greatness appeared; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the Great Canal, or riding along the shore of Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story, especially in the great contest at Malamocco with the Genoese, which the objects pointed out recalled to his recollection. In justice to Lord Byron, however, it must be added that he was living at this period (August 1818) in Venice under peculiar and very unfavourable circumstances. Driven from England by a burst of public obloquy, which had succeeded to an extravagant season of public adulation, he was at once in sullen alienation from his countrymen, and in a vortex of discreditable and almost desperate dissipation.”

Undertaken as these tours were for pleasure, they still were of the utmost service to Alison in after-years. Few literary men had made so extensive an acquaintance with the scenes of Napoleon's conquests, or had visited the battle-fields while their features were still unchanged, and while memories of them were yet fresh in the minds of the country-people. A result of his travels, too, was his first essay in authorship. In the concluding chapter of ‘Paul's Letters,’ Scott, in enumerating recent works on

France, makes honourable mention of a volume, "the joint production of two young gentlemen whose taste for literature is hereditary." This was a work by Alexander Fraser Tytler, the brother of Alison's friend, to which Alison himself, in conjunction with his brother William, contributed the greater part of the first volume, on the generous understanding that Tytler, whose finances were then straitened, should receive the whole of the profits. Immature as Alison's ideas and style necessarily were at that time, one of the chapters—that on the Louvre in 1814, "with its matchless collection, the fruit of French rapine"—was valuable enough to be reprinted long years after, when he came to publish his 'Miscellaneous Essays.'

Alison was called to the Bar in 1814, and soon dropped into "a respectable, and ere long a considerable, share of business," which the general estimation felt for his father did a good deal to attract. In these days of briefless waiting and promenading in the Parliament House, it raises a sigh of envy to hear that within three years of his passing as Advocate, his practice was worth from five to six hundred a-year. He naturally found himself associated with the Whig circles, whose leaders were not slow in seeking to secure a young man of so marked promise. Jeffrey, who, it seems, had cherished a passion for Alison's second sister Montagu*—as Tom Campbell the poet, in the days of his penury, also had—made much of him at Craighcrook; and he also lived in close intimacy with Cranstoun, Cockburn, John Murray, Moncreiff, Thomas Thomson, Pillans, and

Macvey Napier. Alison's common-sense and distaste for shams, however, soon fathomed the superficial atmosphere of culture and refinement in which the Jeffrey coterie shrouded itself; and he began to spurn at its affectation of superiority, as well as to dislike the insincerity of the bonds that knit the 'Edinburgh Review' clique together. The cruel publication of Macvey Napier's *Correspondence* has revealed to us the Edinburgh Whigs of the day in all their pitiful littlenesses—their jealousies of each other, and their spiteful enmity to all work done outside their own set. Alison speedily found out all this for himself; and the result, aided by the clearer perception he was acquiring of politics, tended to impel him towards the Tory side, although the practice at the Bar was then almost wholly a Whig monopoly. "Finding," he says, "almost all the business of the Bar in their hands, and their society courted by strangers of rank and reputation, they came to imagine that they were really leaders of thought as well as of legal practice. Thus they relaxed in their endeavours to obtain lasting distinction, and were speedily passed in the career of fame by other men whom they affected to despise, but who were not exposed to the influence of the same withering self-sufficiency." And of this celebrated brotherhood, the sole literary relic that still moulders on our bookshelves is Jeffrey's collected contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' to be read now only by the literary Dryasdust, and sparingly by even him.

"What struck me more than anything in the conversation and opin-

* It may interest readers of 'Maga' to know that this lady became the wife of Colonel Gerard of Rochsoles, Lord Lake's distinguished Quartermaster-General, and was thus the grandmother of the talented authoresses of 'Reata.'—Ed. B. M.

ions of this able, but prejudiced and exclusive, body of men, was their want of independence and originality of thought. They exercised, indeed, a weighty influence on general opinion, but it was an influence not in propagating views of their own, but in giving additional currency to those of others. Their ideas on politics were taken from the doctrines of Mr Fox and Earl Grey; in political economy they implicitly adopted the views of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo; in matters of taste, they took the law from the coteries of Holland House and Lansdowne House. Their extravagant admiration for Massinger, Ford, and the older dramatists, was adopted from the former of these bewitching mansions; it soon spread so generally among their party that every Whig attorney and wine-merchant had ere long a copy of their works in their libraries; and Ballantyne was impelled by their influence to hazard the dangerous, and, as it proved, ruinous experiment of publishing a new and large edition of the mingled genius and indecency to be found in their productions. I could not for long conceive whence they had taken the vehement admiration they always professed for Dryden in preference to Pope and Gray; but I afterward discovered the source, when Mr Sergeant Talfourd, a man of real genius, informed me that he had been banished for years, and wellnigh for ever, from Holland House, in consequence of having once at table been guilty of the heresy of doubting the supremacy of 'glorious John' among the British poets of his age."

All of which Macvey Napier's Correspondence innocently testifies to, and has rendered any iconoclastic efforts at demolishing the Dagon of Edinburgh Whiggery and his fellow clay-idols superfluous on the part of Alison or of us. But we in our days can scarcely realise the strength of character which is implied in Alison's passing over from the 'Edinburgh Review,' to which he had already become an acceptable contributor, to take his place among the "Lights of Maga." "Of

'Blackwood's Magazine' they (the Jeffrey clique) never spoke but with horror and contempt: for long they had influence enough to prevent its being even bound up in the Advocates' Library." Alison's first contribution was sent to 'Blackwood' at a time when the "Chaldee Manuscript" had been made an excuse for blowing every available ember of hostility into a devouring flame. We have before us some goodly volumes of pamphlets published at the time, in which 'Maga' is denounced as a publication which Sodom would have reprobated and Gomorrah suppressed, and which contains a series of some half-dozen *brochures* clamouring loudly on the Rev. Dr Thomas M'Crie and the Rev. Mr Andrew Thomson to exterminate the offending monthly! The first fruit of Alison's connection with 'Blackwood' must have been the signal for Jeffrey and his friends handing over their erring brother, soul and body, to Sathanas; and we speedily find him becoming a recognised member of the Tory party, for which his convictions for some years previously had been steadily preparing him. The connection thus formed was destined to be an enduring one; and for the long space of half a century these pages were enriched with essays and sketches, which generally embodied in brief the results of his more elaborate researches—and with studies, as it were chips from his greater works. Most of the important discussions, political or social, which are treated of in his History, were first broached in the Magazine, and rewritten or modified in the light which controversy threw upon them. Of his long connection with 'Blackwood' he himself speaks in terms that reflect the highest honour on both himself and the Magazine; and reciprocal expression on the part of

the latter was given at the time of Sir Archibald's death in a memorial notice which has fitly been appended to the present volumes. That differences of opinion on many subjects, which could not fail to occur during an intercourse extended over so long a period, produced no effect on the friendly alliance, finds ample demonstration in repeated instances recorded in the *Autobiography*, and is creditable to the mutual good feeling and independence involved.

After six or seven years' work at the Bar, Alison found himself in a more extensive practice than any of his contemporaries, except John Hope; but his success had not supplanted his passion for foreign travel, which seems, in fact, to have supplied him with the chief stimulus for exertion. In one of the interesting retrospects of his career which he every now and then takes throughout the *Autobiography*, he eloquently tells us of the struggle he had to conquer the thirst for the excitement of travelling:—

“Like all other passions, it acquired strength by gratification. No sooner had I returned home than I began meditating some new excursion; inflamed my mind by reading accounts of some fresh country; worked as hard as I could in the meantime to acquire the means of getting away, and counted the days till the happy period of my departure arrived. The power of application was no ways diminished—on the contrary, it was rather increased; but the object to which it should have been directed was in a great measure forgotten. I worked now not for fame, nor from a sense of duty, but for the gratification of a devouring passion. Selfish enjoyment, however disguised, was at the bottom of the whole of my exertions. I had so often indulged the passion for travelling without professional detriment, that I imagined there were no limits to its gratification; and while I sat eight or ten hours a-day

dictating law papers, I was planning expeditions to the Pyrenees and the Alhambra, St Petersburg and Moscow, Athens and Constantinople. Such projects, if realised, must to a professional man have proved ruinous. Nor would such habits have been less fatal to literary success; they are inconsistent with the steady and long-continued efforts by which alone it can be obtained. Had I not travelled, indeed, I never could have written the history of the French Revolution; but had I continued to travel, it is certain I never would have done so.”

Two events, however, at this time combined to aid Alison in settling down to professional work. One was his marriage with Miss Tytler of the Woodhouselee family, a union which brought him the greatest domestic happiness; the other was his acceptance of the post of Advocate-Depute, for which he was selected in 1823 in preference to John Gibson Lockhart and Mr Menzies (afterwards a distinguished colonial judge), who were also candidates. Into his new duties, which involved no small amount of drudgery, Alison threw the whole force of his judgment and energies; and unlike the majority of ordinary occupants of that office, he at once began to cast round him for means of improving its efficiency and simplifying its working. In this as in every other post which he undertook, he had a great surplus of both mental and physical vigour which nothing would content him but to expend. Attention was then being directed to the criminal law of Scotland, and to proposals to reform it by introducing grand juries and an unpaid magistracy. The ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ had advocated the innovation, and Alison appeared as the advocate of the existing system. His “Remarks” on this subject, though bitterly criticised at the time, effectually disposed of the arguments for inno-

vation; while the suggestions which he made in pointing out defects in the English criminal administration, have many of them been carried out in our own time. It was during the seven years of his Advocate-Deputeship that the plan of a history of the French Revolution, which afterwards developed itself into a History of Europe, was conceived, and preparation for the work occupied much of his spare time during his latter years of office. As we intend to deal fully with his works and opinions on another occasion, it will suffice to mention here that the History was begun on New-Year's Day, 1829, and was steadily carried on in the leisure intervals of a busy public life until 6th June 1842.

On the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry in 1830, the Crown offices in Scotland passed over to the Whigs, and Alison, among others, was turned adrift. His case was all the harder that the promotion which was to have been expected during seven years of office, had been stopped by the desire of the Lord Advocate to get the Chief Baronship of the Scotch Exchequer; and Alison, who might justly have hoped to be either Lord Advocate or on the Bench, was without a post. The detriment to his prospects as well as to his immediate resources was serious; but he accepted the position in a spirit of manly resolution, and drew profit out of adversity:—

"It in the end entirely altered the ruling passion of my mind. It substituted a sense of duty for the thirst for excitement, and literary took the place of political ambition. I became not a sadder but a soberer man. The world appeared to me in its real colours. I saw what was within my reach and should be aimed at. I cast aside as no longer an object of desire what was unattainable. I ceased to dream of being Lord Advo-

cate and of shining in Parliament, the secret object of my former ambition. I still aimed at distinction, but it was to be gained, as I hoped, by intellectual strength, not political power. I have had no reason to regret the change. The laborious lawyer has been converted into the successful author; the cramped political partisan into the independent social thinker; the life emoluments of office into an early competence derived from honest exertion. From an event which at first sight appeared a crushing calamity, I date the commencement of independence and good fortune."

The next four years (1830-34) were a period of great professional and literary activity, of steady contributions to 'Blackwood'—nearly eighty articles,—of the publication of a work on Criminal Law, and of the appearance of volumes I. and II. of the History. The 'Criminal Law' was the outcome of experience in the Advocate-Deputeship, and was a successful attempt to reduce to principles what had previously existed in empirical form. Though at first derided on the Bench, the work made its way with practitioners, and held its ground during the not very extensive period which is allotted to even the most successful law manual. This was during the heat of the Reform agitation, in which Alison first made his appearance as a public speaker, on the Conservative side of course, with so much success as to afford him great encouragement to again mount the platform.

When the Melbourne Ministry was dismissed from office in 1834, Alison was naturally marked out for a Crown appointment. Sir William Rae, the previous Lord Advocate, had not, however, been able to find the desired seat in the Exchequer, and resumed his previous position. Hope, the former Solicitor-General, declined his old appointment, and Alison stood next

in order of succession. But in the meantime the Sheriffship of Lanarkshire, which, with its large salary and important judicial functions, has always been one of the high prizes of the Scotch Bar, fell vacant; and Alison elected to put in his claim for this office. The considerations which influenced his choice are thus stated:—

“I now saw within my grasp what had ever been the grand object of my life, as it should be of every sensible man—competence and independence. The office was worth above £1400 a-year. With the fruits of my literary labours and the returns of the property I had realised, this might be expected to be raised to £2000. I had no wish for more extended means, or a higher situation. I was not ignorant that, by accepting an appointment in Glasgow, and leaving the Crown offices in Edinburgh—the highway to official elevation—I put myself out of the way of further advancement, and might give the dispensers of patronage reason to say that I had made my election, and voluntarily withdrawn from the sphere of promotion. From several hints which Sir W. Rae had given me, I had reason to believe that such promotion was already within my reach. But though the time was that to be Solicitor-General had been the great object of my ambition, that time had passed away. The events of the last four years had inspired me with distrust in the stability of any Administration, especially one founded on a Conservative basis. Above all, new and higher objects of ambition had opened to my mind. Literary had come to supersede legal ambition: I no longer desired to be Lord Advocate; I felt that such an appointment would prove fatal to my independence, and crush any original thought that might be evolving in my mind. A useful independent career, accompanied by sufficient time to prosecute my historical labours, was now the object of my ambition; and the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire appeared to offer this. I was aware it was a laborious situation; but I trusted, and as the event proved, not without reason, to my habits of

industry to find the means of combining the discharge of its duties with my other designs in life.”

The Lord Advocate kept the Solicitor-Generalship open for him until Sir Robert Peel's mind could be known; and the Minister at once made the appointment, “in the handsomest manner and with most flattering expressions to myself.” And thus it came about that Alison found himself transferred to the west of Scotland—a change which, although in some degree it may have restricted the possibilities of his future career, gave him no ultimate cause to regret his decision.

Over the long course of his Sheriffship of Lanarkshire, the vigour and originality of Alison's mind, and his eagerness and capacity for work, have thrown an interest which raises it quite beyond the usually dull routine of a sheriff's duties. Unlike the other Scotch sheriffships, the work of which is mainly discharged by substitutes, and which requires the presence of the sheriff on the spot only at regular intervals, Lanark, with the great city of Glasgow in its midst, finds its Sheriff Court in constant work. Alison at once took his place as the representative of the Crown and the head of the law in the western metropolis of Scotland. His legal duties engrossed but a share of his attention. His aim was to make his position felt in everything that was conducive to the welfare and interest of the public. As we read his Autobiography we are reminded rather of some great Indian administrator who makes himself the terrestrial providence of his district or division, rather than of a Scotch sheriff who feels it an effort to preside at quarterly county boards, issue an interlocutor, or gather as much out of an appeal as will justify him in quashing his substitute's decision. Not content with wielding the civil

power, in time of need he was ready to stretch forth the martial arm of authority. There were troublous times in the west of Scotland during the earlier years of Alison's Sheriffship—strikes, combinations, and Chartist conspiracies—and we are very much inclined to fear that the worthy Sheriff had a most unchristian and illegal delight in throwing aside wig and gown to don boot and sabre. The old martial spirit which had made him, when a boy, fight in imagination by the Knights of St John,—and which we still see manifesting itself right gloriously in his family at Tel-el-Kebir and elsewhere,—broke out into vigorous action when the general peace of his jurisdiction was threatened. The commandant's baton came as handy to him as the Sheriff's staff. In former days he had ridden in the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry, and thought nothing, he and Grant (afterwards Sir Francis, and President of the Royal Academy), of such a feat as:—"After a drill of six hours on Portobello Sands, dined at the mess; drove to Hopetoun House, a distance of twenty-one miles, to a ball at Lady Hopetoun's; danced all night; drove back, and reached our lodgings at Musselburgh at eight next morning; bathed in the sea; and went to another six hours' drill, without either being in bed or experiencing the least fatigue." He never scrupled to turn out the cavalry when their presence could preserve peace or quell a riot, although the Government viewed such energetic measures with anything but favour. A few years after his appointment, Alison was the most prominent agent in the suppression of a formidable conspiracy which aimed at placing the cotton manufacturers and their capital at the mercy of their operatives. It was a time of general depression,

and there were some 80,000 unemployed persons about Lanarkshire, all more or less under the influence of the trades-unions, with which there was a force of only 280 policemen to cope.

"The unions began to act openly, and evidently with a view to set the law at defiance. Bands of 600 or 800 or 1000 men traversed the streets, with banners flying and drums beating; the walls were covered with placards calling upon the citizens to aid the unions in their efforts to regain their just rights, and denouncing their masters as the most oppressive of tyrants. The mills in the evening were beset by crowds, often amounting to some thousand persons, threatening, reviling, or assaulting the new hands who had been employed at some of these establishments to supply the place of those who had struck. The accounts from the rural districts were still more alarming. The colliers there assembled in such multitudes as to render all attempt to disperse them, except by military force, out of the question; traversed the country in huge bands, exciting the utmost alarm wherever they went, and levying with impunity compulsory contributions of money and provisions from the terrified and defenceless inhabitants, who were too happy in this way to purchase the retreat of such formidable visitors. Anarchy was rapidly approaching; and yet, such was the terror, selfishness, and supineness of the higher classes, that I found it impossible, even by the most strenuous efforts, to get them to combine in any defensive measures to meet the dangers with which all were threatened. All clamoured loudly to me for protection; but none could be prevailed on to take any steps inferring responsibility towards protecting themselves."

The Whigs, then in power, would give no assistance or encouragement in dealing effectively with these dangerous elements, and threw the entire responsibility for whatever might occur on the local authorities, who in general had no force to support them. The mass of citizens,

too, were as listless as they were apathetic. On one occasion, when the Sheriff swore in a hundred special constables to protect an attack upon a mill, only *one* turned up at the rendezvous, and a troop of horse had to be procured from the barracks. At length assaults were succeeded by fire-raising, and fire-raising was followed by open assassination; and one of the new workmen was shot in the streets of Glasgow, in broad daylight, by two ruffians, who were allowed to make their escape. The reward offered—£500—led to Alison being able to strike at the conspiracy which was the nucleus of all the violence and disorder. He gave an audience to two informers in a vault under the old college of Glasgow, and from them learned the nature of the secret organisation which was at the root of the mischief. The assassination committee was composed of thirty-eight delegates, chosen from the same number of cotton factories in and about Glasgow. They were sworn on oath to execute implicitly the orders of the union, “even to murdering masters or workmen, under pain of being murdered themselves.” When a crime was determined on, its execution was intrusted to a still more secretly organised sub-committee, whose mode of operations, as described by Alison, will be read with interest by the advocates of these estimable associations:—

“A circular was sent round to each of the manufactories to send a delegate to a place mentioned, on a particular day and hour, on ‘business of importance.’ This was understood to be the appointment of a ‘secret select committee.’ On the day appointed the delegates all met, consisting for the most part of the members of the general committee with a few additions; and the instructions of the general committee, and expediency of appointing

‘a secret select one,’ were explained. The appointment, which was conducted with every imaginable precaution to insure secrecy, took place in the following manner: The delegates were introduced into a dark room, where they delivered to one of their number, whom they knew not, the names, written on a slip of paper, of three persons voted for to form the sub-committee. When all the votes were received, the whole returned into the light apartment, one of their number, whom no one knew, possessing the suffrage. Without looking at them the meeting separated, and the delegates heard nothing more of the matter, having committed absolute power over the lives of others to three persons, they knew not whom.

“Having the suffrages in his pocket, the person who received them returned home, and privately notified to the three persons who had the majority of votes that they were elected. They kept their appointment a profound secret, and with the suffrage-collector had a meeting, generally in the private room of some public-house, where no suspicion was likely to be excited, from its being usually frequented by cotton-spinners. There they determined upon one or more assassins who were to be employed, the persons they were to assault or murder, the mills they were to fire, the eyes which were to be put out with vitriol or the like, and the sum of money they were to be paid for these services. Having fixed on the person to be employed, one of their number sent, in a disguised hand through the post-office, to one of No. 69 to come to a particular house at a particular hour. No. 69 were “the loose hands,” as they were called, composed not of the members of any one of the associated factories, but of the persons out of employment from all, and who were ready to do the work of iniquity for its wages. They were generally the most idle, profligate, and daring of the union. The person selected, on receiving the note, repaired to the place appointed, where he was introduced into a dark room, and received from one of the secret select, who spoke in a whisper to prevent the voice being known, instructions as to the work to be done, and reward to be paid. When required, he also re-

ceived from them arms and ammunition, or money to buy them. When the deed agreed on was done, he received another note, written in a disguised hand, through the post-office, desiring him to come to a particular public-house at a particular day and hour. On arriving there he was again introduced into a dark room, and desired by one of the secret select, who spoke in a whisper, to feel for a table, and take the money he found lying there. Having done so, and lifted his reward—generally £20 or £30, according to the magnitude of the crime committed—he took his departure. But the superintendence of the secret select did not terminate here; for in the event of suspicion falling on the assassin employed, it was their duty to take a place for him to America, or furnish him with the means of escape; or if he were apprehended and brought to trial, to provide witnesses to prove an *alibi*, and secure the first counsel at the Bar, at the expense of the association, to conduct his defence. In this way a committee for assassination was appointed by universal suffrage, without any of the voters save one knowing who were the persons chosen; and an assassin was selected, instructed, and paid without his having the slightest idea of who the persons were by whom he had been employed."

Alison, armed with a cudgel, and attended by a small force of police, broke in upon a meeting of the secret committee, who, though four to one of their captors, were too astonished and panic-stricken to resist. The nucleus of the strike was at once broken up, and in a few days the cotton-mills again resumed work. The criminality of the prisoners was clear; but the Liberal Government then in office, fearing to incur unpopularity among the masses by showing an active interest in the prosecution, threw the whole responsibility upon Alison, who daily received letters threatening him with death, and with the burning of his house, if he did not desist from following up the evidence against the prisoners.

In spite of the able defence made by McNeill and Robertson, and the facilities which the Crown counsel afforded for an acquittal, all the sixteen prisoners were convicted on the minor charges, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Alison was publicly thanked by the Bench; and a few days after, on entering the Glasgow Exchange, "when it was most thronged by the merchants, the whole persons in the room, with one accord, took off their hats."

Had we space, we should be glad to follow the Sheriff through his campaign of 1842 against the riotous coal-miners of the West; to describe how he turned out the yeomanry and the military; how, at the head of the Duke's tenants and dependants, armed with batons and bill-hooks, he put Hamilton in a state of defence; how the county magnates—except General Douglas of Rosehall, "faithful among the faithless only found"—suddenly discovered that their wives and daughters urgently required to be taken to the "seabathing at Ardrrossan," or the "waters of Harrogate;" the battle of Airdrie; the Sheriff's moonlight expeditions with the yeomanry, "with Sir Norman Lockhart, their colonel, riding by his side, and the long line of the Clyde, marked by a white mist along the course, visible in the distance;" the determined arrest of the Chartists,—all this we must leave lovers of picturesque description and of adventure to read for themselves. We seem to be catching again a glimpse of the "auld riding days;" and the Sheriff, we suspect, must have had much of the same feeling.

It is little more than forty years since the scenes which Alison so graphically describes took place; but as the breaking up of the cotton-spinners' conspiracy and the suppression of the Western riots are recalled to

us, the retrospect serves to make us conscious of the great change which has come over the times in which we now live. No official would be allowed in the present day to act with the same vigour and efficiency in the interests of the public peace. The masses are now our masters, and if it pleases them to combine against their employers, to cut the throat of an occasional capitalist, or to riot and raise fire, we are by no means to call out the yeomanry, but are to sit down and consider how political economy and beneficent legislation may jointly be brought to bear upon the crisis. The example of Alison, who repeatedly by his vigour and decision saved the west of Scotland from fire and bloodshed, is not one that can be safely commended to officials similarly situated in the present day. To be hooted by the Radical press, persecuted by Radical members, and given up as a scapegoat by the Government, would in our time be the most likely meed of such services as Alison rendered the country in the early years of the present reign.

But such exciting episodes were merely incidents in the hard judicial work and solid improvements in which his official hours were mainly spent. He found the Sheriff Court a tribunal in every way inadequate for the litigation of a great commercial city like Glasgow, and his most strenuous exertions were devoted to simplifying its procedure and expediting the despatch of cases. He laboured hard to get a sufficient police force organised for the city and county, but found his best efforts neutralised by the apathy of the citizens and the selfishness of the landlords; and when at length he got by his own personal exertions general support for a police measure, Lord John Russell, while approving the plan, practi-

cally foiled it by determining that it must be promoted by a private Act of Parliament. When the Sheriff got a bill introduced into Parliament for erecting new court-houses by an assessment levied in Glasgow and on Lanarkshire, the Town Council resolved to frustrate the Act by not nominating commissioners; and Alison's exertions were rewarded by a summons to pay the expenses of the parliamentary agents, amounting to upwards of £1200. The Glasgow School of Design was also a result of his public spirit.

While labouring hard at his official duties, his literary labours were by no means relaxed. The History had been completed, and, spite of critical sneers and party denunciation, had a sale that has been unparalleled in any work of the same size and of similar character; and a Continuation to date was generally called for. Honours were crowding on him thick and fast: the Rectorship of Marischal College was followed by his election to the same post in the University of Glasgow, although he had Lord Palmerston for an opponent on the latter occasion. He had visited Balmoral by the Queen's invitation; and soon after, Oxford honoured him by the degree of D.C.L., in company with Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Aytoun, Samuel Warren, and others. *Apropos* of the Oxford ceremony Alison tells the following story:—

"During this visit to Oxford, an incident occurred so descriptive of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's character, that, as characteristic of so eminent a man, I cannot forbear mentioning it. It had been previously arranged that the persons who were to receive degrees the first day were to be those upon whom the honour was to be bestowed rather in consideration of their rank or political position than their literary eminence; and accordingly, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Eglinton, Mr Secretary Walpole, Sir John Pakington, and others of the same sort were installed

the first day, and the purely literary or scientific characters, such as Bulwer, Aytoun, Sir Roderick Murchison, and myself, were put off to the second. It never entered into my head to take umbrage at this arrangement, which in the circumstances seemed proper; but it was otherwise with Sir Edward. In the evening, as Lady Alison and I were sitting at tea in our hotel, a message came in requesting me to see him, which I immediately did, and the first thing he said was, 'Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I am off in the first train for London. I never wanted any of their d—d degrees; it was their own doing sending for me, and I am resolved not to submit to the slight now put on us. What! to think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges, who will never be heard of five years after their death! The thing is intolerable! I hope you are not going to submit to it.' During this vehement harangue he was impatiently quaffing the fumes of a huge Turkish pipe, the volumes of which came out between each fresh ebullition of wrath. Astounded at this extraordinary indignation, I could only endeavour to elude and mollify a wrath evidently too violent to be encountered in front. 'Do you not see,' said I, 'my dear Sir Edward, that the directors of the proceedings have paid us the highest compliment in postponing our installation to the second day? On the first, those were selected who were recommended for the most part by their rank or position: to-morrow, those will come on who are chosen only for their merit.' 'It is all very well,' answered he, 'for you cold-blooded historians to think so, but we of a lighter turn feel otherwise. I shall certainly go off to-night.' By degrees, however, he became mollified; and consented to remain to be installed next day, and go with us to Blenheim on the day following. He wrote, however, a letter of remonstrance to Lord Derby on the occasion; and in the evening I received from his lordship a very courteous note saying that he had borne no part in the arrangements for the ceremony."

Lord Derby's Government had

recognised at once Alison's literary merit and his public services by the offer of a baronetcy in 1852. His literary earnings, added to his professional income, had provided him with a fortune on which he felt justified in founding a family title. Like Scott, Alison was by no means insensible to considerations of rank and descent, or forgetful that he and his wife had united the blood of the Bruces and the Stuarts in their family; but we doubt if he would have gone so far as Scott in his estimate of the relative importance of authorship and rank. In his position as a man of letters, Alison ever took an honest pride; and his rewards were chiefly grateful to him because they had been compassed by his pen.

His residence at Possil House was the resort of every one distinguished in either politics, literature, or society who happened to pass through Glasgow, and there were few of the notables of the day who had not been numbered among its guests. Its hospitality was most catholic, for while Tories were naturally attracted thither, Whigs were made equally free of the house. Almost every season a visit was paid to London; and Sir Archibald's reminiscences of the leaders of a society that has now mostly passed away, form a most entertaining feature in these volumes. He was fortunate in enjoying the intimate friendship of remarkable women: Lady Londonderry, Lady Jersey and her daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers, Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin), Lady Wallace, are among those of whom he speaks in terms of the warmest friendship and regard. But his social enjoyment never marred his critical insight, and he dissected the society amid which he moved with a frank keenness which will be appreciated when the last traditions of the old

order have passed away, as they promise fairly to do at no distant date. He was the better able to appreciate his brief excursions into the world of fashion and refinement, as Glasgow society in his day seems to have stood upon a rather divided basis :—

“The West India merchants then took the lead, and considered themselves with reason as the best society in the city: five or six families of that class lived almost exclusively with each other, and rigidly confined themselves to visiting within their own circle. They had in consequence acquired the *sobriquet* of the ‘Sugar Aristocracy.’ Next to these came the cotton magnates; some of them had acquired or were acquiring great wealth, and were possessed of superior intelligence and abilities, among whom old Kirkman Finlay, the friend of Canning and Huskisson, a man highly respected for his extensive mercantile information in Parliament, was the most remarkable. The oldest and most eminent among these were occasionally seen at the tables of the Sugar Aristocracy; but a few only enjoyed that privilege, and it was evident that the ladies of their respective families entertained a considerable jealousy of each other. The calico-printers stood third on the list of fashion, and but a few of them, and generally only the men of the families, were to be seen at the tables of either the sugar or cotton lords. Last of all came the iron and coal masters, who, though often possessed of greater or at least more rapidly increasing wealth than any of the others, were scarcely ever to be seen in their circles, and obviously when they were, belonged to an inferior grade in society. . . . There was no getting them to draw with each other, as the ladies of their families stood aloof from all intercourse out of their little respective circles; and, of course, it is women who have the making at least of mixed society in every community.”

When it was added to this that “Glasgow had become the most priest-ridden city in the British

dominions,” the cup of unsociality is filled to overflowing :—

“The people of the country, and of the western province in particular, are naturally addicted to theological disputes, and extremely accessible to religious fervour. The clergy of all denominations seeing this, and being mainly dependent, both for their livelihood and reputation, on the favour of their flocks, and especially of the female portion of them, vie with each other in professions of sanctity and the strict attention to the outward ceremonial of religion, especially the Judaical observance of the Sabbath. Thence the extreme strictness of general opinion in Glasgow and its vicinity on this particular, and thence also a more discreditable peculiarity by which numbers in that city are distinguished. This is a hypocritical profession of religious opinion, and a strict observance of its external ceremonial, accompanied by a secret disregard of its precepts, and unbounded indulgence in all the pleasures which wealth can purchase.”

The redeeming feature in the picture is the princely liberality of the citizens whenever any patriotic or praiseworthy movement is on foot, and to this Alison offers his ample acknowledgments.

A large and not the least interesting portion of the Autobiography is devoted to domestic life, and to an account of the different members of his family. The tender care of his parents, the honest pride in the distinction which his sons were carving out for themselves with their swords, reveal a side of Sir Archibald's nature which the public would have been loath to have left uncovered. The second volume covers the periods of the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny; and we are carried away far from Possil to the stirring scenes in which Sir Archibald himself is present in spirit. Both his sons were serving in the 72d Highlanders, and the present Baronet had

the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Colin Campbell. Sir Archibald thus relates the story of Sir Colin's first meeting with his future military secretary during the Indian Mutiny campaign :—

"A—— never missed his turn in the fatiguing duty of the trenches. One night when he was in them, an incident occurred to him which was attended with important effects on his future life and fortunes, as well as on those of his brother. He was at that time captain of the light company, and as the regiment went down left in front, he was at the head of the column. He had not received any distinct orders where he was to place his men. In this uncertainty he met Sir Colin Campbell, the general in command of the Highland Division, whom he immediately addressed in these words: 'Sir, I have received no specific orders; where am I to place my men? can you tell me where I should do so?' 'Don't ask me,' replied Sir Colin; 'I don't even know where I am.' 'Oh,' resumed A——, 'I think I can show you where you are;' and with these words he drew from his breast a drawing of the trenches which he had copied in the inside of the envelope of a letter, and which is now in my possession. Having pointed out the locality, and placed his men, Sir Colin, after a little further conversation, said, 'Well, sir, you seem to be a sensible fellow; come to my chateau at two in the morning, when all is quiet, and we will have some talk.' He did so accordingly, and found that what Sir Colin called his '*chateau*' was a little hollow or blindage in the earth, just capable of holding two or three persons, in the middle of the trenches occupied by the Highlanders. They remained there for a short time in the dark, talking of the siege, and then separated to return to their respective duties. Such was A——'s first intercourse with Sir Colin Campbell, who at that time had not the slightest idea who he was."

Sir Colin's favour for the brothers Alison lasted with his life, and when

he received the hurried summons to proceed to India to quell the Mutiny, he took them both with him on his staff, the elder as military secretary, the younger as an aide-de-camp. At the capture of Lucknow his eldest son lost an arm, and was obliged to return to Europe, although his loss, luckily, did not prevent him from doing brilliant service in the Ashantee expedition, and in the still more recent Egyptian campaign. The frank and simple manner in which Sir Archibald initiates us into his domestic life, his happiness, his anxieties, his talks, and his habits, adds an artistic charm to his narrative, which is all the more powerful that it has evidently been unstudied by the writer. He justly takes it for granted that he has succeeded in interesting the reader in himself, and that that interest is strong and wide enough to embrace all his belongings.

The Autobiography, begun in 1851, is at first a condensation of recollections; but his memory soon overtook his life, and the latter chapters have the appearance of being a contemporary record. They are thus more full of reflection than of incident, as contrasted with the earlier chapters; but they are not the less readable on that account. Observation guided by mature experience can never be worthless when directed to the events that are passing; and even forecasts that have proved fallacious are still valuable as a record of contemporary opinion, which is too often lost to posterity. Lady Alison has acted judiciously in allowing Sir Archibald's views on such subjects as the American war, Italian unity, and the influence of democracy, to find expression; for though Secession is now a dead cause, and Italian unity a recognised fact, it is important that we should know how these subjects struck, at the time, an observer

whose historical knowledge and political insight qualified him, perhaps better than any of his day, to speak on such topics. It is just and natural that in the latter years of an Autobiography reflection should occupy the most important space; and a man like Alison, who had thought so much and written so much on general politics, could not but take a lively interest in watching how the principles which he had formulated bore the wear and tear of time. The ideas which occupied so great a portion of later years we shall take an opportunity of considering in another article, when we deal with his literary works and political principles.

His last public act recorded in his narrative is his interposition in behalf of a victim of circumstantial evidence. A murder was perpetrated in a respectable locality of Glasgow. The only persons in the house had been the murdered woman, her master, and another woman, to whom suspicion was attracted by her attempt to pawn some silver plate which had been abstracted from the house. A quantity of bloody clothes, some of her own and some belonging to the deceased, were found in possession of the accused; and though the defence explained that the prisoner was present when the master of the house committed the murder in a fit of passion, and that the plate had been pawned to give colour to the suspicion that the crime had been committed by robbers, the jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty. But the public were not satisfied; crowded meetings were held, and a Commission appointed by the Home Secretary to examine the evidence in the case. Alison wrought vigorously on a memorial sifting the evidence, which the Home Office at once declared to be unanswerable, and the capital sen-

tence was remitted. "There is no event in my life," says Sir Archibald, "to which I look back with more pleasure than the hand I had in her deliverance; and that the best and most elaborate law-paper I ever wrote was composed in my seventieth year, to shield a prisoner threatened with death from what would, in the circumstances, have been a judicial murder."

Sir Archibald's narrative closes on the 17th September 1862, when he had passed the seventieth year of his age. He was then in the enjoyment of full mental and physical vigour, and could "walk a distance of twenty miles in five hours, without feeling any unusual fatigue." Fortunate in his life through the good account to which he turned it, he was happy in his old age. Like Cato in 'De Senectute,' he considers old age the happiest period of a man's earthly career. "In old age alone," says Alison, "we are masters of a treasure of which we cannot be deprived—the only treasure we can call our own.' The pleasures of memory, and the retrospect of the varied images which in an active life have floated before the mind, compensate, and more than compensate, for the alternate pleasures and cares of active life." Such philosophy implies, however, what Alison's Autobiography reveals, that early and middle life must be used as a period of preparation for the close.

Lady Alison has appended to the Autobiography an obituary notice which appeared in 'Blackwood' at the time of his decease, and which contains a brief account of his illness and death. He died in harness, having attended at his office only a fortnight before his death. Radical as the Glasgow masses were, there was no one who remarked of the great Tory Sheriff, as the Frankfurt-

ers said of Goethe's death, "There is one old aristocrat the fewer." They revered the man and respected his opinions, although in their unreasoning perversity they would not listen to his counsels; and as his funeral passed from Possil to the railway station, "the whole way was lined with a dense mass of people, estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000, half the working population of the city, artisans, mill-girls, and iron-foundry workers, swarthy with toil. These were the attendants who, at the sacrifice of some of their means of livelihood, assembled to pay a last respect to the most unbending Conservative in Great Britain."

If we seek to discover the means of Alison's success by a careful study of his life and works, we shall scarcely be able to come to any other conclusion than the one at which he himself has arrived. His explanation of his eminence is, that he fixed upon an object and persevered in its pursuit. It is only in this "singleness of purpose and in perseverance" that he claims to have been superior to his contemporaries. He had a clear and vigorous understanding, an immense grasp of both theory and fact, a self-confidence that made him equal

to any task that he prescribed for himself. His intellect, we can imagine, was more penetrating than broad; his judgment apt to be hampered by the limits he laid down to it. His naturally fine tastes were so carefully cultivated that we seldom miss the presence of genius in his writings; and he was possessed of a vivid and powerful imagination which asserted itself in his writing, speeches, and conversation. His opinions were strong, and found strong expression; but he based them on conviction, not on faith; and he was so tolerant of controversy as to offer it a standing challenge. He had an intense enthusiasm and buoyancy of character, which enabled him to throw himself with heartiness and interest into all his work, even into the merest matters of routine and form. In the height of his literary fame, and when temptations to write were most strong, he was as zealous in the discharge of his irksome and often petty duties as if he had no career beyond them. A very practical man, who withal walked strictly by the rules of honour and high principle, and who has left behind him a record of his life which all good men will feel themselves better and wiser for reading.

THE LADIES LINDORES.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE drive home would have been very embarrassing to the ladies had not Millefleurs been the perfect little gentleman he was. Rintoul, though he ought to have been aware that his presence was specially desirable, had abandoned his mother and sister: and the consciousness of the secret, which was no secret, weighed upon Lady Lindores so much, that it was scarcely possible for her to keep up any appearance of the easy indifference which was her proper rôle in the circumstances: while it silenced Edith altogether. They could scarcely look him in the face, knowing both the state of suspense in which he must be, and the false impression of Edith's feelings which he was probably entertaining. Lady Lindores felt certain that he was aware she had been informed by her husband of what had passed, and feared to look at him lest he might, by some glance of intelligence, some look of appeal, call upon her sympathy; while on the other hand, it was all-essential to keep him, if possible, from noticing the pale consciousness of Edith, her silence and shrinking discomfort, so unlike her usual frank and friendly aspect. Millefleurs was far too quick-sighted not to observe this unusual embarrassment; but there was no more amiable young man in England, and it was his part for the moment to set them at their ease, and soothe the agitation which he could not but perceive. He talked of everything but the matter most near his heart with that self-sacrifice of true politeness which is perhaps the truest as it is one of the most difficult manifestations of social heroism. He took

pains to be amusing, to show himself unconcerned and unexcited; and, as was natural, he got his reward. Lady Lindores was almost piqued (though it was so great a relief) that Edith's suitor should be capable of such perfect calm; and Edith herself, though with a dim perception of the heroism in it, could not but console herself with the thought that one so completely self-controlled would "get over" his disappointment easily. Their conversation at last came to be almost a monologue on his part. He discoursed on Tinto and its treasures as an easy subject. "It has one great quality—it is homogeneous," he said, "which is too big a word for a small fellow like me. It is all of a piece, don't you know. To think what lots of money those good people must have spent on those great vases, and candelabra, and things! We don't do that sort of thing nowadays. We roam over all the world, and pick up our *bric-a-brac* cheap. But, don't you know, there's something fine in the other principle — there's a grand sort of spare-no-expense sentiment. I'd like to do it all over again for them—to clear away all that finery, which is mere *Empire*, and get something really good, don't you know. But at the same time, I respect this sort of thing. There is a thoroughness in it. It is going the 'whole animal,' as we say in America. Mr Torrance, who is a fine big man, just like his house, should, if you'll allow me to say so, have carried out the principle a little further; he should not have gone so entirely into a different *genre* in his wife."

"You mean that Carry is—that

Carry looks—— She is not very strong," said Lady Lindores, with involuntary quickening of attention, taking up instantly an attitude of defence.

"Dear Lady Lindores," cried little Millefleurs, "entirely out of keeping! A different *genre* altogether; a different date—the finest ethical nineteenth century against a background *Empire*: preposterous altogether. We have no style to speak of in china, or that sort of thing—which is odd, considering how much we think of it. We can't do anything better than go back to Queen Anne for our furniture. But in respect to women, it's quite different. We've got a Victorian type in that, don't you know. I am aware that it is the height of impertinence to make remarks. But considering the family friendship to which you have been so good as to admit me, and my high appreciation—Lady Caroline, if you will allow me to say so, is a different *genre*. She is out of keeping with the decoration of her house."

"Poor Carry!" Lady Lindores said with a sigh; and they were thankful to Millefleurs when he ran on about the china and the gilding. It was he, with those keen little beady eyes of his, who saw John Erskine disappearing among the trees. He had possession of the stage, as it were, during all that long way home, which to the ladies seemed about twice as long as it had ever been before.

Lord Lindores had not accompanied the party. He did not come in contact with his son-in-law, indeed, any more than he could help. Though he had taken up Tinto so warmly at first, it was not to be supposed that a man of his refinement could have any pleasure in such society; and though he made a point of keeping on scrupulously good terms with Torrance, even when

the latter set himself in opposition to the Earl's plans, yet he kept away from the spectacle afforded by his daughter and her husband in their own house. If Lord Lindores's private sentiments could have been divined, it would probably have been apparent that in his soul he thought it hard upon poor Caroline to have married such a man. There were reasons which made it very desirable, even necessary; but it was a pity, he felt. In the present case, however, there was nothing but congratulations to be thought of. Edith was, there could be no doubt, a thoroughly fortunate young woman. Nobody could say a word against Millefleurs. He had shown himself eccentric, but only in a way quite approved by his generation; and there was no doubt that a wife, at once pretty and charming, and sufficiently clever, was all that he wanted to settle him. Not Carry—Carry was too intellectual, too superior altogether, for the democratic little Marquis; but Edith had just the combination of simplicity and mental competence that would suit his position. It was the most admirable arrangement that could have been devised. Lord Lindores sat in his library with much satisfaction of mind, and thought over all the new combinations. He had no doubt of the Duke's content with the alliance—and through the Duke, the whole Ministry would be affected. It would be felt that to keep a man of Lord Lindores's abilities in the hopeless position of a mere Scotch lord, would be a waste prejudicial to the country. With Millefleurs for his son-in-law, a mere representative seat in the House of Lords no longer seemed worth his while—an English peerage would be his, as a matter of course. He had said a few words to Rintoul on the subject before the party left the house. There could

be no harm in drawing the bonds tighter which were to produce so admirable an effect. "There is Lady Reseda, a very charming girl," he said. "It is time you were thinking of marrying, Rintoul. I don't know any girl that has been more admired."

"One doesn't care for one's wife having been admired," said Rintoul, somewhat sulkily. "One would rather admire her one's self."

His father looked at him with some severity, and Rintoul coloured in spite of himself. Perhaps this was one reason why his temper was so unpleasant at Tinto, and moved him to fling off from the party in the midst of their inspection of the place, and declare that he would walk home. In his present temper, perhaps he would not have been much help to them, whereas Millefleurs managed it all capitably, being left to himself.

They got home only in time to dress for dinner, at which meal Rintoul did not appear. It was unlike him to stay behind and dine at Tinto; but still there was nothing impossible in it, and the minds of the four people who sat down together at table were all too much absorbed by the immediate question before them to have much time to consider Rintoul. Lady Lindores's entire attention was given to Edith, who, very pale and with a thrill of nervous trembling in her, which her mother noted without quite understanding; neither ate nor talked, but pretended, at least, to do the first, veiling herself from the eyes of her lover behind the flowers which ornamented the centre of the table. These flowers, it must be allowed, are often a nuisance and serious hindering of conversation. On this occasion they performed a charitable office. There was one plume of ferns in particular which did Edith the most excellent

service. She had been commanded to repair to the library when she left the table, to await her father there. And if she trembled, it was with the tension of high-strung nerves, not the hesitation of weakness, as her mother thought. Lord Lindores, for his part, watched her too, with an uneasy instinct. He would not allow himself to imagine that she could have the folly to hesitate even; and yet there was a sensation in him, an unwilling conviction that, if Edith resisted, she would be, though she was not so clever, a different kind of antagonist from poor Carry. There arose in him, as he glanced at her now and then, an impulse of war. He had no idea that she would really attempt to resist him: but if she did! He, too, had little to say during dinner. He uttered a formal sentence now and then in discharge of his duty as host, but that was all; and by intervals, when he had leisure to think of it, he was angry with his son. Rintoul ought to have been there to take the weight of the conversation upon him: Rintoul ought to have had more discrimination than to choose this day of all others for absenting himself. His mother was of the same opinion. She, too, was almost wroth with Rintoul—to leave her unsupported without any aid at such a crisis was unpardonable. But Millefleurs was quite equal to the emergency. He took everything upon himself. The servants, closest of all critics, did not even guess that anything was going on in which "the wee English lord" was involved. They made their own remarks upon Lady Edith's pallor and silence, and the preoccupation of Lady Lindores. But Millefleurs was the life of the company; and not even the butler, who had seen a great deal in his day, and divined most things, associated him

with the present evident crisis. It was amazing how much he found to say, and how naturally he said it, as if nothing particular was going on, and no issues of any importance to him, at least, were involved.

When the ladies left the table, Lady Lindores would have detained her daughter with her. "Come into the drawing-room with me first, Edith. Your father cannot be ready for you for some minutes at least."

"No, mamma. I must keep all my wits about me," Edith said, with a faint smile. They were in the corridor, where it was always cold, and she shivered a little in spite of herself.

"You are chilly, Edith—you are not well, dear. I will go myself and tell your father you are not able to talk to him to-night."

Edith shook her head without saying anything. She waved her hand to her mother as she turned away in the direction of the library. Lady Lindores stood looking after her with that strange struggle in her mind which only parents know,—the impulse to take their children in their arms as of old, and bear their burdens for them, contradicted by the consciousness that this cannot be done—that the time has come when these beloved children can no longer be carried over their difficulties, but must stand for themselves, with not another to interfere between them and fate. Oh the surprise of this penetrating the heart! Lady Lindores went back to the drawing-room with the wonder and pain of it piercing her like an arrow, to sit down and wait while Edith—little Edith—bore her trial alone. It was intolerable, yet it had to be endured. She stood aside and let her child do what had to be done; any trial in the world would have been easier. The pang was complicated in every way. There seemed even an in-

gratitude in it, as if her child preferred to stand alone; and yet it was all inevitable—a thing that must be. She waited, the air all rustling round her, with expectation and suspense. What would the girl find to say? Caroline had wept and struggled, but she had yielded. Edith would not weep, she would stand fast like a little rock; but, after all, what was there to object to? Millefleurs was very different from Torrance of Tinto. Why should he not please the girl's fancy as well as another? He had so much in him to please any girl's fancy; he was clever and amusing, and romantic even in his way. If Edith would but content herself with him! True, he was little; but what did that matter after all? He would no doubt make the best of husbands—unquestionably he would make the best of sons-in-law. And then, your mind must be impartial indeed if you are impervious to the attractions of an English dukedom. Who could be indifferent to that? With a little laugh of nervous pleasure, Lady Lindores permitted herself to think how amusing it would be to see her little girl take precedence of her. Alas! things were far from being so advanced as that; but yet she could not help more or less being on the side of ambition this time. The ambition that fixed upon Torrance of Tinto was poor enough, and shamed her to think of it; but the Marquis Millefleurs, the Duke of Lavender, that was an ambition which had some justification. Not love him! Why should not she love him? Lady Lindores even went so far as to ask herself with some heat. He was delightful; everything but his stature was in his favour. He was excellent; his very failings leant to virtue's side.

While, however, her mother was thus discussing the question with

so strong a bias in favour of Millefleurs, Edith was standing in her father's library waiting for him, not entering into any argument with herself at all. She would not sit down, which would have seemed somehow like yielding, but stood with her hand upon the mantelpiece, her heart beating loudly. She had not summoned herself to the bar of her own judgment, or asked with any authority how it was that she neither could nor would for a moment take the qualities of Millefleurs into consideration. The question had been given against him before even it was put; but Edith would not allow herself to consider why. No doubt she knew why; but there are occasions in which we do not wish to see what is going on in our spirits, just as there are occasions when we turn out all the corners and summon everything to the light. She heard the door of the dining-room open, then the voices of the gentlemen as they came out, with a sudden tightening of her breath. What if little Millefleurs himself were coming instead of her father? This idea brought a gleam of a smile over her face; but that was driven away as she heard the heavy familiar step approaching. Lord Lindores, as he came along the corridor, had time enough to say to himself that perhaps he had been foolish. Why had he determined upon speaking to Edith before he allowed her lover to speak to her? Perhaps it was a mistake. He had his reasons, but it might be that they were not so powerful as he had supposed, and that he would have done better not to have interfered. However, it was now too late to think of this. He went into the library, shutting the door deliberately, asking himself why he should have any trouble about the matter, and what Edith could feel but happiness in having

such a proposal made to her; but when he turned round and met Edith's eye his delusions fled. Surely there was nobody so unfortunate as he was in his children. Instead of their perceiving what was for their own interest, he was met by a perpetual struggle and attempt to put him in the wrong. It was inconceivable. Was it not their interest solely which moved him? and yet they would resist as if he were plotting nothing but wrong. But though these thoughts passed through his mind with a sweep of bitterness, he would not indulge them. He went up to Edith with great urbanity, putting down all feelings less pleasant. "I am glad to find you here," he said.

"Yes, papa; you wanted me, my mother told me."

"I wanted you. As I came along the corridor, I began to ask myself whether I was doing right in wanting you. Perhaps I ought to have let you hear what I am going to say from—some one who might have made it more agreeable, Edith."

"Oh, let me hear what you want, please, from yourself, papa."

He took her hand, which trembled in his hold, and looked down on her with fatherly eyes—eyes which were tender, and admiring, and kind. Could any one doubt that he wished her well? He wished her everything that was best in the world—wealth and title, and rank and importance,—everything we desire for our children. He was not a bad man, desiring the sacrifice of his child's happiness. If he had, perhaps, made something of a mistake about Carry, there was no mistake here.

"Edith, I want to speak to you about Lord Millefleurs. He came here, I believe, on your own invitation——"

At this Edith started with sud-

den alarm, and her hand trembled still more in her father's easy clasp. She had an indefinite pang of fear, she could not tell why.

"He has been here now for some time. I was glad to ratify your invitation by mine—nothing could have pleased me better. I like his family. His father and I have always thought alike, and the Duchess is a most excellent woman. That your mother and you should have taken him up so much, was very good for him, and quite a pleasure to me."

"I don't know why you should say we took him up very much," said Edith, with some confusion. "He took us up—he came to us wherever we were. And then he was Robin's friend. It was quite natural—there was nothing——" She paused, with a painful eagerness to excuse herself: and yet there was nothing to excuse. This changed the position for the moment, and made everything much more easy for the indulgent father, who was so ready to approve what his child herself had done.

"It is perfectly natural, my dear—everything about it is natural. Lord Millefleurs has been quite consistent since he first saw you. He has explained himself to me in the most honourable way. He wishes—to marry you, Edith. I don't suppose this is any surprise to you?"

Edith was crimson; her temples throbbed with the rush of the blood, which seemed to rise like an angry sea. "If it is so, he has had opportunity enough to tell me so. Why has he taken so unfair an advantage? Why—why has he gone to you?"

"He has behaved like an honourable man. I see no unfair advantage. He has done what was right—what was respectful at once to you and to me."

"Oh, papa, — honourable! re-

spectful!" cried the girl. "What does that mean in our position? Could he have been anything but honourable—to me? You forget what kind of expressions you are using. If he had *that* to say, it is to me he ought to have come. He has taken an unkind—a cruel advantage!" Edith cried.

"This is ridiculous," said her father. "He has done what it is seemly and right to do—in his position and yours. If he had gone to you, as you say, like a village lad to his lass, what advantage could there have been in that? As it is, you have your father's full sanction, which, I hope, you reckon for something, Edith."

"Father," she said, somewhat breathless, collecting herself with a little effort. The wave of hot colour died off from her face. She grew paler and paler as she stood firmly opposite to him, holding fast with her hand the cool marble of the mantelpiece, which felt like a support. "Father, if he had come to me, as he ought to have done, this is what would have happened,—I should have told him at once that it was a mistake, and he would have left us quietly without giving you any trouble. How much better that would have been in every way!"

"I don't understand you, Edith. A mistake? I don't see that there is any mistake."

"That is very likely, papa," she said, with returning spirit, "since it is not you that are concerned. But I see it. I should have told him quietly, and there would have been an end of the matter, if he had not been so formal, so absurd—so old-fashioned—as to appeal to you."

This counterblast took away Lord Lindores's breath. He made a pause for a moment, and stared at her; he had never been so treated before. "Old-fashioned," he repeated, almost

with bewilderment. "There is enough of this, Edith. If you wish to take up the rôle of the advanced young lady, I must tell you it is not either suitable or becoming. Millefleurs will, no doubt, find an early opportunity of making his own explanations to you, and of course, if you choose to keep him in hot water, it is, I suppose, your right. But don't carry it too far. The connection is one that is perfectly desirable—excellent in every point of view."

"It is a pity, since you think so, that it is impossible," she said in a low tone.

Lord Lindores looked at her, fixing her with his eye. He felt now that he had known it all along—that he had felt sure there was a struggle before him, and that his only policy was to convince her that he was determined from the very first. "There is nothing impossible," he said, "except disobedience and folly. I don't expect these from you. Indeed I can't imagine what motive you can have, except a momentary perverseness, to answer me so. No more of it, Edith. By to-morrow, at least, everything will be settled between you and your lover——"

"Oh, papa, listen! don't mistake me," she cried. "He is not my lover. How can you—how can you use such a word? He can never be anything to me. If he had spoken to me, I could have settled it all in a moment. As it is you he has spoken to, why give him a double mortification? It will be so easy for you to tell him: to tell him—he can never be anything to me."

"Edith, take care what you are saying! He is to be your husband. I am not a man easily balked in my own family."

"We all know that," she cried, with bitterness; "but I am not Carry, papa."

He made a step nearer to her, with a threatening aspect. "What do you mean by that? Carry! What has Carry to do with it? You have a chance poor Carry never had—high rank, wealth,—everything that is desirable: and a man whom the most fantastic could not object in any way to."

There is scarcely any situation in the world into which a gleam of ridicule will not fall. It takes us with the tear in our eye—it took Edith in the nervous excitement of this struggle, the most trying moment which personally she had ever gone through. Millefleurs, with his little plump person, his round eyes, his soft lisp of a voice, seemed to come suddenly before her, and at the height of this half-tragical contention she laughed. It was excitement and high pressure as well as that sudden flash of perverse imagination. She could have cried next moment—but laugh she did, in spite of herself. The sound drove Lord Lindores to fury. "This is beyond bearing," he cried. "It seems that I have been deceived in you altogether. If you cannot feel the honour that has been done you—the compliment that has been paid you—you are unworthy of it, and of the trouble I have taken."

"I suppose," said Edith, irritated too, "these are the right words for a girl to use to any man who is so good as to think she would suit him. I was wrong to laugh, but are not you going too far, papa? I am likely to get more annoyance by it than honour. Please, please let me take my own way."

She had broken down a little when she said this, in natural reaction, and gave him a pitiful look, with a little quiver of her lip. After such a laugh it is so likely that a girl will cry, as after a sudden self-assertion it is to be expected that she will be subdued and humbled.

She looked at him with a childlike appeal for pity. And he thought that now he had her securely in his hands.

"My love," he said, "you will regret it all your life if I yield to you now. It is your happiness I am thinking of. I cannot let a girl's folly spoil your career. Besides, it is of the highest importance to everybody, — to Rintoul, even to myself,—that you should marry Millefleurs——"

"I am very sorry, papa; but I shall never—marry Lord Millefleurs——"

"Folly! I shall not allow you to trifle with him, Edith—or with me. You have given him the most evident encouragement—led him on in every way, invited him here——"

Edith grew pale to her very lips. "Papa, have pity on me! I never did so; it was all nothing—the way one talks without meaning it—without thinking——"

"That is all very well on our side, but on the other—— I tell you, I will permit no trifling, Edith. He has a right to a favourable answer, and he must have it——"

"Never, never! if I have been wrong, I will ask his pardon——"

"You will accept him in the first place," said Lord Lindores, sternly.

"I will never accept him," Edith said.

Her father, wound up to that pitch of excitement at which a man is no longer master of what he says, took a few steps about the room. "Your sister said the same," he cried, with a short laugh, "and you know what came of that."

It was an admission he had never intended to make,—for he did not always feel proud of his handiwork,—but it was done now, and could not be recalled. Edith withdrew even from the mantelpiece on which she had leant. She clasped her hands

together, supporting herself. "I am not Carry," she said, in a low tone, facing him resolutely as he turned back in some alarm at what he had been betrayed into saying. He had become excited, and she calm. He almost threatened her with his hand in the heat of the moment.

"You will obey your parents," he cried.

"No, papa," she said.

He remembered so well, too well, what Carry had done in the same circumstances—she had wept and pleaded. When he demanded obedience from her she had not dared to stand against him. He recollected (too well for his own comfort sometimes) every one of those scenes which brought her to submission. But Edith did not weep, and was not shaken by that final appeal. She was very pale, and looked unusually slight and young and childlike standing there with her hands clasped, her steadfast eyes raised, her little mouth close—so slight a thing, not stately like Carry. He was confounded by a resistance which he had not foreseen, which he could not have believed in, and stood staring at her, not knowing what next to say and do. Matters were at this point when all at once there arose a something outside the room, which not even the solid closed doors and heavy curtains could keep out,—not positive noise or tumult, but something indescribable—a sensation as of some unknown dread event. Ordinarily all was still in the well-ordered house, and my lord's tranquillity as completely assured as if he had been Prime Minister. But this was something that was beyond decorum. Then the door was hastily opened, and Rintoul ghastly, his face grey rather than pale, his hair hanging wildly on his forehead, came into the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

This extraordinary interruption put a stop at once to the struggle between the father and daughter. They both came to a sudden pause, not only in their conversation, but in their thoughts, which were suspended instantly by the breaking in of something more urgent. "What is it? What has happened?" they both cried in a breath; and Edith, after a moment, added, "Carry—there is something wrong with Carry," scarcely aware what she said.

Rintoul came to the table on which stood a crystal jug of water. He filled himself out a large glass and drank it. He was in a tremor which he attempted to conceal from them, though with no success. Then he said, "There is nothing the matter with Carry; but a dreadful accident has happened,"—and stopped, his mouth being parched, his very articulation difficult.

"What is it? what is it? The children?—"

Rintoul turned his face away from Edith and directed himself towards his father. He made a great effort over himself, as if what he had to say was almost beyond his powers. Then he said with a strange hoarseness of voice, "Torrance—has been killed."

"Torrance!—killed! Good God! Rintoul."

"It is so. Instantaneous, they say. He cannot have suffered much, thank God."

Rintoul was not emotional or used to show very much feeling, but the lines of his face were drawn and his lip quivered as he spoke.

"Killed! But how did it happen? where? Was it accident, or— For heaven's sake tell us all!" cried his father. Edith stood by struck dumb, yet with a host

of sudden rising thoughts, or rather images, in her breast. It was to her sister that her mind suddenly reverted, with a perception of everything involved so clear and vivid that her very spirit was confused by the distinctness of her sight.

"Accident," said Rintoul almost with a stammer, stumbling on the word. "He must have been riding home by the Greenlaws road, which was his favourite way. He and his horse were found at the foot of the Scaur. The brute must have reared and lost its footing. The ground was soft with the rain. That's all that any one knows."

"And he is dead? Good God!"

A shiver came over Rintoul. Who would have thought he had so much feeling? and concerning Torrance, whom he had never been able to endure. "It's dreadful," he said in a low tone; "but it's true. One moment never to be recalled, and that big fellow with all his strength— O Lord, it's terrible to think of it. It has taken all the strength out of me."

Edith hurried to him, trembling herself, to clasp his arm in hers and soothe her brother. She was almost too much excited and agitated to be aware that he repulsed her, though unconsciously, but this increased the general impression of pain and horror on her mind. There was so strong a thrill of agitation in him that he could not bear to be touched or even looked at. He put her away, and threw himself down into the nearest chair. A hundred questions were on the lips of both; but he looked as if he had said all that was possible—as if he had no power to add anything. Lord Lindores, after the first pause of horror, of course pursued his

inquiries, and they gathered certain details as to the way of finding "the body," and the manner in which horse and man seemed to have fallen. But Rintoul evidently had been too much impressed by the sight to be able to dwell on the subject. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and took again large draughts of water as he brought forth sentence after sentence. "Get me some wine, or brandy, or something—I am done," he cried; but when his father rang the bell, Rintoul recoiled. "Let Edith fetch it; don't let us have any prying servants about here." "There is no reason why we should be afraid of prying servants," said Lord Lindores, with surprise and disapproval. "It is not a matter to be concealed. I suppose there is nothing to conceal?" "Oh no, no," said Rintoul, with a groan—"nothing to be concealed; you can't conceal a dead man," and he shuddered, but added directly, raising himself to meet his father's eye, "it was accident—nothing but accident,—everybody has warned him. I said myself something was sure to happen sooner or later at the Scaur." Edith, who had flown to bring him the wine he asked for, here came back with it, having sent away the officious butler, anxious to hear all about it, who hovered near the door. Her brother took the decanter from her hand without a word of thanks, and poured out the wine lavishly, but with a shaking hand, into the glass from which he had been drinking water. It brought a little colour back into his cheeks. To Edith the emotion he showed was a new revelation. She had never expected from Rintoul so much tenderness of feeling. But Lord Lindores went on with his questions.

"Something sure to happen?

Yes—to children or people incapable of taking care of themselves; but Torrance, who knew it all like his own hand! had he—been drinking, poor fellow?"

"Not that I know of; but how can I tell? Nobody knows."

"Some one must have seen him before the accident happened. There must be some one who can tell. Of course everything must be investigated. Where had he been? Why was he not with you, when you went by appointment to see the place? It was surely very extraordinary——"

"He was with us at first," said Rintoul, "but he took offence at some of Millefleurs's criticisms; and then John Erskine——"

"What had John Erskine to do with it?"

"They had some words. I can't remember; something passed. Erskine left early too. Now that I think of it," said Rintoul, suddenly, "Erskine must have gone that way, and perhaps—— But no, no; I mistake—they did not meet."

"They had no words," said Edith, eagerly; "there was no quarrel, if that is what you mean. Mr Torrance was annoyed because Lord Millefleurs—— But Mr Erskine had nothing to do with it," she added, her colour rising. Lord Lindores paced up and down the room, stopping at every turn to ask another question. Rintoul sat leaning his head upon his hand, his face concealed by it; while Edith, to whom this reference had given animation, stood between them, her senses quickened, her mind alert. But they were both too deeply occupied to notice the change in her which was made by the mention of this name.

"Of course there must be a thorough investigation into all the circumstances," Lord Lindores said.

"Who can do that? I thought

there were no coroners in Scotland?" said Rintoul, rousing himself. "I was thinking, indeed, what a good thing for poor Carry to be spared this. Besides, what can investigation do? He went off from among us excited. Very likely, poor fellow, he had been drinking. He rode off in haste, thundering down that dangerous road, as was his custom. Everybody knows it was his custom. It was his way of blowing off steam. Coming back, the road was soft with the rain, and he still excited and in a nervous state. He pushed Black Jess a step too close. She reared, and—— I don't know what you can find out more by any investigation." Rintoul wiped his forehead again and poured himself out more wine.

"That may be, but there must be an investigation all the same," said Lord Lindores. "A man of importance like poor Torrance does not disappear like this in a moment without any notice being taken of it. If he had been a ploughman, perhaps——"

Here the door was opened hastily, and Lady Lindores hurried in. "What is this?" she cried; "what is this I hear?—the servants are full of it. Something about Torrance and a bad accident. What does it mean?"

Edith ran to her mother, taking her by the arm, with the instinct of supporting her against the shock; and Lord Lindores gave her the information, not without that almost pleasure in recounting even the most terrible news, which is the instinctive sentiment of those whose hearts are not deeply concerned. Lady Lindores heard it with horror, —with the instant and keen self-question as to whether she had done justice to this man, of whom no one now could ask pardon,—whose wrongs, if he had any, could never

be remedied—which, in a generous mind, is the first result of such a tragedy. Out of keen excitement and horror she shed a few tears, the first that in this house at least had been expended on the dead man. A pang of wondering pity was in her heart. The sight of this softer feeling stilled the others. She arrested every other sentiment in a natural pause of terrified compassion. She who had never called him by it in his life, suddenly found his Christian name come to her lips: "Oh, poor Pat! poor Pat! like that—in a moment—with his home close by that he was so proud of, and all his good things,—summoned in a moment. O God, have mercy upon him!" she cried.

"It is too late for that," said Lord Lindores, gravely, for the moment ashamed of all other questions. "Short as the time is, and dreadful as it is to think of it, his account must be made by this time. It is a terrible lesson to us all——"

"O God, have mercy upon him! I cannot think it is ever too late for that," cried Lady Lindores through her tears. And there was a pause. She did not, so far as we know, entertain any heterodox ideas about the after-state; but nature spoke in her, which is stronger than creeds. And they were all silent, ashamed to have thought of anything else than this. Rintoul still sat with his head hid in his hands. He had not looked at his mother. He did not say anything to help out the narrative which his father, of course, had given minutely. He had made a great effort to get over his personal agitation and the tremor of his nerves, but he was not used to such violent emotions, and it was hard to get them under control.

Then Lady Lindores rose from the chair upon which she had sunk in the first shock. "I must go to

Carry at once," she said. "Poor Carry! how must she be feeling? In a moment—without time for a word——"

Now at this there was a slight movement on the part of the two men—even in Rintoul, though he was so much overcome. They thought it was the usual feminine hypocrisy. Carry had never pretended to be a fond or loving wife. The shock was great, but it brought her deliverance. A touch of indignation and of wonder at what they considered that incomprehensible female nature, which one moment brought them back by sheer natural tenderness to a loftier state of feeling, and the next disgusted them with mere conventionalism and make-believe, stirred in their minds. They durst not say anything, for of course it was needful to the world to keep up this fiction, and take it for granted that Carry was heart-broken; but in their hearts they despised the false sentiment, as they thought it. Nobody understood that divine compunction in Lady Lindorés's heart—that terrible and aching pity for the unworthy on her own part—that sense of awful severance from a human creature with whom there had been nothing in common, with whom there could be no hope of reunion, which, she felt, must be in her daughter's mind. God help poor Carry! What could she be but glad to be free? Her mother's heart bled for her in this awful satisfaction and misery. Meanwhile her husband rang the bell and ordered the carriage for her, with a sensation not quite unlike contempt, though he was pleased, too, that she should be able to keep up the natural superstitions, and go through all traditional formalities so well. He made a pause, however, when he found Edith hastily preparing to go too.

"There is Lord Millefleurs to be

thought of? What am I to do," he said, "with Millefleurs?"

"At such a moment surely everything of the kind must be suspended," said Lady Lindores. "You cannot think that Edith could—go on with this—while her sister——"

Millefleurs himself made his appearance on the stairs while she was speaking. It was a curious scene. The great hall-door was open, the night wind blowing in, making the light waver, and penetrating all the excited group with cold. Lady Lindores, wrapped in a great cloak which covered her from head to foot, stood below looking up, while Edith paused on the lower steps in the act of tying a white shawl about her head. The servants, still more excited, stood about, all anxious to help, by way of seeing everything that was going on. Rintoul stood in the doorway of the library, entirely in shadow,—a dark figure contrasting with the others in the light. To these actors in the drama came forth Millefleurs in his exact evening costume, like a hero of genteel comedy coming in at the height of the *imbroglio*. "I need not say how shocked and distressed I am," he said, from his platform on the landing. "I would go away at once, but that would not help you. Never think of me; but I feel sure you would not do me the injustice to think of me in presence of such a catastrophe."

Lady Lindores waved her hand to him as she hurried out, but he overtook Edith on the stairs. It was impossible that he should not feel that she knew all about it by this time; and after all, though he was so humble-minded, Millefleurs was aware that the heir of a great Duke is not usually kept in suspense. "Lady Edith," he said in an undertone, "should I go away? I will do what you think best."

He had faded entirely out of her

mind in the excitement of this new event. "Lord Millefleurs—— Oh, I cannot tell," she said; "it will be painful for you in the midst of this horror and mourning——"

"You cannot think that is what I mean," he said anxiously. "If I could be of any use; a cooler person is sometimes of use, don't you know—one that can sympathise and—without being overwhelmed with—feeling."

"We shall not be overwhelmed. Oh, you have seen, you know, that it is not so much grief as—— It is Carry we all must think of—not—— poor Mr Torrance. I am sorry—I am sorry with all my heart—but he did not belong to us, except by——"

"Marriage—that is not much of a tie, is it?" said little Millefleurs, looking at her with a mixture of half-comic ruefulness and serious anxiety. "But this is not a moment to trouble you. Lady Edith, do you think I may stay?"

At this moment her mother called her from the door, and Edith ran hastily down the steps. She scarcely knew whether she had said anything, or what she had said. It was only "Oh," the English ejaculation which fits into every crisis; but it was not "No," Lord Millefleurs said to himself, and he hastened after her to close the carriage-door, and bid Lady Lindores good-night. As the carriage drove off he turned and found himself in face of Lord Lindores, who had a somewhat anxious look. "I have been asking if I should go or stay," he said; "I know your hospitality, even when you are in trouble——"

"There is no trouble in having you in the house, even in the midst of this calamity; but what did they say to you?" asked Lord Lindores.

"Nothing, I think; but I will stay if you will let me, Lord Lindores, till we can see. And may I

hear the details of the accident—if it was an accident."

"You think there is something more in it?" cried Lord Lindores, quickly.

"No; how can I tell? I should like to hear everything. Sometimes a looker-on, who is not so much interested, sees more of the game, don't you know."

"It is a tragic game," said Lord Lindores, shaking his head; "but there is no agrarian crime here, no landlord-killing, no revenge. Poor Torrance had not an enemy, so far as I know."

All this time Rintoul stood motionless in the doorway, concealed by the shadow; but here he seemed piqued to speak. "He had plenty of enemies," he said hastily. "A man of such a temper and manners, how could he help having enemies?"

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," said his father,—“say no harm of the dead——”

"That is all very well; but it is of more importance to do no injustice to the living," said Rintoul, with a sort of sullen solemnity; and he suddenly gave place to the others and went off in the direction of his own den, a little room in which he smoked and kept his treasures. Lord Lindores took his guest into the library, gravely apologetic. "I have never seen Rintoul so upset; his nerves seem to have received a shock. I don't think he cares to go over the melancholy story again."

"It is very natural," said little Millefleurs. "A man who has been always at home, who has never roughed it in the world, naturally loses his head when he first comes in contact with tragedy, don't you know. I did myself in California the first time I touched actual blood. But that was murder, which is a different sort of thing."

"Very different," said Lord Lindores; and he proceeded to satisfy his guest with an account of all the particulars, to which Millefleurs listened very seriously. He had the Seaur described to him with much minuteness, and how it might be possible that such an accident could happen. Instinctively Lord Lindores made it appear that the wonder was it had not happened before. "I warned poor Torrance repeatedly," he said; although he had in equal good faith expressed his amazement that such a thing could happen to a man who knew the place so well, only a short time before. Millefleurs listened to everything very gravely, giving the profoundest attention to every detail.

The house was full of agitation and excitement, and Lord Lindores sent repeatedly for his son to consult with him over what ought to be done; but Rintoul was not to be found. He had gone out, the servants said; and the general impression was that he had returned to Tinto; though he could only have done that by a long walk through the gloomy night. Millefleurs went out into the grounds while this question was proceeding. He had a great many things to think about. He lit his cigar and wandered about, thoughtfully discussing with himself various questions. Did Edith mean that he should stay? Had he any right to stay in the circumstances of the family? He had a strong desire to do so that was not entirely connected with Edith. To be sure, the suspense in which he was kept, the impossibility of addressing her at such a moment, would have made a passionate lover very restless; but Millefleurs was not the sort of stuff out of which passionate lovers are made. He thought Edith would make him a delightful wife, and that with such a wife he would be a very happy

man; but he did not feel that heaven and earth would be changed to him without Edith, and therefore other motives were free to come in. He had something in his mind which for the moment almost obliterated all thoughts of her. He walked up and down in the darkness, turning it over and over in his mind. Vaguely, one way or another, this thought was associated with Edith too. After some time he perceived another red spark in the darkness, and became aware of some one else smoking like himself a thoughtful cigar. He called out to Rintoul and came upon him at the end of an alley. Millefleurs had an internal conviction that Rintoul wished to avoid him, so he went up to him quickly and caught him by the arm.

"It was thought that you had gone back to Tinto," he said, putting his arm familiarly through his. He had to reach up on tiptoe to do it, but this was what pleased Millefleurs.

"What! walking at this time of night? I am not so eager about it," said Rintoul. "Besides, what should I do there? Everything is settled so far as it can be for to-night, and my mother and Edith have gone to Carry: there is no need for me."

"I wish you would tell me all about it, my dear Rintoul."

"Didn't my father tell you?"

"Yes, in his way; but that is different. You want the details from an eyewitness, don't you know. You want to see it through the eyes that have seen it. I have a great curiosity about that kind of thing ever since I have been in California, where it is an incident of everyday life."

"It is not an incident of everyday life here, and I'm sick of it," cried Rintoul. "Don't question me any more—it's too terrible. It

must have been instantaneous they say; that is the only comfort about the business—everything else is hideous from beginning to end.”

“Ah, from the beginning—that is just what I want to talk to you about,” said Millefleurs.

He felt a thrill in the arm he held, and an inclination as if to throw him off, but he was not to be thrown off; he was small but very tenacious, and clung to his hold.

“That is what I want to know. The beginning. Did he meet any one? had he any dispute or altercation in the wood?”

“None that I know of,” said Rintoul. He spoke sulkily, almost in an undertone, so that Millefleurs had to concentrate his attention upon the voice, which was interrupted by all the sounds in the air, the rustling of the trees, the sough of the river far away.

“Did you see any one about?” said Millefleurs.

The two men were in the dark, —they could not see each other’s faces, yet they stopped and looked at each other, anxiously, suspiciously, each at the red end of the other’s cigar, which disclosed a moustache, a shadow above.

“Any one about? I don’t think there was any one about,” said Rintoul, still more sullenly. “What should put that into your mind? You were not there?”

This was a curious question, but Millefleurs made no note of it, his

mind being possessed by an entirely different idea. He said, “No, I was not there. I drove home with your mother, don’t you know. To think we should have passed without the least knowing it, the place which so soon was to be the scene of such a tragedy.”

“Don’t romance about it. It’s bad enough as it is. You did not pass the scene. It was on the other road, a long way from yours.”

“At which side?”

“The left side,” said Rintoul, carelessly. “I wish, if you don’t mind, that you would change the subject. My nerves are all wrong. I didn’t know I was such a feeble beggar. I’d rather not dwell upon it, if you don’t mind.”

“The left side?” said Millefleurs, with a sigh—and then there was a pause. “You are quite sure,” he added anxiously, “that you did not see any one in the wood?”

Rintoul almost thrust this question away. “I tell you I won’t be questioned,” he said. Then, composing himself with an effort, “I beg your pardon, Millefleurs—I never liked the man, though he was my brother-in-law; and to see all at once a fellow whom perhaps you had been thinking badly of two minutes before, wishing no good to—to see him lying there stiff and stark——”

“I beg you a thousand pardons, Rintoul,” Millefleurs said gravely. And they went in together, saying no more.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lady Lindores and Edith were carried along through the darkness of the night with that curious sense of rapid unseen movement which has in it a kind of soothing influence upon suspense and mental distress. They spoke to each other in

the darkness of Carry—poor Carry! how would she take it? but yet never ventured, even to each other, to express the innermost feeling in their minds on this subject. As they drove along, the gleam of other lamps went rapidly past them close

to the gate of Dalrulzian, leading back their thoughts for a moment to other interests. "It is John Erskine's dog-cart. Is he going away? is it some one arriving? has he been dining somewhere?" Lady Lindores said, with the unconscious curiosity of the country. Then she said with a little shudder, "I wonder if he can have heard?"—that first question which always suggests itself in the face of a great event. "How strange to think that some one has been peacefully dining out while *that* has been happening—so near!" Edith answered only by pressing her mother's arm in which her own was entwined, as they sat close together for mutual consolation. She had other troubled wandering thoughts aching in her own heart; but of these she said nothing, but watched the lamps turning up the Dalrulzian avenue with a thrill of mingled feeling, half angry that he should not have divined she was in trouble, half glad that he thus proved his ignorance of all that had occurred. Thus unknowing, Carry's mother and sister crossed in the dark another new actor in Carry's history, of whom no one as yet had thought.

Carry was seated in her own room alone. It was her natural refuge at such a moment. A fire had been lighted by the anxious servants—who saw her shiver in the nervous excitement of this great and terrible event—and blazed brightly, throwing ruddy gleams of light through the room, and wavering ghostly shadows upon the wall. The great bed, with its tall canopies and heavy ornaments, shrouded round with satin curtains, looped and festooned with tarnished gold lace and every kind of clumsy grandeur, stood like a sort of catafalque, the object of a thousand airy assaults and attacks from the fantastic light, but always dark,—a funereal

object in the midst; while the tall polished wardrobes all round the room gave back reflections like dim mirrors, showing nothing but the light. Two groups of candles on the high mantelpiece, twinkling against the dark wall, were the only other illuminations. Carry sat sunk in a big chair close to the fire. If she could have cried,—if she could have talked and lamented,—if she could have gone to bed—or, failing this, if she had read her Bible,—the maids in the house, who hung about the doors in anxiety and curiosity, would have felt consoled for her. But she did none of these. She only sat there, her slight figure lost in the depths of the chair, still in the white dress which she had worn to receive her guests in the morning. She had not stirred—the women said, gathering round Lady Lindores in whispering eagerness—for hours, and had not even touched the cup of tea they had carried to her. "Oh, my lady, do something to make her cry," the women said. "If she doesn't get it out it'll break her heart." They had forgotten, with the facile emotion which death, and especially a death so sudden, calls forth, that the master had been anything but the most devoted of husbands, or his wife other than the lovingest of wives. This pious superstition is always ready to smooth away the horror of deaths which are a grief to no one. "Your man's your man when a's done, even if he's but an ill ane," was the sentiment of the awe-stricken household. "Ye never ken what he's been to ye till ye lose him." It gave them all a sense of elevation that Lady Caroline should, as they thought, be wrapped in hopeless grief,—it made them think better of her and of themselves. The two ladies went into the ghostly room with something of the same feeling.

Lady Lindores felt that she understood it—that she had expected it. Had not her own mind been filled by sudden compunction—the thought that perhaps she had been less tolerant of the dead man than she ought; and how much more must Carry, poor Carry, have felt the awe and pang of an almost remorse to think that he was gone without a word against whom her heart had risen in such rebellion, yet who was of all men the most closely involved in her very being? Lady Lindores comprehended it all; and yet it was a relief to her mind that Carry felt it so, and could thus wear the garb of mourning with reality and truth. She went in with her heart full, with tears in her eyes, the profoundest tender pity for the dead, the deepest sympathy with her child in sorrow. The room was very large, very still, very dark, save for that ruddy twilight, the two little groups of pale lights glimmering high up upon the wall, and no sign of any human presence. “Carry, my darling!” her mother said, wondering and dismayed. Then there was a faint sound, and Carry rose, tall, slim, and white, like a ghost out of the gloom. She had been sitting there for hours, lost in thoughts, in dreams, and visions. She seemed to herself to have so exhausted this event by thinking of it, that it was now years away. She stepped forward and met her mother, tenderly indeed, but with no effusion. “Have you come all the way so late to be with me, mother? How kind, how kind you are! And Edith too——”

“Kind!” cried Lady Lindores, with an almost angry bewilderment. “Did you not know I would come, Carry, my poor child. But you are stunned with this blow——”

“I suppose I was at first. Yes, I knew you would come—at first;

but it seems so long since. Sit down, mother; you are cold. You have had such a miserable drive. Come near to the fire——”

“Carry, Carry dear, never mind us; it is you we are all thinking of. You must not sit there and drive yourself distracted thinking.”

“Let me take off this shawl from your cap, mamma. Now you look more comfortable. Have you brought your things to stay? I am ringing to have fires lit in your rooms. Oh yes, I want you to stay. I have never been able to endure this house, you know, and those large rooms, and the desert feeling in it. And you will have some tea or something. I must give orders——”

“Carry,” cried her mother, arresting her hand on the bell, “Edith and I will see to all that. Don’t pay any attention to us. I have come to take care of you, my dearest. Carry, dear, your nerves are all shattered. How could it be otherwise? You must let me get you something,—they say you have taken nothing,—and you must go to bed.”

“I don’t think my nerves are shattered. I am quite well. There is nothing the matter with me. You forget,” she said, with something like a faint laugh, “how often we have said, mamma, how absurd to send and ask after a woman’s health when there is nothing the matter with her, when only she has lost——” Here she paused a little, and then said gravely, “Even grief does not affect the health.”

“Very often it does not, dear; but, Carry, you must not forget that you have had a terrible shock. Even I, who am not so nearly involved—even I——” Here Lady Lindores, in her excitement and agitation, lost her voice altogether, and sobbed, unable to command herself. “Oh, poor fellow! poor

fellow!" she said, with broken tones. "In a moment, Carry, without a warning!"

Carry went to her mother's side, and drew her head upon her breast. She was perfectly composed, without a tear. "I have thought of all that," she said; "I cannot think it matters. If God is the Father of us all, we are the same to Him, dead or living. What can it matter to Him that we should make preparations to appear before Him? Oh, all that must be folly, mother. However bad I had been, should I have to prepare to go to you?"

"Carry, Carry, my darling! It is I that should be saying this to you. You are putting too much force upon yourself—it is unnatural; it will be all the more terrible for you after."

Carry stood stooping over her mother, holding Lady Lindores's head against her bosom. She smiled faintly, and shook her head. "Has it not been unnatural altogether?" she said.

To Edith standing behind, this strange scene appeared like a picture—part of the phantasmagoria of which her sister had for years been the centre; her mind leapt back to the discussions which preceded Carry's marriage, the hopeless yielding of the victim, the perplexity and misery of the mother. Now they had changed positions, but the same strange haze of terror and pity, yet almost indignation, was in her own breast. She had been the judge then—in a smaller degree she was the judge now. But this plea stopped her confused and painful thoughts. Has it not been unnatural altogether? Edith's impulse was to escape from a problem which she could not deal with. "I will go and see the children," she said.

"The children—poor children!

have you seen them, Carry? do they know?" said Lady Lindores, drying the tears—the only tears that had been shed for Torrance—from her cheeks.

Carry did not make any reply. She went away to the other end of the room and took up a white shawl in which she wrapped herself. "The only thing I feel is cold," she said.

"Ah, my love, that is the commonest feeling. I have felt sometimes as if I could just drag myself to the fire like a wounded animal and care for nothing more."

"But, mother, you were never in any such terrible trouble."

"Not like this—but I have lost children," said Lady Lindores. She had to pause again, her lip quivering. "To be only sorrow, there is no sorrow like that."

She had risen, and they stood together, the fantastic firelight throwing long shadows of them all over the dim and ghastly room. Suddenly Carry flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh my innocent mother!" she cried. "Oh, mother! you only know such troubles as angels may have. Look at me! look at me! I am like a mad woman. I am keeping myself in, as you say, that I may not go mad—with joy!"

Lady Lindores gave a low terrible cry, and held her daughter in her arm, pressing her desperately to her heart as if to silence her. "No, Carry—no, no," she cried.

"It is true. To think I shall never be subject to all *that* any more—that he can never come in here again—that I am free—that I can be alone. Oh, mother, how can you tell what it is? Never to be alone: never to have a corner in the world where—some one else has not a right to come, a better right than yourself. I don't know

how I have borne it. I don't know how I can have lived, disgusted, loathing myself. No, no; sometime else I shall be sorry when I have time to think, when I can forget what it is that has happened to me—but in the meantime I am too happy—too——”

Lady Lindores put her hand upon her daughter's mouth. “No, no, Carry—no, no; I cannot bear it—you must not say it,” she cried.

Carry took her mother's hands and kissed them, and then began to sob—the tears pouring from her eyes like rain. “I will not say anything,” she cried; “no, no—nothing, mother. I had to tell you to relieve my heart. I have been able to think of nothing else all these hours. I have never had so many hours to myself for years. It is so sweet to sit still and know that no one will burst the door open and come in. Here I can be sacred to myself, and sit and think: and all quiet—all quiet about me.” Carry looked up, clasping her hands, with the tears dropping now and then, but a smile quivering upon her mouth and in her eyes. She seemed to have reached that height of passionate emotion—the edge where expression at its highest almost loses itself, and a blank of all meaning seems the next possibility. In her white dress, with her upturned face and the wild gleam of rapture in her eyes, she was like an unearthly creature. But to describe Lady Lindores's anguish and terror and pain would be impossible. She thought her daughter was distraught. Never in her life had she come in contact with feeling so absolute, subdued by no sense of natural fitness, or even by right and wrong. Her only comfort was that Edith had not been present to hear and see this revelation. And the truth was that her own heart,

though so panic-stricken and penetrated with so much pity for the dead, understood, too, with a guilty throb the overwhelming sense of emancipation which drove everything else from Carry's mind. She had feared it would be so. She would not allow herself to think so; but all through the darkness of the night as she drove along, she had been trembling lest she should find Carry not heart-broken but happy, yet had trusted that pity somehow would keep her in the atmosphere of gloom which ought to surround a new-made widow. It hurt Lady Lindores's tender heart that a woman should be glad when her husband died, however unworthy that husband might have been. She did her best now to soothe the excited creature, who took her excitement for happiness.

“We will talk of this no more to-night, Carry; by-and-by you will see how pitiful it all is. You will feel—as I feel. But in the meantime you are worn out. This terrible shock, even though you may think you do not feel it, has thrown you into a fever. You must let me put you to bed.”

“Not here,” she said with a shudder, looking round the room; “not here—I could not rest here.”

“That is natural,” Lady Lindores said with a sigh “You must come with me, Carry.”

“Home, mother—home! Oh, if I could!—not even to Lindores,—to one of the old poor places where we were so happy——”

“When we had no home,” the mother said, shaking her head. But she, too, got a wistful look in her eyes at the recollection. Those days when they were poor, wandering, of no account; when it mattered little to any one but themselves where they went, what the children might do, what alliances

they made,—what a legacy on days these were to look back on! In those days this miserable union, which had ended so miserably, could never have been made. Was it worth while to have had so many additional possessions added to them—rank and apparent elevation—for such a result? But she could not permit herself to think, with Carry sitting by, too ready to relapse into those feverish musings which were so terrible. She put her arm round her child and drew her tenderly away. They left the room with the lights against the wall, and the firelight giving it a *faux air* of warmth and inhabitation. Its emptiness was scarcely less tragic, scarcely less significant, than the chill of the other great room—the state chamber—in the other wing, where, with lights burning solemnly about him all night, the master of the house lay dead, unwatched by either love or sorrow. There were gloom and panic, and the shock of a great catastrophe in the house. There were even honest regrets; for he had not been a bad master, though often a rough one: but nothing more tender. And Carry

lay down with her mother's arms round her and slept, and woke in the night, and asked herself what it was; then lay still in a solemn happiness—exhausted, peaceful—feeling as if she desired nothing more. She was delivered: as she lay silent, hidden in the darkness and peace of the night, she went over and over this one certainty, so terrible yet so sweet. “God forgive me! God forgive me!” she said softly to herself, her very breathing hushed with the sense of relief. She had come out of death into life. Was it wrong to be glad? That it was a shame and outrage upon nature was no fault of poor Carry. Sweet tears rolled into her eyes, her jarred and thwarted being came back into harmony. She lay and counted the dark silent hours striking one by one, feeling herself all wrapped in peace and ease, as if she lay in some sacred shrine. To-morrow would bring back the veils and shrouds of outside life—the need of concealment, of self-restraint, almost of hypocrisy—the strain and pain of a new existence to be begun; but to-night—this one blessed night of deliverance—was her own.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was late when John Erskine got home on the afternoon of this eventful day. John Tamson's wife mended his coat for him, and he got himself brushed and put in order; then his excitement calming down, he walked slowly home. He argued with himself as he walked, that to take any further notice of Torrance's violence would be unworthy of himself. The fellow had been drinking, no doubt. He had been stung in his tenderest point—his pride in his fine house and taw-

dry grandeur,—he had felt himself altogether out of place in the little company, which included his nearest connections. Not much wonder, poor wretch, if he were twisted the wrong way. John forgave him as he grew calmer, and arriving at home, tired out, and somewhat depressed in mind, began at last to feel sorry for Pat Torrance, who never had been framed for the position he held. The first thing he found when he arrived, to his alarm and dismay, was a telegram from Beaufort an-

nouncing his arrival that very night. "Obliged to come; cannot help myself," his friend said, apologetic even by telegraph. Nothing could well have been more unfortunate. John felt as if this arrival must put a gulf between him and Carry's family altogether—but it was too late now, for any alteration, even if he could have, in the circumstances, deserted his friend. Perhaps, too, in the crisis at which he had arrived, it would be well for him to have some one upon whom he could fall back, some one who had been more unfortunate than himself, to whom he could talk, who would understand without explanation, the extraordinary crisis to which his history had come. It was not his doing, nor Edith's doing,—they had not sought each other: no intention had been in her mind of making a victim of her rural neighbour; no ambitious project in his, of wooing the Earl's daughter. Everything had been innocent, unwitting. A few meetings, the most innocent, simple intercourse—and lo! the woe or weal of two lives was concerned. It seemed hard that so simply, with so little foresight, a man might mar his happiness. John was not a sentimentalist, determining that his whole existence was to be shattered by such a disappointment. He repeated to himself, with a little scorn,—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart."

But the scorn was of the sentiment, and not any protest against the application of it to his own case. The broken tie between Beaufort and Carry was not an example of that superficial poetic deliverance. He himself was not like Beaufort, nor Edith like her sister. She would never marry a man whom she could not love;

nor would he allow himself to dally with all the objects of life, and let everything slip past him. But he knew what would happen, he said to himself in the quietness of the silent hours. Life would lose its crown altogether. He would "get on" as if nothing remarkable had befallen him—but the glory and the joy would be over without ever having been his. And if she shared his feelings, there would be the same result on her side,—her life would be lonely like his, the flower of existence would be stolen from her. Only—if it were possible that Edith did share his feelings, then there was still something to be done,—there was a fight for it still before them. He would not give in like Beaufort, nor she take any irremediable step of desperation like Carry. This stirred him a little and restored him to himself; but on the whole, despondency was his prevailing feeling—a sense of impossibility, the sensation as of a blank wall before him, which it was impossible to surmount.

He had a lonely dreary evening. His dinner was served to him by one of the maids, who was frightened and lost her head, Rolls still being absent, to the great alarm of the household. Bauby, who did not remember the time when her brother had thus forsaken his duties, had been so disturbed in her preparations by anxiety, that it had almost happened to John as to King Louis, that he had to wait for his meal. "I canna gie my mind to my dinner. Whaur's Tammas?—and who's to take ben the dishes?" Bauby cried. When the housemaid, arrayed in her best cap and apron, and with what she herself called "a red face," blushing like a peony in the unusual responsibility and honour, had managed to fulfil the service of the table, Bauby went out to the kit-

chen-door and then to the avenue to watch. "Something'll have happened to him," she said, drying her eyes. "Na, na, he's no' the man to forget himself. It's been something he couldna avenge. The Lord grant it's no deadly—that's a' I say. We've never had an accident in oor family, no since my grandfather that tumbled down the Broken Brig and broke himself a' to bits, and walkit wi' a crutch ever after." Bauby had got the length of despair by the time the dog-cart came up the avenue bringing "the gentleman" from the station, whom Marget the housemaid, once more tying on her best apron, and looking in the glass to see if she had not yet got rid of that "awfu' red face," prepared to attend upon. It was at this moment, when Bauby found it required her whole attention to keep her tears from dropping upon the bird, which was cooked to a turn for Beaufort's supper, that a sudden welcome voice made her jump and almost drop the savoury morsel. "Eh, Tammas! what I've gaen through this night!" she cried. "I thought you were drowned in the water, or a' your banes broken." "Hold your peace," said Rolls, with a gloomy countenance; "nothing has happened to me." And he took the tray out of Marget's hands without a word. The women stood aghast to see him so scowling, dark, and uncommunicative, proceeding thus into the presence of his master, without any attention to his dress. "Without your claes!" Bauby said. "Hold your peace," repeated her brother. And he paused as he went out of the kitchen and turned round solemnly, "We have all a hantle mair to think of this night than my claes." The solemnity of this address, it is needless to say, made an enormous im-

pression upon the maids, who were wont to consider Rolls, next to the minister, as one of the greatest lights of the parish. Andrew the gardener came in soon after on some domestic errand, and from him they heard something of what had happened at Tinto. "I'm no' sure what but the maister here is in it," Andrew said. "You gomeril! how can Mr John be in it, and him biding quiet at hame, and no' looking the gait Pat Torrance was on?" "Aweel, I'm saying, I ken naething about it, but that something's happened to Tinto and his muckle mear—and the maister's into it," Andrew replied.

Meanwhile Rolls had carried in the supper. The library where John always sat was cheerful with light and fire. The farther north the traveller goes, the more sure he is, with or without occasion, to find a fire. It scarcely enters into the Italian's idea of comfort at all, though he shivers with cold—but it is indispensable to a Scotsman's, though it may be warm. The night was soft and mild, the windows wide open, but the ruddy glow made everything cheerful, and John Erskine had brightened to meet his visitor: he was sitting cheerfully in the light, asking Beaufort the hundred questions with which a man a little withdrawn from society assails one who has kept within it. Beaufort himself was older and graver: a man with a fine picturesque head, somewhat long; a forehead exceptionally white, from which the hair had begun to wear off a little round the temples; a slightly feeble querulous drop of the lip under his moustache. He was very tall, very slim, with long white hands, which clasped each other in a nervous habitual motion. Neither the one nor the other took any notice of Rolls. They were in

full flood of talk about old associations, for they had not met for years. Rolls made his preparations very deliberately, almost rubbing against his master on repeated occasions as he went and came. Three or four times over John drew his chair out of the way, a little surprised, but paying no particular attention. When this happened, however, for the fifth or sixth time, he looked up impatiently. "What are you after?" he cried. Rolls looked at him with a steady meaning gaze, his eyes staring, his mouth rigid—he shook his head slightly, very slowly. "What's the matter?" cried John. Beaufort had seated himself at the table, and had begun his meal. The others were in the shade behind him, between the fireplace and the door.

"There's much the matter, sir,—much the matter," said Rolls; "more than will be made up for this many a day."

"What do you mean? What is it? You look as if something had happened with which I had to do," John said, half alarmed, half amused. The only answer Rolls gave was to shake his head once more very gravely as he turned away. His look spoke all that he did not say. Tragedy was in it, and horror, and pity, and reproach. John grew excited in spite of himself. "Hey, here, Rolls! *Rolls*, I say! What is the meaning of this?" he cried. Rolls opened the door slowly, solemnly, and disappeared. "Confound the fellow!" cried John, and rose hastily and followed, with a hurried word to Beaufort. "I suppose the mare has fallen lame, or there is a tile off the roof," he said, half laughing. Rolls was standing in the partial gloom outside the door. The hall door was open, and the whole darkness of the night showing beyond. Over their heads hung the lamp, flickering in the

night air, throwing its light upon the impenetrable blackness opposite to it in the open doorway, but leaving the two figures in shadow below. Rolls stood as if he expected his master. He left him no time to ask any question, but said at once, "Yon was death, sir," in a low and solemn tone.

"Yon! What was death? I don't understand you," John cried, in wonder and alarm. "Quick, quick! tell me what you mean."

"It's but ower easy to tell;—yon was death. He's never stirred. Horse and man one heap, and no' a breath or a tremble in it. It's easy—easy to tell."

"Good God! Rolls, what do you mean? Not—not the Scaur,—not——"

"That's what I mean," Rolls replied almost sternly. "A bonnie morning's work. Just Tinto, poor fellow, with all his faults, and, maybe, the drink in him that made it easy. Dead—dead."

There was a sort of guttural sob in the old man's voice. His heart was wrung, not for Tinto, but with a deeper and closer horror. But John neither thought nor understood this. He fell back a step and leaned against the wall in horror and bewilderment. "Good God!" he repeated with pale lips, with that instinctive appeal which we make without knowing it in the face of every mystery. Under any circumstances, the suddenness and terribleness of the event would have appalled him; but now, at this moment, with Beaufort under his roof!—he could only gasp for breath—he could not speak. And he was not aware how eagerly Rolls was noticing every look and gesture, and how his agitation struck the old servant to the heart. He asked a few further questions in profound horror and dismay, then

went back to his friend with a ghastly countenance, shaken to the bottom of his heart. The very consciousness that behind this sudden and terrible death stood life, added to the effect. He went back to tell Beaufort of it. That was indeed his first intention, but second thoughts presented to him the embarrassing nature of such a communication at the very moment of his friend's arrival. Beaufort did not notice—being occupied with his supper—the pallor and agitation which had produced so great an effect upon old Rolls. But after a while, as John said nothing, he turned half round and said, "I hope nothing serious has happened to the mare——"

"The mare—— Oh yes, it was something very serious—not to be made a jest of. A fatal accident has happened—to one of my neighbours. It is appalling in any case to hear of anything so sudden; but what makes it worse is, that I spent some part of to-day in his company. It is not above four or five hours since I parted with him. We had even a little altercation," said John, with a slight shudder. "There's a bitter lesson for you! To quarrel with a man without a thought of any harm, and a little while after to hear that he is dead, with an unkind thought of you in his heart, and you with hard thoughts of him!"

Beaufort answered gravely and sympathetically as became such an announcement. "Was he a man you liked? Was he a friend?"

"No: neither a friend nor a man I liked, but young and strong; such a frame of a man!—worth you and me put together; and to think that in a moment——"

"How did it happen?" Beaufort asked.

"I scarcely asked. He must

have fallen, he and his horse, down a precipice—the Scaur,—a place he had often been cautioned against, I believe. Good heavens! to think of it! I thought he must have gone over as we spoke."

And John got up and walked about the room in his excitement. This interrupted altogether the lively flow of conversation with which they had begun the evening. There were one or two attempts made to resume it. But Erskine relapsed in a few moments either into exclamations of dismay, or into restless and uncomfortable silence of thought. The fact was, not only that Torrance's sudden death had startled his imagination and awoke some compunctions in his mind, as in that of Lady Lindores, but that it opened to him a whole confusing sea of speculations and possibilities. It was extraordinary that on the very day which should see this happen, Beaufort had arrived. And what would Lady Caroline now say,—she who, with such self-betraying emotion, had entreated John to keep his friend away? What might happen now were they to meet? John shrank from the suggestion as from an impiety, and yet it would come back. It was evident to Beaufort that his friend was out of sorts and profoundly agitated. He withdrew early to his room, pleading that he was tired, to leave John to himself. It did not concern him (Beaufort) to be sure, but it must, he felt, touch Erskine more than he was willing to show. And it was a relief to John to be alone. His mind, left to itself, pursued the question, not so much of the dead as of the living. He did not call back Rolls to question him on the accident as he had intended to do; for it was Carry he thought of, not poor Torrance, after the first moment.

What would Carry do? What would she think when she found, in the first moment of her freedom, Beaufort so near? The idea overwhelmed him. There seemed a certain indelicacy and precipitancy in the thought. He had risen in his restlessness and opened the window, as he had been in the habit of doing, to breathe the freshness of the night air, when Rolls came in, pale, and with a harassed stealthy look. He came up to his master, and seeing that he was not observed, touched him on the arm. "If you are going out, sir, to take a walk—or that," he said, with quivering lips, "I've brought you a coat and some haps——"

John looked at him with surprise. The old man was grey and ghastly; his lip quivered. He had a dark coat carefully folded over his arm, several comforters and a plaid. There was a tremor in his whole figure, and his eyes had a wild look of inquiry and fear.

"Take a walk! Why should I take a walk at this time of night?"

"Oh, I'm no' saying: gentlemen

has strange fancies. I'm not one to pry. I'll put the haps here, in case you should want them. You'll find a drop brandy in your flask, and a few sandwiches in the pocket," he added in an undertone.

"Sandwiches! You must be taking leave of your senses. Where do you suppose I should want to go?"

"I would rather not know, sir," said Rolls, solemnly turning away. "What good would it do me to know? I'll not listen nor look. I have no-thing ado with it; but oh, if you'll take my advice, go—go out of harm's way."

"I believe you are mad, Rolls."

"I have plenty to make me sae, at the least of it," Rolls said, and putting down the coat ostentatiously on a chair, he hobbled out of the room, closing the door carefully behind him. John could hear his steps going stealthily up-stairs to the window in the gallery above, where they seemed to pause, and the window was carefully opened. A wild bewilderment seized upon his mind. Of what was it that the old servant was afraid?

IOLE.

WHILE a square of sunshine lay
 Cool upon the porphyry floor,
 And the breath of the young day
 Came broadening through the open door,
 In her palace, at high noon,
 Listening to the lyre's low tune,
 With a young slave's songs between.
 Lay Iole the Queen.

As when, below, a wide flock bleats,
 And one, far up a mountain, hears—
 Faint, the murmur of the streets
 Died upon her palace-stairs.
 White-winged ships lay round her shores;
 And blazing from the temple-doors,
 While thus the Queen lay still and dreamed,
 The smoke of saffron streamed.

Through the glorious songs, and glad,
 Rose the fair Queen's languorous moan.
 Could it be that she was sad,
 Tossing on her silken throne?
 Did she long for luxury
 Greater than her gold could buy,
 She who, from her birth, had been
 A Sybarite, crowned Queen?

A shadow slants athwart the light,
 And, bending through the ivory door,
 Waving her slaves to left and right,
 With panther-tread upon the floor,
 Comes a youth, with wild flowers crowned,
 And his limbs in goatskin bound,
 An ebon pipe his lips between,
 To play before the Queen.

The lyre is hushed; the songs are stilled;
 The startled Queen's imperial eye
 Grows soft, as though her soul were thrilled,
 Sudden, with love's sweet mystery.
 The youth's lips, while her slaves stand mute,
 Close softly on his ebon flute;
 A low and sad mellifluous note
 Doth from his fingers float.

No song is sung, but sweet the tune,
 As thrushes on the evening lawn,
 Or nightingales beneath the moon,
 Or wakeful blackbirds in the dawn.

No song he sings, but Iole
Sees dew-drenched pastures far away,
And hears, between the bare high hills,
The gurgling of cool rills.

The pipe speaks, and anon she sees
The white flocks drifting to the streams,
And youth and love beneath the trees,
Dreaming their own day-dreams;
And the great Queen's heart is sad
For this simple shepherd lad,
And her blood beats deep and strong,
Maddening at his song.

High and higher thrill the notes
Of this artless shepherd's pipe;
And a dream before her floats,
Vintage-gladdened, autumn-ripe,
Of a dance where white arms twine,
Like tendrils of the wanton vine;
She hears, o'er all the teeming earth,
The tramp of Bacchic mirth.

Hills, nor streams, nor vintage-dance,
Move her spirit as this last
Amorous note of wordless trance,
When the leaf and flower are past;
Low, as though, in winter cold,
Love were waiting to be told,—
Waiting for the jocund spring,
And the reawakening.

Low and sweet, oh low and sweet.—
Iole hath left her couch,
And about the shepherd's feet
Maiden-like, the Queen doth crouch;
Casting from her ivory wrist
Emerald and amethyst;
Her bronze bright tresses all,—behold,
Loose from their brede of gold!

Through the square of sunshine cast
Cool upon the porphyry floor,
Queen and shepherd forth have past,
And vanished from the ivory door.
And no slave hath voice to stay
The feet of love-rapt Iole;
Only wondering maidens moan
About the empty throne.

D. J. M.

FOUR MONTHS IN MOROCCO.

To the tourist who flees from the fogs of London in search of regions where the average duration of sunshine exceeds half an hour *per diem*, the choice of country and climate is often a matter for consideration. So it was with the writer of the present article, who, however, was fortunate in having the momentous question, "Where shall I go to?" decided for him by a timely suggestion from a friend to "try Morocco." There was an old-world flavour about his description of the place that was very much to my taste: so without more ado I packed up my traps, took a berth on board the first P. & O., and in six days found myself at Gibraltar. I will not attempt to describe the "Rock" and its well-known surroundings; its blue bay, and ever-varying hues of mountain, sea, and cloud; its wonderful galleries (not picture-galleries, or the repository of "old masters," as a friend of mine imagined them to be!)—but confine myself strictly to my subject, and make my way with all speed across the Straits to Tangier. Suffice it to say that, after four days, I had had enough of that uncomfortable fortress, where, every way the traveller turns, he finds a hill, and a different temperature at every corner of its stuffy streets. Accordingly, I availed myself of the first steamer advertised, and after a moderate passage of some four hours through the choppy seas of the "Gut," found myself for the first time on the shores of Africa.

I can never forget my first sight of Tangier. The spectacle could hardly fail to strike the oldest traveller: it is doubly impressive when, as in my case, it forms one's first introduction to the manners and

customs of the East. The transition is so complete from all that exists on the other side of the Straits, that one hardly realises the proximity of Europe. You cross ten miles of sea, and find yourself, as it were, in a new world, where all the modes and conditions of life are changed; and here, in the year 1882, westwards of Piccadilly, one can be transported in imagination to the far East of bygone centuries. Perhaps the impression conveyed by the utter novelty of the scene was best expressed by an American gentleman, who "guessed he felt as though he had been taken up by the scruff of the neck and set down in the Old Testament!" It is a common subject of remark how few people visit Morocco; and it is indeed difficult to conceive how this primitive simplicity can have been maintained so long within such easy reach of civilisation. In Tangier there are no roads or vehicles—not a wheel to be found in the place—the only method of locomotion, besides your own legs, being by camel, horse, donkey, or mule. Drainage, it need hardly be said, there is none, except in a few European houses; yet the place is healthy enough. Perhaps, after all, our modern system of sewage is a blunder! All their appliances are of the rudest description,—the very ploughs with which they till the earth being of the same pattern as what Abraham must have used. Harrows do not exist; for it would be an unwarranted interference with the workings of nature not to leave the seed in the ground to shift for itself: so the Arab husbandman scratches the surface of the soil with his apology for a plough, throws in the seed, and lets it lie.

"Allah will provide." If the elements are propitious, and there is a bounteous harvest—well. If, on the contrary, the crop should fail, and famine ensue, he will not complain, but bear his sufferings with the characteristic patience of his race. Why it should be in accordance with the laws of Kismet to use a plough, but not a harrow, it boots not to inquire, for fatalism seldom concerns itself with logic.

But to resume. Our steamer, on heaving to in the bay, was surrounded by the usual crowd of Arabs, gibbering and gesticulating for a fare; and the tourist who is new to it all, feels somewhat embarrassed. After a while, one begins to perceive that the appalling energy a Moor throws into all he says is only his habitual method of conversing; and that, when you think he is threatening to cut your throat, he is probably only wishing you good morning, or remarking on the fineness of the weather.

My baggage was put on the backs of various porters, and myself in a boat, and we were landed together at what at the time appeared to be the *embouchure* of the main drain. Once on shore, we were, of course, beset by fresh touts, beggars, porters, &c., gibbering at us like lunatics; and I could do nothing but stand still, and swear impartially at every one, till at last a fatherly old Arab, with a green cotton umbrella, and a slight smattering of English, introduced himself as the *commissionnaire* of M. Bruzeaud's hotel, and took me in tow. I was first conducted to the receipt of custom, where a number of grave officials, sitting cross-legged in a row, took stock of my baggage, and passed the things one by one. This done, we left the port by a large gate, and after passing through an ill-paved, and worse-smelling alley, ascended the main street of the

town. It was market-day, and we made our way with difficulty through the throng of women and slaves, Moors, negroes, Jews, and Europeans—the motley crowd of various nationalities which make up the population of Tangier. The extraordinary variety of types and shades of complexion, even among the indigenous population, cannot fail to impress the traveller first setting foot in the place. He sees pure-bred Moors, with fine-chiselled features, and skins as white as his own; olive-complexioned Arabs; half-castes of every shade; negroes from Timbuctoo and the Soudan; Riffians, from their mountain-fastnesses to the east of Tetuan, resembling North American Indians, with their shaven crowns and long scalp-locks, by which, it is said, Azrael, the Angel of Death, is to pull them up to heaven on the last day. These Riffians are a division of the old Berber race, the original inhabitants of Morocco, or who, at any rate, must be historically regarded as the aborigines of the country. They are a turbulent, warlike race, and have never been thoroughly subdued.

Arriving at the upper extremity of the town, we passed out into the *soko*, or market-place—a large open space filled with camels and other beasts of burden, muffled women waiting for their lords, and a buzzing crowd of country people, engaged in barter, or else lying idly about in picturesque groups. M. Bruzeaud's hotel, to which I was recommended, is built on rising ground, a few hundred yards outside the town, commanding a grand view over the bay, with its yellow fringe of sand, and the Straits, bounded by Gibraltar and the purple hills of Spain.

As I arrived the sun was setting in a wondrous blaze of green and gold, the whole landscape being

bathed in the glorious light. I began to fancy this was the average sort of Eastern sunset, and that we should be entertained in a similar manner every evening; but it was not so to be, for I have never seen anything equal to it before or since. In the evening I took a stroll up to the *kasbah*, or fortress, which is built on an eminence encompassed by a high wall, and constitutes the upper section of the town. Here are the prisons, the palace of the Bashaw and his court of justice, a large mosque, the Treasury, and the principal fortifications. The latter are now provided with two 18-ton muzzle-loading Armstrongs, purchased from the British Government; and there are two similar pieces lying uselessly with their slides on some waste ground outside, awaiting the time when the Moorish authorities shall summon sufficient energy to mount them in the battery. I saw the captain of artillery—an intelligent young Moor—who had studied for two years at Chatham and Woolwich. He told me he had lately fired seven rounds from his new acquisitions, and that, strange to say, the adjoining buildings had not been shattered by the explosion. The prison, as usual in the East, was a loathsome dungeon. The door-keeper—a ruffianly-looking Moor—was lying asleep in a recess in the wall, but roused himself sufficiently at our approach to demand *back-sheesh*,—which, I regret to say, I was weak enough to give. I was directed to look through a small grating, whence issued a noisome stench; while the sight that met my eyes was scarcely less revolting. The wretched inmates were seated huddled together in dirt and darkness, making baskets and mats, which they were very anxious to sell. I had purposely brought some bread with me; and as I took a

loaf from the basket they all crowded to the window, fighting like demons for the first place—their pinched faces and eyes glaring with hunger, telling all too plain a tale of starvation and ill-treatment—as they struggled to obtain the food. No wonder! for they are almost entirely dependent on such charities for sustenance; and they have to drink the filthiest water, collected in goatskins, from any puddles that may be nearest at hand. Here they will remain till such time as it pleases the merciful consideration of “Government” to release them; or, more hopeful still, if by their own exertions, or by the charity of friends, they can manage to “square” the Bashaw, who in that case will speedily procure their release. That official’s salary not exceeding £2 a-month, it is not surprising that he finds it expedient to supplement his income in other ways.

Justice can hardly be said to exist in Morocco. Of two litigants, he who has the longest purse prevails; and while petty pilferers are sent by gangs in chains to Fez, whence it is not probable they will ever return or survive the starvation and ill-treatment, murderers who have the means can buy impunity at a very moderate cost. The Court of Justice was sitting, and I had frequent opportunities of observing it afterwards. The procedure, to any one fresh from the Old Bailey, appears a little strange. The Bashaw reclines on a comfortable couch listening to the witnesses, who give their evidence with great energy and volubility. Sometimes in the middle of it all the prisoner will jump up and exclaim that he can get a witness on his behalf. He will then run out of court, unattended by guard or policeman, and presently return with his man. No one expresses

any surprise at this performance, and it never seems to enter their heads that he should avail himself of the opportunity to escape. The usual punishments, besides fine and imprisonment, are mutilation, by cutting off a hand or foot—the stump being plunged in boiling pitch to stop the bleeding,—bastinadoing, and putting out the eyes. There used to be a blind beggar constantly demanding *back-sheesh* at one of the gates, who had been a noted robber in his day; but falling at last into the hands of his pursuers had suffered this horrible penalty. There were at least two murders during my stay at Tangier—both perpetrated in the most open manner, though in neither case was any adequate penalty (if any penalty at all) inflicted. The first was from motives of jealousy, and the murderer stabbed his victim in the middle of the town—the body lying out in the street till a guide from the hotel stumbled over it on his way home at night. The second was committed by a Riffian, to wipe out a blood-feud that existed in his family. A relation of his had been killed by a man, and from that time the solemn duty devolved upon him of avenging his death. The act may have been committed a generation back; but in that case the mother would daily charge the child upon her knee with the task he had to perform, and when he was grown up, never let him rest till vengeance was exacted. The man has little hope of escape. No Irish agent or landlord under the ban of “Captain Moonlight” could be so certain of his doom; and in Barbary he cannot even avail himself of the doubtful protection of the police. In this case the murderer coolly shot his victim dead as he was sitting in the *soko*, and then brandishing his knife at all who

attempted to arrest him, got clear off into the country. A friend of mine once heard the Bashaw inflict a fine of eighteenpence on a Moor for the peculiarly cold-blooded murder of a Jew—that impartial functionary observing that the sentence would have been a heavier one, but that it was necessary that Jews should be discouraged!

Tangier, as may be supposed, is full of bazaars, where the tourist may buy embroidery and *curios* from the interior at almost any price he chooses to give. Those who pay what they are asked will lighten their purses in a marvelously short time; but by a little judicious haggling, things may be got at a very moderate rate. There are two principal shops—one kept by a Jew, the other managed by a Moor; and the keenest rivalry subsists between them. They were never tired of heaping abuse and contumely on each other’s heads, accompanied by expressions of the most unbounded contempt. “But,” exclaimed the Moor one day, speaking of his brethren in the trade, “they are mere flies!” “Besides,” he said to me afterwards, with a magnificent gesture of mingled pity and scorn, “I have only to tell the Christians that we Moors did not crucify Christ, and they will all come to my shop.” A subordination of mercantile to religious considerations, that, I fear, the worthy Hadj would have found as rare in Christendom as it certainly is in the mutual dealings of Moham-medans.

There is always something new or striking to see in Tangier. From the windows of the hotel we could see all that went on in the *soko*, as well as the country people coming and going with their caravans from the interior. There is a large Arab cemetery hard by, where one has frequent opportuni-

ties of witnessing their funerals. The body is borne on a bier, followed by a long train of mourners chanting a slow plaintive dirge, unquestionably the most agreeable music one hears in this country, where the art is still in its infancy. The Mohammedan law enjoins burial before sundown on the day of decease; and the grave being ready dug, the corpse is placed in it in a sitting posture with the face towards Mecca, ready to spring up at the sound of the last trumpet. Should he be a Riffian, and possessed of a reliable scalp-lock, he will be saved the trouble, as Azrael will pull him up in the way already mentioned. Perhaps, however, the most interesting ceremony is a Moorish wedding. Walking with a friend one day, we noticed a procession winding along the sands of the bay, so we descended the road leading by the southern wall to the beach to observe what was going on. A Tangierine was taking unto himself a bride from the country, and had sent out to fetch her in with due honours. An advanced-guard of Riff warriors, armed with long Moorish guns and picturesquely clad in embroidered garments, led the way. Immediately behind came the lady's dowry—a rather seedy-looking mule, who carried on his back the bridal *trousseau*, consisting of an old mattress and some bed-linen! Next followed the bride herself, cooped up in a kind of ornamented box borne on the back of a donkey, and supported by her kinsmen, dressed in short *gelabs* decked out in various colours. A great band of pipes and tom-toms, the national music of Morocco, brought up the rear, making a fearful din. On reaching the outskirts of the *soko* the procession and music stopped, and the Riffians, forming in order, executed a sort of warlike quadrille, during which they

frequently leapt up in the air with wild shouts and fired their guns with a curious back action into the ground. A juggler next came forward and performed several tricks with his gun, flinging it up in the air and catching it, and firing it while spinning round like a teetotum. The party then retired in silence to pray at the shrine of a saint hard by, and the ceremony was over. A Jewish wedding is a very different affair. I was enabled to witness two of them,—at least part of the proceedings; for to have attended throughout all the formalities would have been a trifle wearisome, as I believe they last a fortnight. I was taken to the house with some friends, and after making our way with difficulty through the hall and up the stairs, which were thronged with riff-raff of the Hebrew persuasion, we were shown into an upper room. Here the bride was seated motionless on a dais or throne, magnificently dressed, with her eyes closed as if in sleep, and showing no more signs of animation than a statue. The room was filled with female friends and relations, gorgeously arrayed, and showing a very evident desire to captivate the onlookers. The bride's mother took a candle, and holding it so close that I feared she would burn the tip of the young lady's nose, showed us her daughter with all a mother's pride. The girl never blinked or moved a muscle of her face, her heavy breathing alone betokening that she was alive. The next wedding I saw was on a larger scale, but the main features were the same. The bride was seated as before, and there was the same amount of bulky female magnificence visible, though I looked in vain for any of those voluptuous charms for which the Tangier Jewesses are renowned. After considerable delay the Rabbi, an infirm,

palsied old gentleman, was brought up-stairs and commenced reading a long document, which I supposed was the marriage-service. He next took the ring and placed it on the bride's finger, at which she gave very decided proof of being alive by uttering a piercing shriek. She was then led round the room with her eyes still closed, and the company soon after retired to supper, at which I was told the poor bride would not be allowed to open her eyes or taste anything but a little water. There are various other curious details connected with the marriage ceremony amongst the Jews in Morocco which cannot be given here. In the evenings they make much merriment; and from the hotel I could often hear the *taghareet*—peculiar, shrill, wailing cry, uttered by the elder women both among Jews and Moors on these occasions.

There is nothing the Moor loves more than burning powder; and they gratify their childish delight in firing off their guns on every possible occasion. My first sight of the *Laab al Barode*, or Powder Play, was at the christening of the Bashaw's son, which ceremony in the Mohammedan religion does not take place till the child is some ten or twelve years of age. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and as there had been a great procession about mid-day, with music and banners and finery, we strolled up to the *kasbah* to see what was happening. Here, in an open space outside the prison, we found a crowd of soldiers collected, with a heifer led by a cord in their midst preparatory to being sacrificed. There was continuous dancing and jugglery, and a din of gun-firing and music that lasted for several hours. Enough powder must have been burnt to stock a magazine, as they never measure the charge, but simply pour a hand-

ful down the barrel and discharge it with the most utter recklessness. Accidents are not unfrequently the result, either from guns bursting or otherwise. The next day the ceremony was continued in the *soko*, the whole place being crowded with foot and horse soldiery and spectators. Knots of Riff warriors in their wild attire, with turbans formed by twisting their red cloth gun-covers round their heads, were dotted about, and added to the picturesqueness of the scene. The infant in whose honour it all was, clad in splendid green and gold raiment, sat in the midst on a gorgeously caparisoned horse and looked serenely on. A course was cleared among the mob of onlookers, and ten or twelve horsemen forming in line galloped forward at full speed, and raising their guns in one hand over their heads, discharged them simultaneously. This was repeated several times; in fact, the performance lasted the greater part of the afternoon. Not long after this the great festival of the Aissaouias took place, which I regret to say, being absent on a shooting expedition, I failed to witness. The Aissaouias are a sect of fanatics resembling the dancing dervishes of Turkey in some respects, but deriving their origin from the sacred city of Mequinez in Morocco, whence they have spread all over the East. I was told that the town and *soko* were filled with them, and that in the transports of their fanaticism they gashed themselves with knives and stones, while they imitated wild beasts of various kinds, howling and groveling on the ground. Europeans should be careful on these occasions, if they go out at all, at any rate not to approach too near to the processions, or get under the sacred banners, as there is no knowing what mischief the fanatics may do in their delirious frenzy.

Festivals of different kinds are of such frequent occurrence at Tangier, that it is difficult for a stranger to know what they are all about. Looking out one Friday morning, I saw what appeared to be a kind of children's *fête*,—the women all wearing embroidery, and the children most prettily dressed. In the *soko* were a number of merry-go-rounds and curious swings revolving on pivots, on which the youth of Tangier appeared to be trying to break their necks, though without success as far as I am aware. But far the most remarkable incident of the day's proceedings was a great outbreak of "Juden-hetz" on the part of the dervish population. During certain hours of this particular day, it seems, Jews were interdicted by custom from appearing in the market-place. Directly any unfortunate Israelite showed himself outside the walls, the mob raised a yell and went for him with brickbats and paving-stones; so that we were gratified by the frequent spectacle, more amusing to us than the victims, of a Jew dodging in and out among the booths erected at the side of the *soko*, and screening himself as best he might from the shower of missiles. Occasionally, if very hard pressed, he would ensconce himself inside one of these booths, and his temporary fortress would then be bombarded till he was forced to brave the shower and flee to the next place of shelter. I am not aware that any one was killed, though I saw several Jews with terrible wounds on their heads and the blood streaming from them.

Like many other people, I had come out to Tangier with certain preconceived notions with regard to the country and climate, which subsequent acquaintance with the place was destined to dispel. I expected to find myself, if not exactly in an

arid desert, at least in a sandy and comparatively barren country, and to be exposed to the rays of a scorching sun. It was an agreeable surprise, therefore, on making excursions inland, to see a fine alluvial soil, yielding rich and abundant crops, and capable of high cultivation, while the climate is far from being unpleasantly warm. In fact, the extraordinary prevalence of the Levanté, or east wind, causes it to be extremely trying to people with weak chests. To show the degree of cold which is experienced sometimes, I may mention that once, while camping out on low ground, within less than a mile of the sea, our servant early one morning brought a good-sized lump of ice into the tent. During the earlier part of my sojourn at Tangier I made several short shooting expeditions into the country. My first experience of camp-life in Morocco was not altogether favourable. It was on a trip with a friend to the lakes of Sharf-al-Akab, some fifteen miles distant from Tangier, where we were told excellent snipe-shooting was to be obtained. The weather was all that could be desired for two days; but on the last evening the sky was lowering, and a watery sunset betokened a change. To describe what befell, I extract a leaf from my diary, and let the inexperienced in camping out take a warning therefrom to slacken their tent-ropes at the approach of bad weather. "1 A.M.—Light rain outside; went to sleep again. 3 A.M.—Tremendous downpour, of 'real Morocco' quality. 4.5.—Woke P—, and asked him to go and dig a trench outside to catch the water, which he very unreasonably refused to do. 4.30.—Water coming through. 4.45.—More water in. 5 A.M.—Sides of tent approaching; felt wet canvas against my left ear. 5.10.—Utter collapse; pole fell over

the beds, and both buried under the sopping canvas." After half an hour's struggle with the tent-pole, and searching for clothes and valuables, we crawled out in our night-shirts into the rain. We always took a bottle of "Eno" with us (I trust that indefatigable advertiser will not seize upon this as a puff!), and in the confusion the cork came out, and the contents fizzled in the slush. The intense alarm of the Moors, who evidently expected an explosion, was most comical to behold. We learnt afterwards that the rainfall was half an inch, but at half-past seven it began to clear; so, after getting some breakfast in our sopping clothes, we shot for the rest of the day, and rode back to Tangier in the evening, having bagged in two and a half days' shooting 82½ brace of snipe, with a few extras. The shooting in Morocco is excellent, the game comprising snipe—which, as the Irishman said, are "mostly jostling thereabouts"—hares, rabbits, quail (at certain seasons), duck of all kinds, partridges, and wild boar. There are also jackals in considerable numbers, and in the interior hyænas are sometimes met with.

The sport, *par excellence*, however, of the country is pig-sticking, for which expeditions are periodically organised by Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister to the Court of Morocco; and owing to his kindness and hospitality, I was enabled to see a good deal of this pastime. The other method of boar-hunting is by the *battue* system, the guns being posted in front, and the game driven up to them. This, if not equal to pig-sticking, is likewise excellent fun,—the shrieking and uproar of the beaters, accompanied by the barking of dogs, the braying of horns, and the discharge of guns, rendering it very exciting. The curses and imprecations,

mingled with the most biting sarcasms, that are showered on the unfortunate animals, are enough to oust the most stubborn boar from his lair. An Arab oath is a very elaborate affair, being sustained through a number of parentheses and subordinate phrases to an indefinite length. "May Allah burn the ashes of your great-grandfather, who was the miserable offspring of a brother and sister," &c., &c., may serve as an example. They imagine the unclean animal to be the abode of *jins*, or evil spirits, and maintain sometimes a running conversation with him, every word of which he is supposed to understand. There is a curious ceremony connected with the sport, to which all successful novices are subjected. After killing my first pig the chief hunter came up and took away my gun, and a ring being formed, the piece was put up to auction. After it has been bidden for a while you have to buy it in yourself at a certain price, say four or five dollars. It is a way of paying the beaters, who otherwise contribute their services for nothing. Boar-hunting has its disadvantages, for it is unquestionably a dangerous amusement. There are perils of the pig, which, if wounded, will turn and rend you; perils of the gentleman, who *will* ride with his lance in rest instead of carrying the point in the air, or of the no less objectionable individual who shifts from his post and fires wildly down the line; of the ambushed Moor, who shoots impartially in any direction; while, unless you are well mounted, you have a very tolerable chance of breaking your neck. One accident occurred as follows. While posted one day waiting for boar, we heard a more than usual commotion among the beaters, which lasted for some time, till at length a huge grey old tuskier broke cover, and came across

the intervening space up to my left-hand neighbour. He fired and wounded the beast, which immediately charged; and whether he fell or was knocked over, I never could make out, but the next thing I saw was my friend sprawling on the ground, and the boar jumping clean over him. Several people rushed up to the rescue, and blazed away promiscuously, so that, though no one was injured by the pig, I was more shocked than surprised to find that one gentleman had received a slug in the arm. Fourteen shots were fired at poor piggy, which made off notwithstanding, and was seen crossing a river by one of the Moors, who, in their familiar language of hyperbole, described him as descending the hill "quarrelling with himself, and with a large tree on each tusk!" He added, that though his gun was loaded the charge had been there since a very uncertain date, and it contained what he called a "running bullet," so that he thought it prudent not to fire.

Coursing is another amusement much in vogue, though their method of pursuing it is not strictly suggestive of meetings at Plumpton or the Waterloo Cup. About fifty beaters walk along in a row with a very mixed pack of hounds, consisting of all the curs from the neighbouring villages, interspersed here and there with a few real greyhounds. When the hare is started, you gallop after it on horseback, though, owing to the crowd of men and dogs, the poor beast is so bewildered as a rule, that it is soon captured. The Moors take the keenest interest in this as in all other sport,—the love of the chase being quite a national characteristic. While we were shooting in the country they would troop out of the villages to come and beat for us, their well-meant exertions being

at times a great nuisance. In the remoter districts, where they seldom or never see a European sportsman, their delight at seeing a bird killed on the wing is unbounded, that being a feat they never attempt with their own clumsy weapons.

During the first two months of my stay at Tangier, I did not extend my excursions to any distance into the country, with the exception of a week's camping in the hilly district of Andjra, which lies to the east of Tangier in the direction of Ceuta. In January, however, four of us arranged an expedition to Larache, a seaport town some seventy miles to the south-west, where we were told that game, especially partridges, in fabulous quantities was to be found. We determined to dispense with the services of guides and dragomen, and arranged everything for ourselves. To that large majority of people to whom expense is a consideration, I can recommend this place as being by far the most economical. We spent several busy days in hiring horses, baggage-animals, and servants, and getting together our tents, utensils, and other camp requisites. Our retinue consisted of a cook named Salam, a tall good-natured fellow, only moderately proficient in his art, but rather inclined to be honest as far as is possible in an oriental; a stolid individual rejoicing in the name of Almarackslai, who acted as escort and general help; and lastly, Jona, the servant, a most comical bandy-legged creature, and a sad rogue, but always wearing an expression of the most intense injured innocence. The "escort" is always a necessity in Morocco, though to rely on him for purposes of defence would indeed be depending on a broken reed. His chief use appears to be, that in case any one is robbed, or if your throat is cut, you may have the satisfaction of knowing

that the Moorish Government is responsible.

After the inevitable squabbling and palavering, without which no oriental can perform the smallest operation, we effected a start at 8 A.M. on the 24th of January, our course being along the broad and well-defined track which constitutes the highroad to Fez. The road for the first few hours lay through a comparatively flat country, nearly destitute of trees, but the greater part cultivated and giving promise of a good crop. Morocco was once densely wooded, but the forests have been almost entirely cut down for charcoal,—the thriftless Moor taking no pains to preserve the timber or plant fresh trees. Here and there a grove of olives remaining untouched marked the tomb of a saint, where religious scruple preserved the trees from destruction. Four or five hours from Tangier we entered a wilder country, studded with low bushes and palm scrub, and began to climb a steep hill by a rough and stony path that rendered our progress very slow. We soon quitted the Fez road for another branching off to the right, which conducted us to our first halting-place, Lahabeah,—a collection of a few wattled huts within an enclosure of cactus, politely called a village. Here we passed the night, after some fearful haggling as to the price of provisions and corn, the Moors evidently thinking that they ought to make the most out of such rare birds of passage. We resumed our journey early next morning, so as, if possible, to arrive at our destination the same day.

As we neared Larache, the country became more hilly and variegated, and we passed through some beautiful woods with a rich undergrowth of mosses, ferns, and flowering creepers. Our mules kept up a steady four miles an hour, so that

at five o'clock we pitched the tents in the village of El Hamiss, a breezy spot about six miles from Larache. Our camp was on a common near the edge of a high table-land, from which the ground descended, precipitously at first, then in a gradual slope for three miles, to the shore of the Atlantic. The natives brought provisions for sale to our tents, and the same process of bargaining was gone through as on the previous day. It was necessary to be on the *qui vive*, as they were up to all sorts of dodges. We detected one fellow covering up a quantity of bad butter in a jar with a layer of good, and exposed him with ignominy. It requires a certain amount of time to teach a Moor that, according to European notions, butter does not, like wine, improve with keeping, and that the comparative insipidity of the article when fresh is preferable to the strong rancid flavour which suits their palates. I must confess the prices were not what most people would consider exorbitant: eggs, 3d. or 4d. a-dozen; the like price for a pound of butter; chickens, 6d. apiece; and a *moudh* of corn (about 50 lb.) costing less than three shillings. The day after our arrival we divided into two parties, and went out prospecting. The partridges were not in such multitudes as to darken the air with their wings in the way we had been led to expect, but there were quite enough to give us very fair sport. During our absence we had sent Jona into Larache to market for us; and not being satisfied with the account he gave us of his purchases, we interrogated him strictly. Being asked to swear to the truth of his assertions, he replied, "*Por Dios, señor — por Dios,*" which he repeated over and over again; but nothing would induce him to swear by Allah, and so perjure himself with the name of

God in his own tongue! His face, however, during the cross-examination, was too much for us, and made it impossible to maintain the judicial gravity which would have befitted the proceedings. The following morning we mounted our horses and rode off to Larache. The town is an unhealthy fever-stricken spot on some rising ground at the mouth of a big river, and surrounded by extensive marshes. We left our horses on the river-bank, and were ferried across into the town, where we strolled through some of the principal streets and into the *soko*, which, unlike Tangier, is inside the walls. From here a narrow road conducted us to the southern gate, by which, after passing an old moat at the foot of a lofty wall, we emerged into the open country. The fortifications were built by the Portuguese, and are said to be in imitation of the side of a line-of-battle ship, though for my part I never could trace the resemblance. Before leaving we made a number of purchases, and started home with a fresh stock of provisions and 50 lb. of corn, which was rolled up in the soldier's *gelab*, and placed on my horse, half of it being lost on the homeward journey through the bursting of the cloth. During dinner the same evening we heard a great commotion in the village, and on looking out saw one of the adjoining Moorish houses on fire, every one standing round and screeching, but not a soul making the slightest effort at extinguishing the flames. We all ran out and assisted in the rescue of effects (consisting chiefly of a few old pots and stools) from the burning mansion. It was warm work; and while endeavouring to drag out a lot of bamboo canes which they were anxious to save, we noticed that all the thatch-roof over our heads was in a blaze. We just had

time to bolt out when the whole affair fell in with a crash, giving us a rather narrow escape. The owner bore his loss with characteristic equanimity, accepting it as the decree of fate; that strange fatalism of theirs, which is the fatal bar to all progress, teaching them, by way of compensation, at least to endure misfortune.

A few days after we joined in a boar-hunt, which had been organised in some adjoining hills. It was the day of the Aissaouia festival, and we heard a great din of music and gun-firing at three o'clock in the morning. It had been settled that the sheikh of the village should be ready for us with the hunters and dogs at 9 A.M.,—a rather futile kind of arrangement in a country where time is not regulated by clock or watch. After waiting an hour and a half we sent up to inquire when they were likely to put in an appearance. The messenger returned to say that the sheikh was engaged at his devotions, but that he had nearly done, and then, after he had had his breakfast, he would be very much at our service. There was nothing for it but to wait; and at length, some hours after the appointed time, we made a start. The first few beats were in a wild hilly country covered with dense bushes. As the day wore on we were joined by numbers of hunters from the villages round about, all armed with their long guns, the consequence being, that while waiting for the boar we were surrounded by these fellows all standing with their guns "at the ready" in attitudes of the most intense expectation. If the boar appeared at a safe distance they blazed away at him anywhere, and for a while we seemed to carry our lives in our hands; only if he came their way they all fled in the direst terror without firing a shot. They never touched the pig by any

chance, but simply jeopardised their neighbours; so that next time we stipulated that no native sportsmen should be allowed, or at least that they should be kept under proper control. The best of it was, that when we came to the payment of the beaters, the uninvited gentlemen with the guns claimed their share of remuneration for their kindness in having endangered our lives and spoilt our sport. Needless to say, they did not get much.

After we had been encamped nearly a week, we were fortunate in making the acquaintance of a Moor in the village, named Berghel, who supplied us with all necessities. He was a most charming old fellow, quite one of Nature's gentlemen, and was reported to be extremely rich. His mode of life did not indicate great wealth, but in Morocco any such display would be the height of imprudence. The rapacious governors have a keen scent for such prey, and directly any one is suspected of hoarding riches, they are not long in finding an excuse for relieving him of them. There can be little doubt that much treasure lies concealed in the ground throughout Morocco, the owners having buried it and kept the secret till they died. One afternoon he invited us to his domain in the village, where, after spending some hours in a superb orange-grove, he conducted us to take tea at his house.

Before entering we all took off our Moorish slippers, after the fashion of the country, and leaving them in the porch, walked inside in our stockings. The interior of the house was quite plain, but extremely comfortable. Tea was served with bread and butter in the usual Moorish manner—the teapot being almost filled with sugar, and a small quantity of tea being added, it was then filled

with water. As the beverage was concocting, he put in a few leaves of highly scented freshly gathered verbena, the result being a pale syrupy compound, tasting strongly of the verbena; but the flavour of tea was hardly perceptible. However, we managed to swallow it, and a brazier of incense was then passed round till the room was filled with its sickly fumes. We became great friends after this visit, and he used to sit for half an hour in our tent every evening when he brought us our supplies. He never asked for payment at the time, but let us keep the accounts, naively remarking that “we had eaten bread in his house, and he was sure we should not swindle him.” Talking of accounts, it became a rather serious matter keeping them in the coin of the country, which consists entirely of copper, and is of very little value. Two of these copper coins (containing nearly as much copper as twopence) make a blanquillo, 4 blanquillos = 1 onza, and 4 onzas = 1 (Spanish) Real de Vellon, about twopence-halfpenny. You may carry sixpennyworth of this money with tolerable ease, but when it comes to pounds, the services of a donkey are required; while to reduce some thousands of blanquillos to pounds, shillings, and pence is no joke.

Our guns supplied us with animal food, so that we never had occasion to purchase meat. The only drawback to this was that the Moors refused to eat game killed by Christians. In the Mohammedan religion the slaughter of any animal is regarded as a sacrifice to Allah. Therefore, if this sacrifice is performed by an infidel the flesh is unclean. The only way out of the difficulty is to cut the throat of everything you shoot that is not intended for your own consumption. Accordingly, I always took

a knife with me, and directly I shot a partridge, ran up and cut its throat, till I found that this was no use, as the bird, being killed by me, was still unclean, so that we had to employ a Moor for the purpose. Some Moors are not so scrupulous, and will eat wild boar; but most of them are careful to avoid it. I used sometimes to give them any piece of meat that might remain over from luncheon, and after they had eaten it, tell them jokingly that it was *haloof* (boar), when their faces would assume a most serious expression.

One morning, hearing a great commotion outside the tent, we found a woman and her daughter being led along forcibly by several men. The woman was gesticulating violently, and evidently using the choicest Arabic Billingsgate she could command. I never heard such fearful scolding, the lady's eyes flashing, and her whole body trembling with passion. It appeared that, not agreeing with her spouse, she had fled from the conjugal abode, and a soldier had been despatched to restore her to her lord. The latter stood by smiling, in no way disturbed by the fierce invective launched at him by the virago. He was probably quite used to it at home.

After we had remained nearly three weeks, and the game began to show decided signs of diminishing, we thought it time to make tracks homewards. We had had a most delightful trip, and as good sport as anybody could desire, having bagged between five and six hundred head. The weather was perfect throughout; and I never experienced such a delightful climate, being milder and more equable than that at Tangier, and free from the incessant east wind. We managed to procure some baggage-animals (very sorry creatures they were);

and after spending half the morning in squabbling as to the number of mules required, the route we should take, and various other trifles, we at last effected a start. We travelled this time by way of Arzeilah, a small town on the coast. Our old friend accompanied us a short distance from the village, where we all bade him a fond farewell. Before we had covered a mile on our journey, one of the mules came to grief—which, indeed, occurred every half-hour throughout the remainder of the day. Directly one beast was down, and all hands occupied in setting him on his legs, another would think it a favourable opportunity for obtaining a little repose, and promptly lie down also, when the same operation had to be repeated over again. This retarded our progress to such an extent that darkness overtook us some six miles from Arzeilah, where we purposed spending the night. Near the outskirts of the town we entered a gloomy lane, with a high bank on either side topped with trees, pitch-dark, and very boggy at the bottom. Here a mule came down in the mud, and the greatest confusion ensued. The Moors all began to swear and to weep, saying it was hopeless trying to get on, and almost refused to work. However, we bullied them on, and by striking lucifer-matches, managed to throw a little light upon the scene, and so get the mule unloaded. Part of the cargo was put on the backs of the men; and in that way we arrived under the walls of Arzeilah—an old Portuguese fortress, whose half-ruined battlements stood out in picturesque relief against the starlit sky. The gates were locked, and not a soul stirring; so we made our servants, sorely against their will, move on in search of a place to encamp. We soon came on what looked a tolerably open spot,

and ordered them to pitch the tents. At this they all broke out afresh, cursing each other and ourselves, and gibbering like madmen, and for a while nothing could be done. When they had quieted down a little, we discovered the cause of all this commotion. The place was a Mohammedan graveyard, and we were desecrating the tombs of the dead. However, there was no help for it, as it was nearly pitch-dark, the grass reeking with dew, and one of our party seriously unwell; so by dint of great exertions, and doing half the work ourselves, we got the tents fixed for the night. There was a tombstone under my bed, but no ghost disturbed my slumbers. The Mohammedans say that the souls of the departed are disturbed if a Christian walks over their graves, and one should be careful to avoid doing so. What dire commotion there must have been among the souls of the defunct faithful, with four infidels sleeping above their last resting-place, I hardly like to imagine. We were truly sorry to thus offend the scruples of our servants; but under the circumstances we could not have done otherwise. The muleteers told us we should have to be up betimes next morning, as a tidal river had to be crossed, and we should be unable to ford it later than 3 A.M. Accordingly, I turned in for a few hours in my clothes, and at two o'clock rose and went over to our servants' tent. I found them all curled up in their *gelabs*, and snoring loud enough to wake the dead at their feet. It required several good hard kicks to rouse them, when they sat up and rubbed their eyes, swore they had been awake all the time, and were just coming to call me! I said it was time to start; whereupon they all began to make excuses, saying it was too late, the beasts weren't fed,

and we should certainly break down on the way. This was unanswerable: so I went back to bed. We did not get off till nearly two o'clock the next afternoon, and arrived at Tangier the evening of the following day, after an absence of more than three weeks.

My next trip was to Tetuan. I was unwilling to quit Morocco without visiting this interesting place, and the result proved it to be well worth the trouble. My friends having left for Italy, I procured the services of an escort—a fine-looking barbarian—and a baggage-mule, and started off alone. The distance is about forty-five miles, which we accomplished in eleven hours, including the customary halt for an hour at mid-day. We passed several heaps of stones, or murder-cairns, by the wayside, marking the spot where some poor wretch had been sent to his last account; and pious wayfarers should never omit to add their stone to the pile. Our stopping-place was at the *fondak* or *caravanserai*, a square stone building erected for the accommodation of travellers near the top of a wild mountain-pass. Here we regaled ourselves with Moorish coffee and such provisions as we had brought with us. From the summit of the pass there is a grand view of Tetuan with its white-roofed houses glistening in the sun, and the blue Mediterranean beyond. The town is magnificently situated in a valley watered by the Wâd Martin, which, unlike the generality of Morocco rivers, always has some water in its channel. To the east, a plain some five miles wide extends to the sea-shore; while in front the hills of the wild Riff country rise to a height of 3000 feet, backed by the loftier spurs of the Northern Atlas range. The lower slopes of the hills are dotted with numerous

white Moorish villas, and covered with luxuriant orange-groves. Outside the western gate I found two friends encamped, and spent the evening in their tents. As the environs of the town were said to be infested by Riffian bandits and marauders, and the gates were closed at sundown, it became necessary to obtain permission to stay out after dark. At nine o'clock, however, just as I was settling down for a smoke in a very comfortable chair, a letter arrived from the Bashaw to say the *caballero* (myself) was to come in at once. There was nothing to be done but to obey, and on going outside the tent I found an imposing guard of Riff soldiers waiting for me, who encompassed me about and conducted me to the town. On reaching the gate they all halted and grounded arms, while I marched through their midst into the street with my sense of self-importance immeasurably increased! Not that I ever imagined it was done out of any personal regard, but simply from a fear that if anything happens to an Englishman, there is likely to be a fuss and inquiry, and trouble will come of it. It is very desirable that this wholesome feeling of respect should be preserved among orientals, wherever Europeans come in contact with them.

Tetuan resembles Tangier in many respects, but it is larger and more interesting as a type of the ideal Eastern city, and remaining, if possible, in a more fossilised condition. The streets are dirtier and worse paved, while the comparative absence of the European element in the population lends it a more primitive air. A considerable part of the town is in ruins from the bombardment of 1859, when the Spaniards under Marshal O'Donnell captured and took possession of the place. It is remark-

able for the number of its mosques, some of which are of great size and beauty—though here, as elsewhere in Morocco, no Christian or Jew dare set foot within them. The Jewish quarter, where I was lodged, was remarkable for its extraordinary squalor and filth, and the generally wretched appearance of its inhabitants. The Jews of Tetuan are treated with great harshness, and subjected to numerous indignities. A separate quarter of the town is assigned to them, wherein they are strictly confined after sundown under severe penalties; and various disqualifications, marking them off as a separate and inferior race, help to embitter their existence. They are universally bullied, browbeaten, and despised, and betray the effects of such treatment in their bearing and in every line of their faces. While the poorest Moor deports himself with an air of independence, and walks with a kind of manly swagger, a Jew, however rich, is always timid and cringing, and steals along with an abject air of submissiveness and dejection. The same system of persecution prevails against them in every city of the empire, except Tangier, where they are tolerably independent. It is impossible to defend such conduct on the part of their oppressors; but when one considers the peculiarities of the Jewish character, one must admit the fact that it is calculated to exasperate a semi-civilised people like the Moors in almost every conceivable manner. Their strange and outlandish customs, their tribal exclusiveness, their obnoxious habits of amassing wealth, and the brutality with which they use such power as they may become possessed of, all serve to subject them to the odium of those who, while they are their undisputed masters, yet feel they cannot get on without

them. "Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe," and the conventional idea of the Jew exemplified by Shylock, is, I take it, very often the correct one in these countries; and while human nature remains what it is, we must not be surprised at their being periodically the victims of popular outbreaks, however much we may deplore the fact. "Frenchman good, German good, Englishman very good—Jew no good," a polite donkey-boy remarked to me one day; and he was only expressing the sentiments of the vast majority of his compatriots.

I had some capital shooting the first day, and devoted the evening and following day to sight-seeing, —my host, Mr Isaac Nahon, being most obliging in his attentions, and accompanying me through the town. There are no less than three *sokos*, or market-places, inside the walls. The first of these, as I walked through, was filled with women from the country selling embroidery and richly worked vestments. As I was bargaining with them one lady waxed quite festive, and, slightly lowering her veil, seemed disposed to commence a flirtation, whereat she was sternly reproved by a bystander for her undue familiarity. Perhaps it was her husband. The shops in the town were very curious, the two chief trades being in leather-work and Moorish guns. The manufacturers of the latter occupy a large section of the town, and here these antique weapons are turned out by hundreds, the whole of Morocco being supplied from Tetuan. It was a most interesting process to watch: rude hand-work, unassisted by machinery of any kind, with the single exception of a large wheel, which, turned by hand, served to roll the barrel into shape. One set of workmen made the

barrels, another the hammers and locks, and a third the woodwork. A plain gun will fetch about five dollars, but some of them are beautifully worked in ebony and ivory, and sell for a much higher price. From the gunsmiths' shops we walked down to the ancient palace of Tetuan, once the residence of the Court, but now for the most part in an uninhabitable condition. There was a fine Moorish court in the centre, with some beautiful wood-carving and mosaics on the walls, but the latter were defaced by the whitewash, which is the bane of all Moorish architecture, though they would deem it sacrilege to remove it. As we passed out I caught a glimpse of the Bashaw and his suite in a room near the entrance, but did not venture to look long at his Highness. Returning through the street we met a noisy procession of men and boys on the way to pray for rain, which was sorely needed, at the tomb of a patron saint. One man directed the proceedings, and tried to keep every one in his proper place, occasionally administering sound knocks to youths whose movements were unduly erratic. It is customary to place dishes of *kus-kussoo* (the national dish of Morocco) upon the tomb in the evening. The next morning the grave is revisited, and if, as in famine time is not unlikely to happen, the food has disappeared, it is considered a favourable sign that the saint will incline his ear to their prayers. We next made our way up the *kasbah*, and thence through a large Arab cemetery, where, it being Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath), white-robed women were flitting about like ghosts, weeping and praying at the tombs of departed relatives. On the way down I saw a black slave following his master like a

sheep, being cried through the streets for sale. This was the only occasion on which I actually witnessed the process, though I was told that slave-markets are frequently held on the quiet at Tangier, while they are of frequent occurrence at Larache. It is strange that this hateful institution, while rigorously suppressed in remoter countries, should flourish in such close proximity to Europe. Slavery, however, in Morocco is far from being the brutal system that existed in Christian countries; for the Mohammedans as a rule treat their charges well, and the slaves are happy and contented.

Through the courtesy of the owner I was permitted to visit the house of a rich Moor of Tetuan, and at two in the afternoon presented myself at the door. I was received in a very cordial manner by my host, and conducted through a court richly decorated with mosaics and tile-work and a fountain in the centre, into an inner room. Here he pointed to a luxurious divan, and seating himself opposite me proceeded to pump me quite dry on a most astonishing variety of subjects. He was an elderly man — of a grave and intelligent cast of countenance, and with that air of well-bred dignity which seems habitual with orientals. He had travelled a great deal for a Moor, and spoke French with tolerable fluency. He was anxious to know if the French were still in Tunis, and expressed his dislike and contempt for them in no measured terms — saying they were good enough to fight against half-armed Arabs, but that the Germans could beat them any time they liked. He felt certain, moreover, that they had designs upon Morocco, and inquired if there was any truth in the rumours of a recent engagement on the frontier. He was much in-

terested in England, and said he had been in London, where he had seen the Queen, and wanted to know her Majesty's mode of life and all about her, till it became necessary to explain that, not being an intimate at Court, I was hardly qualified to answer. At this point my host's brother came in and followed the conversation with evident interest — suggesting questions for his relation to put to me, my replies being translated to him in Arabic. A wonderful string of interrogatories here followed. "Was there not much sugar and corn in London?" (two great necessities of Moorish existence). What was the extent of the British empire? and how many subjects had we in India? When I replied that her Majesty ruled over 200,000,000 natives, with 40,000,000 Mohammedans, they opened their eyes; and I think it was only native politeness that prevented them expressing incredulity at the statement. What was my age and profession? Was I a Protestant or a Roman Catholic? and what was the difference between them? Did the Protestants believe in Jesus Christ? and was He the Author of the Bible? On my replying in the negative, a slight pause ensued, after which he wanted to know how old the world was according to the Bible. I said that by strictly following the Bible narrative we made the world out to be 6000 years old. He was greatly pleased at this, and said that coincided with the Koran. "But," he went on, "can you tell me how it is that while the Koran and the Bible both agree in saying that the world is 6000 years old, the Chinese Book, on the contrary, declares it to be 33,000?" This was rather a stumper; so I replied cautiously, that I really could not say, but that many wise and learned men in Europe thought that the world

was a great deal older even than that. At this they both relapsed into silence, and became awhile absorbed in reflection. The celibacy of the clergy was also a question that interested him, and he appeared quite relieved when I told him that our priests might marry like other people. After some further conversation we adjourned up-stairs into a little room on the second storey, commanding a beautiful view eastwards over the plain. The whole house was richly furnished; and he showed me an American "Champion Regulator" clock with especial pride, though he did not say by what means he regulated the time. I was afterwards informed, on excellent authority, that my friend's name was Kteeb, and that he was of very ancient lineage—being, in fact, a direct descendant of Boabdil. His uncle still keeps the keys of the gate in the Alhambra by which that monarch sallied forth to meet Ferdinand at the final conquest and surrender of Granada, and which the latter granted him at his special request. It is said that several of the Moors in Tetuan still retain

the keys of their ancestors' houses, and the title-deeds to their estates in Granada—that earthly Paradise to which, every Friday, they devoutly pray they may one day be restored.

I should have liked to make an excursion in the mountains to the south of Tetuan, but it is said to be unsafe, and "the escort" would not hear of it; so after one more good turn at my friends the snipe, I rode back to Tangier. My stay in Morocco was now nearly at an end, and it was with genuine regret that I soon after bade farewell to this delightful country, with its never-failing sources of amusement, its curious people, and all its interesting ceremonies of the past. I do not suppose the present state of things will long continue. The foot of the British tourist has not left its impression very deeply upon Morocco as yet; but doubtless ere long we shall hear of Tangier as a regular winter watering-place, or, I should say, a "fashionable health-resort," when the seeker after Nature will have to turn his back upon it and betake himself elsewhere.

GOETHE'S WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

"*There are two Goethes!*" exclaimed the beautiful and accomplished Charlotte von Stein, in the first bitterness of her surprise, when she discovered that her favoured poet, the prospective Jupiter of the German Olympus, had descended from the high platform of pure spiritual communion with her to the common level of flesh-and-blood marriages—"There are two Goethes!" Yes, my fair lady, most unquestionably: as certainly as you have a right hand and a left, or, what comes nearer to the point, a soul and a body, so certainly there were two Goethes,—a spiritual Goethe and a material Goethe, a Platonic Goethe and an Epicurean Goethe; Antisthenes to-day, and Aristippus to-morrow; a most equivocal Goethe, a most ambidextrous Goethe, a most unreliable Goethe,—and you ought to have known it. You ought to have known that God did not clothe the spirit of that glorious Teutonic Apollo with flesh and blood in vain. You performed a wonderful feat, no doubt, in keeping the royal Bengal tiger hanging by your skirts and sucking spiritual nourishment from you, as a child takes milk from its mother, in the very spring-tide of his blood, for a whole decade of years; but you ought to have known that nature was nature, and that a purely spiritual marriage could not satisfy a Goethe for ever. Yes, there were two Goethes—or rather a dozen, or it may be more, if you will only try for a moment to count them on your fingers. There is first, of course, the Goethe that worshipped you, and composed the Hymn of the Angels in the prologue to Faust—a hymn worthy to receive a prominent place in all

Christian psalm-books; the Platonic Goethe; the semi-Christian Goethe; certainly the devout Goethe for the nonce. Then comes the Epicurean Goethe, or, to use a less vulgar term, the Dionysiac Goethe, the Aphroditic Goethe, the sensuous Goethe, the Greek Goethe, the heathen Goethe, the Goethe who read Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius, and Joannes Secundus *de basiis*, who married Christiane Vulpius, and who wrote the Roman elegies, and in soft-flowing pentameters said—

*"Eine Welt zwar bist Du, O Rom, doch
ohne die Liebe
Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt, wäre denn
Rom auch nicht Rom!"*

Not Platonic love at all this time certainly. Then, as a third Avatar, comes the philosophical and the theological Goethe, the student of Spinoza and the Christian Scriptures, and the author of the beautiful passage on the supremacy of Reverence in the higher culture, and the supremacy of Christianity as the highest form of all possible manifestations of that virtue. After that we have the scientific Goethe, the curious student of cold stones and dry bones, the patient observer of the phenomena of light through refracting media, and the discoverer of the law of congruity of type and metamorphosis of organs in the vegetable world. Then there was the artistical Goethe—the Goethe who, when in Rome, had his crayon and his pencil twenty times in his hand for once that he wielded the pen; the Goethe who was so powerfully attracted by works of art, and so eager for the education of the eye which they imparted, that for many years he was sorely exercised to know whether Nature had meant

him for a painter or a poet. Fifthly comes the critical Goethe, the man of large survey, subtle insight, loving appreciation, and cool judgment; the man who knew exactly where he stood, and where other people stood; and who practically achieved in his own judgments the wonder which he saw expressed on the countenance of his beloved Baroness, "to see things as they are, and to see all things with love;"—"the greatest poet of our age, and the greatest critic of all ages," as Matthew Arnold pointedly, and not untruly, said. Lastly, there was Goethe the man of the world and the man of business, the statesman and the administrator; not in a light-fingered, easy, perfunctory style, as traducers are fond to insinuate, but earnestly, thoroughly, and effectively, as indeed he did all things, combining the sensibility of the poet, and the ebullieny of youthful spirits, with the clear intelligence and the stern resolve of an energetic and fruitful manhood. Well, then, here are at least six Goethes, and never, even to Aristotle, was the epithet of "many-sided" more justly applied. For the great Grecian, though he knew all knowable, and was a master in two departments wherein the German was a blank—logic and mathematics—was in all his variety and in all his vastness a mere creature of cognition, a universal register, a living encyclopædia, a walking college. But Goethe, as we have seen, though he neither knew, nor had the capacity to know, all things knowable, presented in the most wonderful harmony an antagonism of adverse qualities which Nature in her creative function, with a wise economy, generally keeps apart.

The West-Eastern Divan—of which the present paper is intended to give a notion—belongs to the Epicurean, Dionysiac, or Anacreon-

tic Avatar, of Goethe's Muse. By this, however, we do not mean that it breathes exclusively the atmosphere of emotional enjoyment, of which wine and beauty are the most common and the most popular symbols. Not at all. Goethe could never be a mere Anacreon, or a mere Epicurus, in the vulgar sense of the term: the real Epicurus, as history teaches, was a wise man not less than Zeno; for the man who teaches how to enjoy the good things of life, and to enjoy them moderately and with discrimination, is always wise; though, of course, he has not the stuff in him that makes a martyr or an apostle. Of this stuff certainly neither Goethe, nor Hâfiz, nor an old college friend, Horace, to whom Hâfiz has been compared, was made. Still Goethe was a great deal more than even Epicurus at his best; the Hâfizian element in him, which the West-Eastern Divan brings to the front, is only a voluptuous oriental dress thrown slightly round the frame of a stout and severe hard-working occidental Teuton; or, as Carlyle aptly has it, the soft grass that mantles the slopes of the hard granite Ben. The West-Eastern Divan is a collection of short poems, or lightly thrown out verses and versicles, in the style and under the mask of the great Persian poet Hâfiz. In fact, in this book Goethe pleases himself to throw off the German and play the Persian for the nonce, while at the same time, no doubt, he remains at heart what God made him, and takes up only as much of the style and manner of Hâfiz as suits his humour for the moment. And it is not so much the literary style or the rhythmical peculiarities of the Persian poetry, that Goethe gives us in this remarkable little book; it is rather the tone and atmosphere, the Persian spirit of rosy

enjoyment, and of calm, cheerful wisdom, to which we are introduced. It is a production of the poet's later years, composed at intervals between the years 1810 and 1819, when he had passed his sixtieth year, and was travelling towards his seventieth; the recreation, therefore, of a wise old gentleman, not particularly given at any period of his life to disturb himself with the existence of evils in the world which it was not in his power to mend. The materials of which it was put together,—no doubt as diverse in their origin as they are loose in their texture,—first began to take serious shape in the year 1815—the year of the battle of Waterloo; and we can do nothing better than insert here the account which the poet gives of the matter in his diary (*Tag und Jahres hefte*) for the year:—

“1815. The year before I had received Von Hammer's translation of the poems of Hâfiz; and though I had not remained uninfluenced by the specimens of this great poet which had appeared occasionally in various periodicals, the complete body of the works to which I was now formally introduced moved me so powerfully, that, if I had not contrived some means of exercising my own productive powers on the material they presented, I should certainly have been overwhelmed by it. On reading these translations, everything of a cognate character that in the course of years I had myself produced came to the surface, and this with so much the more emphasis, that precisely at that period I felt it absolutely necessary to retreat from the threatenful aspect of the actual world into an ideal world in which I could at will participate according to my capacity of sympathy and enjoyment.

“I did not enter into this world as a total stranger, but had from old times

carried about with me so much of oriental associations that I could even amuse myself a little with the language, so far as it might be necessary for the relish of the poetry, and even with the writing and its peculiarities and ornamentations. I brought out from my portfolios the Moallakats, of which I had translated some immediately after their appearance.* I endeavoured to train my imagination to a complete sympathy with the life of the Bedouins; and the life of Mahomet by Oelsner, with which I had been familiar from old times, gave me a new impulse. My relation to Diez became more and more intimate; the book of CABUS opened to me the spectacle of these oriental manners in a very significant age not unlike our own, in which a prince had strong reasons for indoctrinating his son how, in bad times, he could best perform his part and exercise his functions in the world. Medjnun and Leila, as examples of a boundless love, were again brought near to my feelings and imagination; the pure religion of the Parsees, redeemed from its later corruptions, rose to view in its original beautiful simplicity; the travels which I had studied long ago of Andrea della Valle, Tavernier, and Chardin, were read through again with a purpose; and in this way materials were heaped up, and resources stored to such a degree, that I could at last proceed to appropriate and to apply so much of the new matter as suited my wants. Diez was all complaisance to answer my strange interrogations; Lorsbach was full of sympathy and readiness to help, and through his means I could even dare to approach Sylvestre de Sacy; and though these illustrious men could have little notion of what I was driving at, nevertheless each of them contributed largely to clear up my notions in a region about which I had frequently hovered, but with which I had never seriously exercised myself; and as I had Von Hammer's excellent translation always beside me, which, in fact, became for me for a season the book of books, I

* “The Moallakats are prize odes of the Arabs,—odes which were victorious at the great public competitions of the poets before Mahomet's time, which were written in golden letters and hung up on the portals of the sacred shrine at Mecca.”—Goethe.

had constant opportunity of picking out from his rich mines many a precious gem."

So much for the creation and genesis of the book. For the structure, the 'Divan' consists of two parts—a poetical and a prose part,—the prose forming a separate volume, in the way of introduction to, or commentary on, the verses. The volume contains general views of the growth and character of oriental poetry generally, and the Persian in particular. The Arabs and the Persians, Mahomet, the Caliphate, and the Persian potentates, from Mahomet of Gasna downwards, are all sketched with a few lines of refined but discriminating characteristic. Next to the influences, political and religious, in the atmosphere of which they lived, the seven great poets of the Persians are taken in succession: first, Firdusi, the national chronicler, who died in 1030; second, Enweri (1152)—a Court poet and eulogist, such as always has been an ornamental adjunct of oriental kingship; then Nizâmi (1180)—the poet of love, love adventures, and love tragedies. Fourth in order, Jalaleddin Rumi (1162)—the poet of pious meditation and religious mysticism. Contrasted with him came Sâdi, who drifted about largely in the world from east to west,—like Ulysses, had "seen the cities and known the minds of many men," and became the great teacher of the wisdom of life to his countrymen. He died in the year 1291, at the advanced age of 102 years. Then comes Hâfiz (1389); and last of the seven, Jâmi, contemporary with Vasco da Gama (1494), whose books are represented as a sort of summation of all who went before him,—like the pebbles at the mouth of a great river, which contain contributions from the whole geology of the dis-

tricts through which the swelling current has travelled in its course. But it is with Hâfiz only that we have specially to do in the 'Divan'; and so we may here shortly insert what the catholic-minded old Weimarian sage says of him:—

"Hâfiz, a great genius, of the most cheerful and happy temper, who finds his pleasure in feeling independent of most things after which men eagerly strive, and though many degrees above his fellow-men, as a cheerful philosopher, never forgets that he is their brother by sharing their flesh and blood, and, as a brother, is willing to be happy with them on their own ground. He is a poet, to be understood properly only by a poet of the nation to which he belongs; but once comprehended in this relation, he remains through life the most pleasant of companions; so much so that, even at the present day, after three hundred years, the camel-drivers and the mule-drivers in the sandy deserts of the East delight to lighten the road by humming his distichs, not so much on account of the sense of the poem, which himself often wantonly pulls to pieces, as on account of the brightness and lightness of the tone that permeates everything he wrote. For west-world readers, this favourite of the voluptuous East may appear trifling, or effeminate, or even vicious; but the true test of all literary greatness dwells with him, that the more intimately you know him, the more you love and admire him. In him a happy natural genius, great culture, extraordinary facility, are combined with the habitual conviction that the only way to deal with mankind, if you wish your verses to take a permanent hold of their minds, is to sing to them what they like to hear, and what they can easily understand, while you mix up with this cup of light entertainment an occasional impulse to something better, which, presented with a less grateful accompaniment, their stomachs would imperatively have rejected."

So much for the prose. Let us now give a few specimens of the poetical volume. This is divided into twelve books: the Book of

the Singer, the Book of Hâfiz, the Book of Love, the Book of Contemplation, the Book of Ill-Humour, the Book of Wise Saws or Proverbs, the Book of Tissar, the Book of Zuleika, the Book of Drinking, the Book of Parables, the Book of the Parsees, and the Book of Paradise. From these books we have picked out a few pieces, just as they happened to suit our fancy. Here they are.

POETRY.

Poetry is a gushing well
That scorns the niggard measure ;
Keeps the blood warm, and makes it swell
In pulsing veins with pleasure.

Blame me not !—the cup of sorrow,
When it comes to me,
I can sip, nor need to borrow
Modest airs from thee.

Modesty's a pretty thing
In a maid when woo'd ;
Modestly she folds her wing
From handling coarse and rude.

And sober thought, the wise man says,
In wise hour teaches me
For time to order well my days,
And for eternity.

But rhyme disowns the sober mood ;
I love to rhyme alone,
Or with one friend or two whose blood
Flows kindly like my own !

Cowled or uncowled, let preachers come
To dam my foaming river ;
They may prevail to make me dumb,
But to be sober never !

When the poet's fancy burns,
Be slow to reprimand him ;
You'll forgive his wildest turns,
When once you understand him !

These lines manifestly are an expression of the poet's quiet disregard for that class of persons who cannot be made to understand that a song is not a sermon ; or that a poet, who, as Plato says, is a winged animal, cannot be expected to regulate his airy flights and wheelings by the laws which regulate the movements of pedestrian prose. Under the head of "Talisman" in the same book we find a bundle of pious versicles, pointing to faith in God, and in the moral govern-

ment of the world, as the only compass that can enable weak mortals to steer securely through the stormy seas of life. All poetry, indeed, especially oriental poetry, has humanity for its root and piety for its atmosphere ; it is only the cold occidental mind, in some isolated exercises of the mere cognitive faculty, that can make a parade of being godless. Goethe, though a devoted student of nature, had not the least sympathy with those meagre scientists who see all things

in the world, only not the reasonable soul which alone could make it a world; and who exercise the faculty of reverence, so far as they have any, in acknowledging no greater god than that which lives in their own bosoms.

RELIGION.

1.

The East belongs to God; the West
Gladly obeys His high behest;
Tropic heat, and Arctic cold,
His hand in peaceful bond doth hold.

2.

Only God is just; He sees
What thing is good for each and all;
Call Him by what name you please,
But praise His name, both great and small.

3.

Life's a labyrinth, whose plan
Thou canst not learn from wit of man;
But make God guide in all thy ways,
And He will lead thee through the maze.

4.

Two graces give our breathing worth,
To draw air in, then send it forth;
That with a power to cramp and tighten,
This to expand us, and to lighten;—
So wondrously our life unites
Mysterious play of opposites.
Then thank thou God when He confines thy way,
And thank Him too when He gives larger sway.

From the Book of Hâfiz we extract only one, but a very noticeable little poem, in which the German singer is fond to identify himself with his oriental brother in one point, that the superficial student of either would not be ready to anticipate. Hâfiz, we are told, derived the surname by which we know him from his memory, richly stored as it was with the texts of the Koran. He professed to owe all his success as a man and as a poet to that sacred book; and Goethe has once and again been equally forward to declare his familiarity with the contents, and reverence for the authority,

of the Christian Scriptures, with which, like Timothy, he was familiar from a boy. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency in two poets, not of a predominantly religious tone, is not far to seek. They were both extremely Broad Church; and pleased themselves to take from the sacred books of their country what suited their genius, and what they thought the essence of the matter. An eclectic piety of this kind we see largely exemplified in Pindar, Æschylus, Socrates, Plutarch, and other men of "light and leading" in the classical literature of the Greeks.

HÂFIZ—WHY SO NAMED ?

POET.

Mohammed Shemseddin, tell me why
Thy people, who are good and wise,
Did thee with such fair name baptise—
Hâfiz ?

HÂFIZ.

Wise is thy quest ; and fitly I
Will make to thee a wise reply.
For that the Koran's sacred lore
In faithful memory I store,
And keep it there so firm and sure
That all the world's craft and meanness
Cannot cloud my soul's sereneness,
While I hold its teaching pure ;
That no evil thing can cleave
To me, or any who believe
In the prophet without blame :
From faithful memory grew my fame,
And who is wise spells *memory* from my name.

POET.

Hâfiz, if this thing be so,
I may fitly call thee brother ;
For whose thoughts together flow
Their souls are kin to one another.
As the Koran was to thee,
So our Bible is to me,
Stamping my soul with impress fair
Of heavenly beauty pictured there.
Even as that maid of saintly grace
Took to herself the Saviour's face
In her white kerchief, so I took
Into my soul the holy Book,
And there in spite of sceptic error,
Gloomy doubt, and fearful terror,
I kept unharmed from cloudy scaith
The pure bright image of the faith.

In the third book, entitled 'Uschk nameh,' or the Book of Love, we find only a few pretty scraps of graceful *Tändelei*, not sufficiently significant to tempt us to translation. Some compensation for this blank is found in the 'Tefkir nameh,' or Book of Contemplations, full of wise saws and rules of life, such as old Hesiod gave to the

Bœotian yeomen, in the 'Works and Days,' some three thousand years ago : for in the East, as in ancient Greece, all wisdom took the form of verse ; as indeed singing is everywhere older than writing, and writing than reading.

Here is good advice in curt phrase under five heads :—

FIVE THINGS.

What makes the time run short ?
Business, or busy sport ;
What makes it long to you ?
Hands with no work to do ;

What brings debts quickly in ?
 Slowness to work and win ;
 What wins the glowing gold ?
 The stroke that is brisk and bold ;
 What man stands near the throne ?
 The man who can hold his own !

In the Koran, as in our Scriptures and in all Eastern religions, among the virtues a prominent place is given to "alms-giving ;" as indeed even the Greeks, who did not preach so much the duty of the strong to support the weak, never-

theless from the mouth of Homer heard with pleasure that "beggars and strangers come from Jove." The grace of charity, accordingly, is prettily expressed in the following lines :—

BRIGHT AND BRIGHTEST.

Bright is the fair maid's eye that looks on thine ;
 Bright is the drinker's eye that greets the wine ;
 And like the sun that robes the flowery year,
 The sovereign's word falls on the favoured ear.
 But brighter far than all these bright-faced things
 Is the fair thanks thy gracious bounty brings
 From the poor starveling, that with beaming face
 And outspread hand receives thy kindly grace :
 Peruse it well, that speaking face, and thou
 Wilt ever give, as thou art giving now.

Goethe, in this country at least, it has been the fashion to represent as a Titanic specimen of intellectual egotism, which, under the name of "culture," he held up as a type of human perfection to his countrymen.* The present writer is happy to say that he never could find, after many years' familiarity with this great thinker, the slightest foundation for this view of his character. By the word *Bildung*,

or culture, he understood moral as well as intellectual culture. This is quite plain, among other things, from the famous discourse on "Reverence," in Meister's *Wanderjahre* ; and he who wishes to find the same all-important truth shortly and significantly expressed in verse, could not do better than take with him to college or to the critical reviewer the following lines :—

TRUE CULTURE.

Love and Knowledge.

The bazaar on splendid trash
 Tempts the buyer to waste his cash ;
 He who goes to learned college
 Comes back puffed up with empty knowledge ;
 But if true bliss thou wish to brook,
 Learn to live in quiet nook.
 If your every nerve you strain
 To store your mind with various lore,
 'Tis well. But how to use your lore—
 The better wisdom—this to gain,
 You must knock at another door.

* To this unlovely fashion John Sterling forms an honourable exception. See 'Journals of Caroline Fox' (1862), chap. viii.

Nor hast thou far to search and seek ;
 Let the God within thee speak ;
 Love all things that lovely be,
 And God will show His best to thee !

How prominent a place Goethe assigned to moral above mere intellectual culture, is manifest from his short rule of life (printed in this Magazine last December), where he says emphatically, *Besonders* *keinen Menschen lassen*—love being, in fact, the soul of all higher knowledge, and the only key to all true knowledge of man. The same doctrine is preached in the following lines:—

OLD AGE.

The years have robbed thee of so many things,
 Thy passions cooled, and clipt thy wanton wings,
 Thy memory maimed of all that yesterday
 Brought of sweet trifles ; thy foot fond to stray,
 Bound to short tether ; and made dull the ear
 To the fair praise and the applausive cheer
 That heaved thee on. Thy crippled soul is stranger
 To joy in work and to delight in danger ;
 Say now, old gentleman, what joys are thine ?
 I have enough, while TRUTH and LOVE are mine.

Poets—at least Moore says so in his 'Life of Byron'—have not been specially famous for making good husbands. Marriage is always a serious business. Lord Byron made a sorry mess of it. Goethe did not manage it in the sublimest style. In his youth he indulged pretty freely in incalculable flirtations ; but when he did marry at last, he proved himself a good domestic man, and lived happily with the mother of his family for thirty years. How this ? Because he knew how to deal with women, which Byron did not. Witness the following versicle:—

Use the woman tenderly, tenderly ;
 From a crooked rib God made her slenderly :
 Straight and strong He could not make her,
 So if you try to bend you'll break her ;
 But let her alone and have her own way,
 She'll grow more crooked every day.
 What's to be done with her, Adam, my boy ?
 Use her tenderly, that's what I say,—
 To break your own rib will bring you small joy.

Finally, from this book of practical wisdom we translate the following four stanzas, which seem to express the secret of the poet's own remarkable success in life:—

QUIET WORKING.

Ask not by what gate thou entered
 Into life, the garden of God ;
 But in the quiet nook assigned thee,
 Trim the beds and break the clod.
 Look around thee, then, for wise men,
 Look for men of high command ;
 These will help thee with good counsel,
 These will give strength to thy hand.

And when long years of faithful service
 Thou hast given to the State,
 Know that many then will love thee,
 Know that none will dare to hate.

And the prince will own the loyal
 Soul, that breathes through all thy ways,
 Linking firmly each to-morrow
 With long chain of yesterdays.

In the fifth book—the Book of Ill-Humour—the poet in the introduction makes a characteristic apology: “Ill-humour is always egotistical. It has its root in demands for things external which have not fallen to the lot of the grumbler; it is presumptuous in tone and repulsive in attitude, and brings joy to no one, not even to those who are suffering under the same malady. Nevertheless it is impossible always to strangle such feelings and to

smother such explosions; nay, it may sometimes even be beneficial to give vent to our vexation in this way, when small-minded persons with their petty obtrusiveness stand in the way of an honest man’s useful activity.” The following is a fretful switch of the lion’s tail at the host of small flies who were indignant that the poet would not on all occasions be exactly as they wished him to be:—

CRITICS.

Did I, when you went a-warring,
 Bid your bloody battles cease?
 Did I make loud protestation
 When your Congress patched a peace?

Did I tell the practised angler
 Where to fling his baited line?
 Did I give the wright instructions
 Where to split, and where to join?

But *you* will give me directions
 How to read and how to write
 From the mighty book which Nature
 Opened to the poet’s sight.

If you have the poet’s vision,
 Show what thing God showed to you;
 But if my work you would measure,
 First learn what I meant to do.

This is the first question, of course, with all just criticism, What did the author mean to do? as the second is, How has he done it? But criticisms, unfortunately, are not rare in England as in Germany, where the critic meddles with a business which does not belong to him, and assumes to decide on a subject with regard to which he has only picked up hastily a

few scraps of elementary knowledge sufficient to cover absolute ignorance; and with him the two questions are, first, *What shall I find to say?* and second, *What shall I find to find fault with?* To criticism of this temper a man who has any concern for his happiness will give no more attention than the traveller does to the dust that blows in his eyes as he trudges along the road.

NEVER MIND !

When you see things wrong,
 Never fret and fume ;
 Folly will be strong
 Till the day of doom.

O'er things base the base
 Brook a just authority ;
 And wisdom finds no place
 Before a throned majority.

Wayfarer, never waste
 Words on such dusty riot,
 But march on easy-paced
 To your own goal in quiet.

The contemptible nature of that criticism which delights in fault-finding, was never more strikingly shown than in the verses about the Dead Dog, from Nizâmi, which Goethe gives in the introduction under the title "Allgemeines."

Jesus, as He walked through the world,
 To a fleshmarket came one day,
 And there before the butcher's door
 Right on the road a dead dog lay.
 A crowd around the carcase stood,
 As vultures gather ; and one said,
 "The stench of this abhorred hound
 Sickens my brain inside my head."
 Another said, "The grave has cast
 Its refuse up for bad luck here ;"
 And thus each in his way reproached
 The poor dead brute with bitter jeer.
 Then the Lord Jesus oped his mouth—
 Not He with sharp reproach and spite ;
 But from a loving heart and true,
 He said, "Like pearls his teeth are white."
 They heard, and none might dare to blame—
 Their hearts were burning hot with shame.

The Book of Proverbs, which follows sixth in order, contains many fine pieces, from which, however, our limited space warns us to abstain. Here is a pious hint on toleration:—

If God to men were as severe
 As you and I are, when we jar,
 We both had scanty comfort here ;
 But He takes men just as they are.

And here follows some suggestive human opinion, which Bacon some lines on the mixture of illusion with where says is rather agreeable—truth in the complex tissue of

TRUTH AND ERROR.

'Tis bad, but haps once and again,
 That Truth will walk in Error's train :
 It is her whim ; and who will dare
 To blame the whim of lady fair ?

If Error then sometimes on Truth's fair train might trample,
Why should my lady fret?—herself gave the example.

The small book, 'Tissar nameh,' supposed to allude to Napoleon, has an unfinished look about it; and so we pass on to 'Zuleika nameh,' a name, as every one knows, famous in the stories of the East, and which the septuagenarian poet employed to cover his last bosom affection for a Frankfort lady named Mariana Willimer, of whom the reader will find an account in Dünzer's life of the poet, Book IX. Into the story of Goethe's loves, on which an English gentleman has written an in-

esting little essay,* we cannot afford to enter at present. Only one thing we may note, that the fair ladies to whom he successively gave the homage of his large heart, seem on every occasion to have been made perfectly aware of the acts of fervent worship formerly paid at the now deserted shrine. No Frenchman certainly could have given the last link of this erotic succession a more graceful turn than is contained in the following:—

ZULEIKA.

Tell me this, and tell me true,
Have you not been always writing
Verses old and verses new,
Spinning sonnets, songs inditing?
Tiny tomes all neatly bound,
Pearly-white and bright as gold,
You have sent the country round
To the young, and to the old;
But this I guess, to young and old,
The self-same tale of LOVE was told.

HATEM—i.e., GOETHE.

Yes, fair maid, 'twas even so;
Mouths with wreathed fancies smiling,
Teeth as white as shining snow,
Twining locks and looks beguiling,
Neck and bosom hung with charms,
Glances like Apollo's dart,
Dainty fingers, lily arms,
All brought dangers to my heart;
But all these loves, both old and new,
Were prophecies that told of you.

Without WINE, poetry, in Goethe's estimation, could not exist. This glorious sun-brewst, indeed, has been the symbol of joy and exuberance to poets from King David downwards to Hâfiz and Tom Moore: it is only in this latter age

that a water-drinking poet has been proved not to be an impossibility. We must not therefore be surprised at the following verses, which are quite in the spirit of Hâfiz, though some readers may be shocked at the comparison, and maybe even

* The Loves of Goethe in Studies and Romances. By H. Schutz Wilson. London: 1873.

think the concluding couplet profane. But Hâfiz, though a pious man, was no Calvinist; and though a wine-drinker, could still, as we had occasion above to reveal, be a Broad Church Mussulman.

WINE.

Was the Koran uncreated?
 That's a question I don't ask;
 Or did it begin, and when was it dated?
 That's for me too hard a task.
 That Allah breathed it every line,
 As a good Moslem I believe it;
 But that undated was good wine,
 With most firm faith I receive it;
 Or it may be, as some one thinks,
 The angels made its sparkling grace,
 In kindness to our mortal race;
 This way or that, in any case
 One thing is sure, the man who drinks
 Looks God more brightly in the face!

Drinking is generally made poetical by the social associations which accompany it. It is possible, however, for a quiet brooding soul to sit and sip alone, as smokers smoke, meditating on many pleasant things. Hence the following:—

DRINKING.

Here I sit alone, alone,
 With my room and my leisure all my own;
 Tell me where my time I could pass
 Better than here with myself and my glass?
 With no man near to nip in the bud
 The pleasant thoughts that stir my blood:
 Here I am alone with myself and my glass.

From the four concluding books the following four pieces shall suffice:—

AGAINST SYSTEM-BUILDERS.

All men, both great and small, are fain
 To weave a web out of their brain,
 While in the middle they sit at ease
 To clip and snip as they may please;
 Then if a breeze comes some fine day
 To sweep their flimsy threads away,
 Straightway they cry—"What fiendish malice
 To overthrow our splendid palace!"

STUPID PIETY.

If the Ass whose back did carry,
 'Mid pomp of palms, the Son of Mary,
 To Mecca should devoutly fare,
 And worship with the pilgrims there,
 He would go and back return
 An Ass—the ass that he was born!

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

Jesus came down from heaven, and brought
 The text of the gospels in His hand,—
 The text which God's own finger wrote,—
 And read it to the faithful band
 Of His disciples. The word of grace
 Once sown in good soil grows apace.
 He rose to heaven, and with Him took
 The faultless text of the sacred book;
 But in their hearts the truth remained,
 And each one wrote from day to day
 What in his memory each retained,
 And pictured forth in his own way.
 Well, they were men, to whom God lent
 A diverse wit, and diverse bent,
 And therewith we must be content :
 We'll get no more, one thing is clear,
 Till the last trump sounds in our ear.

There is a great deal of good sense meneutical scholars have not always
 in this short poem, which our her- shown themselves possessed of.

ADMISSION.

HOURI.

Here by Heaven's decree I stand,
 A warder at the gate of grace ;
 Thou wouldst come in, but strange misgiving
 Stirs me when I read thy face.

Art thou faithful to the prophet ?
 Of our cousinship and kin ?
 Through what sweatful struggle didst thou
 Earn the right to enter in ?

Didst thou draw thy sword for Allah ?
 Show thy wounds and claim reward :
 Never yet against the faithful
 Was the blissful portal barred.

POET.

Why this doubting and misgiving ?
 I'm a man ; be this enough.
 Life's a battle ; I have fought it
 With sharp sword and temper tough.

Whet thine eyes, and look within me,
 See the wounds that scar this heart,—
 Wounds from Fortune's freakish humour—
 Wounds from Love's delicious dart ?

Yet my faith was never shaken :
 I believed my love was true ;
 Never cursed the babbling world,
 Though it gave me much ado.

With a band of noble workers
I did work, and knew no rest,
Till my name woke love bright-flaming
From the hearts of all the best.

No, thou wilt not choose the worser ;
Give thy hand, and grant me this,
To live, and on thy dainty fingers
Count eternities of bliss.

From these specimens, the readers of German poetry will understand that the *West Eastern Divan* is really only a book of scraps, and not to be taken in any wise as a sample of the sort of stuff on which the poet's reputation with posterity will rest. But they are scraps from the rich and varied portfolio of Germany's master-mind ; and, like the *obiter dicta* of a great lawyer, will justly carry more weight than formal treatises from a less gifted mind. To the Germans, these excursions of their great poet into the far East had the special merit of opening to their view the general human aspects of those oriental studies in which their great school of philologists was then beginning to exercise itself ; to us they open an interesting page in the book of curious and cosmopolitan scholarship which German literature unfolds. It was said by Lewes that Goethe was a Greek born in Germany in the middle of the eighteenth

century. This is so far true. The luxurious enjoyment and reverential worship of Nature, which are prominent everywhere in the works of the German, are pure Greek ; the form also of some of his most classical works is decidedly Greek, but not therefore anti-German ; and the very fact of his taking into his essentially German nature the excellences of two souls so far apart as Sophocles and Hâfiz, shows a capacity of assimilation and reproduction which is characteristically German. Taken all in all, as a man of various learning, deep thought, laborious scientific research, delicate sensibility, and rich fancy, there can be little doubt that of all the great creative intellects that in these latter days have given a European ascendancy to the literature of the Germans, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe is their most complete and most distinctly marked representative man.

A SINGULAR CASE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the autumn of 1880 I was making a journey from Chicago to San Francisco. Travelling alone, I naturally looked about me when the train had left Omaha, to see of what character my fellow-passengers were, and if there was any prospect of getting entertainment or amusement out of them to shorten the hours as we sped across the monotonous plains. The car was not crowded, and I had an entire section to myself. The one opposite was in possession of a clergyman—Episcopal, I thought—with his wife and two rosy-cheeked charming children. I am very fond of children if about the age these were, and I felt that I might amuse myself with the little cherubs for at least a part of the time if nothing better offered; but I had strong hopes of finding some whist-players who loved the game as well as I do. Immediately behind, and with his back toward me, was a strongly built elderly man deeply absorbed in a medical journal, and whom I therefore judged to be a doctor. I walked down the aisle and back in order that I might get a view of his face, which, when I did, gave evidence of so much intelligence and such varied experience, that I felt sure if the whist-party failed I would find in him an unusually entertaining conversationalist. Besides the doctor and the clergyman there were several parties of tourists, whose entire attention was occupied by the flitting landscape, and who were very enthusiastic over the “wild West,”—taking every ugly dog for a *coyote*,* and every roughly dressed farmer for a border ruffian.

Then there were some business men, evidently returning to their Western homes, who were lost in the latest Denver and San Francisco newspapers. After scrutinising the passengers, and settling in my mind their various characteristics, I felt that I would like to engage my medical neighbour in conversation; but I saw no opportunity, as he remained interested in his reading. I thought if I had a table adjusted in my section it might perhaps attract his attention, and give me a chance to ask him if he would like a game of cards; so I told the porter to fetch one and put it up. But the doctor kept on reading; and I finally took out a cigar and sauntered forward into the smoking-car, taking a seat by a window, and gazing abstractedly out across the undulating plain, which stretched like a heaving ocean as far in all directions as the eye could reach. I had not been there long before a voice suddenly said—

“I beg pardon, but is this seat taken?” indicating the one by my side.

“No,” I replied, and turned to find myself face to face with the medicine man of my own car.

“If you have no objection I will sit here, then,” he said, at the same time lighting a cigar.

“None in the least,” I answered. “On the contrary, I shall be glad to have you.”

“Oh, thank you,” he said quietly, as he sat down.

“I came near disturbing you in the other car,” I continued, “to ask if you would take a hand at whist; but you were so deeply ab-

* Prairie wolf.

sorbed in your magazine that I didn't have the courage to do it."

He laughed a frank, good-natured laugh.

"Yes," he said; "that was the last number of the 'Medical Record,' and I was interested in the description of a very singular case of aphasia."

"You are a doctor then?"

"I am; Dr —, at your service. And you?" he said.

"Oh, I—I'm what you would call a quill-driver, I suppose."

"Aha!—an author, editor, &c., &c. Ah, yes; I see, I see. I must be careful what I say to you, or I'll find myself in print the first thing I know,—eh?" he said, with his good-natured laugh again.

"No, no," I returned, laughing also; "you're perfectly safe. I'm not a journalist; I won't 'interview' you. At any rate, consider me off duty just now. But you have reminiscences,—I know you have,—and if you will give me some points out of what I am sure has been a varied experience, I will gladly listen, and will promise to use them judiciously, or not at all, as you like."

"Well, well," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have anything very extraordinary to tell about. Let me see. Yes; there was that Burnfield case that came under my notice about ten years

ago. That was a singular—a very singular case."

"A singular case!" I said eagerly; "that's just the thing, I know. Tell me all about it, I beg of you."

He consented willingly, and proceeded to narrate the facts on which the following story is based, giving me full permission to use them as I saw fit. I was deeply interested, and afterwards visited the genial doctor in his own home to secure further details, and while there he introduced me to Governor —, the Putterton of my story. Both the doctor and the governor rode with me over the Bighorn Pass, though a railway had succeeded in traversing the Smoky Hill Range by a series of steep grades and long tunnels. They assured me I could get no idea of the country from the railway, and insisted on conducting me on horseback by the old trail. I confess I never before saw, either in Europe or America, such a magnificent view as that from the summit of the Pass looking toward Glen Ellen. After several delightful weeks spent in that region, I reluctantly bade farewell to the doctor and returned home; and I desire to embrace this opportunity of thanking him once more, not only for his interesting narrative, but for his kind and generous hospitality.

F. S. D.

GRÉZ, *August 1882.*

CHAPTER I.

The bar-room or office of the "Park View House," Rubyville, was wellnigh deserted; for though the month was February, and the weather had for some time been raw and disagreeable, the air on the day of which I write was fresh and balmy, and a flood of brilliant sunlight spread over all outdoors with a softness that clearly heralded the

near approach of spring. It was one of those exceptionally charming winter days which cause the interior of any habitation whatever to seem little better than a dungeon; and as the bar-room of the Park View House was on no occasion the least cheerful or inviting, the miners and citizens who spent the days while the mines were "shut

down" in lounging here for lack of a better place, were glad enough to betake themselves to the open air, and, while strolling along the single narrow street, speculate on the feasibility of a prospecting tour into the almost unknown Smoky Hill Range, or ponder on the future of the enterprising and fast-growing mining-camp of Rubyville. Therefore it was that the great flat spittoons, the dilapidated and much-whittled furniture, and the huge rusty stove, instead of being appropriated by the usual coterie of expropriating pioneers, were left almost entirely to themselves. The door of the stove hung carelessly open, and the smouldering fire exhibited only feeble signs of life by a dull red glow—a striking contrast to the furnace-heat which had raged within almost constantly for the last three months. During that time the apartment was comparatively gay, and resounded with laughter and heated argument; but now it was duller and drearier than ever, and the monotonous dripping of the icicles hanging from the eaves added to the dreariness. Even the clerk, fat and lazy, had departed so far from the ordinary routine of the establishment as to partially open the outer door for a while, thereby giving entrance to a soft breeze and a ray of dancing sunshine. But, as if fearful lest this might prove a disturbing element to the two persons earnestly talking together in the farthest corner of the dingy room, he altered his mind apparently, and slipping quietly across the rough floor—not, however, without stumbling over one of the spittoons—gently closed the door, and the apartment assumed once more its cell-like character. The men in the corner were too busily engaged in their conversation to notice any trivial action going on about them, so that the

inviting sunshine, and the fresh atmosphere, and the dull interior of the room in which they were seated, disturbed them not in the least, nor did they appear to notice the presence of a third party in the person of the hotel-clerk: and this functionary, on his part, as was doubtless his custom under such circumstances, seemed to have forgotten even his own existence after closing the door; for he had lazily seated himself on a low bench by a window, extended his legs along it, braced his back and head against the counter immediately behind him, and dropped off into peaceful and innocent slumber.

Mr William Chloride, one of the two individuals in the corner, tipped his chair slowly back against the wall, and as he deliberately whittled the end of a match into a toothpick, he said meditatively, as if in reply to some question—

"Wal, I dun'no, — can't say. P'raps we may find out wen we go thur. Anyway, we won't hev no trouble findin' *it*, if it's thur, map or no map; an' I reckon Bill Chloride kin smell out the trail some way or nuther."

"That being the case then," said the other, "we will overhaul the papers and be ready to start as soon as the snow leaves the pass. If we find it, we can organise a district and fix things to suit ourselves."

"Prezackly," answered Chloride; "an' I tell ye, Putterton, ye'll see a rush wen it gits out, you bet."

"Without a doubt; but we don't care if we can have a week or two there beforehand. Let's take something, and then go to my room and look over the papers. Perhaps after a drop of Tarantula juice, as you fellows call it, to stimulate our wits, we can discover something that will give us more light on the mystery. I say, Tommy!"—to the clerk—"Oh, Tommy! The

rascal is asleep on duty. Tommy Bolanger !”

Tommy Bolanger slowly opens his sleepy eyes, and, with a vast yawn, looks inquiringly about in search of the cause of his disturbance.

“Wat an ole snoozer you air, Tommy! Come—come, skip aroun’ lively now, an’ give us some o’ yer rat-pizen.”

At the sound of Chloride’s voice Tommy aroused himself very quickly, and slipping behind the bar, inquired of Putterton what he would have. Putterton thought he would take a little peach-brandy, and Tommy accordingly selected one from the numerous cut-glass bottles on the decorated shelf, and placed it with glasses before him. Then to Bill he said, “As usual, I suppose;” and Bill calmly replied, “As usual.” A bottle, labelled “Old Rye,” was set out for Mr Chloride, and from it he filled the small glass before him to the brim. Lifting it, he said to Putterton, “Here’s luck!” at the same time carrying it to his lips and emptying the contents down his throat at a single gulp; then swallowing half a glass of water he turned on his heel, cleared his throat, and exclaimed in a tone of disgust—

“Damn the stuff!”

“Why do you say that, Bill?” asked Putterton in some surprise, for he knew that Bill consumed no small quantity of the self-same liquor.

“Wal, I’ve bean thinkin’ o’ late that the less a feller hes to do with whiskey the better fur him as a rule. See how Tom Boland went down wen whiskey got the better o’ him—an’ it wur whiskey ’at brought on the row ’at killed poor little John Burns. An’ so it goes,—whiskey—whiskey—whiskey—the ole devil himself is in it.”

“Why don’t you stop drinking it, then?”

“Stop! Wal, first, ’cause my health kinder seems to need it; an’ second, ’cause a feller can’t be a teetotaller roun’ a mining-camp without too much trouble,—the easiest thing is to drink moderately, wich ye know I do.”

“Probably you are right,” answered Putterton, leading the way to the staircase which gave access to the floor above,—“probably you are right,” he repeated; and taking three steps at a time, was quickly on the next floor, at the door of room Number One—his own apartment. Chloride followed closely; and when they had entered, Putterton carefully closed the door and pushed the bolt into its socket, saying at the same time, “Now, old fellow, we are alone, and can talk with perfect freedom.” Then taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he unlocked his trunk, and took therefrom a worn and battered metallic box, about six inches wide and deep, and a foot long. The lock of this had been forced, so that it was not necessary to apply a key to open it. He placed it on the table, lifted the cover, and exposed to view several packages of letters and papers, which had evidently so long rested in this time-worn receptacle, and had been so much exposed to the weather, that they were tender and mouldy with age. Carefully lifting these out, and laying them on a newspaper arranged for the purpose, he brought to light several larger folded documents, also much the worse for age and exposure, which he proceeded to extract with great care and place beside the first papers he had removed. Bill Chloride had rested his folded arms on the edge of the table, and calmly watched the proceedings with deep interest. As the last paper was taken out Putterton exclaimed—

“There they are now—in better order than I ever hoped to see them.

We will begin by opening the letters. We may find out through them who he was and where he came from; perhaps we may find out where he went to. But, I say, Bill, you were in such a hurry before when you told me about finding this, and skipped through your story, so that I am all mixed up. I wish you would tell me again—we have plenty of time now—come.”

“Wal,” said Bill, “ef ye kin stand my lingo long enough, I kin tell ye the hull of it—from the time I left the boys in Buckskin Valley, till I mounted the pass on the way to Ruby.”

“Suppose you do then; just give me the whole thing unabridged,—there’s no hurry. But I wish Winmore had arrived this morning, as he wrote he would, so that he could hear it too. Hello! a rap—I’ll bet it’s Win; speak of the devil, and so forth, you know;” and so saying, he drew the bolt and partly opened the door. As he obtained a full view of the person without, he threw it wide open, exclaiming heartily—“Welcome, old boy! welcome to the wilds of the Far West! How are you, anyway? Ah, Bill, this is Philip Winmore; and, Phil, the gentleman before you is Mr William Chloride—better known, perhaps, in all this region as Chloride Bill.”

Philip Winmore grasped the hand of Chloride Bill, and it closed over his with the grip of a grizzly, causing him to wince slightly, while Bill said with a broad honest smile, “How air ye, sir!” Winmore was at once impressed with an idea that Bill was no ordinary character, in spite of the incorrectness of his speech and the roughness of his dress, and he felt a great admiration for him. He fell to talking with Putterton over some business affairs, and Bill meanwhile

pulled out his pocket-knife and again engaged his attention in the manufacture, with excessive care, of a toothpick from the unsulphured end of a match. This was a favourite occupation of Chloride’s when not otherwise engaged, and usually denoted deep thought on his part; for with all his peculiarities he was a good deal of a philosopher. He seemed always to take a philosophical view of matters, and under no circumstances could he be excited. Whether seated in a warm corner of the bar-room, puffing leisurely at his immense meerschau pipe, or whether face to face with a bear or mountain lion, it was to him much the same. His wonderful nerve and steady coolness had more than once preserved not only his own life, but also the lives of his companions; and the name of Chloride Bill had finally come to be a synonym for daring and bravery. To say a man was as bold as Chloride Bill was to bestow on him one of the highest compliments known in the Smoky Hill district. Bill was tall—over six feet—but in consequence of a slight drooping of the shoulders, his height was not so much remarked. He would weigh, perhaps, no more than a hundred and fifty pounds, but every ounce of this was solid bone and sinew. His shoulders, though they drooped, were square in build; his countenance, adorned with a soft beard and moustache, of an iron-grey colour, was handsome and well modelled; and his clear eyes were dark and penetrating. He spoke the dialect common to most of the miners of the region; but whether it was the language of his youth or the result of association, no one in the Smoky Hill district knew. He had never been heard to mention a single incident of his life previous to his first appearance in the district, and

he conducted himself as if all before that time had been blotted out of his mind. But as it was a common thing at that period for men to appear in the wilder regions of the Great West without antecedent history—for reasons best known to themselves—no questions were asked, and Bill's silence on points relating to his early life was duly respected. No one knew whence he had come. Accompanied only by a half-famished shepherd-dog, he had sprung mysteriously into being, so far as the Smoky Hill district was concerned, at Granite City, some fourteen years before; and from the circumstance of his having had in his possession several fine specimens of chloride of silver, he was unanimously dubbed "Chloride Bill."

His actions were occasionally so erratic and singular that he was sometimes suspected of being what was termed "half crazy;" but the more charitable ascribed his peculiarities to the extremely violent attacks of headache to which he was known to be subject, and which frequently prostrated him for several days. During these periods of illness his mind appeared to wander, but each recurrence was shorter and less severe, till, finally, they disappeared almost entirely. His good luck, which was as mysterious as the man himself, soon placed him among the wealthiest in the district, though he cared nothing for the gold, and spent it with a lavish hand. His boundless generosity had lifted many a struggling creature out of the depths of despair, and placed him on the road to fortune; and Granite, which was fast growing to be one of the most flourishing cities of the West, owed much of its improvement and importance to the princely munificence

of the citizen who came so strangely within its gates. Gradually Bill's peculiarities became less marked, or his friends came to notice them less. His keen perception and excellent judgment began to be respected to such a degree, that many men went to great trouble to secure the counsel of Chloride Bill, or Bill Chloride, as he came to be called by those not on terms of intimacy with him. The citizens at length gained so much confidence in, and respected to such an extent, their peculiar townsman, that they desired to nominate him for an important political office,—but he firmly declined. And herein he differed decidedly from Putterton, who had been seeking a nomination of the very same kind for some time. But Putterton was young and ambitious. He was no more than seven-and-twenty, while Bill was at least twenty years his senior. Putterton had taken up his residence in Granite two or three years before, and a close friendship had sprung up between him and Chloride. He was a mining engineer by profession, and was well and favourably known throughout the whole of the extensive district, and he meant to win all the distinction possible. Small and wiry, he was full of energy and pluck, and was certain to secure for himself a foremost place in the rapidly growing territory. Winmore, the last of the trio shut together in room Number One of the Park View House, was fresh from the East, just out of college, and not over twenty-five years of age. He was intelligent, muscular, well read, well balanced, and fearless. Such were the general characteristics of the men who had undertaken to elucidate the mystery connected with the box discovered by Bill Chloride.

CHAPTER II.

The conversation between Putterton and Winmore was at length interrupted by Bill, who, growing tired of manufacturing toothpicks, suddenly burst out with—

"Say thur, ef you fellers is goin' to hold prayer-meetin' all night, I'm goin' to git, I am."

"Well, Bill, we'll stop at once. I was anxious to talk with Win about some matters back home, and forgot myself. Fire away with your story—we're ready;" and with this Putterton drew a chair up to the table. Winmore followed his example. Bill thereupon settled comfortably back into the large arm-chair in which he was seated, and began his narrative.

"Wal, ye see, we fellers was over in the Smoky Hill,—hole on—whur's my pipe? I must fill *her* up first and give her a start; I'd be plumb lost without that thur ole pipe o' mine—I would. Han' me the terbacker, will ye"—pointing to a pouch lying on the table at the farther end. "Here you are," said Winmore, and Bill took it, plunged into it the bowl of his pipe, which he had produced from one of his pockets, and by vigorous stuffing, soon succeeded in packing the capacious cavity full. Then placing the amber-tipped end in his mouth, he drew forth from another pocket a small but elaborately engraved silver box, and took from it a match. Deliberately lighting this, he held it aloft over the rich brown bowl, and as he drew on the stem, the flame shot alternately into the pipe and into the air. As soon as he felt that the tobacco had fairly ignited, Bill, still holding the burning match over the pipe, recommenced his tale, drawing on the tobacco between the words, evidently

to make doubly sure that the ignition was complete.

"Ye see"—puff, puff—"ye see, we fellers"—puff—"was over"—puff, puff, puff—"in the Smoky"—puff, puff—"Hill"—puff, puff, puff, puff,—the blaze of the match reached his fingers and he threw it down. Silence reigned for some time, as he gave a number of additional rapid puffs, till the smoke was thick about his head. "There, now—she's goin' fine;" and once more he settled down into the chair, put his feet up on the table in true Western fashion, and proceeded:—

"We was over in the Smoky Hill kentry a-prospectin'. Most o' the fellers hed never bean thur afore 'cept me, and I hedn't bean thur—I mean over the Bighorn—more'n three, four times. It wur gittin' 'long purty late in the fall—wur 'bout the last o' October, if I remember rightly,—an' the sky fur some time hed bean purty dull an' grey-like—looked as ef it would like to snow; an' I ses to the boys one evenin', ses I: 'See yer, it's 'bout time we was gittin' out'n yer, or first thing we know we'll be snowed in—leastwise the snow'll come so deep in the pass, 't we'll hev an all-fired tough time a-crossin', an' I, fur one, don't keer to winter this side. Game ain't none too plenty jest yer; an' they hain't no houses, and Bill Chloride don't keer to begin bildin' any, he don't—so le's pack up an' skip out. If thur's any gold or silver yer, I reckon it'll stay till we kin come agin: wat d'ye say?' They was all purty much o' my mind in the matter, an' the upshot wur we decided to pull out next mornin'. But ole Jake—you know ole Jake, Jake Stubwell—ole Jake, he didn't

git in thet night till after dark—till after we'd had the conflag 'bout skippin' fur Ruby; so wen he comes an' finds we air goin' to move, he gits kind o' mad-like, an' ses we was all a lot o' babies to be skeered by a little murky sky. He said to wait till the first fly o' snow 'fore we talked 'bout breakin' camp; an' he went on in thet thur style—he's a good talker, Jake is—till all the fellers 'cept me felt a leetle shamed, an' kalkilated it would be safe enough to wait a few days longer—'specially as Jake brought in a deuced rich piece o' float, wich, he said, he must ha' foun' within a short piece o' the main lead. 'Wal,' ses I, 'you kin all stay if ye likes, o' course; but jest put this in yer pipes and smoke it—ye'll be sorry fur it.' Queer, too; fur they nearly allus takes my advice. With that I tole 'em I was off in the mornin' bright an' airy, —an' so I wur. I slung my saddle on to ole Doc, an' tole the boys good-bye,—wished 'em good luck, an' pulled out. The kentry over thur, as you will see, air wild an' rough as hell itself; an' I know mighty little 'bout it, an' no feller knows more'n me. I hedn't gone not more'n ten mile, I reckon, from the camp 'fore I came in sight o' Bald Mounting, wich air the mounting on the north o' the Bighorn Pass. Wen I see Baldy, I diskivered—or thought I diskivered—thet the trail we hed follered first swung too fur to the north, an' thet by cuttin' 'cross fur a sharp gap in a high spur to the right—wich wur a prominent feater o' the region—I could save at least ten mile; thet wur my kalkilation. I don't believe in cuttin' cross-lots, as a rule, wen a feller's in a hurry, fur he mos' allus loses more'n he gains by it: but this day I felt a sort o' hankerin' to go through the gap aforesaid; I wus kind o' drawn

tow'ds it—I felt as ef I *must* go that way; so wen the trail commenced swingin' futher an' futher to the north'ard, I jest turned ole Doc straight fur the gap. It wur a rash proceedin' under the circumstances; but I felt thet wur the way to go, an' go I did. Wal, fur 'bout a mile an' a half it wur rough as blazes, an' I wur 'bout beginnin' to think I hed made a mighty bad go of it, wen all to onc't I noticed, much to my surprise, an ole an' dim trail some twenty or thirty feet to my right. I rode closter, an' foun' it plainer 'n I hed thought. It seemed to hev onc't bean travelled considable, an' I took it fur an' ole Injun trail. I started in an' follered it aways, an' demme, ef it didn't go straight for the gap. It got plainer an' plainer, an' took along a stretch o' level bench land, where I could let ole Doc right out. It wur not long 'fore I reached the edge o' the gap, an' then I wur astonished agin at the curos appearance o' the place. The rocks stood up bold-like all roun', an' wur different from any I hed ever seed in the Smoky Hill Range, an' thur wur a queer creepy kind o' feelin' 'bout the spot. I looked fur Bald Mounting, to be sure 'at I wur not plumb lost, but the cliffs o' the gap hid it from sight. I looked back in the direction o' camp, an' could see the tall dome o' the Buckskin, so I felt more at home. While I wur a star-gazin' at the Buckskin an' the rocks o' the gap, one o' ole Doc's shoes gave a sharp ring; an', thinkin' he had cast a shoe, I pulled him up mad like, an' sayin', 'Cuss the luck!' got off to pick it up."

Bill paused for a moment, and took a series of deliberate puffs at his pipe. "Thur lay the shoe," he went on; "but demme, it wur old an' worn an' rusty, an' more'n that, Doc's shoes was all on tight as

drums. 'Hey, how's this?' I says, sorter rubbin' my eyes—'a horse-shoe here—over in the Smoky Hill Range, on a trail 'at no one knows nothin' about,—an' ole horse-shoe! I'll hev to investergate this;' an' I cut off a good-sized branch from a scrub cedar growin' clost by, an' stuck it up 'side the trail, 'tween four or five rocks, fur a sign like, so I could tell jest whur I foun' the shoe, in case I wanted to. 'Now, Bill Chloride,' ses I to myself an' ole Doc, 'if you kin find a bit o' a spring or water-pocket yerabouts, you an' ole Doc'll risk another night or two this side the pass fur the sake o' an investergation of this singler locality. Some one's bean yer afore us, an' we must find out about it.' I takes the shoe,—it wur a singler shoe too—sort o' rough made,—an' gits on ole Doc agin, an' starts on into the gap. An idee struck me as I looked at the shoe, an' I ses, "Doc, ole boy, we'll jest call this Horseshoe Gap to onc't." So I rode on into Horseshoe Gap, an' foun' it narrer an' steeper'n I hed thought it would be. I hed got about half-way through, an' couldn't no longer see out behind, wen the trail swung sharp to the right, an' tuk up a narrer cañon. The bottom wur the bed o' an ole stream, o' course—but it wur dry. The cañon wur very narrer, an' the walls in some places overhung. Very suddint, then, the rocks broke away, an' thur, openin' out right 'fore my eyes, wur the purtiest little valley Bill Chloride ever laid eyes on. It wur a mile or so long, an' 'bout half a mile wide, 'most level, an' hemmed in by steep cliffs an' mountings. The bottom wur covered with grass knee-deep, with yer an' thur a clump o' cotton-woods, an' some cedars an' pines. The trail tuk across the valley fur a group o' tall cotton-woods that grew not fur from the base o' the cliffs on the

right-hand side, 'bout two-thirds o' the distance across. The creek-bed wur fringed with cotton-woods too; an' wen I come near the line—'bout a quarter o' a mile into the place—I heard the soun' o' runnin' water, an' ses, ses I, 'Doc, ole boy, thur's water, d'ye hear;' an' Doc he pricked up his ears, an' purty soon we come to the creek-bed, whur the trail crossed it. It wur filled with clear, bubblin' water, thet sparkled like champagne. I let ole Doc hev a good long drink with his bridle off, an' I took one myself. The water wur as good as I ever flopped a lip over, an' you'll say so wen we go thur. I ses to myself agin, 'Wal, this is gettin' interestin',—ole trail, horseshoe, purty valley, an' plenty water; an' yer's plenty wood too, an' all the grass ole Doc could eat in ten year!' I follered the creek down through the cotton-woods thet lined its banks, an' foun' it swung to the left summat, an' emptied itself into a big deep pool or lake—the lower end o' wich was right against the cliff, only a few yards from whur the trail came through the cañon. The cañon wur the nateral outlet at high water. Ducks wur a-swimmin' about in the lake, an' I knew I could pop some of 'em over with my rifle if I needed any. I felt certing o' plenty to eat, fur the valley wur jest the place fur all sorts o' game. I went back an' crossed the stream on the trail. Started up a fine doe from the bushes; but as I had plenty venison-jerk, I didn't shoot at the poor thing, an' she wur soon out o' sight. As I went along, I came to a cedar-stump 'longside the trail. 'Hello!' I ses to myself agin, 'yer's bean some one a choppin', but it's bean a long time ago, it has.' The top o' the stump wur as black as ef it hed been painted, it hed bean so long cut. A little further on was a pile o'

cut wood, wich would ha' bean handy in case a feller got snowed in. By this time I wur clost to the clump o' tall cotton-woods. I could see the cañon beyond, whur the creek came out o' the mountings, an' I could see purty well through the cotton-woods, but the trunks wur thick, an' thur wur considable heavy underbrush. I hed bean cautious enough to look to my shooters, an' hed my gun ready fur biz, though everything looked so quiet an' forlorn-like, that I wur sure thur wur no human bein' nearer than the fellers I hed left in the mornin'. It wur high noon by this time, an' the sun wur comin' straight down. Everything wur as bright as daylight could make it. As I got nearer, I could see no sign o' life; but a dark spot 'mongst the trees, wich I couldn't make out, looked suspicious. Then I passed a half broken-down pole-coral. 'Oh, ho!' ses I; 'guess some one must hev lived yer.' Further on, I came to an ole water-wheel, fur the trail wur runnin' 'longside the brook agin. Jest then somethin' started. It wur nothin', however, but a coyote, an' he skulked off. I didn't shoot at him, 'cause I didn't want to make a noise, an' 'cause I hed my eye on the dark spot under the tree. I began to suspeck wat it was 'fore I got up to it; but I wur completely dumfounded, kerflum-mexed, wen I foun' it wur really a log-cabin. Thur it wur, though, large as life. Yes, sir, thur, in one o' the remotest parts o' the Smoky Hill wilderness, wur a log-cabin, wat hed once bean a human habitation! It wur enough to take a feller's breath away. I got off'n Doc. The door wur wide open, an' I looked in. The place wur completely deserted, an' looked as if it hed bean runnin' of itself fur a long time. I sot down on a big rock clost by, an' jest stared at the ole thing fur some minutes. It made

my head spin, an' I har'ly knew whur I wur. I couldn't make it out. I'd never heerd o' any one a-livin' in the Smoky Hill Range; an' fur the life o' me, I couldn't make it out. Thur she wur, though, plain as dirt. Thur wur the ole cabin, an' the big chimley, an' thur wur the ole coral; yes, thur wur no gettin' round it,—I wur not dreamin'. Some one hed lived yer; an', demme, I hed a heap o' respect fur the feller 'at managed to find the purtiest spot in the hull kentry. At last I ses to myself an' ole Doc, ses I, 'Wal, yer's a go fur a camp right yer fur to-night, in spite o' the devil;' an' so sayin', I tuk off the saddle an' bridle from ole Faithful, an' let him graze free. Then after takin' a snack from my bread an' jerk, an' gettin' a good swig o' clear water, I packed the ole pipe yer full, lit her, and started to investergate."

He took several meditative puffs and then proceeded:—

"Clost by on one o' the big cotton-woods, whur the bark hed been peeled off, I see somethin' like letters, an' goin' closter, I could read—it hed been cut deep—'W. BURNFIELD,' eighteen hundred fifty somethin' or nuther, wich I couldn't make out, 'cause the last figger wus completely grown over—clean gone—but anyway the W. Burnfield wur plain enough, an' it wur clear that Mr Burnfield hed bean thur, but wether he wur the feller wat hed built the house an' lived thur or no, wur a question. A leetle lower on the tree wur another name, but it wur not so easy to make out. After some study, however, I managed to git some o' the letters an' made 'Elle.' 'Elle,' ses I, 'wat kin that mean?' Then I looked at it agin, an' concluded the next letter wur a 'n,' wich would make 'Ellen.' It wur a gal's name, an' I saw how it wur plain enough. The feller must ha'

bean snoozin' in the shade one day, an' happened to git to cuttin' on the tree, an' after cuttin' his own name, cut that o' his gal's too, quite nateral enough. But they was too many letters jest fur thet; an' I went at it agin, an' succeeded in making out a 'G,' then 'l,' an' 'e,' an' 'n.' 'Glen,' ses I—Glen must ha' bean her last name; Glen—Ellen Glen. No, by thunder! an' I laughed wen I thought o' my stupidity,—the feller named this yer valley after his gal; her name wur Ellen; so he jest called the place Ellen Glen, an' cut it on a tree so't be a sign like! Don't ye see, it wur all nateral enough. Wal, all this yer made me feel 'at the feller wat hed lived thur wur sort o' white, an' I begun to take more interest'n ever in the place. I went back to look at the house agin. It wur a purty good-sized shanty, an' hed bean well built, though it wur considerably dilapidated an' weather-beaten. The roof, wich wur covered with split cedar shingles, hed some holes in it, but otherwise wur still strong enough to turn the wet. The big chimley hed fell in a little at the top too, but not enough to hurt. Inside thur wur a pine table, an' some purty decent sort o' chairs,—a large bunk, a cupboard full o' cups, plates, an' so on,—an' a big fireplace, o' course. In the cupboard, too, wur some coffee an' tea in tin boxes, an' some sugar an' other kitchen truck. Everything wur trim an' ship-shape,—ye'll see wen we git thur. But dust an' dirt covered it all, an' it wur plain 'at Mr Burnfield hed bean gone fur a long time. Amongst the ashes an' burned sticks o' the fireplace wur a Dutch oven. I raised the lid, an' thur wur a loaf o' bread burned to charcoal. I thought the feller must ha' left sud-dint like, if he couldn't take care o' his bread. The blankets in the bunk hed bean torn to pieces and dragged about the room, p'raps

by the coyotes. I hunted high an' low fur some clue to Mr Burnfield himself, but couldn't find nothin' 'at looked promisin', till finally, off in one corner, I foun' that box thur. I took it out to the light an' tried to prise open the kiver. Ye see how I succeeded," pointing to the box on the table. "As I raised the lid, I really felt kind o' nervous like. Everything fur a minit looked as familiar as the ole stove down thur in the bar-room. I couldn't help lookin' round." Bill stopped and puffed furiously at his pipe with a slightly troubled expression of countenance, and continued: "However, thur wur ole Doc quietly croppin' the grass as nateral as ever; thur wur the sun-shine, an' thur wur the rocks,—all nateral enough. So I lifted the cover an' saw before me that lot o' half-rotten papers. Fur a minit I wur somewhat disappointed—they looked so dirty. I felt like slinging the demmed thing away at first, then I ses to myself, 'Hole on, Bill Chloride; p'raps them papers is not so much decayed as they looks, an' kin be read after all, an' you'd better jest pack 'em back to Ruby with you;' an' so sayin', I shut the thing up agin, an' tied a buckskin-string around it. Then I skirmished roun' some more, but didn't find nothin' o' importance. I left the cabin, an' looked about outside. Clost by wur a little log-shanty, wich I foun' hed bean a workshop. Thur wur a small forge an' bits o' iron,—an' several horseshoes wur layin' round. On the wall wur a good many tools o' various kinds. I tell you, the feller wur a worker; an' he wur derved well fixed, he wur. By this time it wur gettin' on towards night, an' I hed spent so much time about the cabin 'at I hed no time to look futher. I hed foun' no Burnfield,—he wur gone; thur wur no doubt on that pint. Whur he hed gone, an' how he hed

gone, wur a mystery wich the papers in the box might give away or might not; but he wur gone, an' the place hed a mighty forlorn look without him. I begun to fix fur a camp. The house wur tight enough, but I liked outside best under the circumstances; so I cut a lot o' boughs off'n a near cedar, an' fixed 'em down for a bed in a snug corner 'tween a big rock an' a cotton-wood trunk. Thur wur plenty wood, an' I brought a lot to whur my bed wur, so't I could keep my fire goin' all night. It wur purty cool, o' course. By the time I hed got my bacon toastin' the sun dropped out o' sight, but left the hull sky afire behind him. Doc hed filled hisself chuck-full, an' hed come up to sort o' snooze as he does; an' wen the sky turned so flamin' red, an' all the rocks an' mountings looked so like coals o' fire, he opened his cunnin' ole eyes wide an' looked at me knowin' like, as much as to say, 'Ole man, d'ye take due notice o' thet thur sunset;' an' I ses, 'Yes, Doc, ole boy, you're quite right; thet sunset means biz, —thur's ugly weather in thet thur sky, an' we'll git up an' git, by sun-up.' An' it wur jest comin' day wen I woke to put some fresh wood on the fire the last time. I jest biled a cup o' coffee an' swollered it, to sort o' start the cirkilation, an' then I wistled fur ole Doc. I wrapped the box in my blankets, an' tied 'em behind on my saddle, an' started. The sky looked heavy as lead, an' every one't an' a wile a leetle speck o' snow'd sail down slow an' lonesome, an' forlorn an' shiverin', as ef it wur lost an' wur afear'd to 'light. I knew ef I didn't git over the pass 'fore night, I'd have trouble; so I put ole Doc to his best licks. Down we went to the narrers, an' jest beyant I left

the trail an' struck to the right, in the direction o' Baldy. The travellin' wur purty rough, but ole Doc wur good fur it; an' purty soon I see ole Baldy, or rather the base o' it, fur the top wur lost in the clouds. I struck straight as I could fur it, an' by the middle o' the afternoon I wur at the summit o' the pass. I felt better, an' I stopped to let the ole cayuse* rest a leetle, an' to make a cup o' coffee fur the ole man. The hull valley wur filled with clouds a-creepin' an' rollin' an' surgin' about like a lot o' porpoises; an' they hung round the mountings, an' covered the sky with a cold grey curting thet shut out the sun entirely. Then I went on, an' yer I am. Thet,"—said Bill, pausing to strike a match to relight his pipe, which had gone out during the latter part of the narrative,—“thet wur prezackly how I foun' the box.”

Winmore, who had been profoundly interested throughout, started up, exclaiming, “I declare that's as strange as fiction!”

“Strange as truth, you might say; for truth is stranger, you know,” said Putterton. “But the most interesting thing will be the following up of this clue,—the discovery of Burnfield's fate—his mine, if he had one—and all that.”

“How did you come to show the box to Putterton, Mr Chloride?” inquired Winmore.

“Wal, ye see, two heads is better'n one, an' I wanted to hev another head or two in the biz wat knew more'n mine. I ain't much good at readin', you know. I begun to think thur wur a mine at the bottom o't somewhur, an' if thur wur, I wanted to know it; not thet I hev any pertikeler need fur any more mines, but I like to hunt 'em out,—prospectin's my profession, d'ye see. The feller wurn't over

* Horse, in the vernacular of the Pacific Slope. The word is said to be from the Chinook language. The Chinooks are a race, or rather family, of Oregon.

thur fur nothin', thet's certing. So I thought I'd jest show the box straight to Putterton, an' tell him all about it—me an' him's pards anyway, you know—an' see wat he thought o' it. An' wen I got in, I jest tole Uncle Jimmy, who drove next mornin's stage to Granite, to tell Mr Putterton as Bill Chloride wanted to see him. I knew thet'd fetch him, though he was comin' to Ruby every few days anyway. He came straight."

"Yes," said Putterton; "when Uncle Jimmy told me Bill wanted to see me, I knew there was something in the wind, and I came over by the next stage. We gave the box a hasty examination—enough to determine that the affair was worth the trouble of investigation; arranged for a scout over there in the spring, and then I had to go back. I wrote you about it, because I knew you had finished your course, and would like to rough it for a few months."

"I never was so much interested in anything in my life," said Winmore. "It's such a singular thing that a man could come out here, and live here and disappear, and no one know anything about him."

"Not so very singler," put in Bill,—"not so very singler, wen you think how many square miles o' territory thur air yer thet wite men hev never yet sot foot on,—an' wen you think how many men come out with good reasons for keepin' dark. This yer Burnfield may hev come an' gone without advertisin' his comin' or goin', fur the sake o' his own convenience."

"We may find out all about it in the papers," said Putterton.

"But, by the way," exclaimed Winmore, "what became of the party you left in the Buckskin Valley? Did they get snowed in?"

"Not prezackly,—thet is, they didn't hev to stay thur the hull

winter. They's most on 'em in Ruby now."

"But how did they get out?" persisted Winmore.

"Wal, after I left they got kind o' skeered like, an' wur oneasy, so't wen the snow begun to fly they packed up an' started to one't; an' by worryin' along, an' keepin' fresh horses on the lead, they finally got through. It's bean snowin' a good deal over thet way since."

"How do you know?" asked Winmore, who was of an inquiring and investigating turn of mind.

"Know?—kin see," replied Bill.

"See the pass from here?" Winmore said with surprise.

"Why not? P'raps ye kin see it from this yer windy."

The window was in the front of the hotel, and the building faced the Smoky Hill Range, overlooking the intervening valley, or Rainbow Park as it was called, from the vivid and varied colouring of the rocks. The view was unobstructed, hence the name of the hotel.

"Yes," continued Bill, as he pulled aside the curtain and looked out,—“thur she is.”

"Where?" said Winmore.

"D'ye see whur thet whitest, smootheest peak is wat chops down square on the south'ard?"

"Yes."

"Wal, thet air Bald Mounting, or Ole Baldy, as we sometimes calls it; an' the square chop on the south'ard is the cliffs on the north side o' the Bighorn Pass."

"But that is not far from here, and I thought you said it was quite a long ride to the pass," said Winmore.

"Yaas," Bill remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "I reckon you could walk over thur in an hour or two."

"Yes,—it seems to be no more than eight or ten miles. How far do you call it?"

"As near as I kin kalkilate,"

said Bill, puffing deliberately at his pipe between the words for emphasis,—“as near as I kin kalkilate, it air jest thirty-seven mile.”

“Thirty-seven miles?—impossible!” exclaimed Winmore; “you are joking.”

“No, I hain’t,—am I Put?”

Putterton thus appealed to settled the matter by stating that he would judge the distance to be about forty miles. “You can’t estimate distances here as you did at home, Phil, because the atmosphere is so much clearer and drier; you will have to learn all over again. When you go back you’ll make the mistake the other way, and estimate a house a mile away to be ten. You are not the first who has been deceived by distances, however.”

“It is remarkable,” Winmore said; “I never could have believed that objects at so great a distance could be seen so plainly.”

“It is strange,” Putterton replied. “I remember when I first came out I was as much puzzled over it as you are. Why, I have seen the Smoky Hill Range in spring, late in the afternoon, apparently so close that you could almost put your foot on it.” He looked out as he said this. “Ah! there has been a change already: you see how the range draws nearer as the sun gets lower.”

“An’ thet reminds me,” said Bill, “thet it is gettin’ late”—looking at his watch. “Five o’clock! we might as well adjourn till to-morrow.”

“A good scheme,” Putterton replied; “but no,—why not come up to-night?”

“I promised to play a game o’ draw with some o’ the boys to-night,” answered Bill.

“To-morrow morning, then—at ten,” said Putterton. “I suppose you are tired, too, from your journey, Win?”

“Yes; I feel as if I could sleep well to-night. The old rattletrap I came up in was not the most comfortable conveyance in the world.”

“Wal, good night, fellers,” said Bill, who had put on his hat, and was passing out—and the door closed silently behind him.

“What a singular character!” Winmore exclaimed, almost before the door had fairly shut.

Putterton, who was lighting a fresh cigar, puffed some moments before replying, as if turning over in his mind the thoughts suggested by the remark, and then answered absently—

“Yes, he appears singular—very—on first acquaintance.”

Winmore stepped to the window and gazed wonderingly out toward the distant range—its snowy magnificence now dyed crimson by the fast sinking sun. How beautiful it was! How majestic! He was vividly impressed by the gorgeous view; but as the sun sank lower, and the golden glow faded into a cold leaden hue that sent a shiver through him, he felt lonely. His thoughts wandered, and the landscape before him melted away. The scenery shifted. The gigantic mountain-forms, so suggestive of the birth of the world, were transformed into a quiet, peaceful village by the banks of the far-off Mohawk. Soft lights glimmered from the windows of comfortable homes, and the lowing kine had scarcely been housed for the night. Suddenly starting from his reverie, he said to Putterton, who had been meanwhile quietly smoking—

“Come, George, let’s go out for a breath of fresh air before supper.”

“All right,” replied Putterton; and arm in arm they strolled along the principal and only street of Rubyville till the clang of the supper-bell summoned them back to the dingy quarters of the Park View House.

CHAPTER III.

At ten o'clock on the following morning the three were again assembled in Putterton's chamber for the purpose of examining the contents of the mysterious box.

"As I said yesterday," remarked Putterton, "we may as well begin by opening these packets of letters—so here's for a start." And thus speaking, he lifted tenderly from the table, where the papers had again been deposited, one of the larger bundles. The outside portion was so much decayed that a slight pressure of his thumb-nail served to separate the cord with which it was bound, yet which had retained sufficient tenacity to keep the mass together. He was holding it close to the table, and as the cord broke, the letters fell apart like the leaves of a book, and were carefully laid on a paper. Those which had been outermost were so tender that little could be done with them.

"One would think," said Winmore, when he had for some time vainly tried to open one of these, "that papers protected in a box like this would be better preserved; but they are almost too far gone to be of any service. The ink seems to be all faded out too; and altogether, I fear we shall not learn much from them."

"The box is rusty, and full of holes, you see, which accounts for the decay. I think we must get some clue from the whole lot. Try the middle ones—they are better preserved."

Winmore therefore took one from the middle, and proceeded to open it, while Putterton was examining one of the other packets, and Bill sat smoking, but regarding the proceedings intently. It so happened that the one he chose had been

somewhat smaller than the rest, and had consequently been well protected, and was still firm and strong. He easily took the letter from the envelope and unfolded it. When he had done so, he looked steadily at the page, and remained so long silent that the attention of Putterton and Bill was finally attracted.

"Well, Win, you appear to have found something deucedly interesting," said Putterton.

Winmore smiled, and at the same time slowly turned the page to his view. An unmounted photograph of a woman and child was attached to the upper quarter of it. Putterton sprang up the better to inspect it, and his example was followed, but more deliberately, by Bill.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Putterton, "that's a wonderfully handsome woman,—and a beautiful child, too," he added. "One of them is the Ellen of the Glen, depend upon it;" and he scrutinised the picture more closely.

Bill looked at it for some time and then returned to his chair, puffing vigorously at his pipe.

"Well," said Winmore, "what do you think?"

"Purtiest face I ever see," answered Bill, absently; and Winmore surmised that it perhaps recalled to him an early love. Then he wondered if it was a love-affair that had driven Bill into the wilderness and made of him such a singular man.

Putterton and Winmore continued to admire the rare beauty of the photograph for some time, and then proceeded to examine further into the contents of the letter. It was addressed to "My dear Willie," and was dated from Ramapo.

"Where's Ramapo?" asked Putterton.

"Ramapo!" repeated Winmore,—"let me see. I believe there is a small river of that name near New York. I suppose this village must take its name from the river, and be near it."

"Probably—but what does it say?"

Winmore thereupon proceeded to read it aloud, but it was found to contain nothing of special importance. The writer, who was undoubtedly a woman, regretted that Willie had taken the course he had, exposing himself needlessly to so many dangers—expressing the opinion that the difficulty might have been settled some other way. She said that Barney Garran, who seemed from the tone of the remarks to have been an important figure in the "difficulty," had not been heard from, and no one knew where he had gone.

"Well, that don't interest us very much," said Putterton. "Why didn't she say what the 'difficulty' was? then we might have judged what sort of a character this Burnfield was. You say, Bill, you never heard of such a man before you discovered the Glen."

"Nary time," replied Bill, "an' thet's the curos part o' it—not so curos, neither, wen ye think it over. This yer Burnfield must ha' gone inter the Smoky Hill in '57 at least. At thet time—but, demme, I allus git confused like wen I think back so fur—anyhow, I know Granite hedn't no more'n six or eight houses then; an' men wur all-fired skerce yer them days, an' often came an' went without tellin' whur they come from or whur they was goin'. It wurn't healthy to be too inquisitive, an' ax too many questions. It wur like thet wen I first remember Granite, an' thet wur—ah—nigh onto fourteen year ago. Nobody axed me whur I come from;

mebbe I didn't know—an' I'm certing I didn't care."

This was Bill's usual language when speaking of his early days in Granite; and as every one thought he had his own reasons for not knowing, his remarks were received with a good-natured wink, and the subject of conversation was generally changed.

"Besides," Bill continued, "nobody ever inquired after Burnfield, an' 'tain't likely a man'll be remembered yer wen he's bean gone fifteen year or more, an' p'raps wasn't known wen he was yer. No, 'tain't quar to me. Whur did he git his mail—look on the envelope."

"Care of Colonel Denton—Fort Henry," read Winmore.

"Wal, ye see," proceeded Bill, "Kunnel Denton, I think, wur killed in the Secesh war, an' probably nary man who wur thur fifteen year ago is thur now—'tain't likely they would remember ole Burnfield, anyway."

"True—true," said Putterton sadly, shaking his head. "How quickly things change in this rapid-growing region, and how soon a man is forgotten when he falls out of the race!"

"It seems to me," Winmore ventured, "that this man Burnfield must have been killed, either by Indians or accident, and never came out of his snug valley. Don't you think we'll run across the poor fellow's bones over there?"

"Possibly," answered Bill—"possibly."

The inspection of the papers was continued, and most of them were found to be bills, receipts, letters, &c., and had no reference to the Glen or its surroundings, and not much to its inhabitant. At length, however, Putterton opened a heavier and rather well preserved paper, which proved to be a rudely executed map of Glen Ellen and

vicinity. They eagerly examined it, and distinguished three or four dotted lines leading out from the Glen, which they conjectured indicated trails to the mine or mines. A closer inspection proved the conjecture to be the truth; for the lines were lettered "trail to mine," "trail to fort," and "short cut." Then there was another paper folded with the map which described the character of the mine in a very general way, but made no mention of the amount of work which Burnfield had performed on it. The lode itself appeared to be silver, but there was no statement as to quantity or quality.

"Wal," said Bill, with considerable satisfaction, "that fixes us all O.K."

"Yes, there'll be no trouble finding the mine now," said Putterton. "The only question is whether it will be valuable when we do find it. It's queer, Bill," he added, "that the Indians never told you about a solitary white man in the Smoky Hill region—they're such great friends of yours."

"Yes, that's a little singler—'specially as they seem to be ready to tell me most anything. Sometimes, though, they seem to be a leetle afeared o' me, too; but the Range Injuns don't come yer to Ruby much, an' we hain't none o' us bean much in the Range. The other Injuns wouldn't know nothin' about it." Bill puffed slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe. "Guess, too, they would keep it dark for fear they might be accused o' killin' him, an' git into trouble."

"Perhaps they did murder him," said Winmore, to whom that seemed the most plausible explanation.

"P'raps—but I don't think so," answered Bill.

"Why?" asked Putterton.

"Wal, mostly 'cause everything

in the Glen 'pears to be jest as it wur wen Burnfield lived thur; an' if the Injuns hed killed him they would ha burned the cabin an' smashed everything they could lay han's on. They didn't smash anything; an', besides, gave the place a wide berth. I wouldn't be suprised if they hedn't bean in the Glen since Burnfield left. They don't seem to go much in thet part o' the Range noway."

"Then, might not Burnfield's difficulty have been settled and he gone back East?" inquired Winmore.

"Maybe," replied Bill, musingly.

The remainder of the papers were examined; but though most of them would doubtless have been valuable to Mr Burnfield himself, they gave no clue to his whereabouts, or any further information of any consequence. Finally, after every scrap had been carefully looked over, Putterton said—

"Well, anyway we have something to go on now. Our next business is to see what kind of a mine the Ellen lode is. When can we start, Bill?"

"In about three months—about the last o' April."

"Not before!" exclaimed Winmore, disappointedly; for he was eager to be off.

"Not before," answered Bill; "too much snow in the pass."

The papers were then replaced in the box, except the important ones, which Bill put in his own pocket-book. After some further conversation on the subject of preparation for the journey, and after Bill had cautioned his partners to keep "mighty mum," they separated, Bill going off down the street, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe, and Putterton and Winmore preparing to take the afternoon stage for Granite.

CHAPTER IV.

The 1st of May found the expedition in readiness for departure. Bill had given out that he was going on a "little prospect," with his friends Putterton and Winmore; and as he frequently went off on journeys of that kind, no suspicion was raised that he was on the track of anything definite. The snow had not been unusually heavy during the winter, and Bill concluded that by this time it had disappeared almost entirely from the trail over the Bighorn Pass. One bright morning, therefore, three pack-mules were brought out into the stable-yard of the hotel, and Bill and Putterton prepared to "sling" the packs, which contained supplies of all kinds sufficient to last them four or five weeks. They expected, before the end of that period, to have matters at Glen Ellen in such shape that they could announce their discovery, and give others a chance at the wealth of the new district. They were selfish enough to want the first pick and choice of the region; but they had no idea of attempting to maintain the secret and keep others out. But there was another motive besides selfishness, which moved them to secrecy at first,—and this was an intention of doing justice to the widow or heirs of Burnfield, if he had any. Though there was no written law which could compel them to trace out the history of this mountain-hermit, and restore to his heirs some of the wealth for which he had laboured and risked so much, they still felt a moral obligation to do so. Burnfield had done what in that region at that time usually gave a man title and priority of claim; and though he was now unable to defend his rights, they still existed, and honourable men

were bound to respect them to a reasonable degree. This they proposed doing. Yet, above all, there was still another reason for secrecy. Burnfield might have deluded himself, and the mine might be of little value. Should this prove to be the case, even if they reached the spot first, they would be ridiculed for their pursuit of the traditional "wild goose." Therefore, for these various considerations, they determined to keep their own counsel, and be first to fathom the mystery of Glen Ellen, and first to reap whatever reward was to be had there.

When the mules were brought out, Winmore was much puzzled to know how they were to secure on the backs of three animals all the supplies which lay scattered about the corral; and he watched the proceedings with keen interest. Bill, who was an old hand at the business, and could "sling the diamond hitch" as well as any man in the district, took hold with a will, and put things together with wonderful alacrity, having an able assistant in Putterton, who was himself quite skilful at handling a "lash-rope."

Finally, when the packing of the third mule was finished, one of two men who had been standing by burst forth with exclamations of approbation—

"Well, be jabers, you fellers know how to sling packs, sure enough! Tenderfeet like us always have a lot to learn."

"Learn us how to do it, won't ye?" said the other. Bill answered them in a good-natured way, but he eyed them at the same time rather sharply. The faces were those of strangers, and he remembered seeing them about the village several times before. What he thought he kept to himself, merely

saying he had no time now to show them the "diamond hitch;" but when he came back he would do it willingly.

"An' whin'll that be?" inquired the first man.

"Two or three weeks, I reckon," replied Bill, carelessly.

"Goin' to make quite a trip, ain't ye?" said the second man.

"Oh no," answered Bill, "jest goin' on a leetle prospect--thet's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it? Goin' over Smoky Hill way, I suppose?"

"Yes, we expect to, 'fore we come back. Git up, Doc. Wal, good-bye, gentlemen;" and so saying, he rode off, leading one of the mules by the halter, while Winmore and Putterton followed, each leading a pack-animal.

"Good-bye, and good luck to yez!" shouted the strangers; and "Good-bye, Chloride—the best of luck!" was a greeting which came from every side; for no one who knew him, wished ill to honest and generous Bill Chloride. As the small cavalcade was passing a large rock by the wayside at the extreme end of the village, a ragged and dirty Indian stepped forth and came towards them. They recognised one whom Bill had many times befriended. He was noted for his attachment to the whites, as well as for his shrewdness and general honesty.

"Wal, Toker, are ye goin' with us?" asked Bill, as the Indian reached him and walked along beside his horse.

"No," said the Indian. "Toker cotch piqua; Toker ashanty tell um Bill itch Mericats mawa," pointing toward the corral where they had packed—"no good. You look out; good-bye;" and with that he disappeared up a deep gulch, which at this point came out to the road.

"Thanks, Toker," said Bill, before the Indian was out of hearing; "I thought so." Then, turning to his comrades, he said, "Toker warns us to watch them fellers thet hung about this mornin'—they may bother us. But if they don't foller us too close, we kin give 'em the slip; an' I don't believe they can find the way over the Bighorn."

They followed the waggon-road along the valley for ten or twelve miles, when they came to a small stream flowing across it. Here they unpacked in the shade of some tall pines to get lunch, and give the animals a chance to crop a little grass, and rest.

"I never like to crowd the animals the first day," Bill remarked, as he was lighting a fire, "so I allus make a noon stop if possible. It breaks them in gentle like, and gives a feller time to git things fixed;" and so saying, finding the fire was well going, he took the coffee-pot and a tin bucket, and started for the creek after some water. Putterton, meanwhile, had been opening up the "kitchen-pack."

"Those *were* suspicious-looking men who stood by while we were packing this morning," remarked Putterton.

"Yes," said Bill, setting down the bucket of water, "I've noticed 'em several times. They hung 'bout an' seemed to watch me. I didn't think much 'bout it, but now thet Toker mentions it, I'm purty sure they're up to some game. Toker's a keen devil, an' they can't fool him much. I think they'll foller us."

"If they do," said Winmore, "we'll chloroform them while they are asleep, and run away."

"We'll what?" said Bill. "Oh yes, chloryform 'em. But hev you got some chloryform?"

"Yes, in my entomological box."

"Good," said Bill—"good ; a capital idee—jest the thing. The fellers come along—go to sleep—wake up an' find us gone ; capital ! We kin kiver up our tracks, too, some way, an' they kin never foller us if we once git over the pass. There's nothin' like knowin' ; they'll never think o' bein' chloryformed—never in this world. But will they sleep long enough ?"

"Oh yes," said Winmore.

"An' it won't kill 'em ? We don't want to kill 'em, ye know."

"No, it won't kill them. I won't put it strong enough for that."

"That's just the thing. But, boys, we must go on now—can't loaf too long over this yer grub. We've got to make Pine Creek 'fore dark, an' it's good thirteen mile from yer."

They packed up and were soon on the road again. It was not much after six o'clock when they came to a beautiful clear stream which swept with a soothing murmur over its pebbly bottom, shadowed by a grove of magnificent pines. It was Pine Creek, Bill said, and a charming place for a camp. Wood, water, and grass were abundant, and the ground was covered with a thick carpet of pine-needles, so soft that the hoofs of the horses made no noise whatever. There had been camping here before : for a broad cedar growing at the base of a pine had with cutting and the interweaving of boughs been so arranged that it afforded good shelter from the wind, and this shelter was taken advantage of by the travellers. The packs were thrown off, the horses and mules hopped, and preparations made for supper.

"Shall I make the bread, Bill ?" asked Putterton.

"No ; I guess I'd better make it," Bill answered. "I'm more

used to it than you, an' kin do it quicker. So if you an' Winmore'll look after the animals an' wash the dishes, I'll be cook."

"That suits me," said Putterton. "I don't much like dabbling in flour."

"And me," said Winmore ; "but do you require to make bread every meal ?"

"Purty near," Bill answered.

"I should think you'd take it along," suggested Winmore.

"Fine stuff it would be after a day or two's packin', wouldn't it ? Takes up too much room, anyway."

Bill had finished washing his hands, and now took several handfuls of flour from one of the bags and put them into a deep pan carried for the purpose ; then he deftly added a little salt, and scattering what he judged to be a sufficient quantity of baking-powder over the flour, he gave the batch a rapid stirring with his fingers and dexterously poured some water into it, so that in a moment or two Winmore beheld him kneading the dough into a mass.

"You're an expert, Bill," he exclaimed admiringly ; "but how are you going to bake it ? You have no oven ?"

"You'll see," replied Bill, as he broke the dough into two portions, making a neat ball of each. Then grasping two frying-pans which Putterton had placed convenient to his hand, he put them on the fire a moment. Next sprinkling a little flour in the bottom of each, he picked up one of the balls of dough, and giving it a peculiar twirl by the edge, made it into a flat cake almost the size of the bottom of the pan, in which he then placed it. With a twitch or two more it was all right, and he stuck the pan for a moment again

on the fire. Serving the other in the same way, he finally propped both pans up in front of the heat by means of sticks against the handles, and the bread soon began to puff up and turn brown. Some bacon was then cut and trimmed of the rind, the coffee was stirred into the pot which had been boiling for some time, the plates and other ware were spread out on a piece of oil-cloth, and then the loaves were done. The bacon was fried in one of the pans, and the meal was ready. Winmore was much pleased at Bill's dexterity. It was the first mountain meal he had ever seen prepared, and it was a surprise to him to see everything transformed so quickly from the raw material. He had never seen much cooking of any kind; and though familiar with all sorts of dishes as they came on the table, there was a mystery about the art for him—and especially did he marvel at the bread-making.

"Why, Bill," he said, as he sat down to the simple meal, "this bread is delicious, and you made it so quickly. I always thought bread-making was a long process."

"So it is—some kinds. This is wat ye'd call biscuit to home, and, es ye see, is not hard to make. It's the only kind o' bread ye'll git till we reach Ruby agin."

"Oh, I don't care for any other kind—I like this," said Winmore, enthusiastically.

"Hunger is the best sauce," observed Putterton.

"You're right; but I still insist that Bill's bread is first class—hunger or no hunger."

"So it is; and I don't think there's a man in the district can make better," replied Putterton, seizing another piece.

"None o' yer flattery now," said Bill.

"It's the truth, and nothing but the truth——"

"Hark!" interrupted Bill, suddenly, "I hear the sound of hoofs."

They listened, and could plainly distinguish the regular beating of the hoofs of trotting horses.

"The interested gents of this morning probably," said Putterton.

"Ef it is," said Bill, "we'll dose 'em with the chloryform."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when they heard the horsemen leave the road, and a moment later two men well mounted rode into the firelight.

"Why, how d'ye do agin, gents? —didn't spect to meet yez so soon agin; but I'm tarnal glad we hev, fur we're ruther late campin', an' the sight o' yer fire looks kinder cheery. Ye wouldn't mind ef we camp by ye, would yez?"

"Not at all," said Bill quickly, for he much preferred having them close by. "Wat fools they air," he said to himself, "ef they think we can't see through their game. —Plenty room, plenty room," he continued aloud—"an' a fine lot o' coals fur ye to git supper by. We're jest 'bout through our'n, so we can't ask ye to jine us."

"Ah, we're obleeged to yez," replied the elder of the new-comers with an Irish accent, "but we kin jist shling up a leetle boite t' ate in the twinklin' o' an oye; an' thin, me frins, we'll all sit down an' have a chat an' shmoke be the warrum fire there."

And so saying, he quickly unslung their single pack, and very shortly had their bacon frying on the bright fire.

Bill had finished his meal by this time, and he busied himself apparently with putting things to rights for the night, but in reality preparing for a sudden and stealthy departure. Winmore and Putterton

soon joined him, and a disjointed conversation was kept up between them and the strangers, till finally the latter had also completed their repast. They left their cooking utensils, saddles, &c., scattered about in a most reckless manner; and Bill smiled as he thought how long they would be getting off in the morning.

"Oy'm a-goin' to have a good square pull at me owld poipe, that's what Oy am," said the elder stranger; and he drew forth a time-worn and nicotine-soaked wooden pipe, which he filled and lighted, and then looked separately and sharply at Bill and his companions as they also seated themselves by the fire. "Bedad!" he exclaimed, when his eyes had for some moments rested on Bill's weather-beaten countenance,—"Oy say, stranger, were ye iver in New York City?"

"No," answered Bill; "I wur never in New York to my knowledge, but I mean to go thur some day."

"Damn strange!" said the newcomer, as if to himself.

"You have lived in New York, I suppose?" remarked Winmore.

"Yis; Oy lived there fur a long time, an' was gethin' on splendidly, till Oy acted like an infarnal idiot. Then, of coorse, things went wrong, an' that brought me out here on *special* business."

He emphasised the "special" to such an extent, that Putterton looked at him very sharply, as if trying to read in his eyes the nature of his special business. Was murder or highway robbery his specialty? or was he a detective in disguise, he wondered? The man looked like thousands of others who wandered about the mountains prospecting, but Putterton had a strong suspicion that there was considerable significance in the "special business."

"Your business compels you to travel fast and late, it seems," he said.

"We was late to-night, 'cause Barney hung over his pipe too long this mornin'," put in the younger man quickly.

"Yis; Oy did shmoke a thrifle too long this mornin'. Oy loike to take it aisy whin Oy shmoke, ye know; but thin, we don't moind thravellin' a bit afther dark now."

"Ruther uncomfortable, if a feller don't git his camp fixed by sun-down," said Bill. "Let's see,—ye said ye came to Ruby from Granite, didn't ye?"

"No, we didn't say so," replied Barney, smiling at this broad hint on the part of Bill that he would like to know from whence they came. "No, we didn't say so, but then we did, ye know. Oy say, me frind, ye've been in these diggin's a good long time, haven't ye?"

"Fourteen year or more," replied Bill.

"Aha! Fourteen years—fourteen years," the stranger said thoughtfully. "Why, man, yer an owld risidenter, sure. Ye ought to know the ins and outs o' the hull raygin purty well."

"Yes, I do know this district ruther well," answered Bill, cautiously.

"Rich, ain't it?"

"Wal, yes—ruther," said Bill.

"Be the way," said Barney, looking sharply at Bill, "did ye iver hear o' a man named Burnfield out yer?"

"Burnfield—Burnfield," mused Bill, at the same time wondering how this man had come to know the name. "Burnfield—no, never knew Burnfield. Must ha' been 'fore my time, I guess."

"William Burnfield was his name," and he looked keenly at Bill again.

"You're sure he came to these parts?" said Bill.

"Yis—purty sure he came som'wheres in this raygin. Ye must be tired, Con," he then said suddenly to his companion; "Oy'll help ye make down the bed, an' thin ye'd bether thumble in an' git a square noight's rist."

"All right," Con answered, and the two were soon busy close by preparing a sleeping-place for the night. Presently the man called Barney returned to the fire.

"Con, there, isn't used to roughing it as much as Oy am, an' it's good for him t' git plenty o' sleep. We've got a long jog before us to-morrow."

"Have you indeed?" said Putterton; "and may I ask where you are going?"

"Oh yes; we're goin' down to Bigtree camp. Oy've got to see a man there—Pater Bromley; d'ye know him, maybe?"

"No," said Putterton.

"I do," said Bill.

"Oy'm glad ye know him," the Irishman remarked with interest. "He's been in this raygin a good while, hain't he?"

"You're right, he has," answered Bill; "he knows es much 'bout people an' things yerabouts es any man livin'."

"Does he?" exclaimed the Irishman.

"He does," replied Bill; "an' he's true blue, too. Ef you're a friend o' Pete Bromley's, I'm glad we met."

"Yis; Oy'm a friend o' Pate's," said the Irishman, slowly. "Me name's Barney Garran; ye may have heard him spake o' me."

Putterton started with surprise at the mention of the name, for he remembered it as the same which had occurred frequently in the letters they had examined—and he remembered, too, that it had not been

mentioned in complimentary terms, but always as if the bearer had committed some crime. Could this be the man—escaped from justice, and roving about secure in the wilderness of mountains? Might he not have had something to do with Burnfield's mysterious disappearance, and hence know more about the matter than he pretended? But he concluded the man must be an impostor; for if he had escaped justice, he would have changed his name and not be so ready to reveal his identity. And yet, how did he know the names?

"No, I never did," said Bill, who had paused for a moment to review in his mind his conversations with the man Bromley; "but I hain't seen Pete for a year or more."

"Whin ye say him agin, an' Oy hope it won't be long, jist mention my name to him, will ye?"

"Certingly, I will," replied Bill, at the same time wondering what the man meant.

"Oy think Oy'll turn in too now, me frinds, as I feel a leetle shook up by the trotting this afternoon—so here goes," and he went to where his companion was, to all appearances, already sound asleep. "But," he added, as he returned with a bottle in his hand, "we'll have a wee drap furst, if ye don't mind, jist as a sort o' nightcap, eh? Here's a bottle o' foine owld rye, an' if ye've a corkscrew we'll have the stopper out in no time."

Bill eyed the bottle suspiciously, and doubting the wisdom of drinking with a total stranger, and such a suspicious one as this, was about to decline, when he noticed that the original seal was still unbroken. His doubts were dispelled, and he said cheerfully—

"You travel well fixed, stranger."

"There you're roight, me bye. Ye niver catch a son o' Killarney widthout his jug o' potheen handy.

I've another there in the pack, but it's been opened, an' I'd rayther give yez the benefit o' a frish tap," and with a strong jerk he pulled the cork.

"You are very kind," said Winmore, as the stranger handed him a tin cup and the bottle, "but I don't often drink, and I would prefer to be excused."

The man drew back, and gave him a keen glance from under his shaggy eyebrows. "P'raps ye don't loike Irish," he said, in an indignant tone.

"Oh yes, I do—certainly. I have nothing against your countrymen."

"Well, thin, dhrink a bit, jist to show't what ye say comes from yer heart. We may mate agin some day," and he almost filled the cup.

Thus strongly urged, Winmore drank a small portion of the contents, first adding some water, while the others helped themselves more liberally without the water. The Irishman then startled them by exclaiming—

"Here's to me owld pard, Burnfield, if you plaze." After they had drunk, he added, "And here's a good health and long life to Mr Bill Chloride, the whitest man in the Smoky Hill country."

"Thank ye, stranger," said Bill, modestly, at the same time draining his cup completely.

"An' now, me frinds, Oy'll turn in: Good noight, an' pleasant dhreams to yez all. Will the first man up in the mornin' plaze wake us? Good noight." He stepped to his bed, and was soon lost to view beneath the blankets.

"What the devil do you suppose that fellow knows about Burnfield, and how did he find it out? And he calls himself by the same name as the one mentioned often in those letters," said Putterton.

"Dun'no," answered Bill, thoughtfully. "Dun'no—unless he heard suthin' 'bout it up at Fort Henry; the cuss may hev been thur years ago, ye know—he's no tender-foot. Maybe he heard us talkin' at the Park View. I don't believe he ever knew Burnfield—but he *suspects* we know suthin' 'bout him anyway, if he don't know it. They'll want to jine us in the mornin' probably, but we'll give 'em the slip. P'raps they're goin' to try to get Pete Bromley to show 'em over the Bighorn, if they don't succeed in going with us. He knows more about the Smoky Hill kentry than any other man besides me; but he don't know nothin' about the Glen Ellen part, so we're all right ef we kin git away without waking the beggars. Wen I begin to snore loud, Winmore, ye kin reach over from yer bed an' dose 'em—then we'll be off."

"All right; I can do it easily. But, I say, I'm going to turn in myself now—this confounded smoke makes my eyes heavy."

"But don't go to sleep," said Bill, "or I'll hev to crawl over an' dose 'em myself, an' I might give 'em too much." In half an hour the silence was broken only by an occasional crackling of the dying embers, the snoring of some of the sleepers, and the souging of the breeze through the branches of the lofty pines.

(To be continued.)

URBS ROMA VALE!

CONCLUSION.

I.

BRIGHT Fount of Trevi, sweet and pure
 As fair Bandusia, that springest,
 With no black art, yet magic lure,
 Thou Roman exiles Romeward bringest!

II.

A full-orbed moon turned night to day,
 And blessed with heavenly light those going,
 In Hope's credulity, to pay
 A secret cult where thou wert flowing:

III.

Then,—as erst Sybil Grey prescribed,—
 Each weary pilgrim, drinking, praying,
 Freely the silver stream imbibed;—
 (The silver coin, too, freely paying).

IV.

And thus, once more in Rome we fare!
 Her towers, her bulwarks, mark we daily:—
 And gentle readers,—(if they care)—
 May “thole” a Third, Last Fytte of “VALE!”

V.

The Models.—Rainbow-vestured imps;
 Unkempt, unwashed, as fits their calling:
 One struts; one stoops; one lolls; one limps;
 In clusters, generally, sprawling;

VI.

They swarm along their torrid wall,
 In every phase of picturesqueness;
 Round them their faded garments fall,
 Ragged, but rich in all grotesqueness.

VII.

All sorts of subjects there are found:
 Saints; Bandits; Contadine; Cives;
 Endymion,—(dogged by his hound);
 And Lazarus,—(far, far from Dives!)

VIII.

Meek Virgins,—(not without their Child :)
 Sarah, and Hagar,—(ditto, ditto :)
 Jove, Caesar, Juno,—(very mild :)
 Job, Peter, Moses,—(“in Egitto.”)

IX.

They, free from bondage as from care,
 Toil not, spin not, nor yet importune :
 Their assets are the garbs they wear ;
 Their faces are their ample fortune.

X.

But, howsoever well they act
 The parts assigned them, I was rather
 Surprised and shocked, to learn the fact,
 That one presents—THE ETERNAL FATHER.

XI.

Such types of travesty appear
 Inapposite, profane, and silly :
 For that old Model's past career
 Was scarcely stainless as a lily :

XII.

Though, in mythology, I trace
 Some much analogous precedents :—
 A godlike, venerable face,
 With all too godless antecedents !

XIII.

The Barberi.—A mettled breed,
 For riderless, brief, Corso races :
 Swift, for a mile of frantic speed,—
 Less apt for sober, honest paces.

XIV.

“Sweet is,” in Rome, “the breath of Morn :”
 Sweet, there (and elsewhere), sigh of Hesper :
 Sweet, sometimes, the faint cadence, borne
 From distant *Matin*-song, or *Vesper* :

XV.

Sweet, each dim vision, floating round
 Arch, Temple, Aqueduct, or Forum :
 Sweet are, by some, “Confetti” found,
 And tourneys of the “*flores florum* :”

XVI.

And “Veglioni :”—orgies, meant
 As “awfully” and “too-too” jolly.—
 To me, those masquerades present
 Survivals of the fittest folly!

XVII.

It was not so that ROMA rose,
 By costly tickling of the senses :
 She perished at the hand of those
 Whose cry was,—“*Panem et Circenses.*”

XVIII.

Saint Agnes.—“Bless the Lambs.”—Indeed !
 First, from their mothers they entice them :
 Then, “Bless :”—then, kill them :—then, with speed,
 For Prelate’s dinner, roast and spice them.

XIX.

Then those “Good Shepherds,” shaveling priests,
 Weave of the lamb’s-wool, which they gather
 Before such Papalino feasts,
 A tippet, for “The Holy Father :”—

XX.

“The sign of Power, a Pallium.”
 Such is the Cleric explanation.—
 To those poor animals, though dumb,
 Scarce a consoling Palliation !

XXI.

This, some call “beautiful.”—I hope
 The Lambs, too, so regard “The Function :”—
 And that they Bless the Prelates, Pope,
 Short shrift, mint-sauce, and “Extreme Unction.”

XXII.

Let all who view those “Lambs in State,”
 Decked out for worship and caressing,
 Mark, learn, and well digest the fate
 That follows swift on such a “Blessing !”

XXIII.

The Hunters.—Black Care sits behind !
 Long drought has baffled their “trottate :”
 So equitation is confined
 To “Strade,” and to “Stagionate.”

XXIV.

Scarce finds, bad scent, hot sun, hard ground,
 All mar the hunt. And, when they meet him,
 The Contadini, having found
 That fox is game,—they shoot and eat him.

XXV.

Whence it ensues, that oft, for lack
 Of auspices for goodly running,
 That well-appointed Roman Pack
 Of English Fox-hounds,—“Cease their funning.”

XXVI.

A Roman Dinner.—Gracious Powers !
 —At “Il Falcone” lay the venue :
 Thirteen bold spirits, (some, from “ours,”)
 Conspired to dine.—This was the Menu :—

XXVII.

Snail-soup.—Eels, “vermi,” lizards ; fine
 “Frittura mista.”—Hedge-hog pasty.—
 Wild Boar.—A Civet.—Porcupine.—
 (But *he* was “old ; long dead ; tough ; nasty.”)

XXVIII.

The wine which fitly blessed that mess,
 Was very fiery “Old Inferno.”
 “One morn I missed them.”—(We could guess
 How things had prospered “nell’ interno.”)

XXIX.

Since snakes and toads, at Killaloo,
 Were “served in soups and second courses,”
 Not often did fell Hunger woo
 Cuisine of more enlarged resources :

XXX.

The viands were both “rich and rare :”
 There was, moreover, “no deception :”
 To Roman souls, such bill of fare
 Seemed an Immaculate Conception :

XXXI.

To do as Romans do, I know,
 In Rome, is good for saint and sinner :
 Yet one,—though bidden,—failed to go
 To gorge on that “Falcone” dinner.

XXXII.

By all the Legends of the feat,
His faith in Romish Feasts was shaken :
The Grace that *he* said After Meat,
Was one, for having—not partaken !

XXXIII.

The Jewellers.—In Classic taste
Their “ancient stones” and “scarabæi”
Are set : and “Summer pours her waste”
Of “Golden Horns,” and “Agnus Dei :”

XXXIV.

Often as may that gilded ware
Both “passant” and “regardant” find me,
Of sage Diogenes, his Fair,
And apothegm, its gauds remind me :—

XXXV.

“Lord, Lord, how many things are here,
Of which I have no need !”—His quiet
He sought again ; his Cynic cheer ;
His rags ; his tub ; and pauper’s diet.

XXXVI.

Yet, should there woo thy fond regard
Some sculptured onyx, erst a Prince’s ;
Some “golden” or some “ruby” sard,
Archaic ;—“IN HOC SIGNO VINCES !”

XXXVII.

Such gems, of pure Greek glyptic skill,
Might the most dormant eye awaken.
I praise the Cynic’s virtue.—Still,
The best of men may be mistaken !

XXXVIII.

The ancient Armourers set forth,
At random picturesquely leaning,
Brave arms of price, fine swords of worth,
Of Milan’s fairest damascening :

XXXIX.

Old helms, (much oxidised,) that tell
Of Cannæ, Thrasymene, Lepanto ;
Some, fabulous,—as those that fell
On mythic “Castle of Otranto :”—

XL.

Rich panoplies of knightly mail ;
 Greaves ; gorgets ; gauntlets ; and cuirasses :
 (Nor does the market often fail
 For ancient "*Aurei*,"—and "*Asses*.")

XLI.

The Beggars.—Belisarian trade !
 Illegal : yet much plied *sub rosâ* :
 With timid, furtive, sidelong raid,—
 "Ah, gentle Signor, qualche cosa !"

XLII.

If, in some "milder shades" of Rome,
 (Borgo, Trastevere, or Ghetto,)
 Those bland appeals are driven home
 With keener edge,—by a stiletto ;—

XLIII.

Yet, sundry holy Fathers say
 That "*elemosina*" is "*pia* ;"
 And,—if one must be stabbed,—one may,
 I trust, be stabbed "*con cortesía* :"

XLIV.

Perhaps, by lace-like, fret-worked steel,
 So ribbed, so finely "*traforato*,"
 So twelve-fold fluted, that you feel
 Scarce half a pang, when "*perforato* :"—

XLV.

Perhaps, by such fair-chiselled blade,
 As old Toledo's sleight produces :
 For great Hidalgo's hunting made,
 And, also,—for some vaguer uses.

XLVI.

On one such dirk,—(no vulgar thief
 Employed it, but a Brigand hero,
 Who came, in Sicily, to grief,
 And fell, in Rome, another Nero,)—

XLVII.

Wild boars ramp, graven ; and grew-hound ;
 In forests, pheasants roost at leisure :
 A hunter and his bride sit, crowned
 With flowers :—he smokes his pipe at pleasure.

XLVIII.

From pommel, counterchanged, to hilt,
 With ivory, "bianco, nero,"
 And silver, arabesqued and gilt;
 For Brigand, a "tesoro vero."

XLIX.

Arts of design misplaced might seem
 In so adorning the pathetic;
 And blending murders with soft dream
 Of woodlands, sport, and the æsthetic.

L.

Though for that Brigand, and all such,
 It may be said,—“His aim was single,”—
 Yet, with The Beautiful, too much
 Of The Sublime may sometimes mingle:

LI.

And o'er his felon neck, the sword
 Of Justice hung, his hours to number:—
 Sicilian feasts no more afford
 Him joy: nor lyre, nor song-birds, slumber!

LII.

But now that he hath duly paid
 The penalty of long transgression,
 That quaint and ornate dagger-blade
 Is—in a safer hand's possession.

LIII.

Here, gentle Muse! our labours cease.
 And now,—the toil, the dust forgetting,—
 Unyoke the steeds. Their necks release.
 The course is o'er.—The sun is setting.

J. P. M.

NOTES OF AN EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGNER.

THE recent campaign in Egypt will doubtless be praised, criticised, and commented on from every point of view, moral, political, and military; and as surely, opinions as to the degree of importance and the amount of praise to be attached to its operations will be almost as varied as the number of writers on the subject. That the expedition, including the flower of our army and a Royal Duke, was undoubtedly popular, is sufficiently attested by the numerous ovations accorded to the returning troops; that it was completely successful is beyond dispute; but that it was either a necessary quarrel, or that it has afforded the smallest proof of the efficiency of our present military system, is a very different question.

That a war whose total loss, army and navy included, was about 100 killed and 600 wounded, is necessarily an insignificant affair, may well be balanced by the recollection that small forces, with but slight losses, have achieved some of the great successes of history, and that the few who fell on the side of the victors detracts nothing from the renown accorded to the English at Crecy, or the Swiss at Granson and Nancy. Nobody decries either the merit or importance of Napoleon's brilliant campaign of '98, which placed him, in even a briefer period and with a comparatively insignificant loss, in possession of Cairo and the Delta, though the advantages as to numbers and armament of the French over the Mamelukes were far more marked than any we possessed over the Egyptians.

We will not attempt to trace the various hesitations, complications, and blunders which, together with an utterly false estimate of the na-

ture of the movement, landed us in the position in which we found ourselves last June. It was so far foreseen by our military authorities, that last winter staff officers were despatched both from England and India to collect information on the scene of the late campaign. Had the Egyptian National party, of which Arabi was the mouthpiece, believed in our strength, and determination to use it, things would never have reached the pass they did. Fraser's disastrous expedition of 1807, and our late campaigns in South Africa, had, however, so woefully lowered our prestige, that only those residents who knew to what an extent some of our Radical patriots were interested in Egyptian Bonds, were sanguine enough to believe in an armed intervention.

A general feeling of insecurity, accentuated rather than allayed by the presence of the allied fleet, existed at the beginning of June; and it was doubtless as much owing to the excitement caused by its presence amongst the fanatical portion of the population, as it was to the indirect, if not actual, order of the authorities, that the massacre of 11th June took place. One gentleman who happened to be driving with an Egyptian officer of rank when this attack began, and wished to return to protect his wife, was carelessly told this was needless, "as they have orders not to touch women and children." So convinced were European residents that the attack was with Government sanction, and that if the mob proved unequal to the task, they had to apprehend an organised massacre at the hands of the soldiery, that although in Alexandria they numbered 50,000

out of a total population of 200,000, not an idea of defence was entertained; and though the streets were strongly patrolled and perfect order maintained, a general *saufve qui peut* set in. In many cases ladies crowded on board vessels in the harbour, offering their jewellery for a deck-passage to "anywhere" out of the country. Passing by rail from Suez to Alexandria at the end of June, not a symptom of any abnormal excitement was visible, nor was the smallest insult offered to English travellers. This state of affairs continued till war was virtually opened by the bombardment of the 11th July. That our Ministry is responsible for the burning of Alexandria it is absurd to deny. It was a necessary result of the want of resolution that marked the conduct of affairs at the outset. Their "game of brag" did not succeed. But for the naval demonstration, we should not have had the massacre at Alexandria. Then, when they made up their minds to bombard, they should have made up their minds also to go through with the business. It is now no secret that our military authorities urged this course; that a *coup de main* on the Canal, simultaneously with the bombardment, was actually contemplated; and that Sir A. Alison was sent with three battalions, with whom and the aid of the Channel squadron he was to make the attempt, but that before he reached Port Said the hearts of Government failed them, and this part of the programme was countermanded. Had even this force been in the first instance directed on Alexandria, and landed on 12th July, the town could undoubtedly have been saved. Had 8000 men been on the spot, the war might have been finished at a blow. But it was assumed that the destruction of his batteries

must necessarily bring Arabi to terms; and the obvious alternative of his being exasperated rather than cowed, was entirely overlooked. Consequently, when our Admiral was forced to occupy the town to save it from total destruction, he did so with such an utterly inadequate number of men, that they were placed in a most precarious position, till the arrival of Sir A. Alison's force (which was hurried up from Port Said) secured the situation.

The story of the bombardment is too recent to require recapitulation, but is decidedly interesting as the first practical trial of our ironclads and heavy guns; and however satisfied we must feel with their performances, we should not shut our eyes to many grave defects, notably amongst which we might instance the wretched nature of the fuses, which, thanks to our penny-wise and pound-foolish head of the Ordnance Department are still retained in the service. One of the 80-ton gun shells was found unexploded in the Ras-el-Tin magazine, and many others elsewhere. We send a ship, which with its armament cost nearly a million sterling, into action, and then, by saving fifty pounds in the price of her stores, render her shell-fire comparatively ineffective!

Some of our sailors are positive to having seen two Europeans in helmets directing the gunners in the Lighthouse battery; and on our occupying it, an arm-chair was found in rear of the guns, with five French and Italian papers of 6th July—two lying open on the one side, and the remainder unopened on the left of the chair. The French managers of the Credit Lyonnaise and Anglo-Egyptian Banks had barricaded themselves in their buildings, and with the aid of fifty or sixty Montenegrin *employés*, most gallantly held out till rescued by our

landing-parties. As we know, our French allies deserted us at the outset; and, in fact, the only sympathy we experienced was from the American squadron, who, after the bombardment, steamed down the line, playing our National Anthem, yards manned, and cheering. One American officer boarded the Inflexible with the frank admission, "We could not *duplicate* this business;" whilst another's summing up of the bombardment was, "It's all Julius Cæsar, Auld Lang Syne, and Queen Victoria, *but you gave them h—*." When, on the 15th, an attack from Arabi was expected, the marines of all other nationalities who had landed to protect their consulates, hastily re-embarked, the Yankees alone "reckoned they'd see it out with the Britishers," and stood their ground. They certainly earned a hearty claim on our gratitude in this business, which will, we trust, be long remembered in our service.

The Marines and blue-jackets landed to protect the city, numbered about 2000 men. The rampart was in parts ruinous and full of breaches, and absolutely razed and built over for half a mile. Arabi, with 15,000 men, whose outposts were visible, threatened the town from without; whilst the scum of the population were plundering, murdering, and spreading the conflagration within, till the entire European quarter seemed one huge bonfire. So the task confided to Captain Fisher of the Inflexible, who commanded the landing-parties, was in reality one from which most men would have shrunk. On first landing, a torpedo-party slipped on in advance, and by blowing up a couple of rails, captured fifty locomotives and an immense amount of rolling stock which were in course of removal from the Gabari station. The breaches were

hastily barricaded; a new line of defence taken up where the rampart was wanting—and so well selected that our Engineers found it impossible to improve upon it; guards established at the gates and most vital spots; martial law proclaimed; and patrols sent to clear the streets and do what they could towards arresting the conflagration. One of the most important political effects of our landing was the escape of the Khedive from Arabi's hands. He had been throughout the bombardment at Ramleh with Dervish Pasha, four miles outside the city, and on the retreat of Arabi's forces was actually brought out by his orders to be shot. In spite of bribes, promises, and entreaties, backed by the influence of the Turkish Commissioner, the Khedive's fate trembled in the balance for half an hour, when his guard consented to his departure into the city. We need not wonder at Arabi's reluctance to being surrendered to his old ruler! In any case, this was a fatal mistake of his; the pretext of acting in the Khedive's name was lost, and with it the co-operation of the Bedouin tribes, whose neutrality was purchased by the Viceroy's agents. Arabi still, however, professed to act by the Sultan's order.

Owing to persistent rumours of impending attack, but few men could be spared for the interior of the city before the disembarkation of Alison's Brigade on the 17th July, when he took up the charge of the line of defence. The restoration of order within was left to the blue-jackets, who, it was remarked, were better fitted for this than the regulars, "as they had no consciences." In fact they regarded the whole affair as a spree ashore, and in their hands the administration of martial law was singularly simplified. In addition to the

Arabs who had inaugurated the work of destruction, many of the European *fin fleur de la canaille*—Greeks, Italians, and Maltese—had now joined in the pillage, which was further enlivened by numerous murders, and collisions of these discordant elements. Our naval patrols, however, paraded the streets, and with most charming impartiality turned their Gatlings down and let fly at every soul they could find in them; indeed it was a matter of astonishment how they always escaped themselves, as they were more than once seen at either end of a lane blazing down it at the varied nationalities who were dodging about from door to doorway betwixt them. Strong torpedo-parties with gun-cotton were further detached on all sides to blow down walls and check the fire, which had now got an alarming hold on the city. That this conflagration was deliberately and systematically prepared, we have too many proofs. On entering one building, a naval officer found all the curtains, mattresses, and other inflammable articles, collected on the *rez de chaussée*, and the first floor saturated with kerosene. A fire in a neighbouring street required his attention, and the house he had just left was in a blaze before he had gone five minutes. That this wanton destruction is foreign to the Arab nature, was clearly shown in the neighbouring suburb of Ramleh, where every European house was pillaged by the Bedouins, but not one single act of incendiarism committed. It was not till a week after landing that, by a free use of gun-cotton, the Naval Fire Brigade finally checked the conflagration. Though things were comparatively secure after the arrival of the troops, the few returning European residents evinced little confidence; the Arab quarters

of the town were quite unsafe for Christians; rumours of risings and attacks still continued; and whilst the owners of villas in the outskirts of the city were clamorous for military protection, our Government were emphatic in their orders—that only such troops were to be disembarked as were necessary for purely police purposes, and that they were to be solely employed on such service. Whilst Arabi's outposts were clearly visible through our glasses, Parliament was assured that he had fled in a boat no one knew whither; and whilst, for strictly "political considerations," the lines of telegraph and communication with his camp were ordered to be left open, and whilst negotiations were thus officially sanctioned with a man whom we styled a rebel, it was for many days impossible to obtain permission for the merest military precautions against a surprise. It never seems to strike our self-constituted commanders in Pall Mall, that if a general is worth his salt, he necessarily makes these dispositions, whether they in their wisdom withhold their assent or not. The work of repairing the fortifications was pushed forwards vigorously; a small corps of mounted infantry was improvised to supply the want of cavalry; and the blue-jackets, as usual, signalled themselves by getting, in a couple of hours, into position, on the top of Fort Kom el Dik, the 9-pounders, which the Engineers had hoped to get there in as many days.

One grave source of anxiety at this time was the inadequate means at the disposal of commanding officers for enforcing discipline amongst the men. With empty houses and full cellars on all sides, temptation was only too rife; and not only were such houses as had escaped the Arab pillagers broken into right

and left, in search of liquor, but within a week there were over fifty complaints lodged at the police office of robberies of watches, bracelets, and purses, taken from gentlemen and ladies by soldiers, forcibly, in the public streets. The subject, like most unpleasant ones, is hushed up; but it is folly to shut our eyes to the fact. As, thanks to our War Office's omission to send a court-martial warrant to the general commanding, it was impossible to convene even a district court-martial during the first three weeks; and as even then delinquents knew they had nothing but a limited amount of imprisonment to fear, the maintenance of order within reach of so much temptation was so difficult, that it was almost as much on this account as for purely strategical reasons, that the advanced position at Ramleh was taken up. There must always be some blackguards and some cowards in the ranks of any army; and what more natural than for such characters to go in gaily for a spree at the commencement of a campaign, when, even in case of conviction, the sole penalty is to spare them the prospective fatigues and dangers of the war?

On the 19th, 20th, and 22d, small reconnaissances were made a few miles beyond the walls, and a few harmless shots exchanged; and an advance, on the 24th, to Ramleh hill (five miles out) having provoked a slight demonstration on the part of the enemy, General Alison decided on retaining this position, which was put into such a state of defence as the feeble means at our disposal permitted of, and occupied by the 38th, 60th, 4 40-pounders and 9 ship-guns, manned by blue-jackets—the Marines, together with the 46th and a wing of the 35th, who had that day landed, remaining to garrison the city. Though

this movement was for many reasons imperatively called for, and helped to restore the prestige we lost by our inactivity after the bombardment, the British position here was undoubtedly most critical, and one that could only have been safely held in the face of an oriental antagonist. Not only was the front, about four miles in extent, from Lake Mareotis to the sea, to be guarded by about 1500 infantry, but whilst continuous sand-hills and the straggling town of Ramleh offered a perfect line of advance to an assailant on the left, Mareotis on the right was fordable throughout; and a complex network of gardens and palm-groves around the foot of Ramleh hill seemed to invite attack. Knowing every inch of the ground as his men did, and perfectly informed as he was by spies of our strength and dispositions, scant indeed must have been the confidence of the Egyptian general in his men, and prophetic of the real character of the resistance we were to experience subsequently, that he failed to take up the challenge thus offered to him. Numerous, however, were the affairs of outposts—in one of which, indeed, it was only too true that the enemy dislodged a very strong picket of ours from a very strong position, and then retired leisurely and unmolested—and almost daily the alarms, before we thoroughly realised how despicable an antagonist we had to contend against. By the time the main body of the expeditionary force appeared on the scene, the result of the campaign was a foregone conclusion.

It was during this period that Midshipman De Chair, carrying a despatch to Ramleh, and fancying that we had a continuous line of fortification somewhere in front, passed the barracks, and pursuing his way through the deserted main

street of the place into the sand-hills beyond, was made prisoner and brought before Arabi. When interrogated, through an interpreter, as to our strength, he refused to reply; upon which the Egyptian general produced from behind his chair a bundle of the 'Times'—the latest not eight days old. He was sent to Cairo, and paraded in a carriage through the streets as Admiral Seymour's son and one of 5000 prisoners, the balance of whom, it was given out, were retained to work on the Aboukir fortifications; but in all respects he was excellently treated, being even allowed ten francs pocket-money a-day, and was released when we occupied the capital on the 15th September. A few days subsequent to his capture, an Italian officer, delegated as military *attaché* to our force, was made prisoner in precisely the same manner, and was not liberated till after three weeks' detention.

As an instance of the damage an indiscreet correspondent may effect, we remember that, when the first news of the cutting of the Mahmoudieh Canal was received, and we were threatened with a total loss of our water-supply, we were naturally anxious to ascertain whether this cutting had been made on our side or on the enemy's side of their dam. In the former case, the water would be running out continuously from the portion in our hands; whereas, in the latter, the volume from the dam to the sea, eight or nine miles in length, was preserved to us. The whole of our anxieties and doubts on this point were carefully wired home by the correspondent of the 'Daily News,' and thereby an opportunity afforded to our opponent of rectifying his error within a few days. Too few specials, indeed, confine

themselves to their legitimate province of recording facts,—one-half of their communications seem composed, as a rule, of surmise, theory, and advice. The correspondent of the 'Standard' was a notable exception to this failing. He not only steered clear of conjecture and criticism, but seemed far more active than his companions in verifying actual events; and we think his correspondence suffered nothing from his avoidance of these subjects.

It was during the first few days of the occupation that the so-called ironclad train was improvised. The indefatigable commander of the Naval Brigade had been baffled by the shallowness of Mareotis in his attempt to construct a gun-raft to harass the Egyptian left flank, and, determined to find some excuse for taking part in any operations that might ensue, he devoted himself to this scheme. In the first instance, a 9-pounder was employed; but after some experiments, including a shot into the first Bedouin encampment that was handy to the Mex Railway, a 40-pounder was finally adopted. The waggon on which the gun was mounted was made rifle-proof with sand-bags, whilst a truck piled up with railway iron covered the front. A loose truck preceded the whole, and was occasionally shunted on to feel for self-acting mines. A 9-pounder, with a crane to lower it off the truck, and a couple of machine-guns, followed, the engine bringing up the extreme rear. Of course the wheels were the weak point, as they were entirely unprotected. The only occasion on which the ironclad train was seriously brought into action was on the reconnaissance of the 5th August—an operation solely undertaken under pressure of home orders, to keep Arabi

alarmed and occupied. This, for a general with neither cavalry nor field-artillery, against an opponent strong in both these arms, is somewhat of an impossibility without provoking a serious action. Arabi's outposts at this time extended for six miles in advance of his main camps at King Oosman and Kafr-Dowar, and were established in and about the gardens and houses on the high banks of the Mahmoudieh Canal, which is the only prominent feature in the dead expanse of marsh and plain to the south-east of Alexandria. The dry bed of Lake Aboukir covered their right; whilst to their left, about a mile of dry ground—across which and parallel to the canal ran the railway—separated them from Lake Mareotis. About 4 P.M. on the 5th, Alison advanced six companies, and a 9-pounder drawn by sailors, along either bank of the canal, whilst the ironclad train and the Marine battalion formed his right attack. Though our men had but little cover to advance under, still the enemy, clinging to the natural protection of the banks of the canal, opposed no front to the movement, and were practically in the position of a line taken in flank and rolled up. In spite of this, the Egyptian infantry—including three battalions of the Alexandria Regiment and one of Mustafezzin, the very pick of their army—stood their ground remarkably well, but fired most wildly. At one moment two guns were abandoned, and one half-battalion hoisted a white flag; but as the alarm spread, a couple of battalions advanced in support along the canal, whilst several trains full of soldiers arrived from their main camp. The admirable practice of the 40-pounder, however, checked any advance of the latter; and in spite of a very heavy fire, small-

arms, artillery, and rockets, we withdrew at nightfall with the loss of five killed and twenty-seven wounded—our antagonists having, as we subsequently learned from Egyptian officers, lost 169 in killed alone. It is worthy of remark that they had throughout this war, by their own account, nearly as many killed as wounded, which, if correct, must be ascribed to the destructive effect of the Martini bullet. One characteristic story of the blue-jackets was current on this occasion. When just stopped from sending a shell into the middle of the Marines, whose blue uniform had been mistaken for that of the enemy, the No. 1 of their gun cheerfully remarked: "Well, if we can't have a shot at Arabi, let's have one at the — Marines." This skirmish being designated in the papers as a reconnaissance, was also a sadly puzzling term to them; and, as one of their number was overheard gravely arguing, "They may call it a re-con-naiss-ance, but I calls it a jolly lark."

The disadvantages of an operation of this sort were speedily manifested. Though we had roughly handled our opponents, our subsequent retreat was magnified into a repulse; and if we had learned a little more about their position than we previously knew, we had at the same time shown them its weak points; and they forthwith commenced a formidable series of intrenchments across their whole front, and brought up fifteen centimetre guns, with which our ironclad train was unable to cope. For a flat country like this, a captive balloon would have been simply invaluable; but thanks to our present Surveyor-General's maxim of economy before efficiency, the Engineer School of Ballooning had been abolished the preceding year. With our force dangerously scat-

tered, as it necessarily was—with such an extended position to occupy, without even a mounted orderly to convey messages from point to point, and with a country admirably adapted for the use of the heliograph, not a single regiment sent out at first was properly equipped with signalling apparatus: the entire means of communication by day from the advanced posts to headquarters was dependent on a couple of heliographs, accidentally brought by one battalion from South Africa; and, in spite of numerous and urgent applications to England, more than a month elapsed before these could be supplemented.

It is beyond the limits of these notes to recapitulate the sufficiently well-known details of the arrival of the main body of the expedition, and the subsequent occupation of Ismailia. Though at first many people believed in Aboukir and not the Canal being the real destination of the force, there were also many sceptics; and as soon as it became known that correspondents had not only been openly informed by the Headquarter Staff of the projected plan of attack, but told that they were at liberty to telegraph this information home, but few indeed placed the smallest credence in the official programme. When it was remembered, moreover, that the Nile was almost at its highest level, that our opponents had the power of flooding the entire country and preventing any pursuit, that the destruction of one or two of the numerous bridges on the Cairo-Alexandria line would render the railway useless for months, and that by advancing on this line we should be unable to communicate and co-operate with the Indian Contingent, the only surprise entertained was that people should have believed in the rumoured attack on

Kafr-Dowar. The Guards and other corps destined for the Canal re-embarked on the 19th August at Alexandria; and though, owing to the grounding of one or two transports, and the refusal of the Canal pilots to aid the British expedition, our infantry reached Ismailia more than twenty-four hours behind the expected time, still both Port Said and the latter town were occupied almost without resistance by our navy, and the Egyptian camp at Nefiche Junction completely cleared out by the shells of the Orion and Carysfort from Lake Timsah. Though an intervening sand-hill only permitted of the guns being laid by bearings, and although the range was over 4000 yards, the practice made was excellent; and indeed one shell, by splitting a rail, cut off a train of nearly thirty wagons. The Indian Contingent had meanwhile advanced to the Bitter Lakes, after routing, with heavy loss and ridiculous ease, the levies intrenched at Chaloof, on the Canal. On the 24th, a reconnaissance, made with about 1000 infantry, two guns of the Horse Artillery, the Household Cavalry, and a few Mounted Infantry, found the enemy about 10 miles from Ismailia, near their camp at El Mahuta. Our force had to endure a continuous cannonade from ten of their guns, and some long-range fire from their infantry, throughout the day: and though the Egyptian gunners got our range admirably, thanks to the sandy nature of the soil and the percussion-fuses which they almost invariably used, the effect produced was practically *nil*; whilst their infantry, estimated at some 3000, showed the greatest reluctance to getting within rifle-range at all. The railway and canal are here close together, their general direction east and west; and though a narrow belt of cultivation

and some small villages exist to the south, the whole ground to their north is smooth, slightly gravelly desert, rising gradually from the railway in low rolling undulations, whose crest is about a mile distant from them. Beyond this, again, the desert falls very gradually towards Salahieh, and is everywhere perfectly open, and the most perfect cavalry ground conceivable, though speedily cut up by guns or the passage of a column. The canal is, owing to mud, practically impassable for horses; and, from its depth, generally unfordable.

By sunset of the 24th, large reinforcements having reached us, and the enemy still holding their ground, a decisive battle was confidently expected for the morrow; and though the troops had set out in the morning with the full expectation of regaining their bivouacs at Ismailia by noon, and were utterly unprovided with either food or anything else, all cheerfully accepted these privations in the hopes of a grand success the following day. When, however, an advance was made on the 25th, our cavalry working well round along the desert ridges on the right, the enemy, after several attempts to form a fresh line to the left to meet this movement, and finding their retreat perpetually threatened, and flank continually turned, finally broke and ran, many escaping by rail, and hundreds plunging into the canal, whence, although a considerable percentage fell under our bullets, the greater number escaped through the fields beyond. The standing camps at Mahsameh and El Mahuta—some 600 tents in all—together with 7 Krupp guns, 70 railway waggons filled with supplies, and many hundred stand of rifles, were thus captured, with a total loss to ourselves in the entire operation,—as it can scarcely be dignified by the name of a fight,—

of 3 killed and some 15 wounded. So shameful, indeed, was the Egyptian “practice,” that although, owing to the mistake of a staff officer, the 4th Dragoon Guards were sent to charge an unbroken force of two or three battalions of infantry, and actually arrived within 100 yards before their commanding officer recognised the hopelessness of the attempt, and wheeled about, their casualties, in spite of a continuous fire of breech-loaders, were only four or five men wounded.

Lucky, indeed, for the cavalry was it that they captured the camp and train at Mahsameh, for our transport arrangements were simply *nil*, and for the next week they had literally to subsist themselves and forage their horses on what had been captured from the enemy. The only regimental transport sent out to Egypt was the ordinary store-carts in use in England; and however useful they may be on a macadamised road with well-fed horses, they were simply unable to keep up, when empty, through the deep sand of what in Egypt are considered as roads, let alone with even a light load. No other transport of any sort existed: locomotives were not fairly in working order for nearly ten days, and even when they were first started, and the obstacles across the line were removed, they were perpetually derailing, running short of water—coming to grief generally to such an extent, that in the camp of Kassassin, twenty miles from the base, rations and forage were more stinted than ever they were in Afghanistan at 200 miles from the British frontier. It was said at the time, that on the 24th and 25th, the surgeons were, as a rule, unprovided with even a pocket-case of instruments, or a roll of bandages: all requisites were in the hospital

carts, hopelessly stuck miles in rear in the deep sand; and when a ration of rum was conceded as a special favour to the troops who had been engaged at Kassassin, it was a full week before it was procurable. All stores existed in superfluity on board ship, but nothing could be got at when wanted. The simple expedient of putting the things first required on shore at the top instead of the bottom of the hold, seems never to have been followed. It was said that some of the Bedouin tribes offered to sell 17,000 camels at £10 apiece, but that this was declined as being too expensive. Considering that the transports—British and Indian—must, all contingencies included, have been costing something very close upon £10,000 *per diem*, it seems hard to believe that such a chance should have been rejected. Granting that it would have taken quite as long to get even one-third of that number collected and put to work, as it did to clear the line and establish railway traffic up to our front, still we must remember that such a contingency as our finding the entire line of rail unbroken from that point to Cairo is one that we could never have rationally expected, and was one of those extraordinary pieces of luck which characterised this campaign.

Had half-a-dozen of the canal bridges been blown up, as our opponents had the means of doing easily, all the troops, except the Indian Contingent, would have been unable to move even their reserve ammunition in an advance on the capital; and judging from the time taken to make good other defects, we were not likely to have had the line in working order for a couple of months. Great assistance was given by some of our naval steam-launches, which were dragged by hand from Lake Timsah

and launched on the Sweet-water Canal; and indeed, for the first week, the entire provisioning of the brigade of Guards at El Mahuta was performed through their agency. When, however, the Engineers undertook the management, in order to introduce some more boats on to the canal, they adopted the plan of opening the lock-gates at Ismailia, —the level of this canal being some ten feet over that of the maritime one; and as this sluice was left open for several hours, the water within was so reduced, that none save the very lightest boats were able to be employed thereafter. At El Mahuta two large embankments raised across the canal and the line of railway, completely obstructed traffic, and gave incessant employment to large fatigue-parties from the brigade of Guards for more than a week. These embankments were apparently meant more as obstructions than as defences,—though a very feebly designed and imperfectly executed line of field-works connected the two. Why such a site, that could be turned with such ridiculous ease, should ever have been selected, seemed incomprehensible; and its choice argues little for the genius of Mahmoud Fahmi, Arabi's chief engineer. He, indeed, was captured near this on the 25th, clad in plain clothes and carrying a white flag. But for a wounded Egyptian he would probably have been let go. However, he was relegated to one of the cavalry guards, and in spite of his protestations, in French—as he pretended to be ignorant of our language—that he was *un pauvre cultivateur*, was kept for the night with his hands tied behind him. Next day a staff officer finding him there, and suspicious of his appearance, after a few ineffectual questions, walked off with the remark, probably forgotten next moment, that he

believed him to be no better than a spy, and that he ought to be shot at sunset; and the sergeant of the guard, who took this chance observation *au pied de la lettre*, actually paraded him for execution at that hour, and but for the Pasha's prompt confession of his name and rank, would undoubtedly have lightened the work of the present Military Commission.

The hardships endured by the other brigades were nothing to those that fell to the lot of the Guards. Not only were they for five days without a tent, halted in the desert with not a scrap of shade, and with very heavy fatigue-duty—clearing the canal and railway—but they had the mortification of seeing regiment after regiment forwarded to the front long after, by their exertions, traffic had been opened. One Radical organ is ungenerous enough to insinuate that this was at the special desire of its commander. Though such slanders are too despicable to be answered, we must remark that its writer must have lied for the mere pleasure of doing so—that such an idea never had its birth in Egypt, nor entered the head of a soldier, as the entire army thoroughly appreciated the keenness and zeal of our youngest brigadier, and were fully alive to his disappointment.

The position of affairs on the 28th August was: The advance-guard under Graham at Kassassin, about 20 miles from Ismailia, somewhat under 2000 effective men, all told, including part of a battery; General Lowe $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to his rear, at Mahsameh, with the Household Cavalry, 7th Dragoon Guards, one battery Horse Artillery, and the Marines; General Willis 5 miles farther in rear, at El Mahuta, with the Guards, 60th, most of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and a few Bengal Cavalry; and no other

troops nearer than Nefiche Junction and Ismailia. The railway was not then in working order, and any reinforcements had to march, whilst the road was terribly cut up, and most fatiguing for both men and horses. Graham's camp, between the canal and the railway, was in a regular hollow, completely commanded by the desert ridge to his north, the ground being exactly similar to that previously described at El Mahuta, with the exception that the range at this point approached more closely to the lines of railway and canal, and that the cultivated area in his front was of greater width, and the high crops completely hid infantry to within a mile of his camp. No defensive outposts had been established to guard against surprise, and the sole advanced-post consisted of fifty cavalry thrown out as a picket by day. In fact, after the experience of the 25th, the idea of Arabi taking the offensive was undreamed of. In the forenoon, the Egyptians showing on the extreme sky-line—probably 6000 yards distant—and maintaining a long-range cannonade at impossible distances, forced our troops to take up a defensive position, and brought the cavalry from Mahsameh up to support Graham's right. However, after several hours had elapsed, and no signs of any advance on the enemy's part appeared, the troops, who were suffering much from the sun and want of water, were broken off to their dinners, the cavalry returning to their own camp. Whether this was construed into a retreat on our part, or whether our opponents merely perceived their opportunity, they now advanced seriously, crowning the whole heights above our camp, which was fully exposed not only to their artillery but to their rifle fire. That the latter, however, was at an extreme range,

is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that, out of about fifty casualties amongst the infantry, the killed only bore the proportion of one in ten to the wounded, instead of one in five, as is considered the usual average. It was already dark before the arrival of the Marines, and the advance of the cavalry on the enemy's left caused their retreat, followed, as we know, by the now historical charge of the Household Cavalry. That this was caused by an order mistaken either by the staff officer who was the bearer, or the one who was the recipient of it, seems now sufficiently established; the great mistake in either case was in not putting it down in writing. However this may be, the officer commanding the cavalry had, under the circumstances, no choice left him but to charge, and, even at the possible sacrifice of a large portion of his force, to relieve the pressure he was led to believe his brother general was suffering under. That the charge was most successful, and accomplished with an insignificant loss to ourselves, is attributable solely to the darkness and the misdirected aim of our opponents; and though the actual number of Egyptian killed was not so great—about a hundred probably, sixty-six being the number counted the following day where the principal encounter took place—the moral effect was enormous, and the fire down the whole Egyptian line ceased as if by magic. Had the 7th Dragoon Guards also charged, the slaughter would doubtless have been proportionate; but as it was, the handful of Household Cavalry had the entire affair to themselves—and what with tired horses, and the confusion of an ordinary onset over unknown ground, heightened by the unusual addition of the comparative gloom of a moonlight night, we can only

wonder they accomplished so much, and managed to rally at all afterwards.

We observe that a fierce controversy has already commenced as to the merits of this affair, and that the infantry claim to have advanced and driven the Egyptians "two or three miles" before the arrival of the cavalry. On this point, we can only say that the bodies sabred by our cavalry were lying within two miles of Graham's camp, but considerably in rear of the position they had occupied about sunset. That they had retired leisurely to this point was also apparent, as scarcely any bodies of the enemy were to be found except those killed by the cavalry. The scene of the charge being to the right front of our camp, and on almost the highest portion of the low range of desert, it seems rather extraordinary that our infantry should have either selected, or have been able to follow for that distance up the hollow—the only other direction open to them—a line which was completely commanded the whole way on its right. That the two advances did not occur simultaneously, is sufficiently proved by the two bodies not meeting with one another,—the infantry, in fact, were within their camp when the cavalry returned from the scene of the charge.

Large reinforcements of both men and guns were hurried off that same night from the base; alarms and hasty barricades were thrown up everywhere at the intermediate posts; the Guards were marched at midnight out into the desert, and then marched back at daybreak; and for the moment, a somewhat exaggerated idea of the force and determination of the enemy supplanted the late belief that he would scarce even attempt

a stand. Our advanced force was speedily reinforced up to four squadrons, six battalions, and twenty-four guns; whilst the cavalry division—four regiments with six guns—was moved up to within easy distance of it: and though the railway had at length commenced to work, but in a somewhat desultory fashion, and there was seldom more than the day's food in hand, yet there was generally a full ration for man and beast. The cavalry horses also, which had suffered heavily in the first week—not perhaps so much from actual hardships and climate, as from being called on for hard work before they had recovered from the effects of their sea-voyage—began to improve in both health and appearance; and if there was one thing more than another to complain of, it was the nauseous tepid liquid which supplied the place of water, and from which scarce a day passed without our fishing a corpse or carcass. Thanks, however, to the dry desert air, the health of the troops was remarkably good, and the climate so far endurable that early in September the nights were pleasantly cool. In spite of the experience of the 28th, our advanced force took none of those elementary precautions to guard against a surprise which are inculcated on the last-joined subalterns of every regiment in the service. The entire outposts for a force of six battalions were furnished by 50 cavalry; and whenever the enemy advanced a couple of regiments, the whole or part of the entire cavalry had to mount or stand to their horses to support them, and thus men and horses were needlessly fatigued and worried. With the infantry force in camp, it would have been merely the work of a few hours to throw up a redoubt on the crest of the range a mile or so in advance, which, garrisoned by half a battalion and

a demi-battery, would have effectually stopped any attempt to push back our outposts, and in the event of an advance in force of the enemy, could have held them well in check, and given ample time to our men to turn out at their leisure. But, for some inscrutable reason, and despite the remonstrances of the officer commanding the cavalry, the senior on the spot absolutely refused to conform to the commonest rules of warfare; and as the cavalry were withdrawn at dark, and the infantry pickets posted about a stone-throw from the tents, had a night attack been made upon us, we should have been more absolutely surprised than were the Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir.

For the first week of September a few reconnaissances, with no great result, were made on either side, and rumours of a large force on our flank at Salahieh caused the desert to be patrolled over in that direction; and on the 7th our opponents, throwing out a couple of cavalry regiments, supported by infantry, drove back our vedettes, took a good look at our position—doubtless in view of their projected attack of the 9th; and though they immediately fell back on the appearance of reinforcements, they did so without loss, having achieved all they wanted; and we had kept afoot nearly 2000 cavalry the entire day, with no further result than fatiguing the horses. At daybreak on the 9th September, the picket of the 13th Bengal Cavalry, proceeding on outpost duty, found the low ridge, usually held by our vedettes, in occupation of the enemy, steadily advancing, and then within a couple of miles of the flank of our scarce-awakened camp. Though Colonel Pennington—the field-officer of the day in command of the outposts—had but fifty lances with him, and found five squadrons of

regular cavalry in his immediate front, he, after despatching an urgent message for reinforcements, began to dispute every foot of ground. His flanks, however, were speedily overlapped; and as the detachment of "Carabineers" he had dismounted ran to regain their horses, their seeming confusion so far encouraged the Egyptians that, for the first and only time throughout the campaign, they drew swords and charged down upon our handful of Sikhs. This they, however, did in a half-hearted, straggling fashion; and our Sowars regaining their saddles, and promptly responding to the call of their officers, met them fairly, utterly overthrowing and chasing them back to their supports with the loss of ten of their number and the capture of their horses; whilst on our side but one trooper was killed and three wounded. Before the enemy had recovered from this check, the appearance of the remainder of the 13th—who, luckily being on parade when the alarm reached them, galloped up under their colonel—effectually saved the position.

Whilst this occurred on our right, word was sent back from our vedettes in front that the enemy were advancing in force; but apparently assuming that this was but another feint on their part, no further notice of it was taken than warning the troops in camp to hold themselves in readiness. Between six and seven o'clock a continuous line of Egyptian skirmishers debouched from the crops in our front on both banks of the canal, and showing up simultaneously against the sky-line five miles to their right, drove back our vedettes, and marched unchecked to within a mile of our camp, into which more than thirty shells were thrown before our men could turn out and prepare to meet the attack. Tactically, the enemy's leader,

Reschid Pasha, had us completely on the hip—we were thoroughly out-generalled and surrounded; and a carefully prepared plan of the dispositions of our opponent, found afterwards at the Kasr-en-Nil barracks at Cairo, showed that this was no mere accident, but an elaborately prepared scheme. But however vital the importance of both strategy and tactics when opponents are evenly matched, their value ceases to be appreciated when there is no comparison between the fighting powers of the soldiery on the two sides. As soon as our infantry deployed to meet them, and our artillery came into action, whilst our cavalry and horse-artillery pressed on due north to turn the enemy's left, then not merely was their onward movement checked, but within five minutes they were in full retreat. So long, indeed, was the attacking line, that the cavalry division, frequently moving at the trot, were a full hour before reaching their flank. As to fight, there was little or none. The Rifles, indeed, in the hollow near the canal, suffered somewhat from shell-fire before being allowed to advance; whilst the Marines on the crest of the ridge, in their usual dashing style, rushed and captured a couple of guns: but elsewhere it was little more than an advance, covered by a very effective shell-fire on our part, and a more or less disorderly retreat, protected by a well-directed but almost harmless cannonade on theirs. On scarcely any occasion was the difference between the effect of the opposing artillery-fire more marked. The Egyptian gunners were marvellously good at getting our range, but they used almost entirely percussion-fuses from their Krupp breech-loaders; and as the ground was everywhere soft, their shells almost invariably buried too deep for the splinters to do any

damage, and in fact were of no more effect than a non-ricochetting solid shot would have been. Our artillerymen, employing shrapnel, handicapped though they were by the cheap and unreliable nature of their fuses, produced a tremendous effect, and not only scattered every group within a mile and a half at the very first shot, but, as fast as they engaged, silenced their opponents' guns within a couple of rounds. Not only were the whole of the troops at Tel-el-Kebir in action, but, according to the prisoners, 5000 men and 5 guns had been specially brought down from Salahieh; and according to their statement, on the principle of a lame excuse being better than none, it was chiefly owing to their general being wounded early in the day that the attack had collapsed! Undoubtedly one primary cause of the inefficiency of the Egyptian infantry at this period was owing to their having made up the companies of all the line regiments to 150 men, of whom one-third only were regulars, the balance being reserve men, most imperfectly disciplined, and levies. By their own showing, this was intended to be the decisive battle of the campaign; and after it, many of the principal men and Bedouin sheikhs retired to their homes or deserted, under one pretext or another. Our casualties again—some 50 in number, and, save the few Sowars who suffered in the affair of outposts, entirely confined to the infantry—showed, as in the previous skirmish of Kassassin, a most unusual proportion of wounded, $\frac{1}{17}$ of the latter to $\frac{1}{17}$ killed. But 60 or 80 bodies of the enemy in all were counted on the ground, and 4 guns remained in our hands.

By the 12th, all the troops intended for the advance were concentrated at Kassassin—the Guards, very much to their disappointment,

having marched in just too late for the affair of the 9th; whilst the Highlanders, who had remained till the last moment on board ship, came in on the 11th, together with a weak selection of the Indian Contingent—all save two companies of each native regiment having been left to garrison the line of communications. On the same morning Sir Garnet rode by daybreak to the spot to which we advanced on the 9th—about the extreme range of the enemy's guns—and there explained the order of attack to all his generals,—our opponents kindly rendering this possible by invariably following our example of keeping no outposts by night.

The whole of our plan has been too recently and too minutely discussed in the Magazine to call for recapitulation. The actual sketch of the dispositions of our force is apt to mislead, as, instead of attacking in line, it was really an advance in echelon from the centre, which was occupied by the 2d Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir E. B. Hamley; there the Highlanders, under Alison, showed the way. The left, under Macpherson—who, after landing with a complete division of all arms, found himself reduced on the day of battle to the command of about half a brigade of infantry, with a few cavalry and guns—was not to advance along the canal till one hour after that of our centre, for fear of giving the alarm; and was not, as a matter of fact, engaged till after the capture of the intrenched camp and dispersal of the main body of the enemy. The right, under Graham, was, when the Highlanders charged the intrenchments, about half a mile from the nearest works in their front; and at this moment, when the first blaze of musketry lit up the Egyptian line of defence, and Alison's men, with empty rifles

and fixed bayonets, rushed at the *pas de charge* across the intervening couple of hundred yards, the 2d Brigade, by their own showing, commenced firing, and advanced in the usual attack formation. The whole brunt and the whole honour of the battle—let he gainsay it who will—belongs to the Highland Brigade. That they were directed against the key of the whole position—the crest commanding the enemy's camp—a glance at the map will show; and that they were within the works—in an action whose total duration was thirty-five minutes—for at least twelve or fifteen minutes before the arrival of any other troops, is a literal fact.

Whilst the belt of fire, which for a minute distinctly delineated the whole extent of the Egyptian front line of trenches, was almost immediately extinguished opposite the 2d Division, that from the works in front of the 1st was sustained without intermission for a full quarter of an hour. We appeal to all the Reserve as to whether this is not the case. One marvellous piece of good fortune characterised our advance. In spite of reconnaissances and Intelligence Departments—the latter directed by a man ignorant alike of Arabic and oriental character, being, as it might be supposed, simply worthless—one redoubt existed unknown to us three-quarters of a mile in advance of the main works; but, thanks to the slack watch kept by our adversaries and to darkness, this was passed unnoticed by the Highlanders, and was in fact first engaged by the screw-guns of the Indian Contingent after the conclusion of the actual action. Alison's Brigade, formed in two lines, two deep, had arrived within 300 yards of the first intrenchment, when a few straggling shots were fired. In a whisper the word to fix

bayonets was passed along the ranks; and this order having been executed, arms were sloped, and the advance continued for another hundred paces, when a sheet of flame burst forth in their front, followed by one continuous rattle of musketry. For one moment the line reeled, when Sir Archibald ordered the charge, bagpipes struck up, and with a yell the two lines rushed forward. "*We just had to run those two hundred yards,*" as one of the seniors there remarked, and in a minute the front line were into the ditch. Here, what betwixt the difficulties of the slope and the hotness of the cross-fire they were under, they hung a little, when, the second line coming up at the double, seemed to lift them over, and they tumbled like a wave over the crest of the parapet. The rest was a soldier's battle—bullet, bayonet, and clubbed musket all played their part. Fresh redoubts were encountered inside, and had to be stormed by the first detachment you could lay hold of. The Egyptian infantry for a quarter of an hour stood their ground doggedly, and as fast as turned out of one work formed up in rear. As one Crimean veteran remarked, they took more turning out than ever the Russians had required; and their bodies lay piled so thick—nearly all killed with the bayonet—in the first trench, that some people riding over the ground at the conclusion of the action fancied that they had been collected there for burial. We have heard it stated that over 2000 corpses were subsequently interred by our fatigue-parties, and that the bodies of two Europeans were found in Egyptian uniform.

Our cavalry division—6 regiments and 2 horse-artillery batteries—had halted about a mile and a half further in rear than they should

have done, and were consequently, though they pressed forwards the moment the firing began, just too late to intercept the first two trains that escaped from Arabi's camp. Their appearance round the enemy's left was the immediate signal for the cessation of resistance in that quarter; and thousands of soldiers, throwing away their arms, streamed like a flock of sparrows across the desert towards El Karraim. For the space of a couple of miles our men rode through an unbroken stream of fugitives, and save just at first when the Indian cavalry got amongst them, and before it was realised that they had no intention of offering any resistance, when some score were cut down, they were permitted to depart unmolested, although in one or two instances fanatics who fired upon our men had to be disposed of.

The first volley had been fired about a quarter to five, and by twenty minutes past the continuous rattle of musketry had completely died away, and only a few dropping shots were heard from time to time, till shortly after six, whilst in possession of the camp and bridge of Tel-el-Kebir, we heard the Indian Contingent at work to our left rear; and it was about this period also that the garrison of the outwork already referred to, were engaged and almost annihilated by the canister-shot of two of our field-batteries and the screw-guns. In front, the Indian cavalry had, aided by a string of camels that most opportunely crossed the line, and by a lucky shell that blew up an ammunition-waggon, stopped train No. 3, and effectually closed the railway; and as they pushed on to seize the bridge at Abu Hamid, one continuous swarm of white-coated fugitives across the desert to the north, and the green fields to the south of

the canal, told what a *débâcle* had set in. The magnificent nature of the tents and carpets, and vast accumulation of stores collected here, together with the long rows of sutlers' huts, showed what a complete feeling of security had been entertained as to their ability to defend this position. As it was, though we were ignorant of the fact till after the action, the whole intrenchments could most easily have been turned by the north, Arabi's communication by railway severed, and his army compelled to fight with their backs to the canal; but, as a matter of fact, even then the rout could scarce have been more complete than it actually was. From one of their chief contractors who surrendered here, we learned that rations for 19,000 regulars and 6000 irregulars had been issued the previous day, five trains full of the former having arrived since the 10th inst. This would just about make the forces *actually engaged* equal in numbers, instead of in the proportion of one to two, as some of our papers in their exuberant admiration tried to impress on their readers. Our numbers engaged were given officially as 11,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry; to whom, however, we should not forget to add nearly a couple of thousand artillerymen, Naval Brigade, transport and bearer companies, &c., which would raise the actual number of regulars present at the action to over 15,000 men; whereas we must make a corresponding reduction from the effective strength of the Egyptian force for sick, camp-guards, and the ordinary contingencies that so wofully reduce the fighting line. As to their irregulars, they were in all probability far more largely composed of servants and the followers inseparable from oriental camps, than of combatants; indeed

it was a matter of great astonishment to us how the Bedouin marauders—who, if not particularly useful on the field of battle as auxiliaries, are capable of being a terrible scourge on the line of communications as adversaries—were conspicuous by their absence; and this undoubtedly greatly lightened the work which we fully anticipated would devolve upon our cavalry.

From Tel-el-Kebir a perfect line of advance on Cairo exists by the banks of the Sweet-water Canal, 45 to 50 miles as the crow flies; and by this route, after a short rest to feed and water the horses, consult with the Commander-in-Chief, and try to collect some of his *cacolets*, spare horses, and reserve ammunition, General Lowe started on his now famous march with two regiments of heavy cavalry and a couple of batteries of Horse Artillery. Two regiments of Bengal Cavalry and the 4th Dragoon Guards had preceded him by a couple of hours along the left bank; and after a little desultory skirmishing with some of the fugitives whom they overtook, disarmed, and dispersed—and only missing Arabi himself by ten minutes at the railway station—occupied the town, station, and bridges of Belbeis, 15 miles from the field, before noon. A decided *contretemps* marked the start of the remainder of the cavalry. Instead of following the road past the barracks at Tel-el-Kebir to the edge of the desert, as they proposed doing, they were assured by the Intelligence Department, that whereas this way was almost impracticable, that along the bank of the canal was perfect; but before proceeding a mile upon it, they were stopped by a wooden bridge impassable for horsed artillery. The General was therefore obliged to press on with his staff to Belbeis, hoping, however, that the guns and their

escort would rejoin him in the course of the night; and though, on their non-arrival by midnight he sent back an express for the cavalry to come on, leaving the guns under a small guard, owing to the very slow progress of the artillery, they were still so far in rear that they could not catch him up. In addition to his thus losing the services of the very pick of his force at one blow, what remained of the 6th Bengal Cavalry and one troop of the 13th Bengal Cavalry escorting their Brigadier were detained at the railway station, and did not, in fact, reach Cairo till the 15th. He had thus to commence his advance on the capital at daybreak on the 14th, with only seven troops of the 4th Dragoon Guards, six of the 2d, and five of the 13th Bengal Cavalry, with two weak companies of Mounted Infantry—about 1100 men all told. We should here remark, that however perfect the practice and crushing the effect of our present Royal Horse Artillery guns in action, they were from their weight, in such a country as we marched over, reduced to the rôle of field-artillery. In this particular case, though they had eight horses per gun, they were undoubtedly unduly handicapped by the unwise amount of forage they carried with them; but at all events their presence in this instance was merely a source of embarrassment to the division, and deprived it of the services of near half its effective force when it appeared before Cairo. As they marched down the right bank at 5 A.M., with undulating desert, perfect cavalry ground, to their left, and a mass of villages and cultivation to the right—with cartridges, accoutrements, and other traces of the flight still strewn along the path, and the villagers curiously but unconcernedly squatted opposite their hovels—Siryakus, sur-

rounded on all sides by cultivation and impassable canals, was reached soon after noon, and a much-needed halt for refreshment called. The domes and minarets of Cairo had been long visible before this; and though—according to one Greek who had just arrived—the Chamber of Notables had pronounced for the Khedive, still, as rumours of earth-works at Heliopolis were rife, when the cavalry resumed their march about 2 o'clock, they left the direct but cramped road through the cultivated country, and skirted down the edge of the desert towards the Abbasieh barracks, or rather cantonments, on the west of the city. Anxious looks had been cast behind, in hopes of descrying the approach of the bulk of the Heavies, or even the missing two squadrons of Indian cavalry; but no signs of them being perceptible, our advance-guard had to put the best face they could on the matter, and deploying into two lines of rank entire, bore down on the Abbasieh barracks about half an hour before sunset. A couple of staff officers with a flag of truce and a small escort, accompanied by two of the Viceroy's aides-de-camp as interpreters, cantered forwards bearing letters from the Khedive to the civil and military governors, whilst the remainder halted at a rifle-shot from the lines. Though for a moment, from the number of troops visible, and the line of vedettes across their front, some resistance seemed probable, the white rags on the carbines of the latter, and the perfect forest of white flags hoisted on all the buildings, speedily showed that all was over but the shouting.

Though some 10,000 troops were in and about the city—chiefly recruits, however—of whom 3000 were in the citadel, and as many more in the Abbasieh; and though the terms imposed on them, includ-

ing the instant surrender of the fortress and the disarmament of the entire garrison, were necessarily harsh,—scarce an objection was raised. It was past midnight before the garrison had evacuated the citadel, and 300 of our men were thrown into it; but all passed quietly, and ere dawn the key of the city, railway, and telegraph, were all in General Lowe's hands, with last, but not least, Arabi himself. When the Préfet of Police repaired to the Abbasieh in obedience to the General's summons, he reported the ex-dictator to be in his own house; and deprecating the expressed intention of sending a detachment of dragoons to take him dead or alive, as liable to lead to a riot, offered to persuade him to surrender peaceably. About half-past ten his approach was announced; and driving up in company with Toulba Pasha, Arabi entered the guard-room in which the General had established his headquarters, and with the ease of a well-bred gentleman, bowed and surrendered his sword to Drury Lowe. The two or three staff officers who were witnesses to the scene, were all most favourably impressed with his deportment and appearance; whilst his face, adorned with a slightly grizzled beard, was a decidedly more noble and imposing one than they were led to expect from his photographs. Through Tewfik's A.D.C., acting as interpreter—as he is only acquainted with Arabic—after saying he surrendered to the clemency of the English, and being told in reply that he must do so unconditionally, he tried to explain that he had never wished to wage war with them, and had acted strictly on the defensive. When informed by the General that he could not enter on political subjects, he calmly bowed; and after one or

two requests as to his being allowed the use of his servants, bedding, &c., and mentioning where his two English prisoners were to be found—who, he added as a hint, had been well treated—he withdrew to the room allotted as his temporary prison. Next morning the whole of the Egyptian troops in garrison were informed that as soon as they had deposited their arms and accoutrements in store, they were to be disbanded; and they joyfully proceeded to do so, and chucking everything anyhow into their respective magazines, scattered away at the double, like boys escaping from school—fearful only, to all seeming, that the English might change their minds. The cavalry soldiers also, who had been ordered to remain temporarily in charge of their horses, found this going home for the holidays too irresistible, and taking *la clef des champs*, promptly disbanded themselves, leaving their nags hungry and uncared-for—many hundreds of which were loose, kicking, fighting, and pursuing one another throughout the cantonment before nightfall. By ten o'clock Sir Garnet arrived by train with part of the Guards; the remainder of the heavy cavalry marched in, preceded at sunrise by the two missing squadrons of Sowars; and the occupation of Cairo, which for the first twelve hours was little more than a game of brag, became an accomplished fact. The sudden transition from camp-life on short commons, to fair hotels, iced champagne, and comfortable baths, was one duly appreciated by all; and if some of the ordinary comforts and amusements of town life were wanting, still each *table d'hôte*, forming a species of military club, where you perpetually encountered old comrades and wellnigh forgotten faces, possessed a charm lacking in most other reunions.

Scarce a fortnight had elapsed from the above-described events, when our force, 18,000 strong, and taking an hour and a half to defile past the saluting-point, marched past in review; and within a few days, and after a few farewell dinners, divisions and corps, who will probably not meet again, were in course of dispersal through three of the quarters of the globe. If we have confined the latter pages to the record of the part played by the cavalry division, it is merely because, in the course of a sketch of this nature, we must necessarily follow the more prominent features of the campaign—not that we for a moment ignore the brilliant rôle played by others, notably by the Indian Contingent. Pressing on with scarce a halt after the action, and crossing the canal near Abu Hamid, Macpherson continued his march on Zagazig, preceded by one squadron 6th Bengal Cavalry under Colonel Jennings. Galloping on with a mere handful of men, the bulk of his horses which had landed but two days previously having tailed off, he dashed into the railway station there, and shooting down the first who ventured to dispute his orders, captured half-a-dozen trains and locomotives, many soldiers who had been therein flying precipitately on all sides. By afternoon the native infantry marched in without opposition,—and well indeed it was for the inhabitants. Sikhs and Beluchis are good soldiers, but born plunderers; and a little resistance on the outskirts would have been joyfully hailed by them as an excuse to exercise what they regard as the legitimate rights of war, and ere they had stopped they would most thoroughly have sacked the place *de fond en comble*. The 72d had been unable to keep up with their dusky brethren in arms; but a train

being despatched to meet them, they were picked up eight miles outside and brought in. The remainder of the advance by special train to Cairo, *viâ* Benha, was performed with the regularity of ordinary traffic, all the Egyptian functionaries remaining at their posts. One notable exploit performed subsequent to the occupation seems to have passed almost without mention from the press. Sir Archibald Alison, proceeding with 500 men of the 75th to occupy Tantah, had left his men at the station, and accompanied by half-a-dozen staff officers, interpreters, and orderlies, had walked into the town to try and find some suitable building wherein to quarter his men, when, on turning into the principal market-place, he found himself, without the slightest warning, in presence of the whole rebel force from Salahieh. A regiment of cavalry, with their bridles over their arms, stood within fifty paces, 24 field-pieces were drawn up alongside, whilst in the side streets 2000 to 3000 infantry were standing at ease with arms piled—the guns with their horses in, and the cavalry horses saddled and bridled. Without a moment's hesitation Sir Archibald advanced into their centre, with only a tall Highlander on each side, and, through his interpreter, ordered them to lay down their arms, which, after a little demur on the part of some of their officers, was done; and three companies of Highlanders having been hastily brought down to the spot, the arms were collected and carted off, and the entire force disbanded before sunset.

Whilst no one cares to dispute the complete success which attended all his efforts, and the self-confidence and decision which characterised the leader of the expeditionary force, we distinctly say that, far from the campaign having proved the effi-

ciency of our present organisation, and the wisdom of our recent so-called army reforms, it has most conclusively demonstrated exactly the contrary. Instead of, as Mr Childers calmly assured his auditors, the fact of our having landed 20,000 men being a proof of the facility with which we could at need despatch treble or quadruple that number to a foreign shore, the efforts required to complete even that mite, and the wretchedly inefficient state in which other corps at home were left, after the calls made upon them, proved exactly the reverse. Full one-third of our total reserve of some 30,000 men are required, in the first instance, not to reinforce or fill up the gaps in our front line, but simply to fill up the places of the ineffectives in their ranks. Even when this is done,—when battalions, as, for instance, the 42d and the 60th, each of which received about 400 reserve men, have been weeded, and made up as best they can,—instead of their having an effective strength of 1098, as laid down in the paper scheme, scarce a single one had more than *two-thirds* of that number at the outset of the campaign.

Would Mr Childers, in support of his argument, care to produce the parade states of regiments at Aldershot last September? We have heard of two regiments of hussars there at that period, who, thanks to the calls made upon them for Egypt, were able together to put 150 men on parade for a big occasion; and of batteries of artillery without sufficient horses to march out their guns! No,—the reserve system, so far, is a farce: what men we do possess there are compensated for by a corresponding number of inefficients with the colours: and after the roundabout and heart-breaking delays of call-

ing out reserves, and calling for drafts from other regiments, we just manage to place about the same number of men in the fighting line as would be furnished by a similar number of battalions under the long-service conditions. Not only were the regiments, as a rule, so carefully weeded as to make the average length of service up to far more than the three years; but, whilst all admit the excellence of young troops when on the winning side, we were mercifully spared the experience of seeing how even five-years' men would bear themselves when called on for the real test of soldierly merit—steadiness and discipline under a repulse.

We have heard a story of a well-known staff officer, during a skirmish, having routed an entire company by suddenly galloping out of some high crops, wearing a white tunic, which was mistaken for the Egyptian uniform! And whilst no one denies the dash displayed by most of our comparatively young regiments there, no one pretends that even in this quality they surpassed our old soldiers, the Marines. Another popular error is the cry raised as to the extraordinary merits of mounted infantry in contradistinction to cavalry; and the frequent mention of them in the

papers is cited in corroboration of this theory. The real fact, however, is, that for long the force was destitute of any other mounted men, and they were merely performing duties of outposts and patrolling, which could far better have been executed by cavalry. That they distinguished themselves in each affair is undoubtedly true, and it would have been strange indeed had they not: picked men, crack shots, picked officers, and about ten per cent of the latter into the bargain, they could not well fail doing so. But as a matter of fact, in all the skirmishes in which they were actually engaged, except at El Magfar, at the affairs of 5th and 28th August, they were in no wise employed as mounted men, and fought shoulder to shoulder with the other infantry. The idea is considered "advanced" and "scientific;" and these, to the wisdom which directs our military affairs in the present day, are quite sufficient recommendation.

We have, however, already far exceeded the limits to which we had designed to confine what is a mere unconnected narrative of a few incidents of the past campaign, and any questions of army organisation may well be relegated to a future paper.

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE AT CHELSEA.

To the Editor of 'Blackwood.'

SIR,—It may be reasonably doubted whether Mr Carlyle was more unhappy in himself or in his biographer. And if his friends had been satisfied to leave his memory to the guardianship of that monument which he and Mr Froude have, between them, erected to it, pity for the long misery of Carlyle's life would have required silence upon the recent ill-advised attempt which has been made towards his glorification. As, however, the band of compromised worshippers and pledged apologists seems incapable of learning from the evidence which has convinced the world in general, I submit the following as an epitaph which will appear appropriate to those who, with your correspondent (when public honours are concerned), find themselves constrained to say—

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI VERUM.

Procul, Viator, hac statua prudens sies !
 Stulti hic posuere signum stultitiae suae,
 Difformi in aere difformis vultum viri,
 Pseudo-Sophi-Vatis-Historici :—Pseud-omnia !
 Leges Libertatem hic odio tenuit pari,
 Heroas legens sibi de tyrannorum grege :
 Hic conjugii amicisque optime merentibus
 Rictu, latratu turpi, dente, gratias
 Agebat, ore raucisonas cynico evomens
 Ampullas, invidia bilique dum jecur
 Tumens, veneno spurcabat proprio bonos :
 Nullis amicus, ne quidem, miser, sibi :—
 Monumentum homini si quaeris,—Obliviscere !
 Procul, Viator, sis, prudens !—Cave Canem !

THE TRUE STATE OF THE OPPOSITION.

IN these days of exasperated and excited political warfare it is consolatory from time to time to come across evidences that all kindly feeling is not wholly extinct amongst Parliamentary opponents; and we have a striking manifestation of this sentiment in the condolences which Ministerial speakers and writers lavish upon the Conservative party in respect of its alleged disorganisation. Week after week the society journals retail the tattle of a few idle young men, whose ideas of political tactics are bounded by the limits of a "Gladstone bait," as the views of the Conservative party, and exhaust their not illimitable stock of wit in proving that the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons is tenanted by dummies; whilst graver journals, such as the 'Spectator,' furnish us on every seventh day with a cut-and-dry Conservative programme, by the adoption of which the party may hope to be admitted occasionally, and on sufferance, within the sacred precincts of Downing Street.

We cannot suppose that either class of writer is actuated by other than genuinely friendly motives towards the present Opposition—for otherwise the net is too ostentatiously set to entrap the simplest Tory bird; but whilst we appreciate the friendliness of the different writers' motives, we venture to think that the condition of the Conservative party is by no means accurately diagnosed, either by the physicians who contend that there is no salvation for it save by adopting the extreme counsels of some of its junior members, or by those who prescribe an entirely passive policy, and

faith in the "swing of the pendulum."

Had the Conservative party merely to face the diurnal charges made against it by ignorant or unscrupulous opponents, those attacks might be left to refute themselves; but the Radical party is jubilant at this moment over two material proofs (as they consider) of dissension in the Tory camp; the one a recent article in the 'Fortnightly Review'—the other a more spirited than sagacious letter which appeared in the 'Times' of November 6th, over the signature of an able but a young and irresponsible Conservative member of Parliament. The magazine article was justly characterised by Lord Randolph Churchill as a "silly and acrimonious" production; and would not have attracted any notice had it not appeared in the first number of an extreme Radical periodical issued under Tory editorship, and which naturally made Conservatives curious to know whether they had got a magazine the more, or a writer the less. It was scarcely necessary to append as signature to it the words "Two Conservatives," since a great part of the article is devoted to bringing charges of an absolutely irreconcilable character against the party leaders. Inharmonious though its pages are, and clearly though it demonstrates that its authors lack much of the skill of Messrs Besant and Rice in combining for the construction of a tale, it merits a brief examination as an attempt to formulate the reasons for the feelings of discontent with which it is alleged a large proportion of Conservatives regard the action of their chiefs. Let us see what these amount to.

In the first place, we are told that the Conservative party is a mere clique—a class of aristocrats and landowners, surrounded by sycophants.

The second charge is, that the interests of borough constituencies are habitually sacrificed to counties.

The third, that the leaders of the Conservative party who were beaten in 1868, seized in 1874 the offices of State to which their party services did not entitle them.

Fourthly, that the leaders were either guilty of nepotism—*i.e.*, of appointing personal friends and favourites to State offices—or of nominating political opponents to secure for themselves a reputation for fair-play.

Fifthly, that the Conservative leaders stifled independent associations by the incubus of their official and officious patronage.

Passing on to the present time, the article charges the present Conservative chiefs with having learned nothing from defeat, and with governing their party on the "Ring" system.

Next, the "Two Conservatives" fall foul of the Council of the National Union as a body of men unknown to the party at large, and possessed of no mandate from the people authorising them to interfere in the management of the details of party politics; and the first half of the article winds up with a fling at Conservative local organisations in general, at their stupidity, in preferring (presumably) the oratory of ex-Cabinet Ministers to that of lesser lights, and with a contrast between the conduct of ex-Ministers in tamely seeking to prove to their countrymen that they did not abuse the trust confided to them between 1874-80, instead of running about the country in order to overtrump Mr Gladstone's "passionate-sympathy"-with-the-people card.

These are a heavy list of charges, and would, under other circumstances, have been difficult to reply to, but (fortunately for the party) Conservative No. 2 now takes up the running, and in the process of ventilating his opinions on the question of the dual leadership, supplies an effectual retort to most of his colleague's points of attack.

As regards the first charge of Tory cliqueism, No. 2 unconsciously refutes his colleague by the charge he himself makes against Lord Beaconsfield, that he surrounded himself *either* with aristocrats or with obedient *bourgeois* Ministers. We would ask in all humility, from what classes other than the upper and middle a Minister is able to choose his Parliamentary colleagues; and whether obedience—or, as we should prefer to call it, loyalty—to a great statesman is quite an unpardonable offence?

Then a curiously suggestive and bitter complaint is made as to Lord Beaconsfield having allowed his lieutenants to monopolise his patronage. Those who have been more behind the scenes than the "Two Conservatives," know that this is simply a sheer misapprehension of facts.

Even supposing it were the truth, which it is not, no just complaint would lie against Lord Beaconsfield's administration. No more odious charge can be brought against a Prime Minister than that he monopolises the whole of the Government patronage; and surely when a Premier leaves to his lieutenants, who presumably have the best knowledge of the requirements of their respective departments, the selection of the men most fitted for the work, he offers a better security for the efficiency of the public service than if he were to personally fill posts with political supporters and immediate dependants.

It would be thought that with

a party in so deplorable a condition as that in which the 'Fortnightly' scribes represent the Tories to be, there would have been no keen anxiety on the part of any prominent Conservative to have succeeded to the thankless post of leader; yet—according to our new lights—the breath was scarcely out of Lord Beaconsfield's body before Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote's partisans entered upon an intrigue for the succession to Elijah's mantle. Here was a chance for the National Union Council, hitherto languishing in the cold shade of Conservative No. 1's neglect. To this body of men, unknown to the people, and intrusted with no mandate by the constituencies (*selon* No. 1), No. 2 appears perfectly willing to intrust the selection of a leader of the whole Conservative party in England. The writer states that a proposal was brought forward at the Council to proclaim Lord Salisbury leader of the party—that it was opposed by a near relative of Sir S. Northcote's, and lost on a division by one vote. He further insinuates that the proposal was made with the concurrence of the chairman of the Council—the real facts of this incident simply being that the chairman had no power to prevent such a motion being brought forward, that no single member of Parliament voted for the motion, that all who voted announced they would not be bound by the proposal if adopted, and that the gentleman specially referred to merely recorded his vote in favour of the previous question.

The melancholy failure of this last attempt to save the constitution has plunged "Two Conservatives"—and only two, we trust—into despair. The party actually has a leader in the Lords as well as in the Commons—in the Lower as

well as in the Upper House. The situation is critical, but, we trust, not desperate. Lords Granville and Hartington were recently in no very dissimilar position. "Two Conservatives" tell us in one breath that the fact of Lord Salisbury's existence prevents a Conservative peer expressing his views as to Conservative policy to Sir Stafford Northcote, and *vice versa*. Consequently, the party loses its cohesion, and deserts its leaders on such important questions as the Arrears Bill last August.

Undoubtedly a section of the party did desert Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote upon this question. As no vote was taken in the Lords, it is not easy to classify the dissidents; but as regards the Commons, the noteworthy fact is, that the small body of men who are accustomed to grumble at their leaders' alleged unwillingness to show fight in season and out of season, were conspicuous by their absence on this really critical occasion. This defection is excused by a bitter attack on the Ulster Conservative members in general, and on Mr Gibson in particular. "Two Conservatives" boast that last year the *determination* (?) of the rank and file of the party prevented a dissolution; though at that moment the Conservatives would have found the Ministry discredited at home and abroad, and would have come before the country as the champions of the rights of the loyal and honest tax-payer, as against the discontented and unscrupulous Irish agitator.

We are, however, bidden to regard Ulster Conservatism with an abhorrence with which, there is some ground for suspecting, the authors of the 'Fortnightly' article do not regard a Tory-Parnellite combination.

Before taking a deferential leave of the Great Twin Brethren, on whose production we have ventured to make these few remarks, may we abase ourselves to the level of Mr Dickens's creation Abel Magwitch, in 'Great Expectations,' and "may poor warmints make so bold as to inquire" how we Tories are to be got out of our present hole, and to whose hand we are to cling? It has been laid down *ex cathedra* by our two monitors that the Tory leaders were wrong in doing nothing between 1868 and 1874, that they were wrong in leaving obscure hands to build up Conservative organisation during that time, yet that they are now wrong in stifling the free growth of these organisations by cold official patronage. *Ergo*, if an ex-Minister receives a pressing invitation to visit an important town, he must not abstain from going, or he will be told at the time of the next Conservative triumph, he is reaping what he has not sown; yet on no account must he go, or his presence will "stifle" the enthusiasm of the thousands at whose urgent request he comes. Lastly, if he does come, he is not to contrast the policy of his own Government with that of the present Administration, but to confine himself to outbidding the present Prime Minister in his appeals to the cupidity of the masses.

So much for the Conservative party's task—no easy one, it would appear, under any circumstances; but when we consider the tools with which it is to be accomplished, the stoutest heart may well despair. From an almost sublime height of impartiality "Two Conservatives" contemplate the leaders chosen "by" the Lords and chosen "for" the Commons. We are glad to learn that the leader imposed on the latter is

an "able and respectable" gentleman, "rich in information, experience, and memory, good-tempered, astute, accomplished, a thorough man of business, and full of resource." This really does not sound so bad for a *pis aller* captain. But unluckily, Sir Stafford Northcote is impossible as a chief-tain, since he is "too amiable for his ambition"—a defect not likely to be charged against his present critics. Sorrowfully, therefore, we prepare to discard him, and range ourselves under other banners. But not only is our Dagon shattered, but his associate idols are still worse confounded.

Sir Richard Cross and Mr Smith are too *bourgeois* for the denunciator of the aristocratic Tory clique, and do not "entirely possess the qualities necessary to secure the plenary confidence of a party."

Sir Michael Beach approaches more nearly the ideal leader's standard, but is too "indolent." Mr Lowther is too daring; and Lord George Hamilton and Mr E. Stanhope are only promising boys of 37 and 42 years of age respectively, who may some day attain sufficient experience to warrant "Two Conservatives" in reposing confidence in their abilities. One of these raw youths has had fourteen years' experience in Parliament and six years' experience of office—the other eight years' of Parliament and five of office. Mr Gibson is dismissed from our confidence because, though he has laboured hard and efficiently, he is on good terms with Irish landlords—is an "Irishman of the Irish," and consequently "needn't apply" to our two censors for a character.

At one fell swoop, then, our present leaders are brushed aside; and we are left to draw such comfort as we can from a vaguely expressed hope that "Egypt may emancipate us from Ireland," and that possibly

the Conservative party will unite on some hitherto unsuggested name as that of a leader who will overthrow the present Administration. No line of policy, indeed, is shadowed forth by which that feat is to be performed; and we are happy to believe that even "Two Conservatives" are not prepared to adopt the suggestion that appeared a few days later in the 'Times' columns—that the Conservative battle should be fought in conjunction with the Parnellite party.

The country generally received this impracticable suggestion of Lord Randolph Churchill with amusement: he is original enough to have won a right to an occasional escapade, and irresponsible enough to do no damage to his party thereby. His future is in his own hands; but, if we might suggest a word of caution, it would be well for him to remember that, however exciting a pastime bog-trotting may be in the field of Irish politics, a false step may plunge a heedless pedestrian into a mud-hole from which he will not easily extricate himself.

We are conscious we have noticed the murmurs of two so-called Conservatives at greater length than their merits or substance deserve. The article was chiefly interesting as a "friendly lead" to a periodical which, under a change of political management, will redeem, we hope, its previous revolutionary reputation by continuing to take an intelligent interest in the welfare of the Conservative party. It chiefly merits our notice as proving how substantially strong the Conservative Opposition must be when trashy charges of the nature we have criticised are all that can be brought forward by malcontents within the fold.

How do facts really stand? Last year, and again this November,

throughout the length and breadth of the land, the Conservative party triumphed at the municipal elections; and the victory at Salisbury emphasises the fact of our returning political strength.

Again, it is not possible to take up a newspaper without witnessing a report of the opening of new Conservative clubs or reading-rooms. Not a day passes without the much-maligned Conservative leaders being bombarded with appeals to visit every quarter of the kingdom; and—what is still more significant—notwithstanding Mr Labouchere's views as to public indifference, the proportion of outside communications received by leading Conservatives referring to the minutest points of debate and detail, is tenfold what it was a few years ago. The increased contact between leaders and followers—or rather, between political chiefs and the outside public—is the cardinal principle, without attention to which a triumph at the polls hereafter is impossible. We have learned that lesson from the Liberals, and we will not forget to profit by it. The despotic conduct of the Government in gagging their political opponents in the House of Commons, emphasises the importance to Conservatives of a frank recognition of this fact. The Ministry were fairly warned that the Opposition *must and would* state fully their objections to Ministerial proposals. We were contemptuously told, "Go to the country, to the public platform—to the columns of the press." We will do so: our consciences are clear. After centuries of freedom, the House of Commons has been enslaved by the present Government. The organised clamour of a mechanical majority may henceforth be employed to stifle debate, or extricate a Minister from an embarrassing dilemma.

The Conservative party, as a party, emerged from these *clôture* debates without having had a single charge against them sustained. In vain they offered loyal co-operation with the Ministry to put down obstruction: they pointed out the absolute impossibility of convincing the country that debate was free whilst it was, in fact, possible for 301 to silence 300 voices.

It is by no means unnatural that young and inexperienced members of the Tory party should be unable to appreciate the policy of caution that is incumbent upon its leaders, and should burn to break a lance with the enemy. If they can do so with any damage to their opponents, well; if without any accident to themselves, still better. It is not to be expected that the robust vitality in the Conservative party can be in every individual case regulated by mature judgment. Members who have had long experience in Opposition of Mr Gladstone, will feel no misgivings as to the ultimate success of the course which the Conservative leaders are pursuing. They have reason to hope that Mr Gladstone will, as on former occasions, himself prove the most efficient originator of a Conservative reaction. He has never yet got rope without applying it to the proverbial use. And now that his sense of self-sufficiency has so thoroughly got the mastery over him; now that constitutional precedents and constitutional restraints are to him only as the playthings of his will,—we may safely predict that he will soon succeed in alienating his supporters in the House, and in disgusting the minds of the masses. The democracy will not long continue to be deluded by the pretence that they are governing the country through the Prime Minister. They have already had evidence set be-

fore them that Mr Gladstone is simply carrying out his own despotie views, tempered perhaps in some slight degree by the suggestions of those about him who minister to his vanity. The mouths of many of the Liberal members are already galled by the bit, and they want but a favourable opportunity to bolt. While office is new it is sweet to those who hold it, and they will put up with much rather than sacrifice their place on the Ministerial side of the House. But there comes a time—at least such a time has always come hitherto—when over-taxed patience refuses to obey the crack of the whip, and the Liberal Issachar lies down obstinately under his load. The Conservative leaders well know that direct attack on their side affords the Ministry the readiest means of rallying their followers, and of appealing to the party loyalty of the doubting and discontented. If left to themselves, the disintegrating agencies at work on the Liberal side may safely be trusted, as on previous occasions, to produce disruption; and it may be questioned whether the Conservative party would gain much by standing directly between the Government and suspicion and distrust, which it is producing among the masses. It is good tactics often to mask the strength of a force, while it is taking up a position so as to be ready for attack when the favourable moment arrives; and we can do more good by calmly asserting constitutional principles in the face of an autocratic majority, than by galloping up and down the front of the enemy's line and shouting challenges to single combat. What we have to do is to take care that Conservative principles be clearly vindicated against the revolutionary *ordonnances* of the Ministry, that our demands for the preserva-

tion of our free parliamentary constitution shall be as emphatically stated as the claims for over-riding which are advanced by our opponents. Our duty is to definitely mark our position on public policy, so that it shall be open and intelligible to the electors; and we may wait with confidence for the signal of action coming from them.

That the signal will be given, sooner perhaps than the Ministry expects, we have no reason to doubt. The false glamour which Mr Gladstone succeeded in casting over the policy of the Liberal party three years ago, has been dissipated by hard facts, which are as unpleasant to the country as they are damaging to the Government. It is not in the House of Commons just now that the Conservative battle is to be fought: our task is to open the eyes of the constituencies to the difference between Liberals seeking office and Liberals in power; and to restore a healthy tone to the electorate, whose system has been debauched by the oratorical excesses of 1880. And this duty at least the Conservative leaders must be credited with zealously discharging. Lately Sir Stafford Northcote made a successful inroad on Scotch Radicalism in its western and northern centres; and in the end of last month, Lord Salisbury—while his colleague was absent on a tour, on which he carries along with him the best wishes of the entire party for his complete and speedy restoration to health—took part in a brilliant series of Conservative gatherings in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood. No more fitting locality could have been selected for exposing the fallacious character of Mr Gladstone's policy than the centre from which it was promulgated; and Lord Salisbury certainly did not spare either its author or its incon-

sistencies. The Mr Gladstone of 1880 and the Mr Gladstone of 1882 were sketched in his speech at the Conservative Club banquet with a severe fidelity that could hardly fail to move pity for the subject.

"Just think," said the Marquis, "that if Mr Gladstone, when the spirit of 1880 was upon him, if he could have had to deal with the case of a Ministry professing the deepest respect for the concert of Europe, the deepest anxiety to obey its will—a Ministry which, with those professions upon its lips, assembled a Conference, and kept it for months in vain debate, and under cover of its discussions prepared its armaments, asked for leave to invade a country which the Conference refused to give, and then, when the refusal was given and the armaments were ready, the Conference was calmly shown to the door, and the country which they had asked the leave of Europe to take, they took in despite of Europe's will. If the orator of 1880 had had such a theme to dwell upon, what would he have said of disingenuousness and subtlety, of the fair name of England's soil, and the necessity, above all things, as a safeguard against selfish opinions, of scrupulous obedience to the united will of Europe? Or take another case. Supposing that unequalled orator had had before him the case of a Government who sent a large fleet—a vast fleet—into a port where they had no international right to go, and when that fleet was there, had demanded that certain arrangements should be made to land, which they had no international right to demand, and when these demands were not satisfied, had forthwith enforced that by the bombardment of a great commercial port,—would you not have heard about political brigandage? What sermons you would have had to listen to with respect to the equality of all nations, the weakest and the strongest, before the law of Europe! What denunciations would you not have heard of those who could for the sake of British interests expose such a city to such a catastrophe, and carry fire and sword among a defenceless people!"

To compare the present action of the Liberal Government with the pledges and professions under which it came into office, is certainly the duty of every elector; and if the former has been found to have been false to the latter, and at the same time justified in the reversion of its programme and the adoption of the principles of its predecessors, then it logically follows that the constituencies made a mistake in 1880. In spite of the tyrannous usurpations of the caucus, there is still enough of political spirit and principle left among us to remedy an error when we have found it out; and the first duty of our Conservative statesmen, aided powerfully, as they will be, by the Prime Minister himself, is to bring the constituencies, reluctantly it may be, to a sense of their mistake. When we have adjusted our difference with the electorate out of doors, any inconvenient individuality that may at present have a

difficulty in keeping within the bounds of prudent control will readily sink itself into carrying out the humblest details of a Conservative administration.

The recollection of how badly off we were in 1868 until Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues prepared the way for the Liberal catastrophe of 1873, ought to serve as a rebuke to either depression or impatience. Even then, with rare sagacity, he refused prematurely to grasp the alluring bauble of power. He had his reward by being called within the space of one short year to lead the strongest and ablest Government of modern times. In its turn the Conservative fruit ripened, mellowed, and decayed; but it left its seeds behind. Those seeds give promise of an ample harvest. Our labourers are trained, skilled, and hitherto united; let the Conservative party work on trustfully, and await at no far-distant epoch a more glorious triumph than that of 1874.

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